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MOORE'S

BRITISH CLASSICS.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

DR. HAWKESWORTH'S ADVENTURER,

AND

THE GUARDIAN, BY SIR RICHARD STEELE, &c.

WITH THE NOTES.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR JAMES MOORE, No. 45, COLLEGE-GREEN.

1793.

Moore's Edition.

Jos: May to John Frothingham jun
10th May 1812.

THE

ADVENTURER.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

——TENTANDA VIA EST; QUA ME QUOQUE POSSIM
TOLLERE HUMO, VICTORQUE VIRUM VOLITARE PER ORA.

VIRG.

ON VENT'ROUS WING IN QUEST OF PRAISE I GO,
AND LEAVE THE GAZING MULTITUDE BELOW.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

—DUBLIN:—

PRINTED FOR J. MOORE, NO. 45, COLLEGE-GREEN.

1793.

684

THE

PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

IT is a juſtice which Mr. Ironſide owes gentlemen who have ſent him their aſſiſtances from time to time, in the carrying on of this Work, to acknowledge that obligation, though at the ſame time he himſelf dwindles into the character of a mere publiſher, by making the acknowledgment. But whether a man does it out of juſtice or gratitude, or any other virtuous reaſon or not, it is alſo a prudential act to take no more upon a man than he can bear. Too large a credit has made many a bankrupt; but taking even leſs than a man can anſwer with eaſe, is a ſure fund for extending it whenever his occaſions require. All thoſe papers which are diſtinguiſhed by the mark of an Hand, were written by a gentleman who has obliged the world with productions too ſublime to admit that the author of them ſhould receive any addition to his reputation from ſuch looſe occaſional thoughts as make up theſe little treatiſes; for which reaſon his name ſhall be concealed. Thoſe which are marked with a Star, were compoſed by Mr. Budgell. That upon Dedications, with the Epiſtle of an Author to Himſelf, the Club of Little Men, the Receipt to make an Epic Poem, the Paper of the Gardens of Alcinous, and the Catalogue of Greens, that againſt Barbarity to Animals, and ſome others; have Mr. Pope for their author. Now I mention this gentleman, I take this opportunity, out of the affection I have for his perſon, and reſpect to his merit, to let the world know, that he is now tranſlating Homer's Iliad by ſubſcription. He has given good proof of his ability for the work; and the men of greateſt wit and learning of this nation, of all parties, are, according to their different abilities, zealous encouragers or ſolicitors for the work.

But to my preſent purpoſe. The letter from Gnatho of the Cures performed by Flattery, and that of Comparing Dreſs to Criticiſm, are Mr. Gay's. Mr. Martin, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Tickell, Mr. Carey, Mr. Euſden, Mr. Ince, and Mr. Hughes, have obliged the town with entertaining diſcourſes in theſe volumes; and Mr. Berkeley of Trinity College in Dublin has embelliſhed them with many excellent arguments in honour of religion and virtue. Mr. Parnelle will, I hope, forgive me that, without his leave, I mention, that I have ſeen his hand on the like occaſion. There are ſome diſcourſes of a leſs pleaſing nature, which relate to the diviſions amongſt us; and ſuch (leſt any of theſe gentlemen ſhould ſuffer from unjuſt ſuſpicion) I muſt impute to the right author of them, who is one Mr. Steele of Langunnor, in the county of Carmarthen in South Wales.

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THE

ADVENTURER.

No. I. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1752.

Hac arte Pollux, et vagus Hercules
Innixus, arces attigit igneas.

HOR.

Thus mounted to the tow'rs above,
The vagrant hero, ſon of Jove.

FRANCIS.

AS every man, in the exerciſe of his duty to himſelf and the community, ſtruggles with difficulties which no man has always ſurmounted, and is expoſed to dangers which are never wholly eſcaped; life has been conſidered as a warfare, and courage as a virtue more neceſſary than any other. It was ſoon found, that without the exerciſe of courage, without an effort of the mind by which immediate pleaſure is rejected, pain deſpiſed, and life itſelf ſet at hazard, much cannot be contributed to the publick good, nor ſuch happineſs procured to ourſelves as is conſiſtent with that of others.

But as pleaſure can be exchanged only for pleaſure, every art has been uſed to connect ſuch gratifications with the exerciſe of courage, as compenſate for thoſe which are given up: the pleaſure of the imagination are ſubſtituted for thoſe of the ſenſes, and the hope of future enjoyments for the poſſeſſion of preſent; and to decorate theſe pleaſures and this hope, has wearied eloquence and exhauſted learning. Courage has been dignified with the name of heroick virtue; and heroick virtue has deified the hero: his ſtatue, hung round with enſigns of terror, frowned in the gloom of a wood or a temple; altars were raiſed before it, and the world was commanded to worſhip.

Thus the ideas of courage, and virtue, and honour, are ſo aſſociated, that wherever we perceive courage, we infer virtue and aſcribe honour; without conſidering, whether courage was exerted to produce happineſs or miſery, in the defence of freedom or ſupport of tyranny.

But though courage and heroick virtue are ſtill confounded, yet by courage nothing more is generally underſtood than a power of oppoſing danger with ſerenity and perſeverance. To ſecure the honours which are beſtowed upon courage by cuſtom, it is indeed neceſſary that this danger ſhould be voluntary: for a courageous reſiſtance of dangers to which we are neceſſarily expoſed by our ſtation, is conſidered merely as the diſcharge of our duty, and brings only a negative reward, exemption from infamy.

He who at the approach of evil, betrays his truſt or deſerts his poſt, is branded with cowardice; a name perhaps more reproachful than any other, that does not imply much greater

turpitude; he who patiently ſuffers that which he cannot without guilt avoid, eſcapes infamy, but does not obtain praiſe. It is the man who provokes danger in its receſs, who quits a peaceful retreat, where he might have ſlumbered in eaſe and ſafety, for peril and labour, to drive before a tempeſt or to watch in a camp; the man who deſcends from a precipice by a rope at midnight, to fire a city that is beſieged; or who ventures forward into regions of perpetual cold and darkneſs, to diſcover new paths of navigation, and diſcloſe new ſecrets of the deep; it is the ADVENTURER alone on whom every eye is fixed with admiration, and whoſe praiſe is repeated by every voice.

But it muſt be confeſſed that this is only the praiſe of prejudice and of cuſtom: reaſon as yet ſees nothing either to commend or imitate; a more ſevere ſcrutiny muſt be made, before ſhe can admit courage to belong to virtue, or entitle its poſſeſſor to the palm of honour.

If new worlds are ſought merely to gratify avarice or ambition, for the treaſures that ripen in the diſtant mine, or the homage of nations whom new arts of deſtruction may ſubdue; or if the precipice is deſcended merely for a pecuniary conſideration; the Adventurer is, in the eſtimation of reaſon, as worthleſs and contemptible as the robber who dies a gibbet for the hire of a ſtrumpet, or the fool who lays out his whole property on a lottery-ticket. Reaſon conſiders the motive, the means, and the end; and honours courage only when it is employed to effect the purpoſe of virtue. Whoever expoſes life for the good of others, and deſires no ſuperadded reward but fame, is pronounced a hero by the voice of reaſon; and to withhold the praiſe that he merits, would be an attempt equally injurious and impoſſible. How much then is it to be regretted, that ſeveral ages have elapſed ſince all who had the will had alſo the power thus to ſecure at once the ſhout of the multitude, and the eulogy of the philoſopher! The laſt who enjoyed this privilege were the heroes that the hiſtory of certain dark ages diſtinguiſhes by the name of Knights Errant; beings who improved the opportunities of glory that were peculiar to their own times, in which giants were to be encountered, dragons deſtroyed, enchantments diſſolved, and captive princeſſes ſet at liberty.

Theſe heroes, however numerous, or wherever they dwelt, had nothing more to do, than, as ſoon as Aurora with her dewy fingers unlocked the roſy portals of the eaſt, to mount the ſteed, graſp the lance, and ride forth attended by a faithful ſquire: a giant or a dragon immediately appeared; or a caſtle was perceived with a moat, a bridge, and a horn; the horn is ſounded, a dwarf firſt appears, and then an enchanter; a combat enſues, and the enchanter is defeated; the Knight enters the caſtle, reads a Taliſman, diſſolves the enchantment, receives the thanks of the princeſſes, and encomium of the knights; then is conducted by the principal lady to the court of her father; is there the object of univerſal admiration, refuſes a kingdom, and ſets out again to acquire new glory by a ſeries of new adventures.

But if the world has now no employment for the Knight-Errant, the Adventurer may ſtill do good for fame. Such is the hope with which he quits the quiet of indolence and the ſafety of obſcurity; for ſuch ambition he has exchanged content, and ſuch is his claim as a candidate for praiſe. It may, indeed be objected that he has no right to the reward; becauſe if it be admitted that he does good for fame, it cannot be pretended that it is at the riſque of his life: but honour has been always allowed to be of greater value than life.

If, therefore, the Adventurer riſques honour, he riſques more than the Knight. The ignominy which falls on a diſappointed candidate for publick praiſe, would by thoſe very Knights have been deemed worſe than death; and who is more truly a candidate for publick praiſe than an author? But as the Knights were without fear of death, the Adventurer is without fear of diſgrace or diſappointment: he confides, like them, in the temper of his weapon, and the juſtice of his cauſe; he knows he has not far to go, before he will meet with ſome fortreſs that has been raiſed by ſophiſtry for the aſylum of error, ſome enchanter who lies in wait to enſnare innocence, or ſome dragon breathing out his poiſon in defence of infidelity; he has alſo the power of enchantment, which he will exerciſe in his turn; he will ſometimes crowd the ſcene with ideal beings, ſometimes recal the paſt, and ſometimes anticipate the future; ſometimes he will tranſport thoſe who put themſelves under his influence

to regions which no traveller has yet viſited, and will ſometimes confine them with inviſible bands till the charm is diſſolved by a word, which will be placed the laſt in a paper which he ſhall give them.

Nor does he fear that this boaſt ſhould draw upon him the imputation of arrogance or of vanity; for the Knight, when he challenged an army, was not thought either arrogant or vain: and yet as every challenge is a boaſt, and implies a conſciouſneſs of ſuperiority, the oſtentation is certainly in proportion to the force that is defied; but this force is alſo the meaſure of danger, and danger is the meaſure of honour. It muſt alſo be remarked, that there is great difference between a boaſt of what we ſhall do, and of what we have done. A boaſt when we enter the liſts, is a defiance of danger; it claims attention, and it raiſes expectation: but a boaſt when we return, is only an exultation in ſafety, and a demand of praiſe which is not thought to be due; for the praiſe that is thought to be due is always paid. Let it be remembered, therefore, that if the Adventurer raiſes expectation, he proportionably encreaſes his danger; and that he aſks nothing which the publick ſhall deſire to withhold.

No. II. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1752.

Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

HOR.

——To ſink in ſhame, or ſwell with pride,
As the gay palm is granted or deny'd.

FRANCIS.

THE multitudes that ſupport life by corporal labour, and eat their bread in the ſweat of their brow, commonly regard inactivity as idleneſs; and have no conception that wearineſs can be contracted in an elbow-chair, by now and then peeping into a book and muſing the reſt of the day: the ſedentary and ſtudious, therefore, raiſe their envy or contempt, as they appear either to poſſeſs the conveniencies of life by the mere bounty of fortune, or to ſuffer the want of them by refuſing to work.

It is, however, certain that to think is to labour; and that as the body is affected by the exerciſe of the mind, the fatigue of the ſtudy is not leſs than that of the field or the manufactory.

But the labour of the mind, though it is equally weariſome with that of the body, is not attended with the ſame advantages. Exerciſe gives health, vigour, and cheerfulneſs, ſound ſleep, and a keen appetite: the effects of ſedentary thoughtfulneſs are diſeaſes that embitter and ſhorten life, interrupted reſt, taſteleſs meals, perpetual languor, and cauſeleſs anxiety.

No natural inability to perform manual operations has been obſerved to proceed from diſinclination; the reluctance, if it cannot be removed, may be ſurmounted; and the artificer then proceeds in his work with dexterity and exactneſs, as if no extraordinary effort had been made to begin it: but with reſpect to the productions of imagination and wit, a mere determination of the will is not ſufficient; there muſt be a diſpoſition of the mind which no human being can procure, or the work will have the appearance of a forced plan, in the production of which the induſtry of art has been ſubſtituted for the vigour of nature.

Nor does this diſpoſition always enſure ſucceſs, though the want of it never fails to render application ineffectual; for the writer who ſits down in the morning, fired with his ſubject, and teeming with ideas, often finds at night, that what delighted his imagination offends his judgment, and that he has loſt the day by indulging a pleaſing dream, in which he joined together a multitude of ſplendid images without perceiving their incongruity.

Thus the wit is condemned to paſs his hours, thoſe hours which return no more, in attempting that which he cannot effect, or in collecting materials which he afterwards diſcovers to be unfit for uſe; but the mechanick and

the huſbandman know, that the work which they perform will always bear the ſame proportion to the time in which they are employed, and the diligence which they exert.

Neither is the reward of intellectual equally certain with that of corporal labour; the artificer, for the manufacture which he finiſhes in a day, receives a certain ſum; but the wit frequently gains no advantage from a performance at which he has toiled many months, either becauſe the town is not diſpoſed to judge of his merit, or becauſe he has not ſuited the popular taſte.

It has been often obſerved, that not the value of a man's income, but the proportion which it bears to his expences, juſtly denominates him rich or poor; and that it is not ſo much the manner in which he lives, as the habit of life he has contracted, which renders him happy or wretched. For this reaſon, the labour of the mind, even when it is adequately rewarded, does not procure means of happineſs in the ſame proportion as that of the body. They that ſing at the loom, or whiſtle after the plough, wiſh not for intellectual entertainment; if they have plenty of wholeſome food, they do not repine at the inelegance of their table, nor are they leſs happy becauſe they are not treated with ceremonious reſpect and ſerved with ſilent celerity. The ſcholar is always conſidered as becoming a gentleman by his education; and the wit is conferring honour upon his company, however elevated by their rank or fortune: they are, therefore, frequently admitted to ſcenes of life very different from their own; they partake of pleaſures which they cannot hope to purchaſe; and many ſuperfluities become neceſſary, by the gratification of wants, which in a lower claſs they would never have known.

Thus the peaſant and the mechanick, when they have received the wages of the day, and procured their ſtrong beer and ſupper, have ſcarce a wiſh unſatisfied: but the man of nice diſcernment and quick ſenſations, who has acquired a high reliſh of the elegancies and refinements of life, has ſeldom philoſophy enough to be equally content with that which the reward of genius can purchaſe.

And yet there is ſcarce any character ſo much the object of envy, as that of a ſucceſsful writer. But thoſe who only ſee him in company, or hear encomiums on his merit, form a very erroneous opinion of his happineſs: they conceive him as perpetually enjoying the triumphs of intellectual ſuperiority; as diſplaying the luxuriancy of his fancy, and the variety of his knowledge, to ſilent admiration; or liſtening in voluptuous indolence to the muſick of praiſe. But they know not, that theſe lucid intervals are ſhort and few; that much the greater part of his life is paſſed in ſolitude and anxiety; that his hours glide away unnoticed, and the day, like the night, is contracted to a moment by the intenſe application of the mind to its object: locked up from every eye, and loſt even to himſelf, he is reminded that he lives only by the neceſſities of life; he then ſtarts from a dream, and regrets that the day has paſſed unenjoyed, without affording means of happineſs to the morrow.

Will Hardman the ſmith had three ſons, Tom, Ned and George. George, who was the youngeſt, he put apprentice to a taylor: the two elder were otherwiſe provided for; he had by ſome means the opportunity of ſending them to ſchool upon a foundation, and afterwards to the Univerſity. Will thought that this opportunity to give his boys good learning, was not to be miſſed: learning, he ſaid, was a portion which the D-v-l could not wrong them of; and when he had done what he ought for them, they muſt do for themſelves.

As he had not the ſame power to procure them livings, when they had finiſhed their ſtudies, they came to London. They were both ſcholars; but Tom was a genius, and Ned was a dunce: Ned became uſher in a ſchool at the yearly ſalary of twenty pounds, and Tom ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf as an author; he wrote many pieces of great excellence; but his reward was ſometimes withheld by caprice, and ſometimes intercepted by envy. He paſſed his time in penury and labour; his mind was abſtracted in the recollection of ſentiment, and perplexed in the arrangement of his ideas and the choice of expreſſion.

George, in the mean time, became a maſter in his trade, kept ten men conſtantly at work upon the board, drank his beer out of a ſilver tankard, and boaſted that he might be as well to paſs in a few years as many of thoſe for whom he made laced cloaths, and who

thought themſelves his betters. Ned wiſhed earneſtly that he could change ſtations with George: but Tom, in the pride of his heart, diſdained them both; and declared, that he would rather periſh upon a bulk with cold and hunger, than ſteal through life in obſcurity, and be forgotten when he was dead.

No. III. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1752.

———*Scenis decora alta futuris.* VIRG.

The ſplendid ornament of future ſcenes.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

AS the buſineſs of Pantomimes is become a very ſerious concern, and the curioſity of mankind is perpetually thirſting after novelties, I have been at great pains to contrive an entertainment, in which every thing ſhall be united that is either the delight or aſtoniſhment of the preſent age: I have not only ranſacked the fairs of Bartholomew and Southwark, but picked up every uncommon animal, every prodigy of nature, and every ſurprizing performer, that has lately appeared within the bills of mortality. As ſoon as I am provided with a theatre ſpacious enough for my purpoſe, I intend to exhibit a moſt ſublime Pantomime in the modern taſte; but far more oſtentatious in its feats of activity, its ſcenes, decorations, machinery, and monſters. A ſketch of my deſign I ſhall lay before you; and you may poſſibly think it not inconſiſtent with the character of an Adventurer to recommend it to publick notice.

I have choſen for the ſubject the Fable of Hercules, as his labours will furniſh me with moſt extraordinary events, and give me an opportunity of introducing many wonders of the monſtrous creation. It is ſtrange that this ſtory, which ſo greatly recommends itſelf by its incredibility, ſhould have hitherto eſcaped the ſearch of thoſe penetrating geniuſes, who have rummaged not only the legends of antiquity, but the fictions of Fairy tales, and little hiſtory-books for children, to ſupply them with materials for Perſeus and Andromeda, Doctor Fauſtus, Queen Mab, &c. In imitation of theſe illuſtrious wits, I ſhall call my entertainment by the name of HARLEQUIN HERCULES.

In the original ſtory, as a prelude to his future victories, we are told that Hercules ſtrangled two ſerpents in the cradle: I ſhall therefore open with this circumſtance; and have prepared a couple of paſteboard ſerpents of an enormous length, with internal ſprings and movements for the contortions, which I dare ſay will far exceed that aſtoniſhing one in Orpheus and Eurydice. Any of the common-ſized parti-coloured gentry that have learnt to whimper and whine after being hatched in the egg in the Rape of Proſerpine, may ſerve for this ſcene: but as the Man Hercules muſt be ſuppoſed to be of a preternatural bulk of body, the Modern Coloſſus has practiſed the tiptoe ſtep and tripping air for the enſuing parts. Inſtead of a ſword of lath, I ſhall arm him, in conformity to his character, with a huge cork-club.

The firſt labour is the killing the Nemean lion, who, in imitation of the fable, ſhall drop from an oiled-paper moon. We have been long accuſtomed to admire lions upon the ſtage; but I ſhall vaſtly improve upon this, by making our conqueror flay him upon the ſpot, and cloke himſelf with the ſkin: I have therefore got a tawny-coloured hide made of coarſe ſerge, with the ears, mane and tip of the tail, properly buſhed out with brown worſted.

Next to this is the deſtruction of the Hydra, a terrible ſerpent with ſeven heads; and as two were ſaid to ſprout up again in the place of every one that was cut off, I deſign by the art of my machinery to exhibit a ſucceſſive regeneration of double heads, till a hundred and more are prepared to be knocked off by one ſtroke of the aforeſaid cork-club.

I have a beautiful canvas wild boar of Erymanthus for the third labour; which, as Harlequin is to carry it off the ſtage upon his ſhoul-

ders, has nothing in its belly but a wadding of tow, and a little boy who is to manage its motions, to let down the wire jaw, or gnash the wooden tusks: and though I could rather wish he were able to grunt and growl, yet as that is impossible, I have taught the urchin to squeak prodigiously like a pig.

The fourth labour, his catching the hind of Mænalus, whose feet were of brass and horns of gold, I fear I must omit; because I cannot break any common buck to run slow enough. But he is next to drive away those enormous birds of Stymphalus's Lake, which were of such prodigious bigness, that they intercepted the light with their wings, and took up whole menas their prey. I have got a flock of them formed of leather covered with ravens feathers: they are a little unwieldy, I must confess; but I have disposed my wires so as to play them about tolerably well, and make them flap out the candles; and two of the largest are to gulp down the grenadier, stationed at each door of the stage, with their caps, muskets, bayonets, and all their accoutrements.

The sixth labour is an engagement with the Amazons; to represent whom, I have hired all THE WONDERFUL TALL MEN AND WOMEN that have been lately exhibited in this town. The part of Hypolita their queen is to be played by the Female Sampson, who, after the company has been amazed with the vast proofs of her strength, is to be fairly flung in a wrestling bout by our invincible Harlequin.

I shall then present you with a prospect of the Augean stable, where you will have an arrangement on each side of seven or eight cows hides stuft with straw, which the fancy's eye may as easily multiply into a thousand, as in a tragedy-battle it has been used to do half a dozen scene-shifters into an army. Hercules's method of cleansing this stable is well known; I shall therefore let loose a whole river of pewter to glitter along the stage, far surpassing any little clinking cascade of tin that the play-house or Vauxhall can boast of.

As he is next to seize upon a bull breathing out fire and flames, I had prepared one accordingly, with the palate and nostrils properly loaded with wild-fire and other combustibles; but by the unskilfulness of the fellow inclosed in it, while he was rehearsing Bull's part, the head took fire, which spread to the carcase, and the fool narrowly escaped suffering the torment of Phalaris. This accident I have now guarded against, by having lined the roof and jaws with tin plates of iron.

To personate Geryon, who had three bodies, I have contrived to tie three men together back to back; one of them is the FAMOUS NEGRO who swings about his arms in every direction; and these will make full as grotesque a figure as the man with a double mask. As Harlequin for his eighth labour is to deliver this triple-form monster to be devoured by his cannibal oxen, I shall here with the greatest propriety exhibit the NOTED Ox with six legs and two bellies; and as Diomede must be served up in the same manner as a meal for his flesh-eating horses, this will furnish me with a good pretext for introducing the BEAUTIFUL PANTHER MARE.

After these I shall transport you to the orchard of the Hesperides, where you will feast your sight with the green paper trees and gilt apples. I have bought up the old copper Dragon of Wantley as a guard to this forbidden fruit; and when he is new burnished, and the tail somewhat lengthened, his aspect will be much more formidable than his brother dragon's in Harlequin Sorcerer.

But the full display of my art is reserved for the last labour, the descent through a trap-door into *hell*. Though this is the most applauded scene in many of our favourite pantomimes, I do not doubt but my *hell* will out-do whatever has been hitherto attempted of the kind, whether in its gloomy decoration, its horrors, its flames, or its devils. I have engaged the engineer of Cuper's Gardens to direct the fire-works; Ixion will be whirled round upon a wheel of blazing saltpetre; Tantalus will catch at a refluent flood of burning rosin; and Sisyphus is to roll up a stone charged with crackers and squibs, which will bound back again with a thundering explosion: at a distance you will discover black steams arising from the River Styx, represented by a stream of melted pitch. The NOTED FIRE-EATER also shall make his appearance, smoking out of red-hot tobacco-pipes, champing lighted brimstone, and swallowing his infernal mess of broth. Harlequin's errand hither being only to bring away Cerberus, I have instructed THE MOST AMAZING NEW ENGLISH CHIEN SAVANT to act the part of this three-headed dog, with the assistance of two ar-

tificial noddles faſtened to his throat. The ſagacity of this animal will ſurely delight much more than the pretty trick of his rival, the human hound, in another entertainment.

Thus I have brought my Hercules through his twelve capital enterprizes; though I purpoſe to touch upon ſome other of the Grecian hero's atchievements. I ſhall make him kill Cacus the three-headed robber, and ſhall carry him to Mount Caucaſus, to untie Prometheus, whoſe liver was continually preyed upon by a vulture. This laſt-mentioned incident I cannot paſs over, as I am reſolved that my vulture ſhall vie in bulk, beauty and docility, with the ſo much applauded STUPENDOUS OSTRICH: and towards the end I doubt not but I ſhall be able to triumph over the SORCERER'S GREAT GELDING, by the exhibition of my Centaur Neſſus, who is to carry off the LITTLE WOMAN that weighs no more than twenty-three pounds, in the character of Deianira; a burthen great enough for the oſtler who is to play the brute-half of my Centaur, as his back muſt be bent horizontally, in order to fix his head againſt the rump of the man-half.

The whole piece will conclude with Harlequin in a bloody ſhirt, ſkipping, writhing, and rolling, and at length expiring, to the irregular motions of the fiddle-ſtick: though, if any of the fire-offices will enſure the houſe, he ſhall mount the kindled pile, and be burned to aſhes in the preſence of the whole audience.

Intrigue is the ſoul of theſe dumb ſhews, as well as of the more ſenſeleſs farces: Omphale, therefore, or Deianira, muſt ſerve for my Colombine; and I can ſo far wreſt the fable to my own purpoſe, as to ſuppoſe that theſe dangers were encountered by Harlequin for their ſakes. Eriſtheus, the perſecutor of Hercules, will be properly characterized by Pantaloon; and the ſervant, whoſe buſineſs it is, as Homer ſays, 'to ſhake the regions of the gods with 'laughter,' ſhall be the WONDERFUL LITTLE NORFOLK-MAN, as in all books of chivalry you never read of a giant but you are told of a dwarf. The fellow with Stentorian lungs, who can break glaſſes and ſhatter window-panes with the loudneſs of his vociferation, has engaged in that one ſcene, where Hercules laments the loſs of his Hylas, to make the whole houſe ring again with his bawling; and the wonderful man, who talks in his belly, and can fling his voice into any part of a room, has promiſed to anſwer him in the character of Echo.

I cannot conclude without informing you, that I have made an uncommon proviſion for the neceſſary embelliſhments of ſinging and dancing. Grim Pluto, you know, the black-peruked monarch, muſt bellow in baſs, and the attendant-devils cut capers in flame-coloured ſtockings, as uſual; but as Juno cheriſhed an immortal hatred to our hero, ſhe ſhall deſcend in a chariot drawn by peacocks, and thrill forth her rage; Deianira, too, ſhall vent her amorous ſighs to ſoft airs: the Amazons, with their gilt-leather breaſt-plates and helmets, their tin-pointed ſpears and looking-glaſs ſhields, ſhall give you the Pyrrhic dance to a preamble on the kettle-drums; and at Omphale's court, after Hercules has reſigned his club, to celebrate her triumph, I ſhall introduce a grand dance of diſtaffs, in emulation of the Witches dance of broomſticks. Nothing of this kind ſhall be omitted, that may heighten either the grandeur or beauty of my entertainment: I ſhall therefore, I hope, find a place ſomewhere in this piece, as I cannot now have the WIRE-DANCER, to bring on my DANCING-BEARS.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

A LUN TERTIUS.

No. IV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1752.

Ficta voluptatis cauſa ſint proxima veris.

HOR.

Fictions, to pleaſe, ſhould wear the face of truth.

ROSC.

NO ſpecies of writing affords ſo general entertainment as the relation of events; but all relations of events do not entertain in the ſame degree.

It is always neceſſary, that facts ſhould appear to be produced in a regular and connected ſeries, that they ſhould follow in a quick ſucceſſion, and yet that they ſhould be delivered

with diſcriminating circumſtances. If they have not a neceſſary and apparent connection, the ideas which they excite obliterate each other, and the mind is tantalized with an imperfect glimpſe of innumerable objects that juſt appear and vaniſh; if they are too minutely related, they become tireſome; and if diveſted of all their circumſtances, inſipid; for who that reads in a table of chronology or an index, that a city was ſwallowed up by an earthquake, or a kingdom depopulated by a peſtilence, finds either his attention engaged, or his curioſity gratified?

Thoſe narratives are moſt pleaſing which not only excite and gratify curioſity, but engage the paſſions.

Hiſtory is a relation of the moſt natural and important events: hiſtory, therefore, gratifies curioſity, but it does not often excite either terror or pity; the mind feels not that tenderneſs for a falling ſtate, which it feels for an injured beauty; nor is it ſo much alarmed at the migration of barbarians, who mark their way with deſolation, and fill the world with violence and rapine, as at the fury of a huſband, who, deceived into jealouſy by falſe appearances, ſtabs a faithful and affectionate wife kneeling at his feet, and pleading to be heard.

Voyages and Travels have nearly the ſame excellencies and the ſame defects: no paſſion is ſtrongly excited except wonder; or if we feel any emotion at the danger of the traveller, it is tranſient and languid, becauſe his character is not rendered ſufficiently important; he is rarely diſcovered to have any excellencies but daring curioſity; he is never the object of admiration, and ſeldom of eſteem.

Biography would always engage the paſſions, if it could ſufficiently gratify curioſity: but there have been few among the whole human ſpecies whoſe lives would furniſh a ſingle adventure; I mean ſuch a complication of circumſtances, as hold the mind in an anxious yet pleaſing ſuſpenſe, and gradually unfold in the production of ſome unforeſeen and important event; much leſs ſuch a ſeries of facts, as will perpetually vary the ſcene, and gratify the fancy, with new views of life.

But Nature is now exhauſted; all her wonders have been accumulated, every receſs has been explored, deſerts have been traverſed, Alps climbed, and the ſecrets of the deep diſcloſed; time has been compelled to reſtore the empires and the heroes of antiquity; all have paſſed in review; yet fancy requires new gratifications, and curioſity is ſtill unſatisfied.

The reſources of Art yet remain: the ſimple beauties of nature, if they cannot be multiplied, may be compounded, and an infinite variety produced, in which by the union of different graces both may be heightened, and the coalition of different powers may produce a proportionate effect.

The Epic Poem at once gratifies curioſity and moves the paſſions; the events are various and important; but it is not the fate of a nation, but of the hero in which they terminate, and whatever concerns the hero engages the paſſions; the dignity of his character, his merit, and his importance, compel us to follow him with reverence and ſolicitude, to tremble when he is in danger, to weep when he ſuffers, and to burn when he is wronged: with theſe viciſſitudes of paſſion every heart attends Ulyſſes in his wanderings, and Achilles to the field.

Upon this occaſion the Old Romance may be conſidered as a kind of Epic, ſince it was intended to produce the ſame effect upon the mind nearly by the ſame means.

In both theſe ſpecies of writing truth is apparently violated: but though the events are not always produced by probable means, yet the pleaſure ariſing from the ſtory is not much leſſened; for fancy is ſtill captivated with variety, and paſſion has ſcarce leiſure to reflect, that ſhe is agitated with the fate of imaginary beings, and intereſted in events that never happened.

The Novel, though it bears a nearer reſemblance to truth, has yet leſs power of entertainment; for it is confined within the narrower bounds of probability, the number of incidents is neceſſarily diminiſhed, and if it deceives us more, it ſurpriſes us leſs. The diſtreſs is indeed frequently tender, but the narrative often ſtands ſtill; the lovers compliment each other in tedious letters and ſet ſpeeches; trivial circumſtances are enumerated with a minute exactneſs, and the reader is wearied with languid deſcriptions and impertinent declamations.

But the moſt extravagant, and yet perhaps the moſt generally pleaſing of all literary performances, are thoſe in which ſupernatural events

are every moment produced by Genii and Fairies; ſuch are the Arabian Nights Entertainments, the Tales of the Counteſs d'Anois, and many others of the ſame claſs. It may be thought ſtrange, that the mind ſhould with pleaſure acquieſce in the open violation of the moſt known and obvious truths; and that relations which contradict all experience, and exhibit a ſeries of events that are not only impoſſible but ridiculous, ſhould be read by almoſt every taſte and capacity with equal eagerneſs and delight. But it is not, perhaps, the mere violation of truth or of probability that offends, but ſuch a violation only as perpetually recurs. The mind is ſatisfied, if every event appears to have an adequate cauſe; and when the agency of Genii and Fairies is once admitted, no event which is deemed poſſible to ſuch agents is rejected as incredible or abſurd; the action of the ſtory proceeds with regularity, the perſons act upon rational principles, and ſuch events take place as may naturally be expected from the interpoſition of ſuperior intelligence and power: ſo that though there is not a natural, there is at leaſt a kind of moral probability preſerved, and our firſt conceſſion is abundantly rewarded by the new ſcenes to which we are admitted, and the unbounded proſpect that is thrown open before us.

But though we attend with delight to the atchievements of a hero who is tranſported in a moment over half the globe upon a griffon, and ſee with admiration a palace or a city vaniſh upon his breaking a ſeal or extinguiſhing a lamp: yet if at his firſt interview with a miſtreſs, for whoſe ſake he had fought ſo many battles and paſſed ſo many regions, he ſhould ſalute her with a box on the ear; or if immediately after he had vanquiſhed a giant or a dragon, he ſhould leap into a well or tie himſelf up to a tree; we ſhould be diſappointed and diſguſted, the ſtory would be condemned as improbable, unnatural, and abſurd, our innate love of truth would be applauded, and we ſhould expatiate on the folly of an attempt to pleaſe reaſonable beings, by a detail of events which can never be believed, and the intervention of agents which could never have exiſted.

Dramatick Poetry, eſpecially tragedy, ſeems to unite all that pleaſes in each of theſe ſpecies of writing, with a ſtronger reſemblance of truth, and a cloſer imitation of nature: the characters are ſuch as excite attention and ſolicitude; the action is important, its progreſs is intricate yet natural, and the cataſtrophe is ſudden and ſtriking; and as we are preſent to every tranſaction, the images are more ſtrongly impreſſed, and the paſſions more forcibly moved.

From a dramatick poem to thoſe ſhort pieces, which may be contained in ſuch a periodical paper as the Adventurer, is a bold tranſition. And yet ſuch pieces, although formed upon a ſingle incident, if that incident be ſufficiently uncommon to gratify curioſity, and ſufficiently intereſting to engage the paſſions, may afford an entertainment, which, if it is not laſting, is yet of the higheſt kind. Of ſuch, therefore, this paper will frequently conſiſt: but it ſhould be remembered, that it is much more difficult and laborious to invent a ſtory however ſimple and however ſhort, than to recollect topics of inſtruction, or to remark the ſcenes of life as they are ſhifted before us.

No. V. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1752.

Tunc et aves tutas movere per aera pennas;
Et lupus impavidus mediis erravit in agris:
Nec ſua credulitas piſcem ſuſpenderat hamo.
Cuncta ſine inſidiis, nullamque timentia fraudem,
Plenaque pacis erant.——

OVID.

Then birds in airy ſpace might ſafely move,
And tim'rous hares on heaths ſecurely rove:
Nor needed fiſh the guileful hook to fear;
For all was peaceful, and that peace ſincere.

DRYDEN.

I HAVE before remarked, that it is the peculiar infelicity of thoſe who live by intellectual labour, not to be always able equally to improve their time by application: there are ſeaſons when the power of invention is ſuſpended, and the mind ſinks into a ſtate of debility from which it can no more recover itſelf, than a perſon who ſleeps can by a voluntary effort awake. I was ſitting in my ſtudy a few nights ago in theſe perplexing circumſtances, and after long rumination and many ineffectual attempts to ſtart a hint which I might purſue in my lucubration of this day, I determined to go to bed, hoping that the morning would remove every impediment to ſtudy, and reſtore the vigour of my mind.

I was no ſooner aſleep than I was relieved from my diſtreſs by means which, if I had been waking, would have increaſed it; and inſtead of impreſſing upon my mind a train of new ideas in a regular ſucceſſion, would have filled it with aſtoniſhment and terror. For in dreams, whether they are produced by a power of the imagination to combine images which reaſon would ſeparate, or whether the mind is paſſive, and receives impreſſions from ſome inviſible agent, the memory ſeems to lie wholly torpid, and the underſtanding to be employed only about ſuch objects as are then preſented, without comparing the preſent with the paſt. When we ſleep, we often converſe with a friend who is either abſent or dead, without remembering that the grave or the ocean is between us. We float like a feather upon the wind, or we find ourſelves this moment in England and the next in India, without reflecting that the laws of nature are ſuſpended, or enquiring how the ſcene could have been ſo ſuddenly ſhifted before us. We are familiar with prodigies; we accommodate ourſelves to every event, however romantick; and we not only reaſon, but act upon principles which are in the higheſt degree abſurd and extravagant.

In that ſtate, therefore, in which no prodigy could render me unfit to receive inſtruction, I imagined myſelf to be ſtill ſitting in my ſtudy, penſive and diſpirited, and that I ſuddenly heard a ſmall ſhrill voice pronounce theſe words — 'Take your pen; I will dictate an Adventurer.' I turned to ſee from whom this voice proceeded, but I could diſcover nothing: believing, therefore, that my good genius, or ſome favourite muſe was preſent, I immediately prepared to write, and the voice dictated the following narrative.

'I was the eldeſt ſon of a country gentleman, who poſſeſſed a large eſtate; and when I was about nineteen years of age, fell with my horſe as I was hunting; my neck was diſlocated by the fall, and for want of immediate aſſiſtance I died before I could be carried home: but I found myſelf the next moment, with inexpreſſible grief and aſtoniſhment, under the ſhape of a mongrel Puppy in the ſtable of an inn, that was kept by a man who had been butler to my father, and had married the cook.

'I was indeed greatly careſſed; but my maſter, in order, as he ſaid, to increaſe my beauty as well as my ſtrength, ſoon diſencumbered me of my ears and tail. Beſides the pain that I ſuffered in the operation, I experienced the diſadvantages of this mutilation in a thouſand inſtances: this, however, was but a ſmall part of the calamity which in this ſtate I was appointed to ſuffer.

'My maſter had a ſon about four years old, 'who was yet a greater favourite than myſelf; 'and his paſſions having been always indulged 'as ſoon as they appeared, he was encouraged 'to gratify his reſentment againſt any thing, 'whether animate or inanimate, that had of-'fended him, by beating me; and when he 'did any miſchief, for of other faults little no-'tice was taken, the father, the mother, or 'the maid, were ſure to chaſtiſe me in his ſtead.

'This treatment from perſons whom I had 'been accuſtomed to regard with contempt, and 'command with inſolence, was not long to be 'borne: early one morning, therefore, I de-'parted. I continued my journey till the 'afternoon without ſtopping, though it rained 'hard: about four o'clock I paſſed through a 'village; and perceiving a heap of ſhavings 'that were ſheltered from the wet by the thatch 'of a houſe which ſome carpenters were re-'pairing, I crept as I thought unnoticed into 'the corner, and laid myſelf down upon them: 'but a man who was plaining a board, obſerv-'ing that I was a ſtrange dog and of a mon-'grel breed, reſolved to make himſelf and his 'companions merry at my expence; for this 'purpoſe having made a hole about two inches 'diameter in a piece of deal, he ſuddenly catch-'ed me up and putting the remainder of my 'tail through this diabolical engine, he made 'it faſt by driving in a wedge, with a heavy 'mallet, which cruſhing the bone, put me to 'inexpreſſible torment. The moment he ſet 'me down, the wretches who had been ſpecta-'tors of this waggery, burſt into immoderate 'laughter at the awkward motions by which I 'expreſſed my miſery, and my ridiculous at-'tempt to run away from that which I could 'not but carry with me. They hooted after 'me till I was out of their ſight: however, 'fear, pain, and confuſion, ſtill urging me 'forward with involuntary ſpeed, I ran with 'ſuch force between two pales that were not 'far enough aſunder to admit my clog, that I left 'it with the remainder of my tail behind me. 'I then found myſelf in a farm-yard; and fearing 'that I ſhould be worried by the maſtiff which 'I ſaw at a diſtance, I continued my flight: 'but ſome peaſants who were at work in a 'neighbouring barn, perceiving that I ran 'without being purſued, that my eyes were 'enflamed, and that my mouth was covered 'with foam, imagined that I was mad, and 'knocked out my brains with a flail.

'Soon after I had quitted this maimed 'and perſecuted carcaſs, I found myſelf under 'the wings of a Bullfinch with three others 'that were juſt hatched. I now rejoiced in the 'hope of ſoaring beyond the reach of human 'barbarity, and becoming like my mother a 'denizen of the ſky: but my mother, before I 'was perfectly fledged, was ſurprized in her 'neſt by a ſchool-boy, who graſped her ſo hard, 'to prevent her eſcape, that ſhe ſoon after 'died; he then took the neſt with all that it 'contained, which he depoſited in a baſket, 'where I preſently loſt my three companions 'in misfortune, by change of food and un-'ſkilful management. I ſurvived; and ſoon 'after I could feed myſelf, I was taken by my 'tyrant's mother when ſhe went to pay her 'rent, as a preſent to her landlord's daughter, 'a young lady who was extremely beautiful, 'and in the eighteenth year of her age.

'My captivity now began to loſe its ter-'rors; I no longer dreaded the rude gripe of 'a boiſterous urchin, whoſe fondneſs was ſcarce 'leſs dangerous than his reſentment; who in the 'zeal of his attachment to a new play-thing, 'might neglect me till I periſhed with hunger; 'or who might wring off my neck, becauſe he 'had ſome other uſe for the halfpenny which 'ſhould procure me food: the confinement of 'a cage became habitual; I was placed near 'a pleaſant window; I was conſtantly fed by 'one of the fineſt hands in the world; and I 'imagined, that I could ſuffer no miſery un-'der the patronage of ſmiles and graces.

'Such was my ſituation, when a young lady 'from London made an afternoon's viſit to my 'miſtreſs: ſhe took an opportunity to careſs 'me among her other favourites, which were 'a parrot, a monkey and a lap-dog; ſhe chirp-'ed, and holding out her finger to me, I hop-'ped upon it; ſhe ſtroked me, put my head to 'her cheek, and to ſhew my ſenſibility of her 'favours, I began to ſing: as ſoon as my ſong 'was over, ſhe turned to my miſtreſs, and told 'her, that the dear little creature might be 'made abſolutely the ſweeteſt bird in the world, 'only by putting out his eyes, and confining 'it in a leſs cage: to this horrid propoſal my 'fair keeper agreed, upon being again aſſured 'that my ſong would be greatly improved;

'and the next day performed herſelf the ope-
'ration, as ſhe had been directed, with the end
'of a hot knitting-needle. My condition was
'now more eaſily to be conceived than expreſ-
'ſed: but I did not long ſuffer the mournful
'ſolitude of perpetual darkneſs; for a cat came
'one night into the room undiſcovered, drag-
'ged me through the wires of the cage, and
'devoured me.

'I was not diſpleaſed to find myſelf once
'more at large; delivered from blindneſs and
'captivity, and ſtill able to ſport upon the
'breeze in the form of a Cockchafer. But I
'had ſcarce entered this new ſcene of exiſtence,
'when a gentleman in whoſe garden I was
'feaſting on one of the leaves of a cherry-tree,
'caught me, and turning to his ſon, a boy
'who had juſt been put into his firſt breeches
—"Here, Tommy," ſays he, "is a bird for
"you." The boy received me with a grin of
'horrid delight, and, as he had been taught,
'immediately impaled me alive upon a cork-
'ing-pin, to which a piece of thread was faſ-
'tened, and I was doomed to make my young
'maſter ſport, by fluttering in the agonies of
'death: and when I was quite exhauſted, and
'could no longer uſe my wings, he was bid to
'tread upon me, for that I was now good for
'nothing; a command with which he merci-
'fully complied, and in a moment cruſhed me
'to atoms with his foot.

'From a Cockchafer I tranſmigrated into an
'Earth-worm, and found myſelf at the bottom
'of a farmer's dunghill. Under this change
'of circumſtances I comforted myſelf by con-
'ſidering, that if I did not mount upon the
'wind, and tranſport myſelf from place to
'place with a ſwiftneſs almoſt equal to thought,
'yet I was not likely either to pleaſe or to of-
'fend mankind, both of which were equally
'fatal; and I hoped to ſpend my life in peace,
'by eſcaping the notice of the moſt cruel of all
'creatures.

'But I did not long enjoy the comfort of
'theſe reflections. I was one morning diſ-
'turbed by an unuſual noiſe, and perceived the
'ground about me to ſhake. I immediately
'worked my way upward to diſcover the cauſe;
'and the moment I appeared above the ſurface,
'I was eagerly ſnatched up by a man who had
'ſtuck a dung-fork into the ground and moved
'it backward and forward to produce the ef-
'fect that had now happened. I was put into
'a broken pan with many other aſſociates in
'misfortune, and ſoon after diſpoſed of to one
'of thoſe gentle ſwains who delight in angling.
'This perſon carried us the next morning to
'the brink of a river, where I preſently ſaw him
'take out one of my companions, and, whiſt-
'ling a tune, paſs a barbed hook through the
'whole length of his body, entering it at the
'head and bringing it out at the tail. The
'wretched animal writhed itſelf on the bloody
'hook, in torture which cannot be conceived
'by man, nor felt by any that is not vital in
'every part. In this condition he was ſuſ-
'pended in the water as a bait for fiſh, till he
'was, together with the hook on which he
'hung, ſwallowed by an eel. While I was
'beholding this dreadful ſpectacle, I made ma-
'ny reflections on the great inequality between
'the pleaſure of catching the prey, and the an-
'guiſh inflicted on the bait. But theſe reflec-
'tions were preſently loſt, in the ſame agonies
'of which I had been a ſpectator.

'You will not have room in this paper
'to relate all that I ſuffered from the thought-
'leſs barbarity of mankind, in a Cock, a
'Lobſter, and a Pig: let it ſuffice to ſay, that
'I ſuffered the ſame kind of death with thoſe
'who are broken upon the wheel, I was roaſt-
'ed alive before a ſlow fire, and was ſcourged
'to death with ſmall cords, to gratify the wan-
'ton appetite of luxury, or contribute to the
'merriment of a rabble.'

Thus far I had written as amanuenſis to an inviſible dictator; when my dream ſtill continuing, I felt ſomething tickle my wriſt, and turning my eye from the paper to ſee what it was, I diſcovered a Flea, which I immediately caught, and killed, by putting it into the candle. At the ſame inſtant the Flea vaniſhed, and a young Lady of exquiſite beauty ſtood before me. 'Thoughtleſs wretch,' ſaid ſhe, 'thou
'haſt again changed the ſtate of my exiſtence,
'and expoſed me to ſtill greater calamities than
'any that I have yet ſuffered. As a Flea I
'was thy monitor, and as a Flea I might have
'eſcaped thy cruelty if I had not intended thy
'inſtruction. But now to be concealed is im-
'poſſible, and it is therefore impoſſible to be ſafe.
'The eyes of deſire are upon me, and to betray me
'to infamy and guilt will be the toil of perſever-
'ance and the ſtudy of reaſon. But though man

'is ſtill my enemy, though he aſſails me with 'more violence and perſiſts with more obſti-'nacy, I have yet leſs power of reſiſtance; 'there is a rebel in my own boſom who will 'labour to give me up, whoſe influence is not 'eaſily ſurmounted. Publiſh, however, what 'I have communicated; if any man ſhall be re-'claimed from a criminal inattention to the 'felicity of inferior beings, and reſtrained from 'inflicting pain by conſidering the effect of 'his actions, I have not ſuffered in vain. But 'as I am now expoſed not only to accidental 'and caſual evils, as I am not only in dan-'ger from the frolics of levity, but from 'the deſigns of cunning; to atone for the 'injury which thou haſt done me, let the 'Adventurer warn the ſex of every wile 'that is practiſed for their deſtruction; and 'deter men from the attempt, by diſplaying 'the aggravated guilt, and ſhameleſs diſinge-'nuity, of aſſuming an appearance of the moſt 'ardent and tender affection, only to over-'whelm with unutterable diſtreſs the beauty 'whom love has made credulous, and inno-'cence keeps unacquainted with ſuſpicion.'

While I liſtened to this addreſs, my heart throbbed with impatience; and the effort that I made to reply, awaked me.

No. VI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1752.

Nunc auctionem facere decretum eſt mihi:
Foras neceſſum eſt, quicquid habeo, vendere.
Adeſte ſultis, præda erit præſentium.
Logos ridiculos vendo. PLAUT.

I am obliged to part with my whole ſtock, and am reſolved to ſell it by auction: you that will buy make haſte, here will be excellent pennyworths; my merchandize is jeſts and witticiſms.

LAST Sunday morning I was diſturbed very early by an old crony, a brother of the quill, as he calls himſelf, who burſt into my chamber, and running to my bed-ſide—'Get up, my dear friend,' ſaid he, preſſing my hand with great eagerneſs; 'I have ſuch 'news for you! Here's your cloaths; make 'haſte let me beg of you.'

I had been uſed, at each return of the ſabbath, to receive a viſit from my old acquaintance about dinner time; but I could not imagine what had induced him to give me this morning ſalutation. However, I huddled on my cloaths, and had ſcarce ſeated him by the fire-ſide in my ſtudy, when flinging down a paper very much blotted upon the table—'There,' ſays he, 'there's a ſcheme for you, 'my old boy! I am made for ever—Read it—'I am made for ever.'

I very well knew my friend's foible: he has learning, a great deal of vivacity, and ſome judgment; but he wants the neceſſary ſteadineſs for ſerious application. He is continually in purſuit of new projects, but will not allow himſelf time to think of putting them in execution. He has contracted with every eminent bookſeller in town for works of which he had only conceived the deſign, and ſcarce ever proceeded beyond the title-page and preface. He is a profeſſed writer; and of a genius ſo extenſive, that all ſubjects are alike to him; but as he cannot ſubmit to the drudgery of correctneſs, his performances are hurried over in ſo ſlovenly a manner, that they hardly procure him a bare ſubſiſtence. He is, therefore, perpetually exclaiming againſt the tyranny of the trade; and laments, that merit ſhould be ſo much diſcouraged, by the ignorance or envy of the town.

I had often experienced the fertility of his invention, in forming ſuch projects as were eaſy in theory but impoſſible in the practice; I therefore expected nothing leſs than ſuch another whimſical contrivance as his laſt, 'for 'making new boards out of ſhavings:' but

how was I ſurprized, when I took up his paper, and ſaw at the top of it the following adverti ſement!

On the day of next,
Will be ſold by AUCTION,
A curious and valuable collection of manuſcripts (warranted originals) in proſe and verſe:
Being the entire ſtock in trade of
TIMOTHY SPINBRAIN,
Author,
Leaving off Buſineſs.

As I could not help ſmiling at the conceit, my friend underſtood it as a mark of my approbation; and ſnatching the ſheet out of my hand —'Well,' ſays he, 'don't you think this will 'free me from the impertinence of duns, and 'the ſervility of ſuing to thoſe unconſcionable 'vultures the bookſellers, for more copy-mo-'ney? Why, man, I ſhall raiſe an eſtate by 'it, I have ſuch an infinite number of tracts 'on political, polemical, philoſophical, phyſi-'ological, œconomical, religious, and miſcel-'laneous ſubjects. My manuſcripts, let me 'tell you, are of great utility, and conſequent-'ly more valuable, than thoſe in the Vatican 'or Bodleian libraries.' He then proceeded to deſcant on the particulars of his plan; not forgetting to enliven his diſcourſe with many ſprightly ſallies againſt the retailers of the works of the learned, thoſe blood-ſuckers, as he called them, of the literary commonwealth.

'Sir,' continued he, 'I intend to ſtrike off 'an impreſſion of twenty thouſand copies of 'my catalogue, to be diſtributed among all 'the lovers of literature throughout the three 'kingdoms; and I ſhall take care to circulate 'a ſufficient number among the Virtuoſi in 'Holland, France, Italy, Spain, Germany, 'and elſewhere. I will juſt mention to you 'ſome of the chief articles that enrich my col-'lection.

'In politics, I have an infallible ſcheme for 'ruining the French power, which, I ſuppoſe, 'will be bought up at any price, by commiſ-'ſion from abroad, if our miniſtry have not 'ſpirit enough to outbid them. I have an-'other for a coalition of parties, which will 'prevent all diſputes at the next general elec-'tion. I have another for diſcharging the na-'tional debt, which I contrived in gratitude 'for my being ſet at liberty by the laſt act of 'inſolvency. I have ſeveral other pamphlets 'on the important topics of liberty, bribery, 'and corruption, written on both ſides the queſ-'tion; and a moſt curious collection of ſpeeches 'adapted to every kind of debate, which will 'be of admirable uſe to young members of 'parliament.

'In philoſophy, I have ſeveral new ſyſtems 'in oppoſition to the preſent received opini-'ons: I have a proof that the earth is an oc-'tagon; another, that the ſun is inhabited; 'and a third, that the moon may, for aught 'we can tell to the contrary, be made of green 'cheeſe. I have a new theory of optics, de-'monſtrating that darkneſs is cauſed by cer-'tain tenebrificous rays oppugning, obtun-'ding, ſheathing, and abſorbing the rays of 'light. I have reſolved the phœnomena of 'electricity and magnetiſm; and have made 'many ſurprizing improvements in all the arts 'and ſciences. Theſe I fear will be carried 'off by ſome German profeſſor, who will thence 'claim the merit to himſelf, and the honour of 'the diſcovery will be attributed to his nation.

'Thoſe who are fond of diſplaying their ta-'lents in religious diſputes, will find in my 'auction, ſufficient matter for their various al-'tercations; whether they are Atheiſts, Deiſts, 'or diſtinguiſhed by the modeſt appellation of 'Freethinkers. There is ſcarce a ſect among 'the many hundred, whom I have not defend-'ed or attacked: but it muſt not be conclud-'ed from thence, that I have been biaſſed more 'towards one than another; as you know the 'faith of an author is out of the queſtion; 'and he only writes pro or con, as the ſeveral 'opinions are more or leſs embraced or ex-'ploded in the world. I have got indeed, ſome 'infallible arguments againſt the Pope's infal-'libility; and ſome probable conjectures, that 'there never was ſuch a perſon as Mahomet; both 'which, I don't doubt, will be bought up by 'the emiſſaries of Rome and Conſtantinople.'

Here I interrupted my friend, by aſking him if he had not ſomething likewiſe againſt the Patriarch of the Greek church; or a ſerious admonition againſt the growth of Hotentotiſm among us. He anſwered very calmly, I ſhould ſee in the catalogue, and proceeded.

'The emiſſaries of Conſtantinople—— 'Well——my ſtock in the Belles Lettres is

'almoſt inexhauſtible. I have a complete ſet 'of criticiſms on all the ancient authors, and 'a large ſtore of conjectural emendations on 'the old Engliſh claſſics: I have ſeveral new 'eſſays on modern wit and humour; and a 'long ſtring of papers, both ſerious and di-'verting, for periodical lucubrations. I have, 'I know not how many original entertaining 'novels, as well as elegant tranſlations from 'the French; with a heap of ſingle pamphlets 'on the moſt popular and intereſting ſubjects. 'My poetry will conſiſt of every article, whe-'ther tragedies, comedies, farces, maſques, 'operas, ſonnets, cantatas, ſongs, paſtorals, 'ſatires, odes, elegies, or epithalamiums: and 'then, ſuch a load of epigrams, anagrams, re-'buſſes, riddles, acroſtics, conundrums! which 'you know will fetch a high price from the 'witlings, and the proprietors of monthly ma-'gazines. To wind up the whole, there ſhall 'be ſeveral diſtinct lots of title-pages and mot-'tos, and dedications, and prefaces, and plans 'for books.

'Thus, my dear friend, have I opened to 'you the main drift of my deſign; and I be-'lieve at a moderate computation—let me ſee '—ay, after I have cleared myſelf in the 'world, I ſhall be able to retire into the coun-'try, let me tell you, with a pretty fortune in 'my pocket. But before I begin my ſale, if 'you can find any thing that will ſuit your 'Adventurer, as you are an old acquaintance, 'you ſhall have it at your own price.'

I thanked Mr. Spinbrain for his genteel offer, and heartily congratulated him on the proſpect of his pretty fortune: but I could not help enquiring, where all theſe immenſe ſtores of literature were lodged, as I never had obſerved any thing but looſe ſcraps of paper ſcattered about his room, and one book of 'loci com-'munes,' or 'hints,' as he called them, placed upon the chimney-piece. 'Ha!' ſays he, 'that's 'true; I forgot to mention that: why, indeed, 'they are none of them quite finiſhed as yet: 'but I have got the rough draughts of moſt 'ſomewhere: beſides, I have it all here,' pointing to his forehead. I adviſed him to ſet about it directly; and in the evening, when we parted, he reſolved not to go to bed till he had perfected his ſcheme. Yeſterday morning I received a note from him, acquainting me that he had laid aſide all thoughts of his auction; becauſe, as he imagined, the maid had inadvertently lighted his fire with the beſt of his materials.

The reſtleſſneſs of my friend's chimerical genius will not, however, let him entirely give up the point: and though he has been diſappointed in this mighty project, yet he informs me, he has hit upon a ſcheme equally advantageous, which ſhall monopolize the whole buſineſs of ſcribbling, and he offers to take me into partnerſhip with him. 'Ah,' ſays he, 'we 'ſhall humble thoſe fellows—We need not care 'a farthing for Mr. Bibliopola.' His deſign is to open a New Literary Warehouſe, or Univerſal Regiſter Office for Wit and Learning. The particulars he has promiſed to communicate to me to-morrow: in the mean time, he deſires me to advance him a trifle, to buy paper for a poem on the late theatrical diſputes.

No. VII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1752.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui— VIRG.

What I have heard, permit me to relate.

I Received, a few weeks ago, an account of the death of a lady whoſe name is known to many, but the 'eventful hiſtory' of whoſe life has been communicated to few: to me it has been often related during a long and intimate acquaintance; and as there is not a ſingle perſon living, upon whom the making it public can reflect unmerited diſhonour, or whoſe delicacy or virtue can ſuffer by the relation, I think I owe to mankind a ſeries of events from which the wretched may derive comfort, and the moſt forlorn may be encouraged to hope; as miſery is alleviated by the contemplation of yet deeper diſtreſs, and the mind fortified againſt deſpair by inſtances of unexpected relief.

The father of Meliſſa was the younger ſon of a country gentleman who poſſeſſed an eſtate

of about five hundred a year; but as this was to be the inheritance of the elder brother, and as there were three ſiſters to be provided for, he was at about ſixteen taken from Eton ſchool, and apprenticed to a conſiderable merchant at Briſtol. The young gentleman, whoſe imagination had been fired by the exploits of heroes, the victories gained by magnanimous preſumption, and the wonders diſcovered by daring curioſity, was not diſpoſed to conſider the acquiſition of wealth as the limit of his ambition, or the repute of honeſt induſtry as the total of his fame. He regarded his ſituation as ſervile and ignominious, as the degradation of his genius and the preclusion of his hopes; and longing to go in ſearch of adventures, he neglected his buſineſs as unworthy of his attention, heard the remonſtrances of his maſter with a kind of ſullen diſdain, and after two years legal ſlavery, made his eſcape, and at the next town enliſted himſelf a ſoldier; not doubting but that, by his military merit and the fortune of war, he ſhould return a general officer, to the confuſion of thoſe who would have buried him in the obſcurity of a compting-houſe. He found means effectually to elude the enquiries of his friends, as it was of the utmoſt importance to prevent their officious endeavours to ruin his project and obſtruct his advancement.

He was ſent with other recruits to London, and ſoon after quartered with the reſt of his company in a part of the country, which was ſo remote from all with whom he had any connection, that he no longer dreaded a diſcovery.

It happened that he went one day to the houſe of a neighbouring gentleman with his comrade, who was become acquainted with the chamber-maid, and by her intereſt admitted into the kitchen. This gentleman, whoſe age was ſomething more than ſixty, had been about two years married to a ſecond wife, a young woman who had been well educated and lived in the polite world, but had no fortune. By his firſt wife, who had been dead about ten years, he had ſeveral children: the youngeſt was a daughter who had juſt entered her ſeventeenth year; ſhe was very tall for her age, had a fine complexion, good features, and was well ſhaped; but her father, whoſe affection for her was mere inſtinct, as much as that of a brute for its young, utterly neglected her education. It was impoſſible for him, he ſaid, to live without her; and as he could not afford to have her attended by a governeſs and proper maſters in a place ſo remote from London, ſhe was ſuffered to continue illiterate and unpoliſhed; ſhe knew no entertainment higher than a game at romps with the ſervants; ſhe became their confident, and truſted them in return, nor did ſhe think herſelf happy any where but in the kitchen.

As the capricious fondneſs of her father had never conciliated her affection, ſhe perceived it abate upon his marriage without regret. She ſuffered no new reſtraint from her new mother, who obſerved, with a ſecret ſatisfaction, that Miſs had been uſed to hide herſelf from viſitors, as neither knowing how to behave, nor being fit to be ſeen; and choſe rather to conceal her defects by excluding her from company, than to ſupply them by putting her to a boarding ſchool.

Miſs, who had been told by Betty that ſhe expected her ſweetheart, and that they were to be merry, ſtole down ſtairs, and, without ſcruple, made one in a party at blindman's buff. The ſoldier of fortune was ſtruck with her perſon, and diſcovered, or thought he diſcovered, in the ſimplicity of nature, ſome graces which are poliſhed away bythe labour of art. However, nothing that had the appearance of an adventure could be indifferent to him; and his vanity was flattered by the hope of carrying off a young lady under the diſguiſe of a common ſoldier, without revealing his birth, or boaſting of his expectation.

In this attempt he became very aſſiduous, and ſucceeded. The company being ordered to another place, Betty and her young miſtreſs departed early in the morning with their gallants; and there being a privileged chapel in the next town, they were married.

The old gentleman, as ſoon as he was informed that his daughter was miſſing, made ſo diligent and ſcrupulous an inquiry after her, that he learned with whom and which way ſhe was gone. He mounted his horſe, and purſued her, not without curſes and imprecations; diſcovering rather the tranſports of rage than the emotion of tenderneſs, and reſenting her offence rather as the rebellion of a ſlave than the diſobedience of a child. He did not, however, overtake them till the marriage had been conſummated; of which when informed by the

huſband, he turned from him with expreſſions of brutality and indignation, ſwearing never to forgive a fault which he had taken no care to prevent.

The young couple, notwithſtanding their union frequently doubled their diſtreſs, ſtill continued fond of each other. The ſpirit of enterprize and the hope of preſumption were not yet quelled in the young ſoldier; and he received orders to attend King William, when he went to the ſiege of Namur, with exultation and tranſport, believing his elevation to independence and diſtinction as certain as if he had been going to take poſſeſſion of a title and eſtate. His wife, who had been ſome months pregnant, as ſhe had no means of ſubſiſtence in his abſence, procured a paſſage with him. When ſhe came on ſhore and mingled with the crowd that followed the camp, wretches who without compunction wade in human blood to ſtrip the dying and the dead, to whom horror is become familiar and compaſſion impoſſible, ſhe was terrified: the diſcourſe of the women, rude and unpoliſhed as ſhe was, covered her with confuſion; and the brutal familiarity of the men filled her with indignation and diſguſt. Her maid Betty, who had alſo attended her huſband, was the only perſon with whom ſhe could converſe, and from whom ſhe could hope the aſſiſtance of which ſhe was ſo ſoon to ſtand in need.

In the mean time ſhe found it difficult to ſubſiſt; but accidentally hearing the name of an officer, whom ſhe remembered to have viſited her mother ſoon after her marriage, ſhe applied to him, told him her name, and requeſted that he would afford her his protection, and permit her to take care of his linen. With this requeſt the captain complied; her circumſtances became leſs diſtreſſed, and her mind more eaſy: but new calamity ſuddenly overtook her; ſhe ſaw her huſband march to an engagement in the morning, and ſaw him brought back deſperately wounded at night. The next day he was removed in a waggon, with many others who were in the ſame condition, to a place of greater ſafety at the diſtance of about three leagues, where proper care might be taken of their wounds. She entreated the captain to let her go in the waggon with him; but to this he could not conſent, becauſe the waggon would be filled with thoſe who neither were able to walk, nor could be left behind. He promiſed, however, that if ſhe would ſtay till the next day, he would endeavour to procure her a paſſage; but ſhe choſe rather to follow the waggon on foot, than to be abſent from her huſband. She could not, however, keep pace with it, and ſhe reached the hoſpital but juſt time enough to kneel down by him upon ſome clean ſtraw, to ſee him ſink under the laſt agony, and hear the groan that is repeated no more.

The fatigue of the journey, and the perturbation of her mind, immediately threw her into labour, and ſhe lived but to be delivered of Meliſſa, who was thus in the moſt helpleſs ſtate left without father, mother, or friend, in a foreign country, in circumſtances which could afford no hope of reward to the tenderneſs that ſhould attempt the preſervation of her life, and among perſons who were become obdurate and inſenſible, by having been long uſed to ſee every ſpecies of diſtreſs.

It happened that, among thoſe whom accident or diſtreſs had brought together at the birth of Meliſſa, there was a young woman, whoſe huſband had fallen in the late engagement, and who a few days before had loſt a little boy that ſhe ſuckled. This perſon, rather perhaps to relieve herſelf from an inconveniency, than in compaſſion to the orphan, put it to her breaſt: but whatever was her motive, ſhe believed that the affording ſuſtenance to the living, conferred a right to the apparel of the dead, of which ſhe therefore took poſſeſſion; but in ſearching her pocket ſhe found only a thimble, the remains of a pocket looking-glaſs, about the value of a penny in Dutch money, and the certificate of her marriage. The paper, which ſhe could not read, ſhe gave afterwards to the captain, who was touched with pity at the relation which an enquiry after his laundreſs produced. He commended the woman who had preſerved the infant, and put her into the place of its mother. This encouraged her to continue her care of it till the captain returned to England, with whom ſhe alſo returned, and became his ſervant.

This gentleman, as ſoon as he had ſettled his immediate concerns, ſent Meliſſa under the care of her nurſe to her grandfather; and incloſed the certificate of her mother's marriage in a letter containing an account of her death, and the means by which the infant had been

preſerved. He knew that thoſe who had been once dear to us, by whatever offence they may have alienated our affection when living, are generally remembered with tenderneſs when dead; and that after the grave has ſheltered them from our reſentment, and rendered reconciliation impoſſible, we often regret as ſevere that conduct which before we approved as juſt: he therefore hoped, that the parental fondneſs which an old man had once felt for his daughter, would revive at the ſight of her offspring; that the memory of her fault would be loſt in the ſenſe of her misfortunes; and that he would endeavour to atone for that inexorable reſentment which produced them, by cheriſhing a life to which ſhe had, as it were, transferred her own. But in theſe expectations, however reaſonable, he was miſtaken. The old man, when he was informed by the meſſenger that the child ſhe held in her arms was his grand-daughter, whom ſhe was come to put under his protection, refuſed to examine the contents of the letter, and dimiſſed her with menaces and inſult. The knowledge of every uncommon event ſoon becomes general in a country town. An uncle of Meliſſa's, who had been rejected by his father for having married his maid, heard this freſh inſtance of his brutality with grief and indignation; he ſent immediately for the child and the letter, and aſſured the ſervant that his niece ſhould want nothing which he could beſtow: to beſtow much, indeed, was not in his power, for his father having obſtinately perſiſted in his reſentment, his whole ſupport was a little farm which he rented of the 'ſquire; but as he was a good œconomiſt, and had no children of his own, he lived decently; nor did he throw away content, becauſe his father had denied him affluence.

Meliſſa, who was compaſſionated for her mother's misfortunes, of which her uncle had been particularly informed by her maid Betty, who had returned a widow to her friends in the country, was no leſs beloved for her own good qualities; ſhe was taught to read and write, and work at her needle, as ſoon as ſhe was able to learn; and ſhe was taken notice of by all the gentry as the prettieſt girl in the place: but her aunt died when ſhe was about eleven years old, and before ſhe was thirteen ſhe loſt her uncle.

She was now again thrown back upon the world, ſtill helpleſs, though her wants were increaſed, and wretched in proportion as ſhe had known happineſs: ſhe looked back with anguiſh, and forward with diſtraction; a fit of crying had juſt afforded her a momentary relief, when the 'ſquire, who had been informed of the death of his tenant, ſent for her to his houſe. This gentleman had heard her ſtory from her uncle, and was unwilling that a life which had been preſerved almoſt by a miracle, ſhould at laſt be abandoned to miſery, he therefore determined to receive her into his family, not as a ſervant, but as a companion to his daughter, a young lady finely accompliſhed, and now about fifteen. The old gentleman was touched with her diſtreſs, and Miſs received her with great tenderneſs and complacency: ſhe wiped away her tears; and of the intolerable anguiſh of her mind, nothing remained but a tender remembrance of her uncle, whom ſhe loved and reverenced as a parent. She had now courage to examine the contents of a little box which he had put into her hand juſt before he expired; ſhe found in it only the certificate of her mother's marriage, encloſed in the captain's letter, and an account of the events that have been before related, which her uncle had put down as they came to his knowledge: the train of mournful ideas that now ruſhed upon her mind, raiſed emotions which, if they could not be ſuppreſſed by reaſon, were ſoon deſtroyed by their own violence.

No. VIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1752.

Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.

VIRG.

Endure and conquer, live for better fate.

IN this family, which in a few weeks after returned to London, Melissa soon became a favourite: the good squire seemed to consider her as his child, and Miss as her sister; she was taught dancing and musick, introduced to the best company, elegantly dressed, and allowed such sums as were necessary for trivial expences. Youth seldom suffers the dread of to-morrow to intrude upon the enjoyment of to-day, but rather regards present felicity as the pledge of future: Melissa was probably as happy as if she had been in the actual possession of a fortune, that, to the ease and splendor which she enjoyed already, would have added stability and independence.

She was now in her eighteenth year, and the only son of her benefactor was just come from the university to spend the winter with his father in town. He was charmed with her person, behaviour, and discourse; and what he could not but admire, he took every opportunity to commend. She soon perceived that he shewed particular marks of respect to her, when he thought they would not be perceived by others; and that he endeavoured to recommend himself by an officious assiduity, and a diligent attention to the most minute circumstances that might contribute to her pleasure. But this behaviour of the young gentleman, however it might gratify her vanity, could not fail to alarm her fear: she foresaw, that if what she had remarked in his conduct should be perceived by his father, or sister, the peace of the family would be destroyed; and that she must either be shipwrecked in the storm, or thrown overboard to appease it. She therefore affected not to perceive, that more than a general complaisance was intended by her lover; and hoped that he would thus be discouraged from making an explicit declaration: but though he was mortified at her disregard of that which he knew she could not but see, yet he determined to address her in such terms as should not leave this provoking neutrality in her power: though he reverenced her virtue, yet he feared too much the anger of his father to think of makeing her his wife; and he was too deeply enamoured of her beauty, to relinquish his hopes of possessing her as a mistress. An opportunity for the execution of his purpose was not long wanting: she received his general professions of love with levity and merriment; but when she perceived that his view was to seduce her to prostitution, she burst into tears, and fell back in agony unable to speak. He was immediately touched with grief and remorse; his tenderness was alarmed at her distress, and his esteem encreased by her virtue; he catched her in his arms, and as an atonement for the insult she had received, he offered her marriage: but as her chastity would not suffer her to become his mistress, neither would her gratitude permit her to become his wife: and as soon as she was sufficiently recollected, she entreated him never more to urge her to violate the obligation she was under either to herself or to her benefactor. 'Would not,' said she, 'the presence of a wretch whom you had seduced from innocence and peace to remorse and guilt, perpetually upbraid you; and would you not always fear to be betrayed by a wife, whose fidelity no kindness could secure; who had broken all the bands that restrain the generous and the good; and who, by an act of the most flagitious ingratitude, had at once reached the pinnacle of guilt, to which others ascend by imperceptible gradations?'

These objections, though they could neither be obviated nor evaded, had yet no tendency to subdue desire: he loved with greater delicacy, but with more ardour; and as he could not always forbear expostulations, neither could she always silence them in such a manner as might most effectually prevent their being repeated. Such was one morning the situation of the two lovers; he had taken her hand into his, and was speaking with great eagerness;

while ſhe regarded him with a kind of timorous complacency, and liſtened to him with an attention which her heart condemned: his father, in this tender moment, in which their powers of perception were mutually engroſſed by each other, came near enough to hear that his heir had made propoſals of marriage, and retired without their knowledge.

As he did not dream that ſuch a propoſal could poſſibly be rejected by a girl in Meliſſa's ſituation, imagining that every woman believed her virtue to be inviolate, if her perſon was not proſtituted, he took his meaſures accordingly. It was near the time in which his family had been uſed to remove into the country: he, therefore, gave orders, that every thing ſhould be immediately prepared for the journey, and that the coach ſhould be ready at ſix the next morning, a man and horſe being diſpatched in the mean time to give notice of their arrival. The young folks were a little ſurprized at this ſudden removal; but though the ſquire was a good-natured man, yet as he governed his family with high authority, and as they perceived ſomething had offended him, they did not enquire the reaſon, nor indeed did they ſuſpect it. Meliſſa packed up her things as uſual: and in the morning the young gentleman and his ſiſter having by their father's orders got into the coach, he called Meliſſa into the parlour; where in a few words but with great acrimony, he reproached her with having formed a deſign to marry his ſon without his conſent, an act of ingratitude which he ſaid juſtified him in upbraiding her with the favours which he had already conferred upon her, and in a reſolution he had taken that a bank bill of fifty pounds, which he then put into her hand, ſhould be the laſt: adding that he expected ſhe ſhould within one week leave the houſe. To this heavy charge ſhe was not in a condition to reply; nor did he ſtay to ſee whether ſhe would attempt it, but haſtily got into the coach, which immediately drove from the door.

Thus was Meliſſa a third time, by a ſudden and unexpected deſertion, expoſed to penury and diſtreſs, with this aggravation, that eaſe and affluence were become habitual; and that though ſhe was not ſo helpleſs as at the death of her uncle, ſhe was expoſed to yet greater danger; for few that have been uſed to ſlumber upon down, and wake to feſtivity, can reſiſt the allurements of vice, who ſtill offers eaſe and plenty, when the alternative are a flock-bed and a garret, ſhort meals, coarſe apparel, and perpetual labour.

Meliſſa, as ſoon as ſhe had recovered from the ſtupor which had ſeized her upon ſo aſtoniſhing and dreadful a change of fortune, determined not to accept the bounty of a perſon who imagined her to be unworthy of it; nor to attempt her juſtification, while it would render her veracity ſuſpected, and appear to proceed only from the hope of being reſtored to a ſtate of ſplendid dependence, from which jealouſy or caprice might again at any time remove her, without cauſe and without notice. She had not, indeed, any hope of being ever able to defend herſelf againſt her accuſer upon equal terms; nor did ſhe know how to ſubſiſt a ſingle day, when ſhe had returned his bill and quitted his houſe: yet ſuch was the dignity of her ſpirit, that ſhe immediately incloſed it in a blank cover, directed to him at his country ſeat, and calling up the maid who had been left to take care of the houſe, ſent her immediately with it to the poſt-office. The tears then burſt out which the agitation of her mind had before reſtrained; and when the ſervant returned, ſhe told her all that had happened, and aſked her advice what ſhe ſhould do. The girl, after the firſt emotions of wonder had ſubſided, told her that ſhe had a ſiſter who lodged in a reputable houſe, and took in plain-work, to whom ſhe would be welcome, as ſhe could aſſiſt her in her buſineſs, of which ſhe had often more than ſhe could do; and with whom ſhe might continue till ſome more eligible ſituation could be obtained. Meliſſa liſtened to this propoſal as to the voice of Heaven; her mind was ſuddenly relieved from the moſt tormenting perplexity, from the dread of wandering about without money or employment, expoſed to the menaces of a beadle, or the inſults of the rabble: ſhe was in haſte to ſecure her good fortune, and felt ſome degree of pain leſt ſhe ſhould loſe it by the earlier application of another; ſhe therefore went immediately with the maid to her ſiſter, with whom it was ſoon agreed that Meliſſa ſhould work for her board and lodging; for ſhe would not conſent to accept as a gift, that which ſhe could by any means deſerve as a payment.

While Meliſſa was a journeywoman to a perſon, who but a few weeks before would have regarded her with envy, and approached her with confuſion; it happened that a ſuit of linen was brought from the milliner's wrapped up in a news-paper: the linen was put into the work baſket, and the paper being thrown careleſſly about, Meliſſa at laſt catched it up, and was about to read it; but perceiving that it had been publiſhed a fortnight, was juſt going to put it into the fire, when by an accidental glance ſhe ſaw her father's name: this immediately engaged her attention, and with great perturbation of mind ſhe read an advertiſement, in which her father, ſaid to have left his friends about eighteen years before, and to have entered either into the army or the navy, was directed to apply to a perſon in Staple's Inn, who could inform him of ſomething greatly to his advantage. To this perſon Meliſſa applied with all the ardour of curioſity, and all the tumult of expectation; ſhe was informed that the elder brother of the perſon mentioned in the advertiſement was lately dead, unmarried; that he was poſſeſſed of fifteen hundred a year, five hundred of which had deſcended to him from his father, and one thouſand had been left him by an uncle, which upon his death, there being no male heir, had been claimed by his ſiſters; but that a miſtreſs who had lived with him many years, and who had been treated by the ſuppoſed heireſſes with too much ſeverity and contempt, had in the bitterneſs of her reſentment publiſhed the advertiſement, having heard in the family that there was a younger brother abroad.

The conflict of different paſſions that were at once excited with uncommon violence in the breaſt of Meliſſa, deprived her for a time of the power of reflection; and, when ſhe became more calm, ſhe knew not by what method to attempt the recovery of her right: her mind was bewildered amidſt a thouſand poſſibilities, and diſtreſſed by the apprehenſion that all might prove ineffectual. After much thought and many projects, ſhe recollected that the captain, whoſe ſervant brought her to England, could probably afford her more aſſiſtance than any other perſon: as he had been often pointed out to her in publick places by the ſquire, to whom her ſtory was well known, ſhe was acquainted with his perſon, and knew that within a few months he was alive. She ſoon obtained directions to his houſe; and being readily admitted to a conference, ſhe told him, with as much preſence of mind as ſhe could, that ſhe was the perſon whom his compaſſion had contributed to preſerve when an infant; in confirmation of which ſhe produced his letter, and the certificate it encloſed; that by the death of her father's elder brother, whoſe family ſhe had never known, ſhe was entitled to a very conſiderable eſtate; but that ſhe knew not what evidence would be neceſſary to ſupport her claim, how ſuch evidence was to be produced, nor with whom to entruſt the management of an affair in which wealth and influence would be employed againſt her. The old captain received her with that eaſy politeneſs which is almoſt peculiar to his profeſſion, and with a warmth of benevolence that is ſeldom found in any: he congratulated her upon ſo happy and unexpected an event; and, without the parade of oſtentatious liberality, without extorting an explicit confeſſion of her indigence, he gave her a letter to his lawyer, in whom he ſaid ſhe might with the utmoſt ſecurity confide, and with whom ſhe would have nothing more to do than to tell her ſtory. 'And do not,' ſaid he, 'doubt of ſucceſs, for I will be ready to teſ-
'tify what I know of the affair, whenever I
'ſhall be called upon; and the woman who
'was preſent at your birth, and brought you
'over, ſtill lives with me, and upon this oc-
'caſion may do you ſignal ſervice.'

Meliſſa departed, melted with gratitude and elated with hope. The gentleman to whom the captain's letter was a recommendation, proſecuted her claim with ſo much ſkill and aſſiduity, that within a few months ſhe was put into the poſſeſſion of her eſtate. Her firſt care was to wait upon the captain, to whom ſhe now owed not only life but a fortune: he received her acknowledgments with a pleaſure, which only thoſe who merit it can enjoy; and inſiſted that ſhe ſhould draw upon him for ſuch ſums as ſhe ſhould want before her rents became due. She then took very handſome ready-furniſhed lodgings, and determined immediately to juſtify her conduct to the ſquire, whoſe kindneſs ſhe ſtill remembered, and whoſe reſent-

ment ſhe had forgiven. With this view ſhe ſet out in a chariot and ſix, attended by two ſervants in livery on horſeback, and proceeded to his country-ſeat, from whence the family was not returned: ſhe had lain at an inn within ſix miles of the place; and when the chariot drove up to the door, as it was early in the morning, ſhe could perceive the ſervants run to and fro in a hurry, and the young lady and her brother gazing through the window to ſee if they knew the livery; ſhe remarked every circumſtance which denoted her own importance with exultation; and enjoyed the ſolicitude which her preſence produced among thoſe from whoſe ſociety ſhe had been ſo lately driven with diſdain and indignation.

She now encreaſed their wonder, by ſending in a ſervant to acquaint the old gentleman that a lady deſired to ſpeak with him about urgent buſineſs, which, would not, however, long detain him: he courteouſly invited the lady to honour him with her commands, haſted into his beſt parlour, adjuſted his wig, and put himſelf in the beſt order to receive her. She alighted, and diſplayed a very rich undreſs, which correſponded with the elegance of her chariot, and the modiſh appearance of her ſervants. She contrived to hide her face as ſhe went up the walk, that ſhe might not be known too ſoon; and was immediately introduced to her old friend, to whom ſhe ſoon diſcovered herſelf to his great aſtoniſhment, and before he had recovered his preſence of mind, ſhe addreſſed him to this effect: 'You ſee, Sir, an 'orphan who is under many obligations to 'your bounty, but who has been equally in-'jured by your ſuſpicions. When I was a 'dependent upon your liberality, I would not 'aſſert my innocence, becauſe I could not bear 'to be ſuſpected of falſehood: but I aſſert it 'now I am the poſſeſſor of a paternal eſtate, 'becauſe I cannot bear to be ſuſpected of in-'gratitude. That your ſon preſſed me to 'marry him, is true; but it is alſo true that 'I refuſed him, becauſe I would not diſappoint 'your hopes and impoveriſh your poſterity.' The old gentleman's confuſion was encreaſed by the wonders that crowded upon him: he firſt made ſome attempts to apologize for his ſuſpicions with awkwardneſs and heſitation; then doubting the truth of appearance, he broke off abruptly, and remained ſilent; then reproaching himſelf, he began to congratulate her upon her good fortune, and again deſiſted before he had finiſhed the comgliment. Meliſſa perceived his perplexity, and gueſſed the cauſe; ſhe was therefore about to account more particularly for the ſudden change of her circumſtances; but Miſs, whoſe maid had brought her intelligence from the ſervants, that the lady's name who was with her papa was Meliſſa, and that ſhe was lately come to a great eſtate by the death of her uncle, could no longer reſtrain the impatience of her affection and joy; ſhe ruſhed into the room and fell upon her neck, with a tranſport that can only be felt by friendſhip, and expreſſed by tears. When this tender ſilence was paſt, the ſcruples of doubt were ſoon obviated; the reconciliation was reciprocal and ſincere; the father led out his gueſt, and preſented her to his ſon with an apology for his conduct to them both.

Meliſſa had beſpoke a dinner and beds at the inn; but ſhe was not ſuffered to return. Within a few weeks ſhe became the daughter of her friend, who gave her hand to his ſon, with whom ſhe ſhared many years that happineſs which is the reward of virtue. They had ſeveral children, but none ſurvived them; and Meliſſa upon the death of her huſband, which happened about ſeven years ago, retired wholly from town to her eſtate in the country, where ſhe lived beloved, and died in peace.

No. IX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1752.

—Εν πρότεροις θῆκε διδασκαλίην. VET. EPIGR.

He hung the inſtructive ſymbol o'er his door.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR.

I Should be ſorry to take off your attention from matters of greater moment, and to divert you from the ſpeculation of faults, that preſent themſelves directly before your eyes, by deſiring you to contemplate the enormities that hang over your head. It has been cuſtomary, I know, with you writers of eſſays, to treat the ſubject of SIGNS in a very

ludicrous manner: for my part, I cannot help thinking, that it deſerves a more ſerious conſideration. The attacks of your predeceſſors on the abſurdities which tradeſmen uſually commit in theſe pendent advertiſements, have been very ſlight, and conſequently have produced no ſalutary effect: blunders have to this day been handed down from maſter to 'prentice, without any regard paid to their remonſtrances; and it is left to the ſturdy Adventurer, if he pleaſes, to combat theſe monſtrous incongruities, and to regulate their Babel-like confuſion.

I am at preſent but an humble journeyman ſign-painter in Harp Alley; for though the ambition of my parents deſigned that I ſhould emulate the immortal touches of a Raphael or a Titian, yet the want of taſte among my countrymen, and their prejudice againſt every artiſt who is a native, have degraded me to the miſerable neceſſity, as Shafteſbury ſays, 'of 'illuſtrating prodigies in fairs, and adorning 'heroick ſign-poſts.' However, as I have ſtudied to improve even this meaneſt exerciſe of the pencil, I intend to ſet up for myſelf; and, under the favour of your countenance to reduce the vague practice of SIGN-PAINTING to ſome ſtandard of elegance and propriety.

It cannot be doubted, but that SIGNS were intended originally to expreſs the ſeveral occupations of their owners; and to bear ſome affinity, in their external deſignations, with the wares to be diſpoſed of, or the buſineſs carried on within. Hence the HAND and SHEARS is juſtly appropriated to tailors; as the HAND and PEN is to writing-maſters; though the very reverend and right worthy order of my neighbours, the Fleet-parſons, have aſſumed it to themſelves as a mark of—'Marriages performed without impoſition.' The WOOL-PACK plainly points out to us a WOOLLEN-DRAPER; the NAKED BOY elegantly reminds us of the neceſſity of cloathing; and the GOLDEN FLEECE figuratively denotes the riches of our ſtaple commodity: but are not the HEN and CHICKENS, and the three PIGEONS, the unqueſtionable right of the poulterer; and not to be uſurped by the venders of ſilk or linen?

It would be endleſs to enumerate the groſs blunders committed in this point, by almoſt every branch of trade. I ſhall therefore confine myſelf chiefly to the numerous fraternity of Publicans, whoſe extravagance in this affair calls aloud for reprehenſion and reſtraint. Their modeſt anceſtors were contented with a plain Bough ſtuck up before their doors: whence aroſe the wiſe proverb—'Good wine 'needs no buſh:' but how have they ſince deviated from their ancient ſimplicity! They have ranſacked earth, air, and ſeas; called down ſun, moon, and ſtars, to their aſſiſtance; and exhibited all the monſters that ever teemed from fantaſtic imagination. Their Hogs in Armour, their Blue Boars, Black Bears, Green Dragons, and Golden Lions, have already been ſufficiently expoſed by your brother eſſay writers:

——*Sus horridus, araque Tigris,*
Squamoſuſque Draco, et fulva cervice Leæna.

VIRG.

With foamy tuſks to ſeem a briſtly boar,
Or imitate the lion's angry roar;
Or hiſs a dragon, or a tyger ſtare.

DRYDEN.

It is no wonder that theſe gentlemen, who indulge themſelves in ſuch unwarrantable liberties, ſhould have ſo little regard to the choice of SIGNS adapted to their MYSTERY. There can be no objection made to the BUNCH OF GRAPES, the RUMMER, or the TUNS: but would not any one enquire for a Hoſier at the LEG, or for a Lockſmith at the CROSS-KEYS? And who would expect any thing but water to be ſold at the FOUNTAIN? The TURK'S HEAD may fairly intimate that a ſeraglio is kept within; the ROSE may be ſtrained to ſome propriety of meaning, as the buſineſs there tranſacted may be ſaid to be done, 'under the Roſe:' but why muſt the ANGEL, the LAMB, and the MITRE, be the ſeats of drunkenneſs or proſtitution?

Some regard ſhould likewiſe be paid by tradeſmen to their ſituation; or, in other words, to the propriety of the place: and in this too the Publicans are notoriouſly faulty. The KING'S ARMS, and the STAR AND GARTER, are aptly enough placed at the court end of the town, and in the neighbourhood of the Royal Palace; SHAKESPEARE'S HEAD takes his ſtation by one Play-houſe, and BEN JOHN-

son's by the other: Hell is a public-house adjoining to Westminster Hall, as the Devil Tavern is to the lawyers quarters in the Temple: but what has the Crown to do by the 'Change, or the Gun, the Ship, or the Anchor, any where but at Tower-Hill, at Wapping, or Deptford?

It was certainly from a noble spirit of doing honour to a superior desert, that our forefathers used to hang out the Heads of those who were particularly eminent in their professions. Hence we see Galen and Paracelsus exalted before the shops of chemists; and the great names of Tully, Dryden, Pope, &c. immortalized on the rubric posts of booksellers, while their heads denominate the learned repositories of their works. But I know not whence it happened that Publicans have claimed a right to the physiognomies of kings and heroes, as I cannot find out, by the most painful researches, that there is any alliance between them. Lebec, as he was an excellent cook, is the fit representative of luxury; and Broughton, that renowned athletic champion, has an indisputable right to put up his own head, if he pleases: but what reason can there be, why the glorious Duke William should draw porter, or the brave Admiral Vernon retail flip? Why must Queen Anne keep a gin-shop, and King Charles inform us of a skettle-ground? Propriety of character, I think, requires, that these illustrious personages should be deposed from their lofty stations; and I would recommend hereafter that the Alderman's effigy should accompany his Intire Butt Beer; and that the comely face of that public-spirited patriot, 'who first reduced the 'price of punch, and raised its reputation PRO 'BONO PUBLICO,' should be set up whereever three-pen'orth of warm rum is to be sold.

I have been used to consider several Signs, for the frequency of which it is difficult to give any other reason, as so many hieroglyphics with a hidden meaning, satirizing the follies of the people, or conveying instruction to the passer by. I am afraid that the stale jest on our sober citizens gave rise to so many Horns in the public streets; and the number of Castles floating with the wind, was probably designed as a ridicule on those erected by soaring projectors. Tumbledown Dick, in the borough of Southwark, is a fine moral on the instability of greatness and the consequences of ambition: but there is a most ill-natured sarcasm against the fair-sex exhibited, on a sign in Broad St. Giles's, of a headless female figure called the Good Woman.

Quale portentum, neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculentis;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix. Hor.

No beast of such portentous size
In warlike Daunia's forest lies,
Nor such the tawny lion reigns
Fierce on his native Afric's thirsty plains.

Francis.

A discerning eye may also discover in many of our Signs evident marks of the religion prevalent among us before the Reformation. Saint George, as the tutelary saint of this nation, may escape the censure of superstition: but St. Dunstan with his tongs ready to take hold of Satan's nose, and the legions of Angels, Nuns, Crosses, and Holy Lambs, certainly had their origin in the days of Popery.

Among the many Signs, which are appropriated to some particular business, and yet have not the least connection with it, I cannot, as yet, find any relation between Blue Balls and pawn-brokers; nor could I conceive the intent of that long Pole jutting out at the entrance of a barber's shop, till a friend of mine, a learned etymologist and glossariographer, assured me, that the use of this Pole took its rise from the corruption of an old English word. 'It is probable,' says he, 'that our primitive tonsors used to stick up a 'wooden block, or head, or Poll, as it was 'then called, before their shop windows, to 'denote their occupation; and that afterwards, 'through a confounding of different things 'with a like pronunciation, they put up that 'parti-coloured staff of an enormous length, 'which is now called a Pole, and appropri-'ated only to barbers.'

The same observations might be extended to other methods that tradesmen make use of to attract the public notice. Thus, the card manufacturers stamp upon their packs the figure perhaps of Harry the Eighth, or the Great Mogul, though I cannot find in history that either

of theſe monarchs played at cards: it would therefore be more in character to give us a picture of the GROOM-PORTER, or of that maſter of the ſcience the celebrated HOYLE, who has compoſed an elaborate treatiſe on every faſhionable game.

I could point out to you many more enormities; but leſt I ſhould exceed the limits of your paper, I ſhall at preſent conclude with aſſuring you, that I am

Your devoted humble ſervant,

A PHILIP CARMINE.

No. X. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1752.

Da, Pater, auguſtam menti conſcendere ſedem;
Da fontem luſtrare boni; da, luce reperta,
In te conſpicuos animi defigere viſus!

BOETH.

Give me, O Father, to thy throne acceſs,
Unſhaken ſeat of endleſs happineſs!
Give me, unveil'd, the ſource of good to ſee!
Give me thy light, and fix mine eyes on thee!

NOTHING has offended me more, than the manner in which ſubjects of eternal moment are often treated. To diſpute on moral and theological topics is become a faſhion; and it is uſual with perſons, of whom it is no reproach to ſay they are ignorant, becauſe their opportunities of gaining knowledge have been few, to determine with the utmoſt confidence upon queſtions to which no human intellect is equal. In almoſt every tavern and every alehouſe illiterate petulance prates of fitneſs and virtue, of freedom and fate; and it is common to hear diſputes concerning everlaſting happineſs and miſery, the myſteries of religion and the attributes of GOD, intermingled with lewdneſs and blaſphemy, or at leaſt treated with wanton negligence and abſurd merriment.

For lewdneſs and blaſphemy, it is hoped no apology will be ſeriouſly offered: and it is probable, that if the queſtion in debate was, which of the diſputants ſhould be hanged on the morrow, it would be conducted with decency and gravity, as a matter of ſome importance: that riſible good-humour, and that noble freedom, of which they appear to be ſo fond, would be thought not well to agree with their ſubject; nor would either of the gentlemen be much delighted, if an argument intended to demonſtrate that he would within a few hours be ſuſpended on a gibbet, ſhould be embelliſhed with a witty alluſion to a button and loop, or a jocular remark that it would effectually ſecure him from future accidents either by land or water: and yet the juſtice and mercy of Omnipotence, the life and death of the Soul, are treated with ridicule and ſport; and it is contended, that with ridicule and ſport they ought always to be treated.

But the effect, as well as the manner, of theſe faſhionable diſputes, is always ill: they tend to eſtabliſh what is called natural religion, upon the ruins of Chriſtianity; and a man has no ſooner ſtiled himſelf a moral philoſopher, than he finds that his duty both to GOD and man is contracted into a very ſmall compaſs, and may be practiſed with the greated facility. Yet as this effect is not always apparent, the unwary are frequently deluded into fatal error; and imagine they are attaining the higheſt degree of moral excellence, while they are inſenſibly loſing the principles upon which alone temptation can be reſiſted, and a ſteady perſeverance in well-doing ſecured.

Among other favourite and unſuſpected topics, is the Excellency of Virtue. Virtue is ſaid neceſſarily to produce its own happineſs, and to be conſtantly and adequately its own reward; as vice, on the contrary, never fails to produce miſery, and inflict upon itſelf the puniſhment it deſerves; propoſitions, of which every one is ready to affirm, that they may be admitted without danger. But from hence it is inferred, that future rewards and puniſhments are not neceſſary, either to furniſh adequate motives to the practice of virtue, or to juſtify the ways of God. In conſequence of their being not neceſſary, they become doubtful; the Deity is leſs and leſs the object of fear and

hope; and as virtue is ſaid to be that which produces ultimate good below, whatever is ſuppoſed to produce ultimate good below is ſaid to be virtue: right and wrong are confounded, becauſe remote conſequences cannot perfectly be known; the principal barriers, by which appetite and paſſion are reſtrained, is broken down; the remonſtrances of conſcience are overborne by ſophiſtry; and the acquired and habitual ſhame of vice is ſubdued by the perpetual efforts of vigorous reſiſtance.

But the inference from which theſe dreadful conſequences proceed, however plauſible, is not juſt; nor does it appear from experience, that the premiſes are true.

That VIRTUE ALONE IS HAPPINESS BELOW, is indeed a maxim in ſpeculative morality, which all the treaſures of learning have been laviſhed to ſupport, and all the flowers of wit collected to recommend; it has been the favourite of ſome among the wiſeſt and beſt of mankind in every generation; and is at once venerable for its age, and lovely in the bloom of a new youth. And yet if it be allowed that they who languiſh in diſeaſe and indigence, who ſuffer pain, hunger and nakedneſs, in obſcurity and ſolitude, are leſs happy than thoſe who, with the ſame degree of virtue, enjoy health, and eaſe, and plenty, who are diſtinguiſhed by fame, and courted by ſociety; it follows that virtue alone is not efficient of happineſs, becauſe virtue cannot always beſtow thoſe things upon which happineſs is confeſſed to depend.

It is indeed true, that virtue in proſperity enjoys more than vice, and that in adverſity ſhe ſuffers leſs: if proſperity and adverſity, therefore, were merely accidental to virtue and vice, it might be granted, that, ſetting aſide thoſe things upon which moral conduct has no influence, as foreign to the queſtion, every man is happy, either negatively or poſitively, in proportion as he is virtuous; though it were denied, that virtue alone could put into his poſſeſſion all that is eſſential to human felicity.

But proſperity and adverſity, affluence and want, are not independent upon moral conduct: external advantages are frequently obtained by vice, and forfeited by virtue; for as an eſtate may be gained by ſecreting a will, or loading a die, an eſtate may alſo be loſt by withholding a vote, or rejecting a job.

Are external advantages then too light to turn the ſcale? Will an act of virtue, by which all are rejected, enſure more happineſs than an act of vice, by which all are procured? Are the advantages, which an eſtate obtained by an act of vice beſtows, overbalanced through life by regret and remorſe? and the indigence and contumely that follow the loſs of conveniencies, which virtue has rejected, more than compenſated by content and ſelf-approbation?

That which is ill-gotten, is not always ill-uſed; nor is that which is well rejected always remembered without regret. It is not to be ſuppoſed that he who, by an act of fraud, gained the poſſeſſion of a thouſand pounds a year, which he ſpends in ſuch a gratification of his appetites and paſſions as is conſiſtent with health and reputation, in the reciprocation of civilities among his equals, and ſometimes in acts of bounty and munificence, and who uſes the power and influence which it gives him ſo as to conciliate affection and procure reſpect; has leſs happineſs below, than if by a ſtronger effort of virtue he had continued in a ſtate of dependence and poverty, neglected and deſpiſed, deſtitute of any other means to exerciſe the ſocial affections than mutual condolence with thoſe who ſuffer the ſame calamity, and almoſt wiſhing, in the bitterneſs of his diſtreſs, that he had improved the opportunity which he had loſt.

It may indeed be urged, that the happineſs and infelicity of both theſe ſtates are ſtill in exact proportion to virtue: that the affluence, which was acquired by a ſingle act of vice, is enjoyed only by the exerciſe of virtue; and that the penury, incurred by a ſingle effort of virtue, is rendered afflictive only by impatience and diſcontent.

But whether this be granted or denied, it remains true that the happineſs in both theſe ſtates is not equal; and that in one the means to enjoy life were acquired by vice, which in the other were loſt by virtue. And if it be poſſible, by a ſingle act of vice, to encreaſe happineſs upon the whole of life; from what rational motives can the temptation to that act be reſiſted? From none, ſurely, but ſuch as ariſe from the belief of a future ſtate, in which virtue will be rewarded and vice puniſhed; for to what can happineſs be wiſely ſacrificed, but to greater happineſs? and how can the ways of God

be juſtified, if a man, by the irreparable injury of his neighbour, becomes happier upon the whole, than he would have been if he had obſerved the eternal rule, and done to another as he would that another ſhould do to him?

Perhaps I may be told that to talk of ſacrificing happineſs to greater happineſs, as virtue, is abſurd; and that he who is reſtrained from fraud or violence, merely by the fear of Hell, is no more virtuous than he who is reſtrained merely by the fear of a gibbet.

But ſuppoſing this to be true, yet with reſpect to ſociety, mere external rectitude of conduct anſwers all the purpoſes of virtue; and if I travel without being robbed, it is of little conſequence to me, whether the perſons whom I met on the road were reſtrained from attempting to invade my property by the fear of puniſhment, or the abhorrence of vice: ſo that the gibbet, if it does not produce virtue, is yet of ſuch inconteſtible utility, that I believe thoſe gentlemen would be very unwilling that it ſhould be removed, who, are notwithſtanding, ſo zealous to ſteel every breaſt againſt the fear of damnation; nor would they be content, however negligent of their ſouls, that their property ſhould be no otherwiſe ſecured, than by the power of MORAL BEAUTY, and the prevalence of ideal enjoyments.

If it be aſked, how moral agents became the ſubjects of accidental and adventitious happineſs or miſery; and why they were placed in a ſtate in which it frequently happens, that virtue only alleviates calamity, and vice only moderates delight; the anſwer of Revelation is known, and it muſt be the taſk of thoſe who reject it to give a better; it is enough for me to have proved that man is at preſent in ſuch a ſtate: I pretend not to trace the 'unſearcheable ways of 'the Almighty,' nor attempt to 'penetrate the 'darkneſs that ſurounds his throne:' but amidſt this enlightened generation, in which ſuch multitudes can account for apparent obliquities and defects in the moral world, I am content with an humble expectation of that time, in which 'every thing that is crooked ſhall be 'made ſtraight, and every thing that is im-'perfect ſhall be done away.'

No. XI. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1752.

——Ille potens ſui
Lætuſque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixiſſe, vixi. HOR.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who, ſecure within, can ſay,
To-morrow do thy worſt, for I have liv'd to-day. DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT is the fate of all who do not live in neceſſary or accidental obſcurity, who neither paſs undiſtinguiſhed through the vale of poverty, nor hide themſelves in the groves of ſolitude, to have a numerous acquaintance and few friends.

An acquaintance is a being who meets us with a ſmile and a ſalute, who tells us in the ſame breath that he is glad and ſorry for the moſt trivial good and ill that befals us, and yet who turns from us without regret, who ſcarce wiſhes to ſee us again, who forſakes us in hopeleſs ſickneſs or adverſity, and when we die remembers us no more. A friend is he with whom our intereſt is united, upon whoſe participation all our pleaſures depend; who ſooths us in the fretfulneſs of diſeaſe, and cheers us in the gloom of a priſon; to whom when we die even our remains are ſacred, who follows them with tears to the grave, and preſerves our image in his heart. A friend our calamities may grieve, aud our wants may impoveriſh, but neglect only can offend, and unkindneſs alienate. Is it not therefore aſtoniſhing, that a friend ſhould ever be alienated or offended? and can there be a ſtronger inſtance of the folly and caprice of mankind, than their withholding from thoſe upon whom their happineſs is

confeſſed to depend, that civility which they laviſh upon others, without hope of any higher reward than a trivial and momentary gratification of their vanity, by an echo of their compliments and a return of their obeiſance?

Of this caprice there are none who have more cauſe to complain than myſelf. That I am a perſon of ſome importance has never yet been diſputed: I am allowed to have great power to pleaſe and to inſtruct; I always contribute to the felicity of thoſe by whom I am well treated; and I muſt confeſs, that I am never abuſed without leaving marks of my reſentment behind me.

I am generally regarded as a friend; and there are few who could think of parting with me for the laſt time, without the utmoſt regret, ſolicitude, and reluctance. I know, wherever I come, that I have been the object of deſire and hope; and that the pleaſure which I am expected to diffuſe, has, like all others, been enjoyed by anticipation. By the young and gay, thoſe who are entering the world either as a ſcene of buſineſs or pleaſure, I am frequently deſired with ſuch impatience, that although every moment brings on wrinkles and decrepitude with irreſiſtible rapidity, that they will be willing that the time of my abſence ſhould be annihilated, and the approach of wrinkles and decrepitude rendered yet more precipitate. There cannot ſurely be ſtronger evidence than this of my influence upon their happineſs, or of their affection for me: and yet the tranſport with which I am at firſt received quickly ſubſides; they appear to grow weary of my company, they would again ſhorten life to haſten the hour of my departure, and they reflect upon the length of my viſit with regret.

To the aged I confeſs I am not able to procure equal advantages; and yet there are ſome of theſe who have been remarkable for their virtue, among whom I experience more conſtant reciprocations of friendſhip. I never heard that they expreſſed an impatient expectation of me when abſent, nor do they receive me with rapture when I come; but while I ſtay they treat me with complacency and good-humour; and in proportion as their firſt addreſs is leſs violent, the whole tenour of their conduct is more equal: they ſuffer me to leave them in an evening without importunity to prolong my viſit, and think of my departure with indifference.

You will, perhaps, imagine, that I am diſtinguiſhed by ſome ſtrange ſingularity, of which the uncommon treatment that I receive is a conſequence. As few can judge with impartiality of their own character, none are believed merely upon their own evidence who affirm it to be good: I will therefore deſcribe to you the manner in which I am received by perſons of very different ſtations, capacities, and employments. The facts ſhall be exhibited without falſe colouring; I will neither ſuppreſs, ſoften, nor exaggerate any circumſtance, by which the natural and genuine ſtate of theſe facts may be diſcovered, and I know that your ſagacity will do me juſtice.

In ſummer I riſe very early, and the firſt perſon that I ſee is a peaſant at his work, who generally regards me with a ſmile, though he ſeldom participates of my bounty. His labour is ſcarce ever ſuſpended while I am with him; yet he always talks of me with complacency, and never treats me with neglect or indecorum, except perhaps on a holiday, when he has been tippling; and this I can eaſily overlook, though he commonly receives a hint of his fault the next morning, that he may be the more upon his guard for the future.

But though in the country I have reaſon to be beſt ſatisfied with the behaviour of thoſe whom I firſt ſee, yet in my early walks in town I am almoſt ſure to be inſulted. As ſoon as the wretch who has paſſed the night at a tavern, or a gaming-table, perceives me at a diſtance, he begins to mutter curſes againſt me, though he knows they will be fulfilled upon himſelf, and is impatient till he can bar his door, and hide himſelf in bed.

I have one ſiſter, and though her complexion is very dark, yet ſhe is not without her charms: ſhe is, I confeſs, ſaid to look beſt by candle-light, in her jewels, and at a publick place, where the ſplendor of her dreſs, and the multiplicity of other objects, prevent too minute an examination of her perſon. Some good judges have fancied, though perhaps a little whimſically, that there is ſomething inexpreſſibly pleaſing in her by moon-light, a kind of placid eaſe, a gentle languor, which ſoftens her features, and gives new grace to her manner: they ſay too, that ſhe is beſt diſpoſed to be agreeable in a walk, under the checquered ſhade of a grove, along the green banks of a river, or upon the ſandy beach by the ſea.

My ſiſter's principles in many particulars differ from mine; but there has been always ſuch a harmony between us, that ſhe ſeldom ſmiles upon thoſe who have ſuffered me to paſs with a contemptuous negligence; much leſs does ſhe uſe her influence, which is very great, to procure any advantage for thoſe who drive me from their preſence with outrage and abuſe; and yet none are more aſſiduous in their addreſſes, nor intrude longer upon her privacy, than thoſe who are moſt implacably my enemies.

She is generally better received by the poor than the rich; and indeed ſhe ſeldom viſits the indigent and the wretched, without bringing ſomething for their relief; yet thoſe who are moſt ſolicitous to engage her in parties of pleaſure, and are ſeen longeſt in her company, are always ſuſpected of ſome evil deſign.

You will, perhaps, think there is ſomething enigmatical in all this; and leſt you ſhould not yet be able to diſcover my true character ſufficiently to engage you in my intereſt, I will give you a ſhort hiſtory of the incidents that have happened to me during the laſt eight hours.

It is now four o'clock in the afternoon: about ſeven I roſe; ſoon after, as I was walking by the dial in Covent Garden, I was perceived by a man well dreſſed, who appeared to have been ſleeping under one of the ſheds, and whom a watchman had juſt told that I was approaching. After attempting to ſwear ſeveral oaths, and ſtaggering a few paces, he ſcowled at me under his hat, and inſulted me indirectly, by telling the watchman, as well as he could, that he had ſat in company with my ſiſter till he became too drunk to find his way home, which nevertheleſs he had attempted; and that he hated me as he hated the devil: he then deſired that a coach or a chair might be immediately called to carry him from my preſence.

About nine I viſited a young lady who could not ſee me, becauſe ſhe was but juſt returned from a rout. I went next to a ſtudent in the Temple, who received me with great joy; but told me, that he was going to dine with a gentleman, whoſe daughter he had long courted, and who at length, by the interpoſition of friends, had been perſuaded to conſent to the match, though ſeveral others had offered a larger ſettlement. From this interview I had no deſire to detain him; and about twelve I found a young prodigal, to whom I had afforded many opportunities of felicity, which he neglected to improve; and whom I had ſcarce ever left without having convinced him, that he was waſting life in the ſearch of pleaſures which he could never find. He looked upon me with a countenance full of ſuſpicion, dread and perplexity, and ſeemed to wiſh that I had delayed my viſit, or been excluded by his ſervant; imagining, as I have ſince heard, that a bailiff was behind me. After dinner, I again met my friend the ſtudent; but he who had ſo lately received me with extaſy, now leered at me with a ſullen diſcontent, and if it had been in his power would have deſtroyed me, for no other reaſon than becauſe the old gentleman whom he viſited had changed his mind.

You may, perhaps, be told, that I am myſelf inconſtant and rapacious, that I am never the ſame perſon eight and forty hours together, and that no man knows whether at my next viſit I ſhall bring him good or evil: but identity of perſon might with equal truth be denied of the Adventurer, and of every other being upon earth; for all animal bodies are in a ſtate of perpetual decay and renovation: ſo ridiculous a ſlander does not indeed deſerve a ſerious reply; and I believe you are now ready to anſwer every other cavil of my enemies, by convincing the world that it is their own fault if I do not always leave them wiſer and better than I find them; and whoever has through life continued to become gradually wiſer and better, has obtained a ſource of divine felicity, a well of living water, which, like the widow's oil, ſhall increaſe as it is poured out, and which, though it was ſupplied by time, eternity ſhall not exhauſt.

I hope, Sir, your paper will be a means of procuring me better treatment; and that you will yourſelf be ſolicitous to ſecure the friendſhip of,

Your humble ſervant,

TO-DAY.

No. XII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1752.

Magnum Pauperies opprobrium jubet
Quidvis aut facere aut pati. HOR.

He whom the dread of want enſnares,
With baſeneſs acts, with meanneſs bears.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

OF all the expedients that have been found out to alleviate the miſeries of life, none is left to deſpair but complaint: and though complaint, without hope of relief, may be thought rather to encreaſe than mitigate anguiſh, as it recollects every circumſtance of diſtreſs, and imbitters the memory of paſt ſufferings by the anticipation of future; yet, like weeping, it is an indulgence of that which it is pain to ſuppreſs, and ſooths with the hope of pity the wretch who deſpairs of comfort. Of this number is he who now addreſſes you: yet the ſolace of complaint and the hope of pity, are not the only motives that have induced me to communicate the ſeries of events, by which I have been led on in an inſenſible deviation from felicity, and at laſt plunged in irremediable calamity: I wiſh that others may eſcape perdition; and am, therefore, ſolicitous to warn them of the path that leads to the precipice from which I have fallen.

I am the only child of a wealthy farmer, who, as he was himſelf illiterate, was the more zealous to make his ſon a ſcholar; imagining that there was in the knowledge of Greek and Latin ſome ſecret charm of perpetual influence, which as I paſſed through life would ſmooth the way before me, eſtabliſh the happineſs of ſucceſs, and ſupply new reſources to diſappointment. But not being able to deny himſelf the pleaſure he found in having me about him, inſtead of ſending me out to a boarding-ſchool, he offered the curate of the pariſh ten pounds a year and his board to become my tutor.

This gentleman, who was in years, and had lately buried his wife, accepted the employment, but refuſed the ſalary: the work of education, he ſaid, would agreeably fill his intervals of leiſure, and happily coincide with the duties of his function; but he obſerved that his curacy, which was thirty pounds a year, and had long ſubſiſted him when he had a family, would make him wealthy now he was a ſingle man; and therefore he inſiſted to pay for his board: to this my father, with whatever reluctance, was obliged to conſent. At the age of ſix years, I began to read my Accidence under my preceptor; and at the age of fifteen had gone through the Latin and Greek Claſſicks. But the languages were not all that I learned of this gentleman; beſides other ſcience of leſs importance, he taught me the theory of Chriſtianity by his precepts, and the practice by his example.

As his temper was calm and ſteady, the influence which he acquired over me was unlimited: he was never capriciouſly ſevere; ſo that I regarded his diſpleaſure not as an effect of his infirmity, but of my own fault; he diſcovered ſo much affection in the pleaſure with which he commended, and in the tender concern with which he reproved me, that I loved him as a father; and his devotion, though rational and manly, was yet ſo habitual and fervent, that I reverenced him as a ſaint. I found even my paſſions controuled by an awe which his preſence impreſſed; and by a conſtant attention to his doctrine and his life, I acquired ſuch a ſenſe of my connection with the inviſible world, and ſuch a conviction of the conſciouſneſs of DEITY to all my thoughts, that every inordinate wiſh was ſecretly ſuppreſſed, and my conduct regulated by the moſt ſcrupulous circumſpection.

My father thought he had now taken ſufficient care of my education, and therefore began to expect that I ſhould aſſiſt in overlooking his ſervants, and managing his farm, in which he intended I ſhould ſucceed him: but my preceptor, whoſe principal view was not my temporal advantage, told him that, as a farmer, great part of my learning would be totally uſeleſs; and that the only way to make me ſerviceable to mankind, in proportion to the knowledge I had acquired, would be to ſend me to

the univerſity, that at a proper time I might take orders. But my father, beſides that he was unwilling to part with me, had probably many reaſons againſt my entering the world in a caſſock: ſuch, however, was the deference which he paid to my tutor, that he had almoſt implicitly ſubmitted to his determination, when a relation of my mother's, who was an attorney of great practice in the Temple, came to ſpend part of the long vacation at our houſe, in conſequence of invitations which had been often repeated during an abſence of many years.

My father thought that an opportunity of conſulting how to diſpoſe of me, with a man ſo well acquainted with life, was not to be loſt; and perhaps he ſecretly hoped that my preceptor would give up his opinion as indefenſible, if a perſon of the lawyer's experience ſhould declare againſt it. My couſin was accordingly made umpire in the debate; and after he had heard the arguments on both ſides, he declared againſt my becoming a farmer: he ſaid, it would be an act of injuſtice to bury my parts and learning in the obſcurity of rural life; becauſe, if produced to the world, they would probably be rewarded with wealth and diſtinction. My preceptor imagined the queſtion was now finally determined in his favour; and being obliged to viſit one of his pariſhioners that was ſick, he gave me a look of congratulation as he went out, and I perceived his cheek glow with a fluſh of triumph, and his eye ſparkle with tears of delight.

But he had no ſooner left the room, than my couſin gave the converſation another turn: he told my father, that though he had oppoſed his making me a farmer, he was not an advocate for my becoming a parſon; for that to make a young fellow a parſon, without being able to procure him a living, was to make him a beggar. He then made ſome witty reflections on the old gentleman who was juſt gone out; nobody, he ſaid, could queſtion his having been put to a bad trade, who conſidered his circumſtances now he had followed it forty years. And after ſome other ſprightly ſallies, which, though they made my father laugh, made me tremble; he clapped him upon the ſhoulder—'If you have a mind your boy ſhould make a 'figure in life, old gentleman,' ſays he, 'put 'him clerk to me; my Lord Chancellor King 'was no better than the ſon of a country ſhop-'keeper; and my maſter gave a perſon of much 'greater eminence many a half crown when he 'was an attorney's clerk in the next chambers 'to mine. What ſay you? ſhall I take him 'up with me or not?' My father, who had liſtened to this propoſal with great eagerneſs, as ſoon as my couſin had done ſpeaking, cried—'A 'match!' and immediately gave him his hand, in token of his conſent. Thus the bargain was ſtruck, and my fate determined before my tutor came back.

It was in vain that he afterwards objected to the character of my new maſter, and expreſſed the moſt dreadful apprehenſions at my becoming an attorney's clerk, and entering into the ſociety of wretches who had been repreſented to him, and perhaps not unjuſtly, as the moſt profligate upon earth: they do not, indeed, become worſe than others, merely as clerks; but as young perſons, who with more money to ſpend in the gratification of appetite, are ſooner than others abandoned to their own conduct; for though they are taken from under the protection of a parent, yet being ſcarce conſidered as in a ſtate of ſervitude, they are not ſufficiently reſtrained by the authority of a maſter.

My father had conceived of my couſin as the beſt-natured man in the world; and probably was intoxicated with the romantick hope of living to ſee me upon the bench at Weſtminſter Hall, or of meeting me on the circuit lolling in my own coach, and attended by a crowd of the inferior inſtruments of juſtice. He was not therefore to be moved either by expoſtulation or entreaty; and I ſet out with my couſin on horſeback to meet the ſtage at a town within a few miles, after having taken leave of my father with a tenderneſs that melted us both; and received from the hoary ſaint his laſt inſtructions and benediction, and at length the parting embrace, which was given with the ſilent ardor of unutterable wiſhes, and repeated with tears that could no longer be ſuppreſſed or concealed.

When we were ſeated in the coach, my couſin began to make himſelf merry with the regret and diſcontent that he perceived in my countenance, at leaving a cowhouſe, a hogſtye, and two old grey-pates, who were contending whether I ſhould be buried in a farm or a college. I, who had never heard either my father or my tutor treated with irreverence, could not conceal my diſpleaſure and reſentment; but

he ſtill continued to rally my country ſimplicity with many alluſions which I did not then underſtand, but which greatly delighted the reſt of the company. The fourth day brought us to our journey's end, and my maſter, as ſoon as we reached his chambers, ſhook me by the hand, and bid me welcome to the Temple.

He had been ſome years a widower, and his only child, a daughter, being ſtill at a boarding-ſchool, his family conſiſted only of a man and maid-ſervant and myſelf; for though he had two hired clerks, yet they lodged and boarded themſelves. The horrid lewdneſs and profaneneſs of theſe fellows terrified and diſguſted me; nor could I believe that my maſter's property and intereſt could be ſafely entruſted with men, who in every reſpect appeared to be ſo deſtitute of virtue and religion: I, therefore, thought it my duty to appriſe him of his danger; and accordingly one day when we were at dinner, I communicated my ſuſpicion, and the reaſon upon which it was founded. The formal ſolemnity with which I introduced this converſation, and the air of importance which I gave to my diſcovery, threw him into a violent fit of laughter, which ſtruck me dumb with confuſion and aſtoniſhment. As ſoon as he recovered himſelf, he told me, that though his clerks might uſe ſome expreſſions that I had not been accuſtomed to hear, yet he believed them to be very honeſt; and that he placed more confidence in them, than he would in a formal prig, of whom he knew nothing but that he went every morning and evening to prayers, and ſaid grace before and after meat; that as to ſwearing, they meant no harm; and as he did not doubt but that every young fellow liked a girl, it was better they ſhould joke about it than be hypocritical and ſly: not that he would be thought to ſuſpect my integrity, or to blame me for practices, which he knew to be merely effects of the bigotry and ſuperſtition in which I had been educated, and not the diſguiſes of cunning or the ſubterfuges of guilt.

I was greatly mortified at my couſin's behaviour on this occaſion, and wondered from what cauſe it could proceed, and why he ſhould ſo lightly paſs over thoſe vices in others, from which he abſtained himſelf; for I had never heard him ſwear; and as his expreſſions were not obſcene, I imagined his converſation was chaſte; in which, howevers my ignorance deceived me, and it was not long before I had reaſon to change my opinion of his character.

No. XIII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1752.

———Sic omnia fatis
In pejus ruere, ac retro ſublapſa referri:
Non aliter quam qui adverſo vix flumine lembum
Remigiis ſubigit: ſi brachia forte remiſit,
Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni. VIRG.

Thus all below, whether by nature's curſe,
Or fate's decree, degen'rate ſtill to worſe.
So the boat's brawny crew the current ſtem,
And, ſlow advancing ſtruggle with the ſtream:
But if they ſlack their hands, or ceaſe to ſtrive,
Then down the flood with headlong haſte they drive. DRYDEN.

THERE came one morning to enquire for him at his chambers, a lady who had ſomething in her manner which caught my attention and excited my curioſity: her cloaths were fine, but the manner in which they were put on was rather flaunting than elegant; her addreſs was not eaſy nor polite, but ſeemed to be a ſtrange mixture of affected ſtate and licentious familiarity; ſhe looked in the glaſs while ſhe was ſpeaking to me, and without any confuſion adjuſted her tucker. She ſeemed rather pleaſed than diſconcerted at being regarded with earneſtneſs; and being told that my couſin was abroad, ſhe aſked ſome trifling queſ-

tions, and then making a ſlight curtſey, took up the ſide of her hoop with a jerk that diſcovered at leaſt half her leg, and hurried down ſtairs.

I could not help enquiring of the clerks if they knew this lady; and was greatly confounded when they told me with an air of ſecrecy, that ſhe was my couſin's miſtreſs, whom he had kept almoſt two years in lodgings near Covent Garden. At firſt I ſuſpected this information; but it was ſoon confirmed by ſo many circumſtances, that I could no longer doubt of its truth.

As my principles were yet untainted, and the influence of my education was ſtill ſtrong, I regarded my couſin's ſentiments as impious and deteſtable; and his example rather ſtruck me with horror, than ſeduced me to imitation. I flattered myſelf with hopes of effecting his reformation, and took every opportunity to hint the wickedneſs of allowed incontinence; for which I was always rallied when he was diſpoſed to be merry, and anſwered with the contemptuous ſneer of ſelf-ſufficiency when he was ſullen.

Near four years of my clerkſhip were now expired, and I had never yet entered the liſts as a diſputant with my couſin: for though I conceived myſelf to be much his ſuperior in moral and theological learning, and though he often admitted me to familiar converſation, yet I ſtill regarded the ſubordination of a ſervant to a maſter, as one of the duties of my ſtation, and preſerved it with ſuch exactneſs, that I never exceeded a queſtion or a hint when we were alone, and was always ſilent when he had company, though I frequently heard ſuch poſitions advanced, as made me wonder that no tremendous token of Divine diſpleaſure immediately followed: but coming one night from the tavern, warm with wine, and, as I imagined, flushed with polemic ſucceſs, he inſiſted upon my taking one glaſs with him before he went to bed; and almoſt as ſoon as we were ſeated, he gave me a formal challenge, by denying all DIVINE REVELATION, and defying me to prove it.

I now conſidered every diſtinction as thrown down, and ſtood forth as the champion of religion, with that elation of mind which the hero always feels at the approach of danger. I thought myſelf ſecure of victory; and rejoicing that he had compelled me to do what I had often wiſhed he would permit, I obliged him to declare that he would diſpute upon equal terms, and we began the debate. But it was not long before I was aſtoniſhed to find myſelf confounded by a man, whom I ſaw half drunk, and whoſe learning and abilities I deſpiſed when he was ſober; for as I had but very lately diſcovered, that any of the principles of religion, from the immortality of the ſoul to the deepeſt myſtery, had been ſo much as queſtioned, all his objections were new. I was aſſaulted where I had made no preparation for defence; and having not been ſo much accuſtomed to diſputation, as to conſider that, in the preſent weakneſs of human intellects, it is much eaſier to object than anſwer, and that in every diſquiſition difficulties are found which cannot be reſolved, I was overborne by the ſudden onſet, and in the tumult of my ſearch for anſwers to his cavils, forgot to preſs the poſitive arguments on which religion is eſtabliſhed: he took advantage of my confuſion, proclaimed his own triumph, and becauſe I was depreſſed, treated me as vanquiſhed.

As the event which had thus mortified my pride was perpetually revolved in my mind, the ſame miſtake ſtill continued: I enquired for ſolutions inſtead of proofs, and found myſelf more and more entangled in the ſnares of ſophiſtry. In ſome other converſations which my couſin was now eager to begin, new difficulties were ſtarted, the labyrinth of doubt grew more intricate, and as the queſtion was of infinite moment, my mind was brought into the moſt diſtreſsful anxiety. I ruminated inceſſantly on the ſubject of our debate, ſometimes chiding myſelf for my doubts, and ſometime applauding the courage and freedom of my enquiry.

While my mind was in this ſtate, I heard by accident that there was a club at an alehouſe in the neighbourhood, where ſuch ſubjects were freely debated, to which every body was admitted without ſcruple or formality: to this club in an evil hour I reſolved to go, that I might learn how knotty points were to be diſcuſſed, and truth diſtinguiſhed from error.

Accordingly on the next club night I mingled with the multitude that was aſſembled in this ſchool of folly and infidelity. I was at firſt diſguſted at the groſs ignorance of ſome, and ſhocked at the horrid blaſphemy of others; but

curiosity prevailed, and my sensibility by degrees wore off. I found that almost every speaker had a different opinion, which some of them supported by arguments, that to me, who was utterly unacquainted with disputation, appeared to hold opposite probabilities in exact equipoise; so that, instead of being confirmed in any principle, I was divested of all; the perplexity of my mind was increased, and I contracted such a habit of questioning whatever offered itself to my imagination, that I almost doubted my own existence.

In proportion as I was less assured in my principles, I was less circumspect in my conduct: but such was still the force of education, that any gross violence offered to that which I had held sacred, and every act which I had been used to regard as incurring the forfeiture of the Divine Favour, stung me with remorse. I was indeed still restrained from flagitious immorality, by the power of habit: but this power grew weaker and weaker, and the natural propensity to ill gradually took place; as the motion that is communicated to a ball which is struck up into the air, becomes every moment less and less, till at length it recoils by its own weight.

Fear and hope, the great springs of human action, had now lost their principal objects, as I doubted whether the enjoyment of the present moment was not all that I could secure; my power to resist temptation diminished with my dependence upon the GRACE OF GOD and regard to the sanction of his law; and I was first seduced by a prostitute, in my declamation on the BEAUTY of virtue, and the strength of the MORAL SENSE.

I began now to give myself up entirely to sensuality, and the gratification of appetite terminated my prospects of felicity: that peace of mind, which is the sunshine of the soul, was exchanged for the gloom of doubt, and the storm of passion; and my confidence in GOD and hope of everlasting joy, for sudden terrors and vain wishes, the lothings of satiety, and the anguish of disappointment.

I was indeed impatient under this fluctuation of opinion, and therefore I applied to a gentleman who was a principal speaker at the club, and deemed a profound philosopher, to assist the labours of my own mind in the investigation of truth, and relieve me from distraction by removing my doubts: but this gentleman, instead of administering relief, lamented the prejudice of education, which he said hindered me from yielding without reserve to the force of truth, and might perhaps always keep my mind anxious, though my judgment should be convinced. But as the most effectual remedy for this deplorable evil, he recommended to me the works of Chubb, Morgan, and many others, which I procured, and read with great eagerness; and though I was not at last a sound deist, yet I perceived with some pleasure that my stock of polemic knowledge was greatly increased; so that, instead of being an auditor, I commenced a speaker at the club: and though to stand up and babble to a crowd in an alehouse, till silence is commanded by a stroke of a hammer, is as low an ambition as can taint the human mind, yet I was much elevated by my new distinction, and pleased with the deference that was paid to my judgment. I sometimes, indeed, reflected, that I was propagating opinions by which I had myself become vicious and wretched; but it immediately occurred, that though my conduct was changed, it could not be proved that my virtue was less; because many things, which I avoided as vicious upon my old principles, were innocent upon my new. I therefore went on in my career, and was perpetually racking my invention for new topics and illustration; and among other expedients, as well to advance my reputation, as to quiet my conscience, and deliver me from the torment of remorse, I thought of the following.

Having learned that all error is innocent, because it is involuntary, I concluded that nothing more was necessary to quiet the mind than to prove that all vice was error: I therefore formed the following argument. 'No man 'becomes vicious, but from a belief that vice 'will confer happiness: he may, indeed, have 'been told the contrary; but implicit faith is 'not required of reasonable beings: therefore, 'as every man ought to seek happiness, every 'man may lawfully make the experiment; if 'he is disappointed, it is plain that he did not 'intend that which has happened: so that 'every vice is an error; and therefore no vice 'will be punished.'

I communicated this ingenious contrivance to my friend the philoſopher, who, inſtead of detecting the difference between ignorance and perverſeneſs, or ſtating the limitations within which we are bound to ſeek our own happineſs, applauded the acuteneſs of my penetration, and the force of my reaſoning. I was impatient to diſplay ſo novel and important a diſcovery to the club, and the attention that it drew upon me gratified my ambition to the utmoſt of my expectation. I had indeed ſome opponents; but they were ſo little ſkilled in argumentation, and ſo ignorant of the ſubject, that it only rendered my conqueſt more ſignal and important; for the chairman ſummed up the arguments on both ſides, with ſo exact and ſcrupulous an impartiality, that as I appeared not to have been confuted, thoſe who could not diſcover the weakneſs of my antagoniſts, thought that to confute me was impoſſible; my ſophiſtry was taken for demonſtration, and the number of proſelytes was incredible. The aſſembly conſiſted chiefly of clerks and apprentices, young perſons who had received a religious though not a liberal education; for thoſe who were totally ignorant, or wholly abandoned, troubled not themſelves with ſuch diſputations as were carried on at our club: and theſe unhappy boys, the impetuoſity of whoſe paſſions was reſtrained chiefly by fear, as virtue had not yet become a habit, were glad to have the ſhackles ſtruck off which they were told prieſt-craft had put on.

But however I might ſatisfy others, I was not yet ſatisfied myſelf; my torment returned, and new opiates became neceſſary: they were not indeed eaſily to be found; but ſuch was my good fortune, that an illiterate mechanic afforded me a moſt ſeaſonable relief, 'by 'diſcuſſing the important queſtion, and demon-'ſtrating that the ſoul was not nor could be 'immortal.' I was, indeed, diſpoſed to believe without the ſevereſt ſcrutiny, what I now began ſecretly to wiſh; for ſuch was the ſtate of my mind, that I was willing to give up the hope of everlaſting happineſs, to be delivered from the dread of perpetual miſery; and as I thought of dying as a remote event, the apprehenſion of loſing my exiſtence with my life, did not much interrupt the pleaſures of the bagnio and the tavern.

They were, however, interrupted by another cauſe; for I contracted a diſtemper, which alarmed and terrified me, in proportion as its progreſs was ſwift, and its conſequences were dreadful. In this diſtreſs I applied to a young ſurgeon, who was a ſpeaker at the club, and gained a genteel ſubſiſtence by keeping it in repair: he treated my complaint as a trifle; and to prevent any ſerious reflections in this interval of pain and ſolicitude, he rallied the deplorable length of my countenance, and exhorted me to behave like a man.

My pride, rather than my fear, made me very ſolicitous to conceal this diſorder from my couſin; but he ſoon diſcovered it rather with pleaſure than anger, as it compleated his triumph, and afforded him a new ſubject of raillery and merriment. By the ſpiritual and corporeal aſſiſtance of my ſurgeon, I was at length reſtored to my health, with the ſame diſſolute morals, and a reſolution to purſue my pleaſures with more caution: inſtead, therefore, of hiring a proſtitute, I now endeavoured to ſeduce the virgin, and corrupt the wife.

No. XIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1752.

Admonet, et magna teſtatur voce per umbras:
Diſcite juſtitiam moniti, et non temnere divos.

VIRG.

Ev'n yet his voice from hell's dread ſhades we hear—
'Beware, learn juſtice, and the gods revere.'

IN theſe attempts my new principles afforded me great aſſiſtance: for I found that thoſe whom I could convert, I could eaſily debauch; and that to convert many, nothing more was neceſſary than to advance my principles, and alledge ſomething in defence of them, by which I appeared to be convinced myſelf; for not being able to diſpute, they thought that the argu-

ment which had convinced me, would, if they could underſtand it, convince them: ſo that, by yielding an implicit aſſent, they at once paid a compliment to their own judgments, and ſmoothed the way to the indulgence of appetite.

While I was thus gratifying every inordinate deſire, and paſſing from one degree of guilt to another, my couſin determined to take his daughter, who was now in her nineteenth year, from ſchool; and as he intended to make her miſtreſs of his family, he quitted his chambers, and took a houſe.

This young lady I had frequently ſeen, and always admired; ſhe was therefore no ſooner come home, than I endeavoured to recommend myſelf by a thouſand aſſiduities, and rejoiced in the many opportunities that were afforded me to entertain her alone; and perceived that ſhe was not diſpleaſed with my company, nor inſenſible to my complaiſance.

My couſin, though he had ſeen the effects of his documents of infidelity in the corruption of my morals, yet could not forbear to ſneer at religion in the preſence of his daughter; a practice in which I now always concurred, as it facilitated the execution of a deſign that I had formed of rendering her ſubſervient to my pleaſures. I might indeed have married her, and perhaps my couſin ſecretly intended that I ſhould: but I knew women too well to think that marriage would confine my wiſhes to a ſingle object; and I was utterly averſe to a ſtate, in which the pleaſure of variety muſt be ſacrificed to domeſtic quiet, or domeſtic quiet to the pleaſure of variety; for I neither imagined that I could long indulge myſelf in an unlawful familiarity with many women, before it would by ſome accident be diſcovered to my wife; nor that ſhe would be ſo very courteous or philoſophical, as to ſuffer this indulgence without expoſtulation and clamour: and beſides, I had no liking to a brood of children, whoſe wants would ſoon become importunate, and whoſe claim to my induſtry and frugality would be univerſally acknowledged; though the offspring of a miſtreſs might be abandoned to beggary, without breach of the law, or offence to ſociety.

The young lady, on the contrary, as ſhe perceived that my addreſſes exceeded common civilities, did not queſtion but that my view was to obtain her for a wife; and I could diſcern that ſhe often expected ſuch a declaration, and ſeemed diſappointed that I had not yet propoſed an application to her father: but imagining, I ſuppoſe, that theſe circumſtances were only delayed till the fitteſt opportunity, ſhe did not ſcruple to admit all the freedoms that were conſiſtent with modeſty; and I drew every day nearer to the accompliſhment of my deſign, by inſenſible approaches, without alarming her fear, or confirming her hopes.

I knew that only two things were neceſſary; her paſſions were to be enflamed, and the motives from which they were to be ſuppreſſed, removed. I was therefore perpetually inſinuating, that nothing which was natural could be ill; I complained of the impoſitions and reſtraints of prieſt-craft and ſuperſtition; and, as if theſe hints were caſual and accidental, I would immediately afterwards ſing a tender ſong, repeat ſome ſeducing verſes, or read a novel.

But henceforward, let never inſulted beauty admit a ſecond time into her preſence the wretch who has once attempted to ridicule religion, and ſubſtitute other aids to human frailty, for that 'love of GOD which is better than life,' and that fear 'which is the beginning of wiſdom:' for whoever makes ſuch an attempt, intends to betray; the contrary conduct being without queſtion the intereſt of every one whoſe intentions are good, becauſe even thoſe who prophanely deny religion to be of divine origin, do yet acknowledge that it is a political inſtitution well calculated to ſtrengthen the band of ſociety, and to keep out the ravager by entrenching innocence and arming virtue. To oppoſe theſe corrupters by argument rather than contempt, is to parly with a murderer, who may be excluded by ſhutting a door.

My couſin's daughter uſed frequently to diſpute with me, and theſe diſputes always favoured the execution of my project: though, leſt I ſhould alarm her too much, I often affected to appear half in jeſt; and when I ventured to take any liberty by which the bounds of modeſty were ſomewhat invaded, I ſuddenly deſiſted with an air of eaſy negligence; and as the attempt was not purſued, and nothing farther ſeemed to be intended than was done, it was regarded but as waggery, and puniſhed only with a ſlap or a frown. Thus ſhe became familiar with infidelity and indecency by degrees.

I once ſubtily engaged her in a debate, whether the gratification of natural appetites was in itſelf innocent; and whether, if ſo, the want of external ceremony could in any caſe render it criminal. I inſiſted that virtue and vice were not influenced by external ceremonies, nor founded upon human laws, which were arbitrary, temporary, and local: and that as a young lady's ſhutting herſelf up in a nunnery was ſtill evil, though enjoined by ſuch laws; ſo the tranſmitting her beauty to poſterity was ſtill good, though under certain circumſtances it had by ſuch laws been forbidden. This ſhe affected utterly to deny, and I propoſed that the queſtion ſhould be referred to her papa, without informing him of our debate, and that it ſhould be determined by his opinion; a propoſal to which ſhe readily agreed. I immediately adverted to other ſubjects, as if I had no intereſt in the iſſue of our debate; but I could perceive that it ſunk deep into her mind, and that ſhe continued more thoughtful than uſual.

I did not however fail to introduce a ſuitable topic of diſcourſe the next time my couſin was preſent, and having ſtated the queſtion in general terms, he gave it in my favour, without ſuſpecting that he was judge in his own cauſe; and the next time I was alone with his daughter, without mentioning his deciſion, I renewed my familiarity, I found her reſiſtance leſs reſolute, purſued my advantage, and compleated her ruin.

Within a few months ſhe perceived that ſhe was with child; a circumſtance that ſhe communicated to me with expreſſions of the moſt piercing diſtreſs: but inſtead of conſenting to marry her, to which ſhe had often urged me with all the little arts of perſuaſion that ſhe could practiſe, I made light of the affair, chid her for being ſo much alarmed at ſo trivial an accident, and propoſed a medicine which I told her would effectually prevent the diſcovery of our intercourſe, by deſtroying the effect of it before it could appear. At this propoſition ſhe fainted, and when ſhe recovered oppoſed it with terror and regret, with tears, trembling, and entreaty; but I continued inflexible, and at length either removed or over-ruled her ſcruples, by the ſame arguments that had firſt ſeduced her to guilt.

The long vacation was now commenced, and my clerkſhip was juſt expired: I therefore propoſed to my couſin that we ſhould all make a viſit to my father, hoping that the fatigue of the journey would favour my purpoſe, by increaſing the effect of the medicine, and accounting for an indiſpoſition which it might be ſuppoſed to cauſe.

The plan being thus concerted, and my couſin's concurrence being obtained, it was immediately put in execution. I applied to my old friend the club ſurgeon, to whom I made no ſecret, of ſuch affairs, and he immediately furniſhed me with medicaments, which he aſſured me would anſwer my purpoſe; but either by a miſtake in the preparation, or in the quantity, they produced a diſorder, which, ſoon after the dear injured unhappy girl arrived at her journey's end, terminated in her death.

My confuſion and remorſe at this event are not to be expreſſed, but confuſion and remorſe were ſuddenly turned into aſtoniſhment and terror; for ſhe was ſcarce dead before I was taken into cuſtody, upon ſuſpicion of murder. Her father had depoſed, that juſt before ſhe died, ſhe deſired to ſpeak to him in private; and that then, taking his hand, and entreating his forgiveneſs, ſhe told him that ſhe was with child by me, and that I had poiſoned her, under pretence of preſerving her reputation.

Whether ſhe made this declaration, or only confeſſed the truth, and her father to revenge the injury had forged the reſt, cannot now be known; but the coroner having been ſummoned, and the body viewed, and found to have been pregnant, with many marks of a violent and uncommon diſorder, a verdict of wilful murder was brought in againſt me, and I was committed to the county gaol.

As the judges were then upon the circuit, I was within leſs than a fortnight convicted and condemned by the zeal of the jury, whoſe paſſions had been ſo greatly inflamed by the enormity of the crime with which I had been charged, that they were rather willing that I ſhould ſuffer being innocent, than that I ſhould eſcape being guilty; but it appearing to the judge in the courſe of the trial that murder was not intended, he reprieved me before he left the town.

I might now have redeemed the time, and, awakened to a ſenſe of my folly and my guilt, might have made ſome reparation to mankind

for the injury which I had done to ſociety; and endeavoured to kindle ſome ſpark of hope in my own breaſt, by repentance and devotion; but alas! in the firſt tranſports of my mind, upon ſo ſudden and unexpected a calamity, the fear of death yielded to the fear of infamy, and I ſwallowed poiſon: the exceſs of my deſperation hindered its immediate effect; for, as I took too much, great part of it was thrown up, and only ſuch a quantity remained behind, as was ſufficient to enſure my deſtruction, and yet leave me time to contemplate the horrors of the gulph into which I am ſinking.

In this deplorable ſituation I have been viſited by the ſurgeon who was the immediate inſtrument of my misfortune, and the philoſopher who directed my ſtudies; but theſe are friends who only rouſe me to keener ſenſibility, and inflict upon me more exquiſite torment. They reproach me with folly, and upbraid me with cowardice; they tell me too, that the fear of death has made me regret the errors of ſuperſtition; but what would I now give for thoſe erroneous hopes, and that credulous ſimplicity, which, though I have been taught to deſpiſe them, would ſuſtain me in the tremendous hour that approaches, and avert from my laſt agony the horrors of deſpair!

I have indeed a viſitor of another kind, the good old man who firſt taught me to frame a prayer, and firſt animated me with the hope of Heaven; but he can only lament with me that this hope will not return, and that I can pray with confidence no more: he cannot by a ſudden miracle re-eſtabliſh the principles which I have ſubverted. My mind is all doubt, and terror, and confuſion; I know nothing but that I have rendered ineffectual the clemency of my JUDGE, that the approach of death is ſwift and inevitable, and that either the ſhades of everlaſting night, or the gleams of unquenchable fire, are at hand. My ſoul in vain ſhrinks backward; I grow giddy with the thought: the next moment is diſtraction! Farewel. OPSINOUS.

No. XV. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1752.

Inventum medicina meum eſt——— OVID.

Medicine is mine. DRYDEN.

AS no man more abhors the maxim, which affirms the lawfulneſs of doing evil to produce good, than myſelf, I ſhall ſpare no falſehood, becauſe it has been rendered ſubſervient to political purpoſes, nor concur in the deception of mankind, though for the ſervice of the ſtate.

When the public liberty has been thought in ſo much danger, as to make it neceſſary to expoſe life in its defence, we have been told that life is the inferior bleſſing; that death is more eligible than ſlavery; and that to hold the contrary opinion, is not only abſurd but infamous.

This, however, whether it is the rant of enthuſiaſm or the inſinuation of cunning, contradicts the voice of reaſon and the general conſent of mankind. The far greater part of the human ſpecies are confeſſed to live in a ſtate of ſlaviſh ſubjection; and there is ſcarce any part of the globe where that which an Engliſhman calls liberty is to be found: and yet it does not appear, that there is any place in which the attachment to life is diſſolved, or that deſpotiſm and tyranny ever provoked ſuicide to depopulate their dominions. It may be ſaid, that wretches who have never been free, ſuffer patiently becauſe they are ſtrangers to enjoyment; but it muſt be remembered, that our heroes of liberty, whether Bucks or Bloods, or of whatever other donomination, when by ſome creditor of ſlaviſh principles they have been locked up in a priſon, never yet petitioned to be hanged.

But though to every individual life is of greater value than liberty, yet health and eaſe are of greater value than life: though jollity may ſometimes be found in the cell of a priſoner, it never enters the chambers of the ſick; over pain and ſickneſs, the ſweetneſs of muſic, the ſprightlineſs of humour, and the delicacies of luxury, have no power. Without health life is miſery; and death, as it removes poſitive evil, is at leaſt a negative good. Among the many advantages, therefore, which are confeſſed to be peculiar to

Great Britain, the higheſt ſurely is the number of medicines that are diſpenſed in this metropolis; medicines which infallibly remove every diſeaſe by which the value of life is annihilated, and death rendered a bleſſing.

It has been obſerved by naturaliſts, that every climate produces plants peculiarly adapted to remove its peculiar diſeaſes; and by moraliſts, that good and evil are univerſally diſtributed with an equal hand. My ſubject affords a remarkable inſtance of the truth of theſe obſervations: for without this extraordinary interpoſition of medical power, we ſhould not only be the moſt loathſome, debilitated, and diſeaſed of all mortals; but our country would ſoon become deſolate, or what is yet worſe, a province to France.

Of this no doubt will remain, if it be conſidered, that the medicines, from which we are told almoſt every noble family in the kingdom has received benefit, are ſuch as INVIGORATE, CLEANSE, and BEAUTIFY; for if our nobility are impotent, loathſome, and hideous, in what condition are thoſe who are expoſed to the viciſſitudes of wet and dry, and cold and heat, which in this climate are ſudden and frequent? In what condition are thoſe who ſweat at the furnace, or delve in the mine, who draw in peſtilential fumes at every breath, and admit an enemy to life at every pore? If a being whoſe perſpicacity could diſcover effects yet ſlumbering in their cauſes, would perceive the future peers of this realm corked cloſe in a vial, or rolled up in a pill; or if, while yet more diſtant, they would appear riſing in the vapour of an alembic, or agitated in the vortex of a mortar; from whence muſt we expect thoſe who ſhould hereafter ſupply the fleet, the manufactory, or the field?

But the good that would flow in a thouſand ſtreams to the community from theſe fountains of health, and vigour, and beauty, is in ſome degree intercepted by the envy or folly of perſons who have at a great expence crowded the city with buildings called hoſpitals; in which thoſe who have been long taught to mangle the dead, practiſe the ſame horrid arts upon the living; and where a cancer or a gangrene produce the amputation of a limb, though a cure for the cancer might have been purchaſed in Fleet Street for a ſhilling, and a powder that inſtantly ſtops the progreſs of a gangrene, upon Tower Hill for ſixpence. In hoſpitals diſeaſes are not cured, but rendered incurable: and though of this the public has been often advertiſed by Mr. Robert Ratſey, who gives advice to the poor in Billiter Lane; yet hoſpitals are ſtill filled, and new donations are made. Mr. Ratſey has indeed himſelf contributed to this evil; for he promiſes to cure even thoſe who have been thus rendered incurable: a reſource, therefore, is ſtill left, and the vulgar will be encouraged to throw themſelves into an hoſpital, in compliance with their prejudices, by reflecting that, after all, they can make the experiment which ought to have been their firſt choice.

I would not be thought to dictate to the legiſlature; but I think that all perſons, eſpecially this gentleman, ſhould be prohibited from curing theſe incurable patients by act of parliament: though I hope that he will, after this notice, reſtrain the firſt ardour of his benevolence, by reflecting that a conduct which may be mercy to one, will be cruelty to many; and that in his future advertiſements this dangerous promiſe will not be repeated.

This iſland has been long famous for diſeaſes which are not known in any other part of the world; and my predeceſſor, the SPECTATOR, has taken notice of a perſon, who in his time, among other ſtrange maladies, undertook to cure 'long ſea-voyages and campaigns.' If I cannot acquaint my readers with any new diſeaſe that is equally aſtoniſhing, I can record a method of cure, which, though it was not ſucceſsful, yet deſerves to be remembered for farther experiments.

The miniſter, the overſeer, and the church-warden of a pariſh in Kent, after ſetting forth the miſery of a young man who was afflicted with a rupture, proceed to addreſs the public in the following terms:

> 'His friends applied to ſeveral gentlemen
> 'for a cure, but all proved ineffectual, and
> 'wore a truſs, till we ſent him to Mr.
> 'Woodward at the King's Arms, near Half-
> 'moon ſtreet, Piccadilly.'

It appears, therefore, that ſeveral gentlemen, in the zeal of their compaſſion, not only applied for advice, but actually wore a truſs for this unfortunate youth; who would, notwithſtand-

ing, ſtill have continued to languiſh in great miſery, if they had not at laſt ſent him to Mr. Woodward.

After this inſtance of generous compaſſion and true publick ſpirit, it will be juſt to remark the conduct of perſons who have filled a much more elevated ſtation, who have been appointed guardians of the people, and whoſe obligation to promote their happineſs was therefore more complicated and extenſive.

I am told that formerly a patent could not be obtained for diſpenſing theſe infallible remedies at a leſs expence than ſixty pounds; and yet that, without a patent, counterfeits are impoſed upon the public, by which diſeaſes are rendered more malignant, and death precipitated. I am, however, very unwilling to believe, that the legiſlature ever refuſed to permit others to ſnatch ſickneſs and decrepitude from the grave, without receiving ſo exorbitant a conſideration.

At preſent a patent may be obtained for a much more reaſonable ſum; and it is not worth while to enquire, whether this tax upon health was ever exorbitant, as it is now too light to be felt: but our enemies, if they cannot intercept the licence to do good, ſtill labour to render it ineffectual.

They inſinuate, that though a patent is known to give ſanction to the medicine, and to be regarded by the vulgar as a certificate of its virtue; yet that, for the cuſtomary fee, a patent may be obtained to diſpenſe poiſon: for if the noſtrum itſelf is a ſecret, its qualities cannot be otherwiſe known than by its effects; and concerning its effects no enquiry is made.

Thus it appears that the Jeſuits, who formerly did ſo much miſchief, are ſtill buſy in this kingdom: for who elſe could propagate ſo invidious a reproach for ſo deſtructive a purpoſe?

But the web of ſubtilty is ſometimes ſo extremely attenuated, that it is broken by its own weight; and if theſe implacable enemies of our church and ſtate had attempted leſs, they would have effected more: for who can believe, that thoſe names, which ſhould always be read with a ſenſe of duty and obligation, were ever proſtituted in public advertiſement, for a paltry ſum, to the purpoſes of wretches who defraud the poor of their money, and the ſick of their life, by diſpenſing as remedies, drugs that are either ineffectual or pernicious, and precluding, till it is too late, more effectual aſſiſtance? To believe this, would be as ridiculous as to doubt, whether an attempt was made to cure Mr. Woodward's patient, by applying truſſes to the abdomen of his friends, after it has been ſo often and ſo publicly aſſerted in an advertiſement, ſigned by perſons of unqueſtionable veracity; perſons who were probably among the number of thoſe by whom truſſes were worn, and might firſt think of applying to Mr. Woodward, upon perceiving that a remedy which was ſo troubleſome to them produced no apparent effect upon the patient. For my own part, I never hear the cavils of ſophiſtry with patience; but when they are uſed to bring calamity upon my country, my indignation knows no bounds. Let us unite againſt the arts as well as the power of our enemies, and continue to improve all the advantages of our conſtitution and our climate; and we cannot fail to ſecure health, vigour and longevity, from which the wreath of glory and the treaſures of opulence derive all their value.

No. XVI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1752.

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.

VIRG.

More lovely virtue, in a lovely form.

I HAVE obſerved in a former paper, that the relation of events is a ſpecies of writing which affords more general entertainment than any other: and to afford entertainment appears to have been often the principal if not the only deſign of thoſe by whom events have been related.

It muſt, indeed, be confeſſed, that when truths are to be recorded, little is left to the choice of the writer; a few pages of the book

of Nature or Providence are before him; and if he tranſcribes with fidelity, he is not to be blamed, if in this fragment good and evil do not appear to be always diſtributed as reward and puniſhment.

But it is juſtly expected of the writer of fiction, who has unbounded liberty to ſelect, to vary and to complicate, that he ſhould principally conſider the moral tendency of his work, and that when he relates events he ſhould teach virtue.

The relation of events becomes a moral lecture, when vicious actions produce miſery, and vicious characters incur contempt; when the combat of Virtue is rewarded with honour, and her ſufferings terminate in felicity: but though this method of inſtruction has been often recommended, yet I think ſome of its peculiar advantages have been ſtill overlooked, and for that reaſon not always ſecured.

Facts are eaſily comprehended by every underſtanding: and their dependence and influence upon each other are diſcovered by thoſe who would ſoon be bewildered in a ſeries of logical deductions; they fix that volatility which would break away from ratiocination: and the precept becomes more forcible and ſtriking as it is connected with example. Precept gains only the cold approbation of reaſon, and compels an aſſent which judgment frequently yields with reluctance, even when delay is impoſſible; but by example the paſſions are rouzed; we approve, we emulate, and we honour or love; we deteſt, we deſpiſe, or we condemn, as fit objects are ſucceſſively held up to the mind: the affections are, as it were, drawn out into the field; they learn their exerciſe in a mock fight, and are trained for the ſervice of virtue.

Facts, as they are moſt perfectly and eaſily comprehended, and as they are impreſſed upon the mind by the paſſions, are tenaciouſly remembered, though the terms in which they are delivered are preſently forgotten; and for this reaſon the inſtruction that reſults from facts, is more eaſily propagated. Many can repeat a ſtory, who would not have underſtood a declamation; and though the expreſſion will be varied as often as it is told, yet the moral which it was intended to teach will remain the ſame.

But theſe advantages have not been always ſecured by thoſe who have profeſſed 'to make 'a ſtory the vehicle of inſtruction,' and 'to 'ſurprize levity into knowledge by a ſhew of 'entertainment; for inſtead of including inſtruction in the events themſelves, they have made uſe of events only to introduce declamation and argument. If the events excite curioſity, all the fine reflections which are ſaid to be interſperſed, are paſſed over; if the events do not excite curioſity, the whole is rejected together, not only with diſguſt and diſappointment, but indignation, as having allured by a falſe promiſe, and engaged in a vain purſuit. Theſe pieces, if they are read as a taſk by thoſe for whoſe inſtruction they are intended, can produce none of the effects for which they were written; becauſe the inſtruction will not be neceſſarily remembered with the facts; and becauſe the ſtory is ſo far from recommending the moral, that the moral is deteſted as interrupting the ſtory. Nor are thoſe who voluntarily read for inſtruction, leſs diſappointed than thoſe who only ſeek entertainment; for he that is eager in the purſuit of knowledge, is diſguſted when he is ſtopped by the intervention of a trivial incident or a forced compliment, when a new perſonage is introduced, or a lover takes occaſion to admire the ſagacity of a miſtreſs.

But many writers who have avoided this error, and interwoven precept with event, though they intended a moral lecture, have yet defeated their own purpoſe, by taking from virtue every accidental excellence, and decorating vice with the ſpoils.

I can think of nothing that could be alledged in defence of this perverſe diſtribution of graces and defects, but a deſign to ſhew that virtue alone is ſufficient to confer honour upon the loweſt character, and that without it nothing can preſerve the higheſt from contempt; and that thoſe excellencies which we can acquire by our own efforts, are of more moment than thoſe which are the gift of nature: but in this deſign, no writer, of whatever abilities, can ſucceed.

It has been often remarked, though not without wonder, that almoſt every man is more jealous of his natural than moral qualities; and reſents with more bitterneſs a ſatire upon his abilities than his practice. The fact is unqueſtionably true; and perhaps it will no longer appear ſtrange, if it be conſidered, that natural defects are of neceſſity,

and moral of choice: the imputation of folly, if it is true, muſt be ſuffered without hope, but that of immorality may at any time be obviated by removing the cauſe.

But whatever be the reaſon, it appears by the common conſent of mankind, that the want of virtue does not incur equal contempt with the want of parts; and that many vices are thought to be rather honourable than infamous, merely becauſe they imply ſome natural excellence, ſome ſuperiority which cannot be acquired by thoſe who want it, but to which thoſe who have it believe they can add all that others poſſeſs, whenever they ſhall think fit to make the attempt.

Florio, after having learned the Latin and Greek languages at Weſtminſter, and ſpent three years at the univerſity, made the tour of Europe, and at his return obtained a place at court. Florio's imagination is ſprightly, and his judgment ſtrong: he is well acquainted with every branch of polite literature, and travel has poliſhed the ſound ſcholar into the fine gentleman: his perſon is graceful, and his manner polite; he is remarkable for the elegance of his dreſs; and he is thought to dance a minuet, and underſtand the ſmall ſword, better than any other man in the kingdom. Among the ladies Florio has made many conqueſts; and has challenged and killed in a duel an officer, who upbraided him with the breach of a promiſe of marriage, confirmed by an oath, to a young beauty whom he kept in great ſplendour as a miſtreſs: his converſation is admired by all who can reliſh ſterling wit and true humour; every private company brightens when he enters, and every public aſſembly becomes more ſplendid by his preſence. Florio is alſo liberal to profuſion; and is not, therefore, inquiſitive about the merit of thoſe upon whom he laviſhes his bounty.

Benevolus has alſo had a liberal education: he learned the languages at Merchant Taylors, and went from thence to the univerſity, where his application was greater than Florio's, but the knowledge that he acquired was leſs; as his apprehenſion is ſlow, and his induſtry indefatigable, he remembers more than he underſtands; he has no taſte either for poetry or muſick; mirth never ſmiled at a ſally of his imagination, nor did doubt ever appeal to his judgment. His perſon though it is not deformed, is inelegant; his dreſs is not ſlovenly, but awkwardly neat; and his manner is rather formal than rude; he is the jeſt of an aſſembly, and the averſion of ladies; but he is remarkable for the moſt uniform virtue and unaffected piety: he is a faithful friend, and a kind maſter; and ſo compaſſionate, that he will not ſuffer even the ſnails that eat his fruit to be deſtroyed; he lays out annually near half his income in gratuities, not to ſupport the idle, but to encourage the induſtrious; yet there is rather the appearance of parſimony than profuſion in his temper; and he is ſo timorous, that he will turn pale at the report of a muſket.

Which of theſe two characters wouldſt thou chuſe for thy own? Whom doſt thou moſt honour, and to whom haſt thou paid the tribute of involuntary praiſe? Thy heart has already anſwered with ſpontaneous fidelity in favour of Florio. Florio thou haſt not conſidered as a ſcoundrel, who by perjury and and murder has deſerved the pillory and the gibbet; as a wretch who has ſtooped to the loweſt fraud for the vileſt purpoſe; who is continually enſnaring the innocent and the weak; who conceals the ruin that he brings by a lye, and the lye by an oath; and who having once already juſtified a ſworn falſhood at the expence of life, is ready again to lye and to kill, with the ſame aggravation and in the ſame cauſe.

Neither didſt thou view Benevolus, as having merited the divine eulogium beſtowed upon him, 'who was faithful over a few 'things;' as employing life in the diffuſion of happineſs, with the joy of angels, and in imitation of GOD.

Surely, if it is true, that—

Vice to be hated needs but to be ſeen,

POPE.

ſhe ſhould not be hidden with the ornaments, and diſguiſed in the apparel, which in the general eſtimation belong to virtue. On the contrary, it ſhould be the principal labour of moral writers, eſpecially of thoſe who would inſtruct by fiction, the power of which is not leſs to do evil than good, to remove the bias which inclines the mind rather to

prefer natural than moral endowments; and to repreſent vice with ſuch circumſtances of contempt and infamy, that the ideas may conſtantly recur together. And it ſhould be always remembered, that the fear of immediate contempt is frequently ſtronger than any other motive: how many have, even in their own opinion, incurred the guilt of blaſphemy, rather than the ſneer of an infidel, or the ridicule of a club? and how many have ruſhed, not only to the brink of the grave but of hell, to avoid the ſcorn, with which the fooliſh and the profligate regard thoſe who have refuſed a challenge?

Let it, therefore, be the united efforts of genius and learning, to deter from guilt by the dread of ſhame: and let the time paſt ſuffice to have ſaved from contempt, thoſe vices which contempt only can ſuppreſs.

No. XVII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1753.

———Scopulis ſurdior Icari
Voces audit——— HOR.

He hears no more
Than rocks, when winds and waters roar.
CREECH.

PERHAPS few undertakings require attention to a greater variety of circumſtances, or include more complicated labour, than that of a writer who addreſſes the publick in a periodical paper, and invites perſons of every ſtation, capacity, diſpoſition, and employment, to ſpend, in reading his lucubrations, ſome of thoſe golden moments which they ſet apart from toil and ſolicitude.

He who writes to aſſiſt the ſtudent, of whatever claſs, has a much eaſier taſk, and greater probability of ſucceſs; for the attention of induſtry is ſurely more eaſily fixed than that of idleneſs: and he who teaches any ſcience or art, by which wealth or honour may be acquired, is more likely to be heard, than he who only ſolicits a change of amuſement, and propoſes an experiment which cannot be made without danger of diſappointment.

The author who hopes to pleaſe the publick, or, to uſe a more faſhionable phraſe, the town, without gratifying its vices, ſhould not only be able to exhibit familiar objects in a new light, to diſplay truths that are generally known, and break up new veins, in the mines of literature; he muſt have ſkill to ſelect ſuch objects as the town is willing to regard, ſuch truth as excite its curioſity, and ſuch knowledge as it is ſolicitous to acquire.

But the ſpeculative and recluſe are apt to forget that the buſineſs and the entertainment of others are not the ſame with their own: and are often ſurprized and diſappointed to perceive, that what they communicate with eagerneſs and expectation of applauſe, is heard with too much indifference to be underſtood, and wearies thoſe whom it was expected to delight and inſtruct.

Mr. George Friendly, while he was a ſtudent at Oxford, became poſſeſſed of a large eſtate by the death of his elder brother: inſtead, therefore, of going up to London for preferment, he retired to the family-ſeat in the country; and as he had acquired the habit of ſtudy and a ſtrong reliſh for literature, he continued to live nearly in the ſame manner as at college; he kept little company, and had no pleaſure in the ſports of the field, and being diſappointed in his firſt addreſſes, would never marry.

His ſiſter, the wife of a gentleman who farmed his own eſtate, had one ſon whoſe name was John. Mr. Friendly directed that John ſhould be put to a reputable ſchool in the country, and promiſed to take care of his fortune. When the lad was about nineteen, his uncle declared his intention to ſend him to the univerſity; but firſt deſired to ſee him, that he might know what proficiency he had made in the languages. John, therefore, ſet out on a viſit to his uncle, and was received with great affection: he was found to have acquired a reaſonable knowledge

of Latin and Greek; and Mr. Friendly formed a very favourable opinion of his abilities, and determined to reward his diligence, and encourage him to perſeverance.

One evening, therefore, he took him up into his ſtudy, and after directing him to ſit down —'Couſin John,' ſaid he, 'I have ſome ſentiments to communicate to you, with which I know you will be pleaſed; for truth, like virtue, is never perceived but with delight.' John, whoſe heart did not give a full aſſent to the truth of this propoſition, found himſelf in circumſtances which, by the mere force of habit, cauſed him to draw in a long breath through his noſe, and at the ſame with a grin of exquiſite ſenſibility to ſcratch his head. 'But my obſervations, couſin,' ſaid his uncle, 'have a neceſſary connection with a purpoſe that I have formed, and with which you ſhall alſo be acquainted. Draw your chair a little nearer. The paſſions, couſin John, as they are naturally productive of all pleaſure, ſhould by reaſonable beings be alſo rendered ſubſervient to a higher purpoſe. The love of variety which is found in every breaſt, as it produces much pleaſure, may alſo produce knowledge. One of the principal advantages that are derived from wealth, is a power to gratify and improve this paſſion. The rich are not confined by labour to a particular ſpot, where the ſame ideas perpetually recur; they can fill the mind, either by travel or by ſtudy, with innumerable images, of which others have no conception. But it muſt be conſidered, that the pleaſure of travelling does not ariſe from the ſight of a dirty town, or from lodging at an inn; nor from any hedge or cottage that is paſſed on the roads; nor from the confuſed objects that are half diſcovered in the diſtant proſpect; nor from the ſeries of well-built houſes in a city, or the buſy multitudes that ſwarm in the ſtreets; but from the rapid ſucceſſion of theſe objects to each other, and the number of ideas that are thrown in upon the mind.' Mr. Friendly, here paused for John's reply; and John ſuddenly recollecting himſelf ſaid—'Very true.' —'But how,' ſaid Mr. Friendly, 'can this love of variety be directed to the acquiſition of knowledge?' Here John wriggled in his ſeat, and again ſcratched his head: he was indeed ſomething embarraſſed by the queſtion; but the old gentleman quickly put him out of his pain by anſwering it himſelf. 'Why, by a judicious choice of the variety that is to produce our entertainment. If the various doublings of a hare only, or the changes of game at whiſt, have afforded the variety of the day; whatever has been the pleaſure, improvement has been wanting. But if the different cuſtoms, the policy, the trade of nations, the variety of ſoils, the manner of culture, the diſpoſition of individuals, or the riſe or fall of a ſtate, have been impreſſed upon the mind; beſides the pleaſure of the review, a power of creating new images is acquired. Fancy can combine the ideas which memory has treaſured; and when they have been reviewed and regulated by judgment, ſome ſcheme will reſult, by which commerce may be extended, agriculture improved, immorality reſtrained, and the proſperity of the ſtate ſecured. Of this, couſin John, you was not wholly ignorant before.' John acquieſced with a bow; for though he had been a little bewildered, yet he underſtood by the tone of voice with which his uncle concluded the laſt ſentence, that ſuch acquieſcence was expected. 'Upon this occaſion,' continued Mr. Friendly, 'I muſt remark, though it is ſomething foreign to my purpoſe, that variety has by ſome philoſophers been conſidered as affording not only the pleaſure and improvement, but even the meaſure of life: for of time in the abſtract we have no idea, and can conceive it only by the ſucceſſion of ideas to each other; thus, if we ſleep without dreams, the moment in which we awake, appears immediately to ſucceed that in which we began to ſlumber.'

A thicker gloom now fell upon John, and his countenance lengthened in proportion to his uncle's lecture, the end of which he perceived was now become more remote; for theſe remarks, with reſpect to John, were not impreſſed with the ſignature of truth, nor did they reflect any idea of his own; they were not—

Something whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
POPE'S ESSAY ON CRIT.

With reſpect to John, therefore, they had no

characteriſtic of wit; and if they contained knowledge, it was knowledge which John had no wiſh to acquire: the old gentleman, however, proceeded thus with great deliberation:

'But though curioſity ſhould be principally 'directed to uſeful purpoſes, yet it ſhould not 'always be repreſſed or diverted, when the uſe 'is not immediate or apparent: for he who firſt 'perceived the magnetic attraction, and applied it to various experiments, probably intended nothing more than amuſement; and when 'the polarity of the needle was diſcovered, it 'was not in the purſuit of any project to facilitate navigation. I am, therefore, now 'about to gratify your curioſity, couſin, with 'a view of London, and all the variety that it 'contains.' Here John's countenance brightened, he rouzed himſelf on his ſeat, and looked eager with attention.

'As you have,' continued his uncle, 'applied 'with great diligence to your grammar learning, I doubt not but you have alſo read many 'of our beſt Engliſh authors, eſpecially our immortal Shakeſpeare; and I am willing that, 'before you enter upon a courſe of academic 'ſtudy, you ſhould ſee the theatre.' John was going to expreſs his joy, when his uncle increaſed it, by putting into his hand a bank-note of fifty pounds. 'This,' ſaid he, 'under the direction of a gentleman, to whom I 'ſhall recommend you, will furniſh you with 'proper apparel, bear your expences for a 'couple of months, and gratify you with all 'the entertainments of the town.'

John could now bear ſome part in the converſation: he was much obliged to his uncle, and hoped to live to make him amends; 'For,' ſays he, 'one of our u[illegible]rs, who was juſt re'turned from London before I left ſchool, has 'made me long to ſee it: he ſays there is a 'man there who dances upon a wire no bigger 'than a pack-thread; and that there is a collection of all the ſtrange creatures in the world.'

John, who had uttered this with a broad grin, and expreſſed his delight from head to foot, was ſomewhat diſconcerted when his uncle told him coolly, that though he would not have him leave London without ſeeing every thing in it that might juſtly raiſe curioſity; yet he hoped his notice was not principally attracted by objects which could convey no inſtruction, inſpire no noble ſentiment, nor move one tender paſſion. 'I mentioned,' ſays he, 'Shake'ſpeare, that mighty genius, whoſe ſentiments 'can never be exhauſted, and in whom new 'beauties are diſcovered at every view. That 'you may derive yet greater delight and advantage from the repreſentation of his pieces, 'I will read you ſome hiſtorical and critical 'notes that I have been making during twenty 'years, after having read the firſt edition of 'his works and every commentator that has 'either illuſtrated or obſcured his meaning.' The old gentleman then taking out and wiping his ſpectacles, opened his bureau and produced the manuſcripts. 'I am now,' ſaid he, 'about 'to confer a favour upon you, which I do not 'yet intend for any other; for as I ſhall con'tinually enlarge this work, it will not be 'printed till I am dead.' He then began to read, and John ſat very ſilent, regaling himſelf with the anticipation of his own finery, the dexterity of the wire-dancer, and the variety of the ſavages that he was to viſit in London. The old gentleman, who imagined that he was held motionleſs with attention, wonder, and delight proceeded long in his lecture without once adverting to John for his explicit eulogium: but at the end of a favourite paſſage, which cloſed with a diſtich of his own poetry, he ventured to ſteal his eyes from the paper, and glancing them upon John, perceived that he was faſt aſleep with his mouth open, and the bank note in his hand.

Friendly, after having gazed upon him a few moments with the utmoſt aſtoniſhment and indignation, ſnatched away the note: and having rouſed him with a denunciation of reſentment that touched thoſe paſſions which Shakeſpeare could not touch, he thruſt him out of the room and ſhut the door upon him: he then locked up his manuſcript; and after having walked many times backward and forward with great haſte, he looked at his watch, and perceiving it to be near one in the morning, retired to bed with as little propenſity to ſleep as he had now left to his nephew.

No. XVIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1753.

Duplex libelli dos eſt; quod riſum movet,
Et quod prudenti vitam conſilio monet. PHÆDRUS.

A twofold gift in this my volume lies;
It makes you merry, and it makes you wiſe.

AMONG the fictions which have been intended for moral purpoſes, I think thoſe which are diſtinguiſhed by the name of FABLES deſerve a particular conſideration.

A ſtory or a tale, in which many different characters are conducted through a great variety of events may include ſuch a number and diverſity of precepts, as, taken together, form almoſt a compleat rule of life: as theſe events mutually depend upon each other, they will be retained in a ſeries; and, therefore, the remembrance of one precept will almoſt neceſſarily produce the remembrance of another, and the whole moral, as it is called, however complicated, will be recollected without labour, and without confuſion.

In this particular, therefore, the ſtory ſeems to have the advantage of the fable, which is confined to ſome ſingle incident: for though a number of diſtinct fables may include all the topics of moral inſtruction, caution, and advice, which are contained in a ſtory, yet each muſt be remembered by a diſtinct effort of the mind; and they will not recur in a ſeries, becauſe they have no connection with each other.

The memory of them may, however, be more frequently revived by thoſe incidents in life to which they correſpond; and they will, therefore, more readily preſent themſelves, when the leſſons which they teach ſhould be practiſed.

Many, perhaps the greater number of thoſe fables which have been tranſmitted to us as ſome of the moſt valuable remains of the ſimplicity and wiſdom of antiquity, were ſpoken upon a particular occaſion; and then the occaſion itſelf was an index to the intent of the ſpeaker, and fixed the moral of the fable: ſo when the Samians were about to put to death a man who had abuſed a public truſt, and plundered the commonwealth, the counſel of Æſop could not be overlooked or miſtaken, when he told them, that 'A Fox would not ſuffer a ſwarm of 'flies, which had almoſt ſatiated themſelves b 'ſucking his blood, to be driven away; becauſe 'a new ſwarm might then come and their hunger 'drain him of all the blood that remained.'

Thoſe which are intended for general uſe, and to general uſe it is perhaps eaſy to accommodate the reſt, are of two kinds: one is addreſſed to the underſtanding, and the other to the paſſions.

Of the preceptive kind, is that of the OLD MAN, who, to teach his ſons the advantages of unanimity, firſt directed them to break a number of rods that were bound up together; and when they found it impoſſible, bade them divide the bundle, and break the rods ſeparately, which they eaſily effected. In this fable no paſſion is excited; the addreſs is to the underſtanding, and the underſtanding is immediately convinced.

That of the OLD HOUND belongs to the other claſs. When the toothleſs veteran had ſeized the ſtag, and was not able to hold him, he deprecates the reſentment of his maſter, who had raiſed his arm for the blow, by crying out —'Ah! do not puniſh the impotence of age! 'Strike me not, becauſe my will to pleaſe thee 'has ſurvived my power! If thou art not of- 'fended with what I am, remember what I 'have been, and forgive me,' Pity is here forcibly excited; and injurious reſentment may be repreſſed, when an inſtance not equally ſtrong recalls this to the mind.

Fables of the preceptive kind ſhould always include the precept in the event, and the event ſhould be related with ſuch circumſtances as render the precept ſufficiently evident. As the incident ſhould be ſimple, the inference ſhould be in the higheſt degree natural and obvious.

Thoſe that produce their effect upon the paſſions, ſhould excite them ſtrongly, and always connect them with their proper objects.

I do not remember to have ſeen any collection, in which theſe rules have been ſufficiently obſerved; in far the greater number

number there is a deficiency of circumſtance, though there is a redundancy of language; there is, therefore, ſomething to be added, and ſomething to be taken away. Beſides that, the peculiar advantages of this method of inſtruction are given up, by referring the precept to a long diſcourſe, of which the fable is no more than the text, and with which it has ſo little connection, that the incident may be perfectly remembered, and the laboured inference totally forgotten. A boy, who is but ſix years old, will remember a fable after having once heard it, and relate it in words of his own; but it would be the toil of a day to get the terms in which he heard it by heart; and, indeed, he who attempts to ſupply any deficiency in a fable, by tacking a diſſertation to the end of it, appears to me to act juſt as wiſely, as if, inſtead of clothing a man whom he found naked, he ſhould place a load upon his ſhoulders.

When the moral effect of fable had been thus brought to depend, not upon things, but upon words, the arrangement of theſe words into verſe was thought to be a happy expedient to aſſiſt the memory; for in verſe words muſt be remembered in a regular ſeries, or the meaſure and cadence will not be preſerved: the meaſure and cadence, therefore, diſcover any confuſion or defect, not to the underſtanding, but to the ear; and ſhew how the confuſion may be regulated, and the defect ſupplied. The addition of rhime was another advantage of the ſame kind; and this advantage was greater, as the rhime was more frequently repeated. But if the fable is perfect in its kind, this expedient is unneceſſary; and much leſs labour is required to include an evident precept in an incident, than to meaſure the ſyllables in which it is related, and place two words of a ſimilar ſound at the end of every couplet. Beſides, in all verſe, however familiar and eaſy, the words are neceſſarily thrown out of the order in which they are commonly uſed; and, therefore, though they will be more eaſily recollected, the ſenſe which they contain will not be equally perſpicuous.

I would not, however, be thought to deny, that verſe is at leaſt an ornament to this ſpecies of writing; nor to extend my cenſure to thoſe ſhort ſtories, which, though they are called fables, are written upon a more extenſive plan, and are intended for more improved underſtandings.

But as fables have been told by ſome in verſe, that they might be more eaſily remembered; they have been related by others in a barbarous jargon of hackneyed phraſes, that they might be more eaſily underſtood.

It has been obſerved of children, that they are longer before they can pronounce perfect ſounds, becauſe perfect ſounds are not pronounced to them; and that they repeat the gibberiſh of the nurſe, becauſe nothing better has been propoſed to them for imitation: and how ſhould the ſchool-boy write Engliſh in grammatical purity, when all that he reads, except foreign language and a literal tranſlation, is written with all the licence of extempore expreſſion, without propriety of idiom or regularity of combination, and abounds with abſurdities that haſte only can excuſe in a ſpeaker?

The fables of Æſop, for ſo they are all called, are often firſt exhibited to youth, as examples of the manner in which their native language is written; they ſhould, therefore, be pure in the higheſt degree, though not pompous: and it is ſurely an affront to underſtanding to ſuppoſe, that any language would become more intelligible by being rendered leſs perfect.

But the fables that are addreſſed to the paſſions, beſides the imperfections which they ſhare in common with thoſe that are addreſſed to the underſtanding, have others peculiar to themſelves; ſometimes the paſſion is not moved with ſufficient force, and ſometimes it is not connected with a fit object.

When the Fox decoys the poor Goat into a well, in order to leap out from his horns, and leaves him to periſh with a witty remark, that 'if his wiſdom had been proportioned to his 'beard, he would not have been ſo eaſily over-'reached,' the goat is not ſo much the object of pity as contempt; but of contempt, guileleſs ſimplicity, caught in the ſnares of cunning, cannot ſurely be deemed a proper object. In the fox there appears a ſuperiority which not only preſerves him from ſcorn, but even from indignation: and indeed the general character of Reynard is by no means fit for imitation; though he is frequently the hero of the fable, and his conduct affords the precept for which it was written.

But though I have made a general diviſion of fable into two kinds, there is yet a third, which, as it is addreſſed both to the underſtanding and the paſſions, is conſequently more forcible and perfect.

Of this number is that of the Sick Kite, who requeſted of his mother to petition the gods for his recovery, but was anſwered!—'Alas! to which of the gods can I ſacrifice? 'for which of their altars haſt thou not robbed?' The precept that is here inculcated is early piety, and the paſſion that is excited is terror; the object of which is the deſpair of him who perceives himſelf to be dying, and has reaſon to fear that his very prayer is an abomination.

There are others, which, though they are addreſſed to the underſtanding, do yet excite a paſſion which condemns the precept.

When the melodious complaint of the Nightingale had directed a hungry Hawk to the thorn on which ſhe ſung, and he had ſeized her with his talons, ſhe appealed from his hunger to his mercy: 'I am,' ſaid ſhe, 'little elſe than 'voice; and if you devour me, there will be 'no proportion between my loſs and your gain; 'your hunger will be rather irritated than appeaſed by ſo ſmall a morſel, but all my pow'ers of enjoyment will ceaſe for ever: attack, 'therefore, ſome larger bird.' Here the Hawk interrupted her; he was not diſpoſed, he ſaid, to controvert what ſhe had advanced; but he was too wiſe to ſuffer himſelf to be perſuaded by any argument, to quit a certain for a contingent good.

Who that reads this fable does not pity the Nightingale, and in his heart condemn the Hawk, whoſe cruel prudence affords the leſſon?

Inſtruction, in the ſtrong language of Eaſtern metaphors, is called, 'a light to our 'paths.' The fables of pagan mythologiſts may, therefore, be conſidered as a cluſter of ſtars of the firſt magnitude, which, though they ſhine with a diſtinct influence, may be taken as one conſtellation: but, like ſtars, they only break the obſcurity of night; they do not diffuſe round us the ſplendors of day; it is by the Sun of Righteouſneſs alone that we diſcover completely our duty and our intereſt, and behold that pattern of Divine Perfection which the Chriſtian aſpires to imitate, by 'for'giving injuries, and returning good for evil.'

By many of the fables which are ſtill retained in our collections, revenge is encouraged as a principle, and inculcated as a practice. 'The 'Hare triumphs in the deſtruction of the Sparrow who had inſulted him; and the Thun'ny, in his laſt agonies, rejoices at the death 'of the Dolphin, whoſe purſuit had driven him 'upon a rock.' Theſe, if they will not admit of another turn, ſhould without queſtion be omitted; for the miſchievous effect of the fable will be remembered as an example that juſtifies the violence of ſudden reſentment, and cannot be prevented by a laboured comment, which is never read but as as a taſk, and therefore immediately forgotten.

I think many others may be greatly improved; the practice of virtue may be urged from higher motives, the ſentiments may be elevated, and the precepts in general rendered more ſtriking and comprehenſive.

I ſhall conclude this paper with the fable of the Dog and Shadow; which, as it is commonly told, cenſures no quality but greedineſs, and only illuſtrates the trite proverb—'All 'covet, all loſe.'

'A dog, who was croſſing a rivulet with a 'piece of fleſh in his mouth, perceived his 'ſhadow in the water, which he miſtook for 'another dog with another piece of fleſh. To 'this he knew he had no right; and yet he 'could not forbear catching at it: but inſtead 'of getting a new prize, he dropped that 'which he poſſeſſed into the water. He ſaw 'the ſmooth ſurface break into many waves, 'and the dog whom he had attempted to in'jure diſappear: he perceived at once his 'loſs, his folly, and his fault; and in the 'anguiſh of regret cried out—"How righte"ous and how wiſe are the gods, ſince what"ever ſeduces to evil, though but a ſhadow, "becomes the inſtrument of puniſhment!"

No. XIX. TUESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1753.

Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.

HOR.

The monſtrous tale, incredulous I hate.

THE repeated encomiums on the performances of the Animal Comedians, exhibited at Mrs. Midnight's Oratory, induced me the other evening to be preſent at her entertainment. I was aſtoniſhed at the ſagacity of the monkies; and was no leſs amazed at the activity of the other quadrupeds—I ſhould have rather ſaid, from a view of their extraordinary elevations, bipeds.

It is a peculiar happineſs to me as an Adventurer, that I ſally forth in an age which emulates thoſe heroick times of old, when nothing was pleaſing but what was unnatural. Thouſands have gaped at a wire-dancer daring to do what no one elſe would attempt; and thouſands ſtill gape at greater extravagancies in pantomime entertainments. Every ſtreet teems with incredibilities; and if the great mob have their little theatre in the Hay-market, the ſmall vulgar can boaſt their cheaper diverſions in two enormous bears, that jauntily trip it to the light tune of a Caledonian jig.

The amazing docility of theſe heavy animals made me at firſt imagine, that they had been placed under the tuition of certain artiſts, who by their advertiſements profeſs to inſtruct 'Grown Gentlemen in the modern way of 'footing;' but I have been ſince informed, that the method of teaching them this modern way of footing was, by placing red-hot iron plates alternately under each hind leg, and in quicker or ſlower ſucceſſion as the variations of the tune required.

That the intellectual faculties of brutes may be exerted beyond the narrow limits which we have hitherto proudly aſſigned to their capacities, I ſaw a ſufficient proof in Mrs. Midnight's dogs and monkies. Man differs leſs from beaſts in general, than theſe ſeem to approach to man in rationality. But while I applaud their exalted genius, I am in pain for the reſt of their kindred, both of the Canine and Cercopithecan ſpecies. The price of monkies has been conſiderably raiſed ſince the appearance of Signior Ballard's Cavaliers: and I hear, that this inimitable preceptor gives lectures to the monkies of perſons of quality at their own houſes. Lady Bridget has deſtroyed three ſets of china in teaching her Pug to hand about the cups, and ſip tea with the air of Beau Bloſſom; and Miſs Fanny has been labouring inceſſantly to qualify her dear pretty creature to make one at the brag-table.

But as theſe animals are of foreign extraction, I muſt confeſs my concern is yet greater for my fellow natives. Engliſh liberty ſhould be univerſal as the ſun; and I am jealous even for the prerogative of our dogs. Lady Bright's lap-dog, that uſed to repoſe on downy cuſhions, or the ſofter boſom of its miſtreſs, is now worried every hour with begging on its diminutive hind-legs, and endeavouring to leap over fanſticks: Captain Storm's little greyhound is made to ape fierce fellows of the cockade in a red coat and a ſword; while Mrs. Fanciful's Chloe is ſwathed up in a long ſack, and ſinking beneath the weight of an enormous hoop. Every boarding-houſe romp and wanton ſchool-boy is employed in perverting the end of the canine creation; and I wiſh the prevalence of Mrs. Midnight's example may not extend ſo far, that hounds ſhall be no longer broke to the field-ſervice, but inſtructed only to climb up ladders, and troul wheelbarrows.

After what has been ſaid, I ſhall make no apology for printing the following letter as it was elegantly done in Engliſh at Stockholm, and tranſmitted to me by the publiſher of the *Swede-landte Magazine*, an ingenious gentleman, who has done me the honour of inſerting ſeveral of my lucubrations in his moſt comprehenſive monthly undertaking.

TO MR. ——, THE GRAND ADVENTURER, IN BRITAIN.

MOST LEARNED SIR,

MY worthy good friend Iſaac Gilderſtein, book-merchant, having engaged to further this to your excellency, I moſt humbly re-

queſt that you would make known to your polite, &c. &c. &c. nation, that I intend ſhortly to come over and entertain you in a new and moſt inimitable manner.

Seeing that the Chien Savant, and other moſt amazing learned animals, have met with ſo gracious a reception in your grand city, I propoſe to exhibit unto your good nation a concert of vocal and inſtrumental muſic, to be performed by animals ONLY; and afterwards to entertain you with ſeveral grand feats of activity; as alſo with the balance and the dance.

My performers of inſtrumental muſic, great Sir, will conſiſt of a ſelect number of Italian Cats, for the violin, violincello, and baſs-viol; a German aſs for the kettle-drum; and a complete ſet of Spaniſh hogs of different age and tone of voice for the organ concertos.

But my vaſt labour was to procure harmonious voices, and to confine them to proper time and meaſure. I have taught ſome of your Engliſh maſtiffs to bark in baſs, and ſome Guinea-pigs to ſqueak in treble: my cats alſo join in the vocal parts. I contrived divers means of deaths for ſwans; but though the ancients are ſo full of praiſes on their expiring melody, I could not get a ſingle note from them, better than the ſquall of a gooſe. However, I ſhall have a moſt charming grand chorus of Frogs from the Fens of Holland: the words, profound Sir, you too well know, Ariſtophanes has furniſhed to my hand in Greek—Βρεκεκεκεξ κοαξ κοαξ—which a Leyden profeſſor tranſlated for me, Brekekekex koax koax. Beſides theſe, I ſhall preſent you with a duett in recitativo, between a Parrot and a Magpye.

My entertainments of dancing, and the like, will conſiſt of a company of Norway Rats, who are to move in a coranto, while my Cats fiddle to them. A Fox will dance a minuet with a Gooſe; and a Greyhound the rigadoon with a Hare. I have trained up an Elephant who will perform ſeveral tricks in what you call the ſleight of hand; he will tumble with a caſtle on his back, and ſhew ſeveral balances upon the ſlack-rope with his trunk. Many other ſurprizing feats will my animals perform, too tedious to mention in this addreſs; and, therefore, great Adventurer, I ſhall trouble your tired patience with the mentioning of one only. I have inſtructed the tameſt of my Cats to open her jaws at the word of command, into which I put a bit of toaſted cheeſe, and the leaſt of my Mice jumps in and nibbles the bait: at that inſtant my Cat cloſes her mouth upon him, after which, to the great aſtoniſhment of all beholders, my Cat opens her jaws again, and the mouſe leaps out alive upon the ſtage; and then they both preſent the good company with a jig.

As I am determined my whole theatre ſhall conſiſt of only Animal performers, I muſt acquaint you likewiſe, that I am teaching two Squirrels to ſweep the ſtage with their tails: and, if it be allowed me to call in aſſiſtance from fiſhes, I ſhall not deſpair of being able, though it will require much time and practice, to make a Lobſter ſnuff the candles with his claw.

Other particulars, moſt worthy Sir, I ſhall beg leave to defer, till I have the extreme honour of kiſſing your hands in England; and am, moſt revered and reſpectable patron, with the profoundeſt humiliation, your devoted ſlave and ſervant,

GUSTAVUS GOOTENRUYSCHE,

A

No. XX. SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1753.

——Quid violentius aure tyranni.

JUV.

Rough truth ſoon irritates a tyrant's ear.

BY which of the Indian ſages of antiquity the following ſtory was written, or whether the people of the Eaſt have any remote tradition upon which it was founded, is not known: but it was probably related in the firſt perſon, to give it an air of greater dignity, and render its influence more powerful: nor would it, perhaps, appear altogether incredible, to people among whom the

Metempſychoſis is an article of faith, and the viſible agency of Superior Beings admitted without ſcruple.

'Amurath, Sultan of the Eaſt, the judge of 'nations, the diſciple of adverſity, records the 'wonders of his life: let thoſe who preſump-'tuouſly queſtion the ways of Providence, bluſh 'in ſilence and be wiſe; let the proud be hum-'ble and obtain honour; and let the ſenſual 'reform and be happy.

'The angel of death cloſed the eyes of the 'Sultan Abradin my father, and his empire 'deſcended to me in the eighteenth year of my 'age. At firſt my mind was awed to humility, 'and ſoftened with grief; I was inſenſible to the 'ſplendor of dominion, I heard the addreſſes 'of flattery with diſguſt, and received the ho-'mage of dependent greatneſs with indiffe-'rence. I had always regarded my father not 'only with love but reverence; and I was now 'perpetually recollecting inſtances of his ten-'derneſs, and reviewing the ſolemn ſcene, in 'which he recommended me to heaven in im-'perfect language, and graſped my hand in 'the agonies of death.

'One evening after having concealed myſelf 'all day in his chamber, I viſited his grave: 'I proſtrated myſelf on his tomb; ſorrow over-'flowed my eyes, and devotion kindled in my 'boſom. I felt myſelf ſuddenly ſmitten on the 'ſhoulder as with a rod; and looking up, I 'perceived a man whoſe eyes were piercing as 'light, and his beard whiter than ſnow. "I "am," ſaid he, "the Genius Syndarac, the "friend of thy father Abradin, who was the "fear of his enemies, and the deſire of his "people; whoſe ſmile diffuſed gladneſs like "the luſtre of the morning, and whoſe frown "was dreadful as the gathering of a tempeſt; "reſign thyſelf to my influence, and thou ſhalt "be like him." I bowed myſelf to the earth 'in token of gratitude and obedience, and he 'put a ring on the middle finger of my left-'hand, in which I perceived a ruby of a 'deep colour and uncommon brightneſs. "This ring," ſaid he, "ſhall mark out to thee "the boundaries of good and evil; that, without "weighing remote conſequences, thou mayeſt "know the nature and tendency of every ac-"tion. Be attentive, therefore, to the ſilent "admonition; and when the circle of gold "ſhall by a ſudden contraction preſs thy fin-"ger, and the ruby ſhall grow pale, deſiſt im-"mediately from what thou ſhalt be doing, "and mark down that action in thy memory "as a tranſgreſſion of the rule of right: keep "my gift as a pledge of happineſs and honour, "and take it not off for a moment." I re-'ceived the ring with a ſenſe of obligation 'which I ſtrove to expreſs, and an aſtoniſh-'ment that compelled me to be ſilent. The 'Genius perceived my confuſion; and, turn-'ing from me with a ſmile of complacency, 'immediately diſappeared.

'During the firſt moon I was ſo cautious 'and circumſpect, that the pleaſure of reflect-'ing that my ring had not once indicated a fault, 'was leſſened by a doubt of its virtue. I ap-'plied myſelf to publick buſineſs; my melan-'choly decreaſed as my mind was diverted to 'other objects; and leſt the youth of my court 'ſhould think that recreation was too long ſuſ-'pended, I appointed to hunt the lion. But 'though I went out to the ſport rather to gra-'tify others than myſelf, yet my uſual ardour 'returned in the field; I grew warm in the 'purſuit, I continued the chace, which was 'unſucceſsful, too long, and returned fatigued 'and diſappointed.

'As I entered the ſeraglio, I was met by 'a little dog that had been my father's, who 'expreſſed his joy at my return by jumping 'round me, and endeavouring to reach my 'hand: but as I was not diſpoſed to receive 'his careſſes, I ſtruck him in the fretfulneſs 'of my diſpleaſure ſo ſevere a blow with my 'foot, that it left him ſcarce power to crawl 'away and hide himſelf under a ſofa in a corner 'of the apartment. At this moment I felt the 'ring preſs my finger, and looking upon the 'ruby, I perceived the glow of its colour 'abated.

'I was at firſt ſtruck with ſurprize and re-'gret; but ſurprize and regret quickly gave 'way to diſdain. "Shall not the Sultan Amu-"rath," ſaid I, "to whom a thouſand kings "pay tribute, and in whoſe hand is the life of "nations, ſhall not Amurath ſtrike a dog that "offends him, without being reproached for "having tranſgreſſed the rule of right??" My 'ring again preſſed my finger, and the ruby 'became more pale: immediately the palace

'ſhook with a burſt of thunder, and the Ge-
'nius Syndarac again ſtood before me.

"Amurath," ſaid he, "thou haſt offended
"againſt thy brother of the duſt; a being
"who, like thee, has received from the AL-
"MIGHTY a capacity of pleaſure and pain;
"pleaſure which caprice is not allowed to ſuſ-
"pend, and pain which juſtice only has a right
"to inflict. If thou art juſtified by power, in
"afflicting inferior beings, I ſhould be juſtified
"in afflicting thee: but my power yet ſpares
"thee, becauſe it is directed by the laws of
"ſovereign goodneſs, and becauſe thou may-
"eſt yet be reclaimed by admonition. But
"yield not to the impulſe of quick reſentment,
"nor indulge in cruelty the forwardneſs
"of diſguſt, leſt by the laws of goodneſs I
"be compelled to afflict thee; for he that
"ſcorns reproof, muſt be reformed by puniſh-
"ment, or loſt for ever."

'At the preſence of Syndarac I was trou-
'bled, and his words covered me with confuſi-
'on: I fell proſtrate at his feet, and heard him
'pronounce with a milder accent—"Expect
"not henceforth that I ſhould anſwer the de-
"mands of arrogance, or gratify the ſecurity
"of ſpeculation: confide in my friendſhip,
"and truſt implicitly to thy ring."

'As the chace had produced ſo much infeli-
'city, I did not repeat it; but invited my nobles
'to a banquet, and entertained them with
'dancing and muſic. I had given leave that
'all ceremony ſhould be ſuſpended, and that
'the company ſhould treat me not as a ſove-
'reign but an equal, becauſe the converſation
'would otherwiſe be encumbered or reſtrain-
'ed; and I encouraged others to pleaſantry,
'by indulging the luxury of my own imagi-
'nation. But though I affected to throw off
'the trappings of royalty, I had not ſufficient
'magnanimity to deſpiſe them. I enjoyed the
'voluntary deference which was paid me, and
'was ſecretly offended at Alibeg my viſier,
'who endeavoured to prevail upon the aſſembly
'to enjoy the liberty that had been given them,
'and was himſelf an example of the conduct
'that he recommended. I ſingled out as the
'ſubject of my raillery, the man who alone de-
'ſerved my approbation: he believed my con-
'deſcenſion to be ſincere, and imagined that
'he was ſecuring my favour by that behaviour
'which had incurred my diſpleaſure; he was,
'therefore, grieved and confounded to perceive
'that I laboured to render him ridiculous and
'contemptible: I enjoyed his pain, and was
'elated at my ſucceſs; but my attention was
'ſuddenly called to my ring, and I perceived
'the ruby change colour. I deſiſted for a mo-
'ment: but ſome of my courtiers having diſ-
'covered and ſeconded my intention, I felt my
'vanity and my reſentment gratified; I endea-
'voured to waſh away the remembrance
'of my ring with wine; my ſatire became
'more bitter, and Alibeg diſcovered yet
'greater diſtreſs. My ring again reproach
'ed me; but I ſtill perſevered: the viſier
'was at length rouzed to his defence; pro-
'bably he had diſcovered and deſpiſed
'my weakneſs; his replies were ſo poignant,
'that I became outrageous, and deſcended
'from raillery to invective. At length, diſ-
'guiſing the anguiſh of his mind with a ſmile
—"Amurath," ſaid he, "if the ſultan ſhould
"know that, after having invited your friends
"to feſtivity and merriment, you had aſſum-
"ed his authority, and inſulted thoſe who were
"not aware that you diſdained to be treated
"with the familiarity of friendſhip, you would
"certainly fall under his diſpleaſure." The
'ſeverity of this ſarcaſm, which was extorted
'by long provocation from a man warmed with
'wine, ſtung me with intolerable rage: I ſtart-
'ed up; and, ſpurning him from the table,
'was about to draw my poniard; when my at-
'tention was again called to my ring, and I
'perceived with ſome degree of regret, that
'the ruby had faded almoſt to a white.

'But inſtead of reſolving to be more watch-
'ful againſt whatever might bring me under
'this ſilent reproof, I comforted myſelf that
'the Genius would no more alarm me with his
'preſence. The irregularities of my conduct
'increaſed almoſt imperceptibly, and the intima-
'tions of my ring became proportionably more
'frequent though leſs forcible, till at laſt they
'were ſo familiar, that I ſcarce remarked
'when they were given and when they were
'ſuſpended.

'It was ſoon diſcovered that I was pleaſed
'with ſervility; ſervility, therefore, was prac-
'tiſed, and I rewarded it ſometimes with a
'place. Thus the government of my king-

'doms was left to petty tyrants, who oppreſſed 'the people to enrich themſelves. In the mean 'time I filled my ſeraglio with women, among 'whom I abandoned myſelf to ſenſuality, 'without enjoying the pure delight of that love 'which ariſes from eſteem. But I had not yet 'ſtained my hands with blood, nor dared to ri-'dicule the laws which I neglected to fulfil.

'My reſentment againſt Alibeg, however 'unjuſt, was inflexible, and terminated in the 'moſt perfect hatred: I degraded him from 'his office; but I ſtill kept him at court, that 'I might embitter his life by perpetual indig-'nities, and practiſe againſt him new ſchemes 'of malevolence.

'Selima, the daughter of this prince, had 'been intended by my father for my wife; and 'the marriage had been delayed only by his 'death: but the pleaſure and dignity that Ali-'beg would derive from this alliance, had now 'changed my purpoſe. Yet ſuch was the beauty 'of Selima, that I gazed with deſire; and ſuch 'was her wit, that I liſtened with delight. I 'therefore reſolved, that I would if poſſible 'ſeduce her to voluntary proſtitution; and 'that when her beauty ſhould yield to the 'charm of variety, I would diſmiſs her with 'marks of diſgrace. But in this attempt I 'could not ſucceed; my ſolicitations were re-'jected, ſometimes with tears, and ſometimes 'with reproach. I became every day more 'wretched, by ſeeking to bring calamity upon 'others; I conſidered my diſappointment as 'the triumph of a ſlave, whom I wiſhed but 'did not dare to deſtroy; and I regarded his 'daughter as the inſtrument of my diſhonour. 'Thus the tenderneſs, which before had often 'ſhaken my purpoſe, was weakened; my de-'ſire of beauty became as ſelfiſh and as ſordid 'an appetite as my deſire of food: and as I 'had no hope of obtaining the compleat gra-'tification of my luſt, and my revenge, I de-'termined to enjoy Selima by force, as the on-'ly expedient to alleviate my torment.

'She reſided by my command in an apart-'ment of the ſeraglio, and I entered her cham-'ber at midnight by a private door of which 'I had a key; but with inexpreſſible vexation 'I found it empty. To be thus diſappointed 'in my laſt attempt, at the very moment in 'which I thought I had inſured ſucceſs, diſ-'tracted me with rage; and inſtead of return-'ing to my chamber, and concealing my de-'ſign, I called for her women. They ran in 'pale and trembling: I demanded the lady; 'they gazed at me aſtoniſhed and terrified; 'and then looking upon each other, ſtood ſi-'lent. I repeated my demand with fury and 'execration, and to enforce it called aloud for 'the miniſters of death: they then fell proſtrate 'at my feet, and declared with one voice that 'they knew not where ſhe was; that they had 'left her, when they were diſmiſſed for the 'night, ſiting on a ſofa penſive and alone; and 'that no perſon had ſince to their knowledge 'paſſed in or out of the apartment.'

No. XXI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1753.

Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma;
At ſperate deos memores fandi atque nefandi. VIRG.

Of mortal juſtice if thou ſcorn the rod—
Relieve and tremble, thou art judg'd of God,

'IN this account, however incredible, they 'perſiſted without variation; and hav-'ing filled the palace with alarm and con-'fuſion, I was obliged to retire without gain-'ing any intelligence by what means I had 'been baffled, or on whom to turn my reſent-'ment. I reviewed the tranſactions of the night 'with anguiſh and regret, and bewildered 'myſelf among the innumberable poſſibilities 'that might have produced my diſappoint-'ment. I remembered that the windows of 'Selima's apartment were open, and I ima-'gined that ſhe might that way have eſcaped 'into the gardens of the ſeraglio. But why

'should she escape who had never been confined? If she had designed to depart, she might have departed by day. Had she an assignation? and did she intend to return, without being known to have been absent? This supposition increased my torment; because, if it was true, Selima had granted to my slave, that which she had refused to me. But as all these conjectures were uncertain, I determined to make her absence a pretence to destroy her father.

'In the morning I gave orders that he should be seized, and brought before me; but while I was yet speaking, he entered, and prostrating himself, thus anticipated my accusation: "May the Sultan Amurath in "whose wrath the angel of death goes forth, "rejoice for ever in the smile of Heaven! Let "the wretched Alibeg perish; but let my lord "remember Selima with mercy: let him dis"miss the slave in whom he ceases to delight."
'I heard no more, but cried out—"Dareſt "thou to mock me with a request, to dismiss "the daughter whom thou hast stolen! thou "whose life, that has been so often forfeited, "I have yet spared! Restore her within one hour, "or affronted mercy shall give thee up."——
"O!" said he, "let not the mighty sovereign "of the East sport with the misery of the "weak: if thou hast doomed us to death, let "us die together."

'Though I was now convinced that Alibeg believed I had confined Selima, and decreed her death, yet I resolved to persist in requiring her at his hands; and therefore dismissed him with a repetition of my command, to produce her within an hour upon pain of death.

'My ring, which, during this series of events, had given perpetual intimations of guilt, which were always disregarded, now pressed my finger so forcibly, that it gave me great pain, and compelled my notice. I immediately retired, and gave way to the discontent that swelled my bosom. "How "wretched a slave is Amurath to an invisible "tyrant! a being, whose malevolence or envy has restrained me in the exercise of "my authority as a prince, and whose cunning has contrived perpetually to insult "me by intimating that every action of my "life is a crime! How long shall I groan un"der this intolerable oppression! This accurs"ed ring is the badge and the instrument of "my subjection and dishonour: he who gave "it is now, perhaps, in some more remote "region of the air; perhaps, he rolls some "planet in its orbit, agitates the southern "ocean with a tempest, or shakes some distant "region with an earthquake. But, wherever "he is, he has surely a more important employ "than to watch my conduct. Perhaps he has "contrived his talisman, only to restrain me "from the enjoyment of some good, which he "wishes to withhold. I feel that my desires "are controuled; and to gratify these desires "is to be happy." As I pronounced these 'words I drew off the ring, and threw it to 'the ground with disdain and indignation: 'immediately the air grew dark; a cloud burst 'in thunder over my head, and the eye of 'Syndarac was upon me. I stood before him 'motionless and silent; horror thrilled in my 'veins and my hair stood upright. I had neither 'power to deprecate his anger, nor to confess 'my faults. In his countenance there was a 'calm severity; and I heard him pronounce 'these words—"Thou hast now, as far as it "is in thy own power, thrown off humanity "and degraded thy being: thy form, there"fore, shall no longer conceal thy nature, nor "thy example render thy vices contagious."
'He then touched me with his rod; and while 'the sound of his voice yet vibrated in my 'ears, I found myself in the midst of a desert, 'not in the form of man but of a monster, 'with the fore-parts of my body like a wolf, 'and the hinder parts like a goat. I was still 'conscious to every event of my life, and my 'intellectual powers were continued, though 'my passions were irritated to frenzy. I 'now rolled in the sand in an agony not to be 'described; and now hastily traversed the de'sert, impelled only by the vain desire of fly'ing from myself. I now bellowed with 'rage, and now howled in despair; this mo'ment I breathed execration against the Ge'nius, and the next reproached myself for 'having forfeited his friendship.

'By this violent agitation of mind and bo'dy, the powers of both were soon exhaust'ed: I crawled into a den which I per-

ceived near me, and immediately ſunk down in a ſtate of inſenſibility. I ſlept; but ſleep, inſtead of prolonging, put an end to this interval of quiet. The Genius ſtill terrified me with his preſence; I heard his ſentence repeated, and felt again all the horrors of my transformation. When I awaked, I was not refreſhed: calamity, though it is compelled to admit ſlumber, can yet exclude reſt. But I was now rouzed by hunger; for hunger, like ſleep, is irreſiſtible.

'I went out in ſearch of prey; and if I felt any alleviation of miſery, beſide the hope of ſatisfying my appetite, it was in the thought of tearing to pieces whatever I ſhould meet, and inflicting ſome part of the evil which I endured; for though I regretted my puniſhment, I did not repent of my crimes: and as I imagined Syndarac would neither mitigate nor encreaſe my ſufferings, I was not reſtrained, either by hope or fear, from indulging my diſpoſition to cruelty and revenge. But while I was thus meditating the deſtruction of others, I trembled leſt by ſome ſtronger ſavage I ſhould be deſtroyed myſelf.

'In the midſt of this variety of torment, I heard the cry of dogs, the trampling of horſes, and the ſhouts of hunters; and ſuch is the love of life, however wretched, that my heart ſunk within me at the ſound. To hide myſelf was impoſſible, and I was too enfeebled either to fly or reſiſt. I ſtood ſtill till they came up. At firſt they gazed at me with wonder, and doubted whether they ſhould advance: but at length a ſlave threw a net over me, and I was dragged to the city.

'I now entered the metropolis of my empire, amidſt the noiſe and tumult of a rabble, who the day before would have hid themſelves at my preſence. I heard the ſound of muſic at a diſtance: the heralds approached, and Alibeg was proclaimed in my ſtead. I was now deſerted by the multitude, whoſe curioſity was diverted by the pomp of the proceſſion: and was conducted to the place where other ſavages are kept, which cuſtom has conſidered as part of the regalia.

'My keeper was a black ſlave whom I did not remember ever to have ſeen, and in whom it would indeed have been a fatal preſumption to have ſtood before me. After he had given me food, and the vigour of nature was reſtored, he diſcovered in me ſuch tokens of ferocity, that he ſuffered me to faſt many hours before I was again fed. I was ſo enraged at this delay, that, forgetting my dependence, I roared horribly when he again approached me: ſo that he found it neceſſary to add blows to hunger, that he might gain ſuch an aſcendency over me, as was ſuitable to his office. By this ſlave, therefore, I was alternately beaten and famiſhed, till the fierceneſs of my diſpoſition being ſuppreſſed by fear and languor, a milder temper inſenſibly ſtole upon me; and a demeanour that was begun by conſtraint was continued by habit.

'I was now treated with leſs ſeverity, and ſtrove to expreſs ſomething like gratitude, that might encourage my keeper to yet greater kindneſs. His vanity was flattered by my ſubmiſſion; and, to ſhew as well his courage as the ſucceſs of his diſcipline, he ventured ſometimes to careſs me in the preſence of thoſe whoſe curioſity brought them to ſee me. A kind of friendſhip imperceptibly grew between us, and I felt ſome degree of the affection that I had feigned. It happened that a tyger, which had been lately taken, broke one day into my den, while my keeper was giving me my proviſion; and leaping upon him would inſtantly have torn him to pieces, if I had not ſeized the ſavage by the throat, and dragged him to the ground: the ſlave preſently diſpatched him with his dagger, and turned about to careſs his deliverer; but, ſtarting ſuddenly backward, he ſtood motionleſs with aſtoniſhment, perceiving that I was no longer a monſter but a dog.

'I was myſelf conſcious of the change which had again paſſed upon me? and, leaping out of my den, eſcaped from my confinment. This transformation I conſidered as a reward of my fidelity, and was perhaps never more happy than in the firſt moment of my eſcape; for I reflected that, as a dog, my liberty was not only reſtored, but inſured; I was no longer ſuſpected of qualities which rendered me unfit for ſociety; I had ſome faint reſemblance of human virtue, which is not found in other animals, and therefore

'hoped to be more generally careſſed. But it was 'not long before this joy ſubſided in the re-'membrance of that dignity from which I had 'fallen, and from which I was ſtill at an im-'meaſurable diſtance. Yet I lifted up my 'heart in gratitude to the Power who had once 'more brought me within the circle of nature. 'As a brute, I was more thankful for a miti-'gation of puniſhment, than as a king I had 'been for offers of the higheſt happineſs and 'honour. And who, that is not taught af-'fliction, can juſtly eſtimate the bounties of 'Heaven?

'As ſoon as the firſt tumult of my mind 'was paſt, I felt an irreſiſtible inclination once 'more to viſit the apartments of my ſeraglio. 'I placed myſelf behind an emir whom I 'knew to have been the friend of Alibeg, and 'was permitted to follow him into the pre-'ſence. The perſons and the place, the re-'troſpection of my life which, they produced, 'and the compariſon of what I was with what I 'had been, almoſt overwhelmed me. I went 'unobſerved into the garden, and lay down 'under the ſhade of an almond-tree, that I 'might indulge thoſe reflections, which 'though they oppreſſed me with melancholy, 'I did not wiſh to loſe.

'I had not been long in this place, before 'a little dog, which I knew to be the ſame that 'I ſpurned from me when he careſſed me at 'my return from hunting, came and fawned 'at my feet. My heart now ſmote me, and I 'ſaid to myſelf—"Doſt thou know me under "this diſguiſe? Is thy fidelity to thy lord "unſhaken? Cut off as I am from the converſe "of mankind, haſt thou preſerved for me an "affection, which I once ſo lightly eſteemed, "and requited with evil? This forgetfulneſs "of injury, and this ſteady friendſhip, are "they leſs than human, or are they more?"

'I was not prevented by theſe reflections from 'returning the careſſes that I received; and 'Alibeg, who had juſt then entered the gar-'den, took notice of me, and ordered that I 'ſhould not be turned out.

'In the ſeraglio I ſoon learned, that a body, 'which was thought to be mine, was found 'dead in the chamber; and that Alibeg had 'been choſen to ſucceed me by the unanimous 'voice of the people: but I gained no intelli-'gence of Selima, whoſe apartment I found 'in the poſſeſſion of another, and for whom I 'had ſearched every place in the palace in 'vain. I became reſtleſs; every place was 'irkſome: a deſire to wander prevailed; and 'one evening I went out of the garden gate, 'and travelling till midnight, I lay down at 'the foot of a ſycamore-tree, and ſlept.

'In the morning I beheld with ſurprize, a 'wall of marble that ſeemed to reach up to 'Heaven, and gates that were ſculptured with 'every emblem of delight. Over the gate was 'inſcribed in letters of gold—"Within this "wall liberty is unbounded, and felicity com-"plete: Nature is not oppreſſed by the tyran-"ny of religion, nor is pleaſure awed by the "frown of virtue. The gate is obedient to thy "wiſh, whoſoever thou art; enter therefore, "and be happy."

'When I read this inſcription, my boſom 'throbbed with tumultuous expectation: but 'my deſire to enter was repreſſed by the re-'flection, that I had loſt the form, in which 'alone I could gratify the appetites of a man. 'Deſire and curioſity were notwithſtanding 'predominant: the door immediately opened 'inward, I entered, and it cloſed after me.

No. XXII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1752.

Rurſus et in veterem fato revolula figuram. VIRG.

His native form at length by fate reſtor'd.

'BUT my ears were now ſtunned with the 'diſſonance of riot, and my eye ſicken-'ed at the contortions of miſery: diſeaſe was 'viſible in every countenance, however other-'wiſe impreſſed with the character of rage, 'of drunkenneſs, or of luſt. Rape and mur-'der, revelling and ſtrife, filled every ſtreet 'and every dwelling.

'As my retreat was cut off, I went forward 'with timidity and circumſpection; for I ima-'gined, that I could no otherwiſe eſcape in-'jury, than by eluding the notice of wretches,

'whoſe propenſity to ill was reſtrained by no 'law; and I perceived too late, that to puniſh 'vice is to promote happineſs.

'It was now evening; and that I might 'paſs the night in greater ſecurity, I quitted 'the public way, and perceiving a houſe that 'was incircled by a moat, I ſwam over to it, 'and choſe an obſcure corner of the area for 'my aſylum. I heard, from within the ſound of 'dancing and muſick: but after a ſhort inter-'val, was alarmed with the menaces of rage, 'the ſhrieks of terror, and the wailings 'of diſtreſs. The window of the banqueting 'room flew open, and ſome veniſon was thrown 'out, which fell juſt at my feet. As I had 'eaten nothing ſince my departure from the 'ſeraglio, I regarded this as a fortunate acci-'dent; and after the pleaſure of an unex-'pected repaſt, I again lay down in expecta-'tion of the morning, with hope and fear; 'but in a ſhort time, many perſons ruſhed from 'the houſe with lights, and ſeemed ſolicitous 'to gather up the veniſon which had been 'thrown out; but not being able to find it, 'I was immediately ſeized and led into the 'houſe; but as I could not diſcover that I was 'the object either of malignity or kindneſs, I 'was in doubt what would be the iſſue of the 'event. It was not long before this doubt was 'reſolved; for I ſoon learned from the diſ-'courſe of thoſe about me, that I was ſuſpect-'ed to have eaten poiſon, which had been in-'tended for another, and was ſecured, that the 'effect might either remove or confirm the ſuſ-'picion. As it was not expected that the poi-'ſon would immediately operate, I was locked 'up in a room by myſelf, where I reflected 'upon the cauſe and event of my confinement, 'with inexpreſſible anguiſh, anxiety and ter-'ror.

'In this gloomy interval, a ſudden light 'ſhone round me, and I found myſelf once 'more in the preſence of the Genius. I 'crawled towards him trembling, and con-'founded, but not utterly without hope. "Yet a few moments," ſaid he, "and the "angel of Death ſhall teach thee, that the "wants of nature cannot be ſupplied with "ſafety, where the inordinate appetites of "vice are not reſtrained. Thy hunger re-"quired food; but the luſt and revenge of "others have given thee poiſon." My blood 'grew chill as he ſpake; I diſcovered and ab-'horred my folly: but while I wiſhed to ex-'preſs contrition, I fell down in an agony; 'my eyes failed me, I ſhivered, was convulſ-'ed, and expired.

'That ſpark of immaterial fire which no 'violence can quench, roſe up from the duſt 'which had been thus reſtored to the earth, 'and now animated the form of a Dove. On 'this new ſtate of exiſtence I entered with in-'expreſſible delight; I imagined that my 'wings were not only a pledge of ſafety, but 'of the favour of Syndarac, whom I was now 'more than ever ſolicitous to pleaſe. I flew 'immediately from the window; and turning 'towards the wall through which I had enter-'ed, I endeavoured to riſe above it, that I 'might quit for ever a place in which guilt 'and wretchedneſs were complicated in every 'object, and which I now deteſted as much as 'before I had deſired. But over this region a 'ſulphureous vapour hovered like a thick cloud, 'which I had no ſooner entered than I fell 'down panting for breath, and had ſcarce 'ſtrength to keep my wings ſufficiently extend-'ed to break my fall. It was now midnight, 'and I alighted near the mouth of a cave, in 'which I thought there appeared ſome faint 'glimmerings of light. Into this place I en-'tered without much apprehenſion; as it ſeem-'ed rather to be the retreat of penitence, than 'the receſs of luxury; but leſt the noiſe of 'my wings ſhould diſcover me to any hateful 'or miſchievous inhabitant of this gloomy ſo-'litude, I entered in ſilence and upon my 'feet. As I went forward the cave grew 'wider; and by the light of a lamp which 'was ſuſpended from the roof, I diſcovered a her-'mit liſtening to a young lady, who ſeemed to 'be greatly affected with the events which ſhe 'was relating. Of the hermit I had no know-'ledge; but the lady I diſcerned to be Selima. 'I was ſtruck with amazement at this diſco-'very; I remembered with the deepeſt contri-'tion my attempts upon her virtue, and I 'now ſecretly rejoiced that ſhe had rendered 'them ineffectual. I watched her lips with 'the utmoſt impatience of curioſity, and ſhe 'continued her narrative.

"I was ſitting on a ſofa one evening after "I had been careſſed by Amurath, and my "imagination kindled as I muſed. "Why,"

ſaid I aloud, "ſhould I give up the delights of "love with the ſplendor of royalty? Since "the preſumption of my father has prevent- "ed my marriage, why ſhould I not accept "the bleſſings that are ſtill offered? Why is "deſire reſtrained by the dread of ſhame? and "why is the pride of virtue offended by the "ſoftneſs of nature?" Immediately a thick "cloud ſurrounded me; I felt myſelf liſted "up and conveyed through the air with incre- "dible rapidity. I deſcended, the cloud diſ- "ſipated, and I found myſelf ſitting in an al- "cove, by the ſide of a canal that encircled "a ſtately edifice and a ſpacious garden. I "ſaw many perſons paſs alpng; but diſcover- "ed in all ſomething either diſſolute or "wretched, ſomething that alarmed my fears, "or excited my pity. I ſuddenly perceived "many men with their ſwords drawn, con- "tending for a woman, who was forced along "irreſiſtibly by the crowd, which moved di- "rectly towards the place in which I was ſit- "ting. I was terrified, and looked round "me with eagerneſs, to ſee where I could re- "treat for ſafety. A perſon richly dreſſed "perceived my diſtreſs, and invited me into "the houſe which the canal ſurrounded. Of "this invitation I haſtily accepted with gra- "titude and joy; but I ſoon remarked ſeveral "incidents, which filled me with new per- "plexity and apprehenſion. I was welcomed "to a place, in which infamy and honour "were equally unknown; where every wiſh "was indulged without the violation of any "law, and where the will was therefore deter- "mined only by appetite. I was preſently "ſurrounded by women, whoſe behaviour co- "vered me with bluſhes: and though I re- "jected the careſſes of the perſon into whoſe "power I was delivered, yet they became jea- "lous of the diſtinction with which he treated "me: my expoſtulations were not heard, and my "tears were treated with merriment. Prepara- "tions were made for revelling and jollity; I "was invited to join the dance, and upon my "refuſal was entertained with muſic. In this "dreadful ſituation, I ſighed thus to myſelf: "How ſevere is that juſtice, which tranſports "thoſe who form licentious wiſhes, to a ſociety "in which they are indulged without reſtraint! "Who ſhall deliver me from the effects of my "own folly? Who ſhall defend me againſt the "vices of others? At this moment I was "thus encouraged by the voice of ſome invi- "ſible being: "The friends of Virtue are "mighty; reject not their protection, and thou "art ſafe." As I renounced the preſumptuous "wiſh which had once polluted my mind, I ex- "ulted in this intimation with an aſſurance of "relief; and when ſupper was ſet before me, "I ſuffered the principal lady to ſerve me with "ſome veniſon; but the friendly voice having "warned me that it was poiſoned, I fell back "in my ſeat and turned pale. The lady en- "quired earneſtly what had diſordered me; "but inſtead of making a reply, I threw the "veniſon from the window, and declared that "ſhe intended my death. The maſter of the "table, who perceived the lady to whom I "ſpoke change countenance, was at once con- "vinced, that ſhe had indeed attempted to "poiſon me, to preſerve that intereſt which as "a rival ſhe feared I ſhould ſubvert. He roſe "up in a rage, and commanded the veniſon to "be produced; a dog that was ſuppoſed to "have eaten it was brought in: but before the "event could be known, the tumult was be- "come general; and my rival, after having "ſuddenly ſtabbed her patron, plunged the "ſame poniard in her own boſom.

"In the midſt of this confuſion I found "means to eſcape, and wandered through the "city in ſearch of ſome obſcure receſs, where, "if I received not the aſſiſtance which I "hoped, death at leaſt might ſecure my perſon "from violation, and cloſe my eyes on thoſe "ſcenes, which, wherever I turned, filled me "not only with diſguſt but with horror. By "that Benevolent Power, who, as a preſerva- "tive from miſery, has placed in us a ſecret "and irreſiſtible diſapprobation of vice, my "feet have been directed to thee, whoſe virtue "has participated in my diſtreſs, and whoſe "wiſdom may effect my deliverance."

'I gazed upon Selima, while I thus learn- 'ed the ardour of that affection which I had 'abuſed, with ſentiments that can never be 'conceived but when they are felt. I was 'touched with the moſt bitter remorſe, for 'having produced one wiſh that could ſtain 'ſo amiable a mind; and abhorred myſelf for 'having uſed the power which I derived

'from her tenderneſs, to effect her deſtruction. 'My fondneſs was not leſs ardent, but it was 'more chaſte and tender; deſire was not ex-'tinguiſhed, but it was almoſt abſorbed in eſ-'teem. I felt a paſſion, to which, till now, 'I had been a ſtranger: and the moment Love 'was kindled in my breaſt, I reſumed the form 'proper to the nature in which alone it can 'ſubſiſt, and Selima beheld Amurath at her 'feet. At my ſudden and unexpected appear-'ance, the colour faded from her cheeks, the 'powers of life were ſuſpended, and ſhe ſunk 'into my arms. I claſped her to my breaſt, 'and, looking towards the hermit for his aſ-'ſiſtance, I beheld in his ſtead the friendly 'Genius, who had taught me happineſs by af-'fliction. At the ſame inſtant Selima reco-'vered. "Ariſe," ſaid Syndarac, "and "look round." We looked round; the dark-'neſs was ſuddenly diſſipated, and we per-'ceived ourſelves in the road to Golconda, 'and the ſpires of the city ſparkled before us. "Go," ſaid he, "Amurath, henceforth the "huſband of Selima, and the father of thy "people! I have revealed thy ſtory to Alibeg "in a viſion; he expects thy return, and the "chariots are come out to meet thee. Go, "and I will proclaim before thee, Amurath "the Sultan of the Eaſt, the judge of nations, "the taught of Heaven; Amurath, whoſe "ring is equal to the ring of Solomon, return "to reign with wiſdom, and diffuſe felicity." 'I now lifted up my eyes, and beheld the cha-'riots coming forward. We were received by 'Alibeg with ſentiments which could not be 'uttered, and by the people with the loudeſt 'acclamations: Syndarac proclaimed our re-'turn, in thunder that was heard through all 'the nations of my empire; and has prolonged 'my reign in proſperity and peace.

'For the world I have written, and by the 'world let what I write be remembered: for 'to none who hear of the ring of Amurath, 'ſhall its influence be wanting. Of this, is 'not thy heart a witneſs, thou whoſe eye 'drinks inſtruction from my pen? Haſt 'thou not a Monitor who reproaches thee 'in ſecret, when thy foot deviates from 'the paths of virtue? Neglect not the firſt 'whiſpers of this friend to thy ſoul; it is 'the voice of a greater than Syndarac, to 'reſiſt whoſe influence is to invite deſtruction.'

No. XXIII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1753.

——Quo fit, ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabella
Vita——

HOR.

In books the various ſcenes of life he drew.
As votive tablets give the wreck to view.

AMONG the many Pocket-Companions, New Memorandum Books, Gentleman and Tradeſman's Daily Aſſiſtants, and other productions of the like nature, calculated for thoſe who mix in the buſtle of the world, I cannot but applaud thoſe polite and elegant inventions, The Ladies Memorandum-Books, as theſe ſeem chiefly adapted to the more important buſineſſes of pleaſure and amuſement. I ſhall not take upon me to determine which is the moſt preferable: each of them being, if you believe the ſeveral aſſeverations of their proprietors, 'the beſt and moſt complete of its 'kind that has hitherto been publiſhed.'

The utility of theſe little books, with reſpect to the fair-ſex, is on the firſt view apparent; as they are divided for each day of the week into diſtinct columns, allotted to the ſeveral branches of Engagements, Expences, and Occaſional Memorandums. Theſe, indeed, comprehend every thing that can either attract their regard, or take up their time: I ſhall therefore point out ſome particular advantages that will ariſe from a right uſe and regulation of them.

With regard to Engagements, it is very well known, what embarraſſments, jealouſies, and quarrels, have ariſen from the erroneous management in that moſt eſſential part of female tranſactions, the paying and receiving of viſits. It has hitherto been uſual to truſt entirely in this point to the care of an illiterate

footman or heedleſs porter, who is to take account of all the raps at the door, and to enter the names of the ſeveral viſitants in a regular journal. Hence it frequently happens, that the bond of amity is diſſolved, and perpetual variance created between families, by the miſtake or forgetfulneſs of a ſervant. Lady Formal and Mrs. Prim were once the moſt intimate females living: they curtſied to one another regularly at church and the play-houſe, talked together wherever they met, and left their names once a month alternately at each other's houſe for ſeveral years; till it happened that Lady Formal's Swiſs forgot to ſet down Mrs. Prim's laſt viſit to her ladyſhip; which occaſions them now to ſtare at one another like perfect ſtrangers, while each conſiders the other as guilty of that moſt atrocious crime the owing of a viſit. A card was ſent two months beforehand to invite Mrs Gadabout to a rout; but by the negligence of the maid it unfortunately miſcarried, before the date of it was poſted in the day-book, and conſequently ſhe was prevented from going. The affront was unpardonable; her abſence rendered one whiſt-table uſeleſs; the neglect was told every where; and the innocent Mrs Gadabout wonders at the reaſon why ſhe is ſo ſeldom invited as a party in card-aſſemblies. Theſe lamentable miſtakes are, therefore, effectually guarded againſt by the uſe of the Memorandum-book, which puts it in every lady's power to keep a more exact regiſter of all her Engagements, and to ſtate the balance of viſits fairly between debtor and creditor.

And as there is certainly no virtue more amiable, or of greater emolument, than female œconomy, to which nothing contributes more than a juſt knowledge of expences, the Memorandum-Book has alſo wiſely provided for this; in which, under the article of Expences, the lady may ſet down the particular ſums laid out in maſquerade tickets, ſubſcription concerts, wax-lights for routs, drums or hurricanes, birth-day ſuits, chair hire, and the like: ſhe may alſo know the true balance between her winnings and loſings, and make a due regiſtry of her debts of honour. For want of this method many widows of diſtinction have imperceptibly run out the whole income of their jointures in a few months, and been forced to retire the reſt of the year into country lodgings; and many married ladies have been conſtrained to petition the brutes their huſbands for the advance of a quarter's pin-money to ſatisfy the importunate dunnings of a needy honourable gameſter.

The blank allotted for Occaſional Memorandums may be filled up from time to time with the lye of the day, topics of ſcandal, names and abodes of milliners, deſcriptions of new faſhions, and a hundred other circumſtances of equal importance. This will greatly relieve the memory, and furniſh an inexhauſtible ſtore of matter for polite converſation.

There is another very pleaſing advantage ariſing from the uſe of theſe books, as we are informed by one of the compilers, who acquaints us, that 'if preſerved, they will enable any lady to tell what buſineſs ſhe has tranſacted, and what company [ſhe has] been in, every day, during any period of her life.' How enchanting, how rapturous, muſt ſuch a review prove to thoſe who make a figure in the polite world! to live over their days again! to recall the tranſporting idea of maſquerades, plays, concerts, cards, and dreſs! to revive loſt enjoyments, and in imagination to tread over again the delightful round of paſt pleaſures!

I was led to the conſideration of this ſubject by a viſit I the other day made a polite lady, whom I found earneſtly employed in writing. I would have withdrawn immediately; but ſhe told me ſhe was only entering ſome particulars in her memorandum-book, which would ſoon be finiſhed, and deſired me to take a chair. I expreſſed ſome curioſity to know her method; upon which ſhe very frankly put the book into my hand, bidding me peruſe it; 'For,' ſays ſhe, 'I do nothing that I need be aſhamed of. As ſhe was ſoon after called out of the room, I took the opportunity of tranſcribing her firſt week's account, which I ſhall faithfully preſent to my fair readers, as a farther illuſtration of the uſe of theſe books, and, if they pleaſe, as a pattern for their practice.

ENGAGEMENTS.	OCCASIONAL MEMORANDUMS.
January.	
1. MONDAY. To call at Deard's in the morning. To dine with my husband's uncle, the city merchant.	City politeness intolerable! Crammed with mince-pies, and fatigued with compliments of the season! Play at Pope Joan for pence; O the creatures!
2. TUESDAY. In the morning with the Miss Flareits, to drive to the silk-mercers, &c. At night to go to the Genii.	A beautiful new French brocade at Silvertongue's on Ludgate-hill. Mem. To teaze my husband to buy me a suit of it. Engaged the stage box for Woodward's night.
3. WEDNESDAY. Expect Mademoiselle la Toure to try on my French head. In the evening to pay forty-three visits.	Mademoiselle the milliner tells me Lady Z's in the straw, and Captain X is supposed to be the cause of it.—— Told it as a great secret at Lady's F's, the Countess of L's, Mrs. R's, &c. &c. &c.
4. THURSDAY. My own day at home. To have a drum major and seventeen card-tables.	Miss Sharp is a greater cheat than her mamma. Company went before five. Stupid creature Mrs. Downright! never to have read Hoyle!
5. FRIDAY. To go to the auction with Lady Nicknack. To dine at home with a parcel of my husband's city relations.	Lady Nicknack finely taken in. The whole day a blank. Headach. Could not dress. Went to bed horrid soon —— before one. Husband drunk. Lay alone, my maid sat by me.
6. SATURDAY. Monsieur Le Frise all the morning to dress my head. At night (being Twelfth-night) at court. To dance if I can, with the handsome Bob Brilliant.	My left temple singed with the curling-iron. Several fine French dresses at court; but Lady Homebred's paltry English! Sir John Dapperwit whispered me, that Miss Bloom was almost as charming as myself. She must paint I am certain.
7. SUNDAY. If I rise soon enough, St. James's Church. In the afternoon to write a defence of Hoyle to Miss Petulant at Bath, who has controverted some of his principles. Lady Brag's in the evening.	Not up till two. Finished my letter at six, and sent John express with it. Bad luck at night. Never could win on Sundays. Miss Serious, who hates cards, says it is a judgment.

Among the articles under EXPENCES I found the following.

January.	£.	s.	d.
1. Bought at Deard's a bauble for a new year's gift to my little godchild. - - - - - - - -	5	5	0
3. To Mrs. La Toure, in part of her bill - - - - - - - - -	31	10	0
To ditto for extraordinary trouble	3	12	0
5. Bought at the auction, a china lap-dog - - - - - - - - -	4	9	0
6. Monsieur le Frise, for dressing my head, &c. - - - - - - -	0	10	6
7. Lost at cards, at Lady Brag's	47	5	0

I intend in a future paper to take notice of some other advantages to be drawn from such a use of these Memorandum-Books, as above stated; and shall at present conclude with desiring my female readers to supply themselves immediately, and to send me an account of the use they make of them.

A

No. XXIV. SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1753.

Longa mora eſt, quantum noxæ ſit ubique repertum,
Enumerare.

OVID.

The various ills ordain'd to man by fate,
Where'er he turns, 'tis tedious to relate.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

YOU have lately remarked, that the ſedentary and recluſe, thoſe who have not acquired an extenſive and experimental knowledge of mankind, are frequently warmed with conceptions, which, when communicated, are received with the moſt frigid indifference. As I have no pretenſions to this knowledge, it is probable, that the ſubject of my letter, though it pleaſed me in the fervour of my imagination, may yet appear to others trite and unimportant, to your judgment, therefore, I appeal, as the ſubſtitute of the public, and leave you to determine both for them and for me.

I have a ſmall eſtate in a remote and ſequeſtered part of the kingdom, upon which I have conſtantly reſided. As in this place I was not ſeduced to entertainments that endangered either my virtue or my fortune, I indulged my inclination to books; and by reading I could always prevent ſolitude from becoming irkſome. My library conſiſted chiefly of books of entertainment, but they were the beſt of their kind; and, therefore, though I was moſt delighted with dramatic writers, I had no plays but Shakeſpeare's. Shakeſpeare was, indeed, my favourite author; and after my fancy had been buſied in attempting to realize the ſcenes that he drew, I ſometimes regretted the labour, and ſometimes repined that it was ineffectual. I longed to ſee them repreſented on a theatre; and had formed romantic ideas of the force they would derive from proper action, habits and machinery.

The death of a wealthy relation of my wife's, who has made my little boy his heir, called me this winter to London. I ſet out alone: and as I had been uſed to that reciprocation of affection and duty, which conſtitutes the happineſs of a family; as we all met together in the evening, after having been ſeparated by the different employments of the day, with ſmiles of complacency and good-humour, and mutually rejoiced in the ſatisfaction which each derived from the preſence of the other; I found myſelf, after my firſt day's journey, in a very forlorn and comfortleſs ſituation at an inn. My evening was paſſed among people with whom I had no tender connexion; and when I went to bed, I reflected, that there was not within many miles a ſingle perſon who cared whether I ſhould be found living or dead in the morning.

The melancholy which this ſituation, and theſe reflections, however whimſical, brought upon me, increaſed as my home became more diſtant. But the moment I entered London, ſpeculation was at an end; the innumerable objects which ruſhed upon my ſenſes left me power only to hear and ſee.

When I turned into the inn-yard, the firſt thing that caught my attention was a large ſheet of paper, printed in characters that differed not only in ſize but colour, ſome being red and others black. By the peruſal of this pompous page, I learned that a comedy and a pantomime were to be performed at the theatre in the evening. It was now two o'clock; and I reſolved to atone for the want of enjoyments which I had left behind me, by ſecuring what I had been uſed to think the higheſt intellectual entertainment which art could furniſh: the play was not indeed a tragedy, nor Shakeſpeare's; but if it was not excellent, it was new to me, and therefore equally excited my curioſity. As ſoon as I had taken poſſeſſion of a room, and ſafely depoſited my portmanteau, I communicated my purpoſe to my hoſt, who told me I could not have a better opportunity; for that both the play and entertainment were thought by the beſt judges to be very fine, and the principal parts were to be performed by the moſt celebrated actors of the age. My imagination was fired with this account; and being told that the houſe would be ſo ſoon full, that to

ſecure a good place I muſt be there by four o'clock, I haſtily ſwallowed my dinner, and getting into a hackney-coach, was driven to the theatre, and by the coachman conducted to the door that leads to the pit.

At this door I waited near half an hour with the utmoſt impatience; and the moment it was opened ruſhed in, driven forward by the crowd that had gathered round me. Following the example of others, I paid my three ſhillings, and entering the pit among the firſt that gained admittance, ſeated myſelf as near as I could to the center. After having gazed once or twice round me with wonder and curioſity, my mind was wholly taken up in the anticipation of my entertainment, which did not, however, much alleviate the torments of delay. At length the ſtage was illuminated, the laſt muſic was played, and I beheld the curtain riſe with an emotion which, perhaps, was little inferior to that of a lover, when he is firſt admitted to the preſence of his miſtreſs.

But juſt at this moment a very tall man, by the contrivance of two ladies, who had kept a ſeat for him by ſpreading their hoops, placed himſelf ſo exactly before me, that his head intercepted great part of the ſtage, and I could now ſee the actors no lower than the knee. This incident, after all my care and ſolicitude to ſecure an advantageous ſituation, was extremely vexatious; my attention to the play was for ſome time ſuſpended, and I ſuffered much more than I enjoyed: but it was not long before the ſcenery and the dialogue wholly poſſeſſed my mind; I accommodated myſelf the beſt I could to the inconvenience of my ſeat, and thought of it no more. The firſt act, as it was little more than a prelude to the action, pleaſed me rather by what it promiſed, than by what it gave: I expected the ſequel with yet more ardour, and ſuffered the interval with all the fretfulneſs of ſuſpended curioſity. The ſecond act gratified my imagination with a greater variety of incidents, but they were ſuch as had a direct tendency to render appetite too ſtrong for the curb of reaſon: I this moment rioted in the luxurious banquet, that was by a kind of enchantment placed before me; and the next reflected with regret and indignation upon thoſe arts, under the influence of which I perceived my virtue to be enervated, and that I became contemptible even to myſelf. But this ſtruggle did not laſt long: theſe images which could not be ſeen without danger, were ſtill multiplying before me; my reſiſtance grew proportionably more languid; and at length I indulged every ſenſation, without enquiring whether I was animated to the imitation of virtue, or ſeduced by the blandiſhments of vice.

In the third act I was become acquainted with the characters which the author intended to exhibit; and diſcerned that, though ſome of them were ſuſtained with great judgment and addreſs, yet others were miſtaken: I had ſtill ſome perſon before me, whoſe manner was that of a player, and who, when I had been introduced into ſcenes of real life by the ſkill of another, immediately brought me back to a crowd and a theatre. I found that, upon the whole, I was not ſo conſtantly preſent to the events of the drama, as if I had read them ſilently in my ſtudy, though ſome circumſtances might be more forcibly repreſented: but theſe critical remarks as they leſſened my pleaſure, I reſolved to remit. In the fourth act, therefore, I endeavoured to ſupply every defect of the performer by the force of my own fancy, and in ſome degree I ſucceeded: but my pleaſure was now interrupted by another cauſe; for though my entertainment had not been equal to my expectation, yet I now began to regret that it was almoſt at an end, and earneſtly wiſhed that it was again to begin. In the fifth act, curioſity was no longer excited; I had diſcovered in what events the action would terminate, and what was to be the fate of the perſons: nothing remained but the forms neceſſary to the concluſion of the play; the marriage of lovers, the reconciliation with offended parents, and the ſudden reformation of a rake, who had, through the whole repreſentation, been employed to produce incidents which might render his vices contagious, and to diſplay qualities that might ſave them from contempt. But though the laſt act was thus rendered inſipid, yet I was ſorry when it was over: I reflected with a ſigh, that the time was at hand, in which I muſt return to the comfortleſs ſolitude of my inn.

But this thought, however mortifying, was tranſient: I pleaſed myſelf with the expectation of the pantomime, an entertainment of which I had no conception, and of which I had heard the higheſt encomium from thoſe about me: I

therefore once more ſat down upon the riſing of the curtain, with an attention to the ſtage which nothing could divert. I gazed at the prodigies which were every moment produced before me with aſtoniſhment; I was bewildered in the intricacies of enchantment; I ſaw woods, rivers, and mountains, alternately appear and vaniſh; but I knew not in what cauſe, or to what end. The entertainment was not adapted to my underſtanding, but to my ſenſes; and my ſenſes were indeed captivated with every object of delight; in particular, the dreſs of the women diſcovered beauties which I could not behold without confuſion; the wanton careſſes which they received and returned, the deſire that languiſhed in their eyes, the kiſs ſnatched with eagerneſs, and the embrace prolonged with reciprocal delight, which, though I feared to gratify, I did not wiſh to ſuppreſs. Beſides all theſe incentives to diſſolute pleaſure, there was the dance, which indulged the ſpectators with a view of almoſt every charm that apparel was intended to conceal; but of the pleaſure of this indulgence I was deprived by the head of the tall man who ſat before me, and I ſuffered again all the vexation which had interrupted my attention to the firſt act of the play. But before the laſt ſcene, my mind had been ſo violently agitated, and the inconveniences of ſo long a confinement in a multitude were become ſo ſenſible, I was ſo much oppreſſed with heat, and offended with the ſmell of the candles that were either burning in the ſockets or expiring in ſmoke, that I grew weary of my ſituation; my faculties were ſuſpended as in a dream, and I continued to ſit motionleſs, with my eyes fixed upon the curtain, ſome moments after it fell. When I was rouzed from my reverie, I found myſelf almoſt alone; my attachment to the place was diſſolved, the company that had ſurrounded me were gone out, and, without reflecting whither I was to go, I wiſhed to follow them.

When I was returned to the inn, and had locked myſelf into my room, I endeavoured to recover that pleaſing tranquillity in which I had been uſed to reſign myſelf to ſleep, and which I now regretted to have once changed for tumult and diſſipation: of my theatrical adventure I remembered no incident with pleaſure, but that which when it happened I regarded as a misfortune, the ſtature of the perſon who ſat before me, which intercepted the more groſs indecencies, and defended me from their influenca. This reflection immediately opened a new vein of thought; I conſidered the evening which I had juſt ſpent as an epitome of life, and the ſtage as an emblem of the world.

The youth is all ardour and expectation; he looks around with wonder and curioſity, and he is impatent for the time in which the world is to be thrown open before him. This time arrives; but he finds ſome unexpected obſtacle to enjoyment, and in the firſt act of life he diſcovers, that his hopes are rather transferred to more diſtant objects, than fulfilled by thoſe which are preſent. As he proceeds, the ſcene grows more buſy, and his attachments to life increaſe in number and in ſtrength: he is now ſeduced by temptation; and the moment its influence is ſuſpended, and the pleaſure which it promiſed is at an end, he abhors it as debaſing his nature, diſappointing his higheſt hopes, and betraying him to remorſe and regret.

This is the criſis of life, the period upon which immortality depends. Some continue the conteſt, and become more than conquerors: they reflect, with gratitude to Providence, upon circumſtances which intercepted temptations by adverſity, ard perceive that they owe their ſafety to incidents which they laboured to prevent. Others abandon themſelves to ſenſuality; and, affecting to believe all things uncertain, eagerly catch at whatever is offered by the preſent moment, as the whole of their portion: but at length novelty, that mighty charm, that beauty of perpetual influence, novelty is no more! every object that gave delight is become familiar; and is therefore beheld, not with deſire, but with diſguſt.

Thus life at length almoſt ceaſes to be a poſitive good; and men would ſcarce deſire to live, but that they fear to die. Yet the ſame enjoyments which are deſpiſed, are alſo regretted; in time they are remembered without the circumſtances that diminiſhed their value; and the wretch who has ſurvived them, wiſhes that they would return. Life, from this period, is more weariſome in proportion as it is prolonged; nothing is expected with ardour, becauſe age has been too often cheated to truſt to

the promiſes of time, and becauſe to-day has anticipated the enjoyment of to-morrow. The play is now over, the powers of the mind are exhauſted, and intellectual pleaſure and pain are almoſt at an end. The laſt ſtage, the ſtage of dotage remains, and this is the pantomime of life; the images are new only in proportion as they are extravagant, and pleaſe only becauſe the imagination is diſtempered or infirm. But the ſenſibility of corporal miſery remains; infirmities multiply; the hours of pain and imbecillity paſs in anguiſh which none can alleviate, and in fretfulneſs which none regard: the palſied dotard looks round with impotent ſolicitude; he perceives himſelf to be alone, he has ſurvived his friends, and he wiſhes to follow them; his wiſh is fulfilled, he drops torpid and inſenſible into that gulph which is deeper than the grave, and it cloſes over him for ever. From this dreadful picture I ſtarted with terror and amazement: it vaniſhed; and I was immediately relieved by reflecting that life and the joys of life were ſtill before me; that I ſhould ſoon return to my paternal inheritance; that my evenings would no more be paſſed in tumult, and end in ſatiety; but that they would cloſe upon ſcenes of domeſtick felicity, felicity which is pure and rational, and which is ſtill heightened by the hope that it will be repeated to-morrow. And is not the human mind a Stranger and a Sojourner upon earth? Has it not an inheritance in a Better Country that is incorruptible and undefiled; an inheritance to which all may return, who are not ſo fooliſh as, after perpetual diſappointment in the ſearch of pleaſure which they never found, ſtill to continue the purſuit till every hope is precluded, and life terminates either in the ſtupor of inſenſibility, or the agonies of deſpair?

No. XXV. TUESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1753.

Sic viſum Veneri, cui placet impares.
Formas atque animos ſub juga ahenea.
Sævo mittere cum joco.

HOR.

In brazen yokes thus Venus binds
Ill-coupled forms and jarring minds;
And, gaily cruel, joys to ſee
The reſtleſs lovers diſagree.

LOGIE.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THERE are ſome ſubjects upon which a man is better qualified to write, by having lived in the world than in a ſtudy; and many of theſe are of the higheſt importance. Of the infelicities of matrimony I have been often a ſpectator; and of ſome of them I think I have diſcovered the cauſe, though I have never entered into a philoſophical enquiry concerning the nature of the paſſions, or the power of reaſon. The facts from which I have derived my knowledge, I ſhall ſtate with as much perſpicuity as I can, and leave others to make what inferences they pleaſe.

Flippanta, a young coquet, whoſe love of the faſhionable follies was perpetually diſappointed by the ſevere authority of a father, threw herſelf into the arms of a lover of ſixty-four; believing that ſhe could with eaſe impoſe upon the fondneſs of dotage, that youth and beauty would render her power abſolute and unlimited, and that ſhe would therefore be no longer the ſlave of formality and caprice. Flippanta was, however, diſappointed; and in a very few weeks diſcovered that the œconomy of a father was now complicated with the jealouſy of a huſband; that he was fretful, ſelfiſh and diſeaſed, and expected leſs from her as a wife, than a nurſe. Infirmities which ſhe had never felt, ſhe knew not how to pity: he exerted his authority, in proportion as he diſcovered her want of tenderneſs: and their miſery is alleviated only by the hope of ſurviving each other; in which, it muſt be confeſſed, the lady has greatly the advantage.

Sophron, by his inſinuating eloquence, prevailed on the mother of Modeſta, to devote her

as a ſacrifice to learned importance. Love is beneath the dignity of grey-headed wiſdom; they have therefore ſeparate beds; while the unhappy victim repines in public, under the pomp of ornaments with which ſhe is decorated, to flatter the pride and proclaim the triumph of her lord and maſter.

Senilis, to keep up the family name, married a young girl of a ruddy complexion, and a cheerful temper' He is fond of her to diſtraction; but at the ſame time ſo intolerably jealous, that he queſtions whether the boy, who has fulfilled the hope with which he married, is his own.

Urbana was contracted to Ruſticus by the contrivance of their parents, that their family intereſts, together with their eſtates, might be united. She had all the paſſions of a thorough-bred town lady; he the indifference of a down-right country ſquire; they therefore never met without mutual upbraidings, in which ſhe was accuſed of extravagance, and he of brutality. At length they agreed in this one point, a ſeparate maintenance.

Pervicax and Tetrica have during twenty years been continually thwarting each other. As the huſband is haſty, poſitive, and overbearing; the wife is whimſical, vain, and peeviſh. They can never agree whether the mutton be boiled or roaſted; and the words ninny-hammer, noodle, and numſcull, are frequently bandied to and fro betwixt them. Their very ſervants are encouraged in impertinence, and their children protected in diſobedience; becauſe, as one chides, the other is ſure always to excuſe or defend.

Mercator was deſirous of ennobling the blood of his poſterity, and therefore married a fine lady from the court end of the town. He had been brought up in the arts of amaſſing money, ſhe in contriving new methods to ſquander it; he had been accuſtomed to a ſettled uniform practice of buſineſs, ſhe to an irregular reſtleſs courſe of pleaſure. It was impoſſible to reconcile their different habits of life; they therefore judged it beſt for their mutual quiet, that each ſhould purſue their favourite ſchemes without moleſtation. Conſequently, while the good man is intent upon bargains at Change, ſhe is ſlumbering in bed; when the family are at dinner, ſhe is drinking her chocolate; and while he is adjuſting his accompt-books, ſhe is diſcharging her viſiting debts. He is often reeling home from the club, when his wife is ſet down to a whiſt-table, or dreſſing for the ridotto; and juſt as the clerks are entering upon buſineſs in the compting-houſe, ſhe is perhaps retiring to reſt, Thus do they live as far aſunder as perſons in the different antipodes; while my lady is the aſtoniſhment of the grave aldermen at their city balls; and Mercator is allowed to be a quiet, inoffenſive, good-natured kind of beaſt, among Madam's acquaintance.

Urania married a man who was deemed a wit and a ſcholar, becauſe, as ſhe valued herſelf upon theſe qualities, ſhe was not willing they ſhould be overlooked. Between Urania and her huſband, there was a perpetual conteſt for ſuperiority; they regarded each other with all the malignity of rivals; every converſation terminated in a debate, and every debate in contemptuous inſult, ſullenneſs, or rage. But if ſhe had married a perſon whoſe chief ambition was not literary excellence, he might have admired her qualities, and ſhe might have approved of his; there would have been a mutual deference paid to each other, and their life would not only have been peaceful but happy.

Theophila, who, for the practice of that virtue which is ſubſtituted by religion, had been called the devotee, obviated the ſcruple which her own mind ſuggeſted againſt marrying a free-thinker for whom ſhe could not ſuppreſs her inclination, by flattering herſelf that ſhe ſhould be able to convert him. Accordingly, ſhe at firſt expoſtulated, then reaſoned, and at length upbraided; but without producing any other effects than altercations, coldneſs, and averſion. As his home became irkſome, and he had no ſteady principles of virtue, he took to drinking: and now, while he is curſing the hypocriſy of prudes over his bottle, ſhe is weeping in her cloſet, regretting the folly of her preſumption, and dreading the brutality of drunkenneſs.

The blind wonder-working boy, who reconciles contradictions, and even breaks down the mounds of party, brought a couple of fond creatures ſecretly together, at a time when their parents were irreconcileably divided about the names Whig and Tory. The miſt of love, which before blinded their underſtandings, has been long diſſipated, and they are perpetually ripping up the diſſenſions of their grandfathers, and diſcuſ-

ſing the propriety of the word Abdication. The wife looks upon her huſband as a mean-ſpirited time-ſerver; and he often rails at her, for teaching her children to liſp treaſon, and bringing them up with a bias to popery and arbitrary power.

Deborah was advanced from the kitchen to the parlour, by the unreſtrained paſſion of her inconſiderate maſter: but ſhe was only exalted to a more ſplendid ſervitude, and condemned to drudge all her life in the double capacity of wife and maid.

Laſcivia, to ſecure herſelf a pretence for indulging a ſcandalous licentiouſneſs, ran away with her father's footman. She had been forced, at the expence of a conſiderable annuity, and the reverſion of her eſtate after death, to lay him under articles never to come near her while ſhe is living.

Parcus, a city Plumb, from a principle of frugality, took unto himſelf a plain neighbour's daughter without a penny; as he thought it would be cheaper than to eſpouſe a fine courtly lady, though with a mint of money. It is true ſhe coſts him but a trifle in cloaths; ſhe has no taſte for nicknacks, and kickſhaws, and whimwhams; ſhe hates company, and never touches a card; but then ſhe is always ſending hot plates of meat to one neighbour who is ſick; bottles of wine to another who lies in; and gives away every week ſuch a load of broken victuals, bread, butter, cheeſe, coals, candles, and ſmall beer, that the expences of houſe-keeping would almoſt ruin a lord mayor. She is, beſides, eternally teazing him to bind an uncle's ſon prentice, to ſet up a fifth couſin, to fit out an old acquaintance's child to ſea, or to buy cloaths for another; and Parcus complains, that he is eat out of houſe and home, by the daily viſits of his wife's poor relations.

Pray, Mr. Adventurer, do not theſe infelicities ariſe principally from an injudicious choice, rather than from the vices and follies of the parties? Will you, who are a philoſopher, give us a proper lecture upon theſe facts, or demonſtrate, *a priori*, how miſery may be avoided in that ſtate, which is generally agreed to be capable of more happineſs than any other? I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

A JOHN TOWNLEY.

No. XXVI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1752.

Eſt ardelionum quædam Romæ natio,
Gratis anhelans——— PHÆDRUS.

Through all the town the buſy triflers ſwarm,
Fix'd without proof, and without int'reſt warm.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THE character which you have aſſumed, encourages me to hope that you will not be deterred, either by toil or danger, from entering the liſts as the champion of diſtreſſed beauty. That the ſufferers may poſſibly be unknown, and the ſcene of action is remote, are circumſtances of no moment; for neither ſeas nor deſerts are inſuperable to perſeverance and valour; and the hero's country is circumſcribed only by the limits of the world. Nothing more, therefore, is neceſſary, than to acquaint you with the wrong which you are to redreſs, and the offender whom you are to puniſh.

Two virgin Princeſſes, the daughters of a mighty monarch, who in the pompous language of the Eaſt is ſtiled Lord of the Whole Earth, diſcovered, while they were yet very young, ſomething ſingular in their natural temper and diſpoſition. One of them was remarkable for cheerfulneſs, which was not, however, ſo much excited by external objects, as by ſcenes of pleaſantry with which ſhe was continually entertained by the ſtrength of her own imagination: her countenance was dimpled with perpetual ſmiles; and her eyes yet more expreſſive, ſeemed to ſparkle with laughter. The deportment of the other was ſolemn, and her walk majeſtick: her eyes looked equally piercing, but leſs active; they appeared not often to

change, but long to contemplate their object: ſhe delighted equally in the pleaſures of imagination, but they were of a different kind; her fancy did not form objects of ridicule, but of pity; and ſhe would imagine herſelf leaning her whole weight on a ſhrub that projected from the brow of a precipice, till it gave way, and ſhe ſtartled with horror at the danger, merely that ſhe might ſuddenly reflect upon her ſafety, and enjoy the pleaſure of awaking from a terrifying dream.

As theſe were enjoyments that promiſcuous company rather interrupted than improved, both theſe ladies, however different in other reſpects, agreed in the love of ſolitude; and having obtained the conſent of their father, they retired to a rural ſituation, which was healthful, pleaſant, and romantick. It was the ſummit of a high hill, which was watered by a fine ſpring: from hence they had an unbounded proſpect; and the air on this ſpot is ſaid to have a peculiar quality, that excites pleaſing dreams, impreſſes new ideas upon the mind, and illuminates with intuitive knowledge. The ladies were here viſited by their Siſters, and a young Prince of extraordinary beauty, who was celebrated for his ſkill in all ſcience, but chiefly in muſic and poetry. The enjoyment of wit, literature, and harmony, excluded from this ſelect ſociety every deſire that contaminates the mind by idleneſs, and degrades reaſon by brutal ſenſuality: the Prince was received by the royal virgins, not as a lover but a friend; and he viſited them, not as beauties but as wits.

The place of their retreat was ſoon known, and their preſence rendered it illuſtrious. Here they received the cheerful homage of voluntary ſubjection; and from hence they diffuſed an influence, which not only poliſhed but ennobled mankind. Such would long have been their felicity and glory; but the grim tyrant of a northern climate, a region of cold and darkneſs, at the head of a numerous band of deſperate ſavages, ſuddenly invaded the country. No force was found ſufficient to oppoſe thoſe who had been driven forward by famine; the fury of hunger and rapine was irreſiſtible; the Princeſſes fled with the utmoſt precipitation, and the barbarians, who regarded every thing with malignity by which they were excelled, razed the palace ſo compleatly, that ſcarce a veſtige appeared, and obliterated all traces of the royal influence wherever they were diſcovered.

The Princeſſes directed their courſe weſtward: and after having long wandered from place to place, and paſſed through great varieties of fortune, they at laſt took refuge in a ſmall iſland, which was governed by a prince whoſe conſort was their half ſiſter, being the daughter of their father, though by another wife. The prince received them with peculiar marks of diſtinction, and appointed a great officer, one of the principal lords of his court, to ſuperintend the meaſures that were immediately taken for their accommodation. Two ſumptuous palaces were ſoon prepared for their reſidence, their houſhold were immediately ſettled; they were frequently viſited by the king; the queen declared that ſhe conſidered them as being more particularly under her patronage; they quickly became extremely popular, and were ſcarce leſs happy there than upon their favourite hill. As they greatly excelled in all the arts of converſation, as their eloquence could always command the paſſions, and their knowledge improve the underſtanding, every one was ſolicitous to be admitted to their preſence; that they might gratify a people, among whom they had received ſo many favours, they reſolved to have a certain number of publick days, on which every one ſhould be admitted without ſcruple.

But that all their conveniencies and ſplendor might be procured, though at a great expence, yet without impoſing a tax or burdening the publick, it was contrived that the ſervants of the Princeſſes ſhould be paid by their vails; and, that the reward of their labour might not depend wholly upon caprice, it was ordered, that thoſe who attended the Princeſſes only on publick days, and did not pretend to have a right to viſit by their intimacy or ſtation, ſhould receive a ticket, for which they ſhould pay a certain fee to the porter.

There is in this iſland a certain perſon, ſaid to be deſcended from a race of giants that were its original inhabitants, who has ſuch power and influence, though he has often been ſuſpected to be mad, that the king himſelf treats him with great deference. In the height of his phrenzy he has boaſted, that his voice is the voice of GOD, and that all the ſovereign

princes in the world are his vicegerents. Of this perſon every one ſtands in awe; the queen is his principal favourite; and for her ſake he is well affected to the king, whom he has often defended, when every other power would have been ineffectual. He has a natural ſon who poſſeſſes all his ill qualities, but of his virtues is wholly deſtitute; he aſſumes the name, the deportment, and the ſtile of his father, whoſe fondneſs has encouraged him to commit many enormities, from which he would have been otherwiſe deterred.

This perſon, of whom every body is afraid, not only becauſe his own power is very great, but becauſe to repreſs his inſolence might give offence to his father, comes frequently to the palaces of the Princeſſes, and makes no ſcruple to purchaſe a ticket with the cuſtomary fee: but he is ſubject to fits of ſudden and outrageous phrenzy; in which he pretends, that the ſervants of the Princeſſes become his own, by receiving his fee for admittance to their preſence; and he treats them with the cruel inſolence of a capricious tyrant, and introduces the wildeſt tumult and confuſion. The reſt of the company are terrified and diſappointed; he perceives it, and compels them to depart: nay, he has ſometimes offered violence to the ladies themſelves; he has, either by menaces or by bribery, gained ſome of their ſervants over to his own intereſt; and, to gratify an unaccountable humour, he has prevailed upon them to admit a kind of Necromancer, with whoſe feats he is greatly delighted, into the publick room, where innumerable effects of his art are exhibited: and it is ſaid, that by the ſame influence, one of the palaces has been made a receptacle for wild beaſts; and that all the gambols of folly have been played in a place that was intended for the aſylum of beauty and wit, and for the ſchool not only of wiſdom but virtue.

With the author of this confuſion the Adventurer is requeſted to engage; and if his zeal and his abilities are equal to his boaſt, he is expected immediately to declare himſelf the champion of the Princeſſes, by publiſhing his defiance to the following effect:

'That the Princeſſes alone have a right to 'the palaces, which have been allotted to them 'by the munificence of the ſovereign of the 'iſland; that their ſervants are accountable 'only to them, to the ſovereign, or to the lord 'whom he has appointed to ſuperintend the 'houſehold; that every man is at liberty to be 'abſent, who thinks the entertainment not 'worthy of his attendance, or the fee for his 'admittance too exorbitant; but that no man 'has a right to diſturb, to terrify, or to diſ-'appoint an aſſembly, which is ſuppoſed to be 'in the immediate preſence of the ſovereign, 'to whom they owe allegiance: and I challenge 'to ſingle combat whoever ſhall affirm the con-'trary.

I am, Sir, Your's, &c.

Flavilla, a lady who ſometimes honours me with a viſit, was preſent when I received this letter. Flavilla, though ſhe has all the ſprightlineſs of a coquet, has been a greater reader, and is not behind thoſe who diſcovered a political ſatire under the Rape of a Lock, in reſolving a riddle or penetrating an allegory. I put the letter into her hand, and threw myſelf back in my eaſy-chair with an air of importance: 'There,' ſays I, read that; and ſee what 'rank I hold in the eſtimation even of thoſe 'by whom my province is miſtaken.'

I fixed my eyes upon her, and waited with impatience till ſhe had read it. But how was I diſappointed to hear her cry out—'Good Sir, 'your province and your importance are miſ-'taken by none but yourſelf. Could not your 'ſagacity diſcover this letter to be an alle-'gory?'—'Pray, madam,' ſaid I, 'will you 'be pleaſed to communicate to me, what you 'imagine to be the hidden meaning which 'that allegory envelopes?'—'La,' ſays ſhe, 'you are ſo dull to-day! Why, are not the 'Comic and the Tragic Muſe the daughters of 'Jupiter; and did they not, with the reſt of the 'Muſes, their ſiſters, reſide on Parnaſſus, a 'lofty hill that was watered by the Caſtalian 'ſpring? Were they not there viſited by 'Apollo, the patron of all ſcience, and in par-'ticular of poetry and muſic? Did they not fly 'weſtward at the approach of barbarians, who, 'though they left behind the glooms of the in-'hoſpitable north, yet brought with them the "Cimmerian darkneſs of ignorance," and 'ſcarce left any traces of ſcience in the coun-'tries through which they paſſed? Did not the 'lovely fugitives find refuge in Britain?'—— 'But pray, Madam,' ſaid I, ſhaking my right-foot which hung over my left-knee, 'will you

'condeſcend to tell me, who is the conſort of 'the king who afforded them protection? My 'letter ſays, ſhe was half-ſiſter to the ladies 'whom you ſuppoſe to be two of the Muſes.' —'Who,' replied Flavilla pertly, 'but Liber-'ty: is not Liberty the perpetual conſort of 'the Kings of Britain? and will any diſpute, 'that Liberty is derived from Jove, the Parent 'of Good?'—'Go on, Madam,' ſaid I. 'The 'great officer,' ſaid ſhe, 'is the Lord Cham-'berlain; the palaces are the Theatres, which 'by royal authority are appropriated to the uſe 'of Tragedy and Comedy: their attendants the 'Players are, indeed, the the ſervants of the 'King, and are paid by the ſtated fees for admit-'tance into the houſe. The Publick is the moſt 'potent and venerable body upon earth; and the 'Town, its illegitimate offſpring, is inſolent, 'capricious, and cruel: the Town, is perpetually 'inſulting the Players, as its ſervants: though 'as ſervants to the Town, the law conſiders 'them as enemies to ſociety; and it is as ſer-'vants to the King only, that they are per-'mitted to exhibit publick entertainments. It 'is to humour the Town that the Necroman-'cer Harlequin has aſſociated with tumblers 'and ſavages, to prophane the place, which, 'under proper regulation, would indeed be the 'ſchool of wiſdom and virtue. Every one pre-'ſent at a theatrical performance is ſuppoſed 'to be in the Royal Preſence; or at leaſt the 'Players are under his more immediate protec-'tion: as every man has a right in common with 'others to the dramatic entertainment of the 'evening, when he has purchaſed an admit-'tance to the houſe, it follows that no man has 'a right to monopolize or to deſtroy it. An 'empty houſe is by the Players deemed the 'moſt dreadful ſign of popular diſapprobation; 'and when the publick are diſpleaſed with the 'entertainment that is offered them, to neglect 'it will be the moſt effectual means to procure 'a better: and as a full, or a thin houſe, will 'indubitably expreſs the ſentiments of a ma-'jority, the complaints of a faction ſhould be 'wholly diſregarded.'

Flavilla, as ſhe concluded this ſpeech, in which ſhe began to grow very warm, caſt her eyes upon me, and expected my reply. But as I continued to gaze with great gravity at the fire, and remained ſilent, ſhe gave me a ſmart ſtroke with her fan, accompanied with interrogation—'You ſullen monſter, why don't 'you ſpeak? Do you hear me? Publiſh the let-'ter, with my expoſition, in your next paper, 'or——' 'Madam,' ſays I, bowing, 'it 'ſhall be done.' In obedience, therefore, to her command and in juſtice to my-ſelf, I lay the ſtate of our controverſy be-fore the publick, and doubt not but that we ſhall be both ſatisfied with their determi-nation.

No. XXVII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1753.

Νυκτὸς——Αἰθήρ τε καὶ Ἡμέρα ἐξεγένοντο.

HESIOD.

From night aroſe the ſun-ſhine and the day.

THE following letter was the firſt volun-tary contribution I received; and if it had been longer, it would have been ſooner communicated to my readers. It is written in the name of a lady to whom I am indeed un-der many obligations, to whom I owe great part of the knowledge which I have acquired, and under whoſe influence many of theſe lucu-brations were written: her character is aſſum-ed by my correſpondent with great art; but I diſcovered it was not real, by the concluſion of the letter, in which I am invited to an inti-macy that I have long enjoyed.

TO THE ADVENTURER,

SIR, DEC. 15. 1752.

WITHOUT detracting from the merits of your correſpondent of Tueſday laſt*, whoſe pretenſions to publick regard are un-doubtedly well founded, I beg leave to make your paper my channel to fame; and am per-ſuaded the judicious reader will admit my claim, when he is acquainted with my hiſ-tory; and notwithſtanding my ſiſter has artfully enough inſinuated her ſuperiority, and indeed hinted reflections capable of wound-ing the moſt innocent character, as the firſt

* Numb. XI.

ſtory is generally well told, I ſhall appeal to the impartial examiner, and expect my ſhare of honour from his deciſion.

I ſhall begin then with informing you, that I am the elder, a circumſtance my ſiſter's pride made her ſuppreſs, and in the opinion of the beſt judges the handſomer; this her own vanity will hardly deny, nor does ſhe attempt to ſhine but in my abſence. She is indeed fairer; but dark beauties are not only more agreeable, but more durable: and as ſhe has little to recommend her but her face, the indifference and neglect ſhe complains of is the leſs to be wondered at. Beſides, the glare ſhe affects in publick, the fickleneſs of her behaviour, the pleaſure ſhe takes in diſcovering the ſecrets entruſted to her; and, above all, the fraud ſhe practiſes by continual promiſes of being always the ſame, are ſufficient reaſons, why half who know her pay her ſo little regard.

For my own part, oſtentation is my averſion: and my pride, which makes me fond of admiration, prevents my uſing a mean condeſcenſion to procure it. Though I dreſs well, I am never gaudy, and when I appear in my blue robe with gold ſpangles, and a creſcent on my forehead, I have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing myſelf ogled even by philoſophers. Some of my ſex may think this a triumph of ſmall importance, and prefer the unmeaning applauſes of a coxcomb to the approbation of a man of underſtanding; but experience, the mother of true wiſdom, has long ſince convinced me, that real beauty is beſt diſcerned by real judges, and the addreſſes of a ſenſible lover imply the beſt compliment to the underſtanding of his miſtreſs.

The affability of my temper, indeed, expoſes me to the viſits of all parties; and my eaſineſs of acceſs too frequently engages me in the diſagreeable company of fools and ſharpers: nay more, ſometimes I am the unwilling ſpectator of riot and intemperance; but when this happens I generally throw in ſome reproof, and make the libertine, though he curſes me, repent his exceſs: nor is it the leaſt of my praiſe, that my approach ſtrikes terror to the ſoul of the villain.

I might riſe in the reputation I ſo juſtly demand, by recounting the many important ſervices I have done mankind; I have conducted armies in ſafety, inſpired politicians, reſcued the diſtreſſed, and bleſſed the brighteſt eyes in Britain; I have induſtriouſly concealed the ſcandal my ſiſter has propagated; and received, with a condeſcenſion ſcarce found in a rival, the wretch whom her follies had made weary of her ſervice.

By this time you may be deſirous of my name, and, I think it no vanity to add, ambitious of my acquaintance. I formerly was a friend to the Rambler, nor will the Adventurer's intimacy with me leſſen me in the opinion of his readers. For a proof of this, a great genius of the preſent age courted my aſſiſtance; and in gratitude for the favours he received from me, placed my name in the title page of the beſt book in the language. After this explanation, it is almoſt unneceſſary to ſubſcribe myſelf, at your ſervice,

S NIGHT.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT has been long my opinion, that a man's general reputation rather ſinks than riſes, upon his being firſt diſtinguiſhed by a public encomium; for one voice that echoes the praiſe, there are a hundred, which, to indulge the ſpleen that it excites, are employed in detraction. But of this perverſeneſs and malignity I have never remarked a ſtronger inſtance, than in the effects of your recommendation of Mr. Ratſey and Mr. Woodward; two gentlemen, who almoſt every day, at a conſiderable expence, generouſly repeat their offers to ſave the poor from the miſeries of an hoſpital, by curing them gratis, with much more eaſe, expedition and ſafety.

Some perſons, rather than admit the uncommon merit of theſe gentlemen, have invidiouſly repreſented your encomium as an irony; and others have even ventured to deny the facts upon which it is founded. But though every paragraph which was intended to reward ingenuity, is thus oppoſed or perverted; yet that, in which you have inadvertently diſgraced it, is, from the ſame motives, received in its genuine ſenſe, and readily admitted to be true. It is denied, that Mr. Ratſey ever removed an incurable diſeaſe, and that Mr. Woodward is more ſucceſsful in the cure of ruptures than the

hoſpital ſurgeons; but it is univerſally believed, that the youth whom you mention received no benefit from the truſſes that were worn by his friends; this, however, is a fact in which you are yourſelf egregiouſly miſtaken, and which you have greatly miſrepreſented: You tell us, indeed, that this method deſerves to be remembered for farther experiments; but you inſinuate, that it was among thoſe which had been practiſed without ſucceſs, before the patient was put under Mr. Woodward's care: on the contrary, it was directed by that great artiſt himſelf; and is one of the moſt uſeful improvements that he has made in ſurgery, though it is not to be depended upon alone. As an inconteſtible proof of your miſtake, and of the miſchief which it has produced, I ſhall recite another addreſs to the public in the behalf of Mr. Woodward, by which it appears, that he now wears truſſes for his patients himſelf. It is entitled, 'The humble thanks of Elizabeth 'Tipping, for her cure in a rupture, gratis.'

'A gentleman,' ſays Mrs. Tipping, recommended me to Saint Bartholomew's Hoſpital, 'and in *their** goodneſs gave me a truſs to 'wear; and in wearing it, to my grief, I found 'more pain than ever I felt before; and I muſt 'have laboured under this great misfortune all 'the days of my life, had not Mr. Woodward, 'through charity, took me under his care: by 'his tender compaſſion towards me, in giving 'me his powders with drops, and wearing his 'new-invented bandages, my pains left me.'

It appears, therefore, that Mr. Woodward, inſtead of giving Mrs. Tipping a truſs to wear, as the gentleman or the hoſpital had done, gave her only his powders with drops, and wore the truſs himſelf. As the facts, however ſtrange, will be atteſted at Mr. Ruſſel's toy-ſhop in the Haymarket, and Mrs. Sotro's, the corner of Spring-Gardens, it muſt follow as an inevitable conſequence, that when, by the old erroneous cuſtom of applying truſſes or bandages to the patient, the malady is encreaſed, it may be wholly removed by medicaments, properly adminiſtered to them, and a truſs judiciouſly applied to another. In Mrs. Tipping's caſe, indeed, there appears to have been ſomething critical, becauſe Mr. Woodward would truſt none but himſelf with the management of the bandage, by which he intended to effect her cure; though the truſs for his Kentiſh patient was worn by the miniſter and church wardens of the pariſh. There is, however, another reaſon for this conduct, which I am unwilling to ſuggeſt: your paper may have diſcouraged others from concurring in this method of cure, by inſinuating that it was troubleſome, and had been practiſed without ſucceſs. If this ſhould be true, how have you increaſed the labour of this beneficent Surgeon, and at the ſame time circumſcribed his power of doing good! It is ſcarce poſſible that he ſhould be able, by any contrivance, to wear more than ten of his bandages at one time; and how ſmall a number is ten, compared to the multitude that apply for his aſſiſtance?

Upon the whole, whatever was your intention, I am afraid your paper has produced but one good effect. As modeſty is always the concomitant of merit, Mr. Ratſey no longer offers health to thoſe who have ſuffered others to render their diſeaſes incurable: but leaves them to periſh, for the preſervation of thoſe that ſurvive. I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

T. FRIENDLY.

As it is the opinion of Mr. Friendly, that I have conferred no honour by my panegyric, I ſhall now attempt to effect my purpoſe by cenſure. As Phyſic is, perhaps, the moſt difficult of all the ſciences, no man more honours thoſe who excel in it than myſelf: if I cannot therefore, animate them in the race, I may at leaſt clear the way about them, and afford merit a fairer chance, by leſſening the number of competitors, who may obſtruct others, though they cannot run themſelves.

It is frequently admitted, among perſons whoſe judgment is not otherwiſe contemptible, that a man without parts and without literature may practiſe phyſick with ſucceſs; or, in other words, that an illiterate blockhead may be a good phyſician. But as this maxim appears to me to be little leſs formidable than a peſtilence, I think I ſhall do conſiderable

* It cannot certainly be known, whether by *their* is meant the gentleman or the hoſpital.

ſervice to mankind if I can prevent it from ſpreading.

That the following argument may be more eaſily comprehended and remembered, I have laboured to contract it into a ſmall compaſs, and to expreſs my thoughts with the utmoſt plainneſs and perſpicuity.

I. Medicines are not ſpecific antidotes for certain diſeaſes, which we hear diſtinguiſhed by known and general names:—For,

II. Twenty perſons may be ill of a fever; and this fever may be ſo much a different diſeaſe in each, that an application which would certainly cure one of them, would certainly kill another: ſo that the very efficacy of the medicine, if it is unſkilfully adminiſtered, increaſes the danger.

III. The inveſtigation of diſeaſes; the diſcovery of their cauſes by their ſymptoms; and the adaption of the remedy, not to the diſeaſe only, with all its accidental complications, but to the habits, age, ſex, and conſtitution of the patient; require ſuch ſkill as can reſult only from extenſive knowledge, ſound judgment, and critical enquiry.

IV. This ſkill cannot be exerted, if the patient is not ſeen.

V. Groſs ignorance of the propriety of language, in a man who pretends to have ſtudied phyſick, is an inconteſtible proof of inſolence and ſtupidity.

VI. He, therefore, who does not ſee the abſurdity of profeſſing to cure incurable diſeaſes, cannot poſſibly have acquired ſufficient knowledge to cure any.

VII. To detect a man in deliberately writing and publiſhing groſs nonſenſe, in an advertiſement of his medical ſkill, written in his native language, is to arreſt 'the 'foe of mankind in his walk,' and to intercept the 'arrow that flies in darkneſs.'

This taſk is at preſent left to the Adventurer; and this taſk he will continue to perform, till the legiſlature ſhall take it out of his hands.

No. XXVIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1753.

Coelo ſupinas ſi tuleris manus
Naſcente luna, ruſtica Phidyle;
Nec peſtilentem ſentient Africum
Foecunda vitis—— HOR.

If ruſtic Phidyle her prayer renews,
Her artleſs prayer, when ſacred hours return,
Her vines ſhall droop beneath no blighting dews,
Nor ſouthern ſtorms her yellow harveſt burn.

THAT mankind have a natural propenſity to ill, or that their minds are ſubject to the influence of any inviſible and malevolent being, are notions that of late have been treated with the utmoſt contempt and diſdain. And yet I have remarked, that men frequently neglect to practiſe thoſe duties of religion, without which they believe the Divine favour cannot be ſecured, though by ſuch neglect they do not obtain any immediate advantage.

The miſerable wretches who ſwarm in the ſtreets of this metropolis, covered with filth and rags, pining with cold and hunger, and rotting with diſeaſes, will be found to have a general belief, that by going to church men pleaſe GOD, and obtain the pardon of their ſins; and yet thoſe who expect to be relieved by the congregation will linger at the church door till the ſervice is at an end. In this inſtance, ſurely, they become in their own opinion the ſervants of ſin, for no other wages than death. To the rich, irreligion, as well as vice, ſometimes offers immediate pleaſure; and it is eaſy to conceive, why they ſhould rather ſink in a luxurious ſlumber on a bed of down, than kneel at the altar; but why does the beggar, in the ſeverity of winter, ſhiver at the porch, when he might take ſhelter in the aiſle? If he was as near to any other building which he

could as eaſily enter, he would not heſitate a moment; but rather than become a candidate for the bleſſing of God, he will forego the advantage of exciting the charity of the devout, by an appearance of devotion.

Of the duties and the privileges of religion, prayer is generally acknowledged to be the chief: and yet I am afraid, that there are few who will not be able to recollect ſome ſeaſons, in which their unwillingneſs to pray has been more than in proportion to the labour and the time that it required; ſeaſons in which they would have been leſs willing to repeat a prayer than any other compoſition; and rather than have ſpent five minutes in an addreſs to God, would have devoted an equal ſpace of time wholly to the convenience of another, without any enjoyment or advantage to themſelves.

Theſe facts, I believe, will ſcarce be controverted by any; and thoſe who cannot ſhew that they have adequate natural cauſes, muſt allow that they have ſome other. It alſo muſt be acknowledged, that if men are tempted to neglect the worſhip of God by any ſpiritual enemy, to worſhip God is by ſuch an enemy known to be their intereſt: but becauſe I would not reſt upon this argument in favour of religion, I ſhall only ſay, that it has more force than any that I have heard againſt it.

I believe, indeed, there are ſome who, with whatever reluctance, punctually conform to the rituals of religion, as an atonement for an allowed and perpetual neglect of virtue: who dream, that by going to church on Sunday, they balance the account of the week, and may again lye, defraud, ſwear, and be drunken with impunity. Theſe wretches, although in ſpite of indignation they move my pity, I ſhall not here reprove, becauſe their conduct does not only imply the groſſeſt ignorance, but the moſt deplorable ſtupidity; and it is hopeleſs to write for thoſe of whom it cannot be expected that they ſhould read.

There are others who, believing that neither virtue nor religion alone is ſufficient to ſecure immortality, neglect Religion as uſeleſs, becauſe they cannot reſolve to practiſe Virtue; ſo the purchaſe of a teleſcope would be a ſuperfluous expence to a man that is blind, though all the advantages of ſight cannot be obtained without it by thoſe who can ſee.

Upon theſe ſlaves of ſenſuality, it is to be feared little effect can be produced, by an addreſs either to their reaſon or their paſſions: for their reaſon is already convinced, and their paſſions alarmed; they live in a perpetual violation of the dictates of conſcience; purpoſes of amendment are every moment formed and broken; they look backward with remorſe, and forward with terror; and they accumulate guilt, even while they are anticipating judgment. Nor can I preſs them to put on an appearance of religion for mere temporary purpoſes; not only becauſe it would be an aggravation of their wickedneſs, but becauſe it would conceal their true character, and might therefore injure ſociety.

A man who apparently lives without religion, declares to the world, that he is without virtue, however he may otherwiſe conceal his vices: for when the obſtacles to virtue are ſurmounted, the obſtacles to religion are few. What ſhould reſtrain him who has broken the bonds of appetite, from riſing at the call of devotion? Will not he who has accompliſhed a work of difficulty, ſecure his reward at all events, when to ſecure it is eaſy? Will not he that has panted in the race ſtretch forth his hand to receive the prize?

It may, perhaps, be expected, that from this general cenſure I ſhould except thoſe who believe that all religion is the contrivance of tyranny and cunning; and that every human action which has Deity for its object, is enthuſiaſtic and abſurd. But of theſe there are few who do not give other evidence of their want of virtue than their neglect of religion; and even of this few it muſt be acknowledged, that they have not equal motives to virtue, and therefore to ſay that they have not equal virtue, is only to affirm that effects are proportionate to their cauſes; a propoſition which, I am confident, no philoſopher will deny.

By theſe motives, I do not mean merely the hope and fear of future reward and puniſhment; but ſuch as ariſe from the exerciſe of religious duties, both in publick and private, and eſpecially of prayer.

I know, that concerning the operation and effects of prayer, there has been much doubtful diſputation, in which innumerable metaphyſical ſubtilties have been introduced, and the under-

ſtanding has been bewildered in ſophiſtry, and affronted with jargon: thoſe who have no other proofs of the fitneſs and advantage of prayer than are to be found among theſe ſpeculations, are but little acquainted with the practice.

He who has acquired an experimental knowledge of this duty, knows that nothing ſo forcibly reſtrains from ill, as the remembrance of a recent addreſs to Heaven for protection and aſſiſtance. After having petitioned for power to reſiſt temptation, there is ſo great an incongruity in not continuing the ſtruggle, that we bluſh at the thought, and perſevere, leſt we loſe all reverence for ourſelves. After fervently devoting our ſouls to God, we ſtart with horror at immediate apoſtacy: every act of deliberate wickedneſs is then complicated with hypocriſy and ingratitude; it is a mockery of the FATHER OF MERCY; the forfeiture of that peace in which we cloſed our addreſs, and a renunciation of the hope which it inſpired.

For a proof of this, let every man aſk himſelf, as in the preſence of 'Him who ſearches 'the heart,' whether he has never been deterred from prayer, by his fondneſs for ſome criminal gratification, which he could not with ſincerity profeſs to give up, and which he knew he could not afterwards repeat without greater compunction. If prayer and immorality appear to be thus incompatible, prayer ſhould not ſurely be lightly rejected by thoſe who contend that moral virtue is the ſummit of human perfection; nor ſhould it be incumbered with ſuch circumſtances as muſt inevitably render it leſs eaſy and leſs frequent: it ſhould be conſidered as the wings of the ſoul, and ſhould be always ready, when a ſudden impulſe prompts her, to ſpring up to God. We ſhould not think it always neceſſary to be either in a church or in our cloſet, to expreſs joy, love, deſire, truſt, reverence, or complacency, in the fervour of ſilent ejaculation. Adoration, hope, and even a petition, may be conceived in a moment; and the deſire of the heart may aſcend, without words, to 'Him by whom 'our thoughts are known afar off.' He who conſiders himſelf as perpetually in the preſence of the Almighty, need not fear that gratitude or homage can ever be ill-timed, or that it is prophane thus to worſhip in any circumſtances that are not criminal.

There is no preſervative from vice, equal to this habitual and conſtant intercourſe with God; neither does any thing equally alleviate diſtreſs, or heighten proſperity: in diſtreſs it ſuſtains us with hope; and in proſperity, it adds to every other enjoyment the delight of gratitude.

Let thoſe, therefore, who have rejected religion, as they have given up inconteſtible advantages, try whether they cannot yet be recovered; let them review the arguments by which their judgment has been determined, and ſee whether they compel the aſſent of reaſon; and let thoſe who, upon this recollection, perceive, that, though they have profeſſed infidelity, they do indeed believe and tremble, no longer ſacrifice happineſs to folly, but purſue that Wiſdom 'whoſe ways are pleaſantneſs and peace.'

No. XXIX. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1753.

Damnoſa ſenem juvat alea, ludit et hæres.

JUV.

If gaming does an aged ſire entice,
Then my young maſter ſwiftly learns the vice,
And ſhakes, in hanging ſleeves, the little box and dice.

DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT is a remark of ſome philoſophers, that there is a malignity in human nature, which urges every man to depreſs him who is already ſinking. The Gameſter is a character at which the artillery of the legiſlature has been long levelled: the practice of his profeſſion has been rendered extremely difficult, and the inſtruments of it have been deſtroyed wherever they could be found; he has been perſecuted by juſtices, conſtables, and watchmen; he has languiſhed in Newgate, and toiled in Bridewell. Under this accumulated diſtreſs he is not the object of pity but contempt; every mouth is open againſt him; he is curſed by the mecha-

nic, and the trader, derided by wits, and hooted by the mob. In defence of this injured character, which I have long borne, and of which I am not yet aſhamed, permit me to appear in your paper.

In the firſt place, Sir, the Gameſter is a gentleman: and though he has been inſulted by beggars and cits, the polite world is ſtill in his intereſt; and he has ſtill friends at Weſtminſter, from the grey-headed general to the beardleſs ſenator. With the character of a gentleman, there is but one vice which is now believed to be wholly incompatible; and ſuch is the malice of our enemies, that we have been degraded by the imputation of it, and our ruling paſſion is ſaid to be Avarice.

But, can he be avaricious who truſts his whole property to chance? who immediately circulates what he wins, with a liberality that has been cenſured by others as profuſion? Can avarice be his motive to play, who, with twenty thouſand pounds in the funds, ſits down with a man whoſe whole eſtate he knows to be in his pocket, and to amount to no more than ten pieces? As the love of money appears inconteſtibly not to govern one of theſe perſons, it cannot be proved to govern the other: the charge of avarice is, indeed, ſo ridiculous and abſurd, that I am aſhamed of an attempt to confute it.

This charge might with great juſtice be retorted upon trade, which, when put in competition with gaming, muſt appear to great diſadvantage. Trade has beſides introduced all the ſuperfluities that have enervated and corrupted mankind: trade has even produced oppoſite evils; it has pampered luxury, and wearied labour; but gaming has done neither.

Trade, indeed, circulates property; but property might with greater advantage be circulated by gaming. If it be aſked, how the perſons employed in this delightful circulation of property are to be furniſhed with the neceſſaries of life, when trade is at an end; I anſwer, that the neceſſaries of life, in the eſtimation of virtue and the gameſter, are few; a ſheep-ſkin, a hovel and a dice-box, would furniſh the gameſter with ſufficient apparel, ſhelter, and entertainment; and with theſe he would be as happy as he is now: for he has no power of acquiring happineſs that is not exerted in play, and of other happineſs he has indeed no conception.

If play was then univerſally purſued, as at once comprehending all buſineſs and all pleaſure, one man might not only grow rich, and another poor, but the ſame perſon might alternately paſs through all the viciſſitudes of fortune, while he ſat upon the ground in the ſun, without toiling in the manufactory, or ſweating at the forge, without the perplexity of accompts, or the perils of a voyage.

If it be again aſked, when life is reduced to this ſtate of primitive ſimplicity, what would be the advantage of wealth? I anſwer, the ſame as it is at preſent to thoſe who poſſeſs more than they ſpend, a conſciouſneſs that they are wealthy; and thoſe who are capable of more exalted felicity would enjoy, in the acquiſition, the tranſport of winning, without conſidering money to have any power, quality or uſe, but as a ſtake.

Theſe, indeed, are Utopian ſcenes; and I return, with a ſigh, to vindicate my profeſſion from other imputations, which are equally falſe and injurious.

It has been ſaid, that we are ſtrangers to reciprocal felicity; and that the happineſs of one gameſter is produced by the miſery of another, the pain of him who loſes being always proportioned to the pleaſure of the winner. But this is only the cavil of popular prejudice: if I am happy, what is it to me who elſe is miſerable? Every man, whatever he may pretend, is concerned only for himſelf; and might, conſiſtent with right reaſon, cut any other man's throat if he could eſcape puniſhment, and ſecure to himſelf any advantage by the fact. If any of our readers have ſtill ſcruples, and deſire to ſee this doctrine farther illuſtrated, I refer them to the great Dr. Mandeville's Fable of the Bees.

Among other enemies, that have been encouraged to fall upon the Gameſter in his diſtreſs, is Bigotry or Religion; for I conſider both theſe terms as expreſſions of the ſame idea. Bigotry then accuſes us with exerciſing our employment on a Sunday; but this accuſation is the effect of ſuch complicated folly, ignorance, and malice, that it could have had no other author. Not to inſiſt that a gentleman is under no moral obligation to regard one day more than another, is he to be inſulted for doing that which has a direct tendency to deſtroy

luxury root and branch, on a Sunday? Shall virtue, in this enlightened age, be given up to ceremony; and patriotism be ſtigmatized as impiety? I have, on every other article, been able to keep my temper; but I can never bear the cant of bigotry with patience.

There is, however, another charge, which I ſhall not obviate as an imputation of prophaneneſs, but of folly. It is ſaid that we utter the moſt horrid oaths and imprecations; that we invocate beings whom we do not believe to exiſt, and denounce curſes that can never be fulfilled. This has, indeed, been practiſed in our aſſemblies, but by thoſe only who are novices in the profeſſion: for among other advantages that ariſe from gaming, is ſuch a ſilent acquieſcence in the will of Fortune, as would do honour to a ſtoic: or, at leaſt, a calm philoſophical immutability of countenance, by which all that paſſes in the boſom is concealed.

This acquiſition, it muſt be confeſſed, requires ſome parts and long practice; but there have been many illuſtrious examples of it among us. A gentleman, my particular friend, who had the honour to be many years an eminent gameſter, being without money, committed a robbery upon the highway, to procure another ſtake, that he might return to his profeſſion: it happened unfortunately that he was taken: and though he had great intereſt with ſome perſons that ſhall be nameleſs, yet he was convicted and hanged. This gentleman's ill-luck continued all the while he was in gaol; ſo that he was compelled to diſpoſe of his body to the ſurgeons, and loſt the money to a friend who viſited him in the cells, the night before execution. He appeared, however, the next morning with great compoſure; no reflection on the paſt, no anticipation of the future, cauſed him once to change countenance during his paſſage to the gallows; and though he was about to receive death from a greaſy ſcoundrel, whom he knew once to have been a butcher, yet he ſwore but two oaths in the cart; and was ſo indifferent as to what ſhould afterwards befall him, that he bravely refuſed to ſay Amen to the prayers.

If by your communication of theſe hints, the clamours of ſlander ſhall be ſilenced, and the true character of a Gameſter ſhall be more generally known—I have ſecrets which may be communicated entre nous—and the next dead ſet—you underſtand me—I am a man of honour, and you may command, Sir, your's, &c.

TIM COGDIE.

No. XXX. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1753.

Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula: nec malis
Divulſus querimoniis
Suprema citius ſolvet amor die.

HOR.

Thrice happy they, in pure delights,
Whom love with mutual bonds unites;
Unbroken by complaints or ſtrife,
And binding each to each for life.

FRANCIS.

THOUGH I devote this lucubration to the Ladies, yet there are ſome parts of it which I hope will not be wholly uſeleſs to the Gentlemen: and, perhaps, both may expect to be addreſſed upon a ſubject which to both is of equal importance; eſpecially after I have admitted the public recommendation of it by my correſpondent Mr. Townly.

It has been univerſally allowed, and with great reaſon, that between perſons who marry there ſhould be ſome degree of equality, with reſpect to age and condition. Thoſe who violate a known truth, deſerve the infelicity they incur: I ſhall, therefore, only labour to preſerve innocence by detecting error.

With the ladies it is a kind of general maxim, that 'the beſt huſband is a reformed Rake;' a maxim which they have probably derived from comedies and novels, in which ſuch a huſband is commonly the reward of female merit. But the belief of this maxim is an inconteſtible proof, that with the true character of a Rake the ladies are wholly unacquainted. They have, indeed, heard of a wild young gentleman, who

would rake about the town, and take up his lodging at a bagnio; who had told many a girl a pretty ſtory, that was fool enough to believe him; and had a right to marry a child that did not call him father: but that in ſome of theſe frolics he thought no harm, and for others he had ſufficiently ſuffered. But let the Adventurer be believed, thoſe are words of dreadful import, and ſhould always be thus underſtood:

'To rake about town and lodge at a bagnio, 'is to aſſociate with the vileſt and moſt aban-'doned of human beings; it is to become fa-'miliar with blaſphemy and lewdneſs, and 'frequently to ſport with the moſt deplorable 'miſery: to tell pretty ſtories to credulous 'girls, is to deceive the ſimplicity of innocence 'by cunning and falſehood. To be the father 'of a nameleſs progeny, is to deſert thoſe 'whoſe tears only can implore the protection 'to which of all others, they have the ſtrongeſt 'and the tendereſt claim; it is more than to 'be a man without affection, it is to be a 'brute without inſtinct. To think no harm 'in ſome of theſe frolics, is to have worn out 'all ſenſibility of the difference between right 'and wrong; and to have ſuffered for others, 'is to have a body contaminated with diſeaſes, 'which in ſome degree are certainly tranſmitted 'to poſterity.'

It is to be hoped, that the mere exhibition of this picture will be ſufficient to deter the ladies from precluding happineſs by marrying the original; and from diſcouraging virtue, by making vice neceſſary to the character which they prefer.

But they frequently act upon another principle, which, though not equally fatal and abſurd, may yet produce great infelicity.

When the rake is excluded, it will be generally ſuppoſed, that ſuperior intellectual abilities ought always to determine the choice. 'A man of fine ſenſe,' is indeed a character of great dignity; and the ladies have always been adviſed to prefer this to every other, as it includes a capacity to beſtow 'that refined, 'exalted, and permanent felicity, which alone 'is worthy of a rational being.' But I think it probable, that this advice, however ſpecious, has been often given for no other reaſon, than becauſe to give it flattered the vanity of the writer, who fondly believed he was drawing his own character, and exciting the envy and admiration of his readers. This advice, however, the ladies univerſally affect to approve, and probably for a ſimilar reaſon; ſince every one imagines, that to hold intellectual excellence in high eſtimation, is to demonſtrate that ſhe poſſeſſes it.

As he that would perſuade, ſhould be ſcrupulouſly careful not to offend, I will not inſinuate that there are any ladies by whom the peculiar beauties of an exalted underſtanding cannot be diſcerned, and who have not, therefore, a capacity for half the pleaſure which it can beſtow. And yet, I think, there is another excellence which is much more eſſential to conjugal felicity, Good-Nature.

I know that Good-Nature has, like Socrates, been ridiculed in the habit of Folly; and that Folly has been dignified by the name of Good-nature. But by Good-Nature, I do not mean that flexible imbecillity of mind which complies with every requeſt, and inclines a man at once to accompany an acquaintance to a brothel at the expence of his health, and to keep an equipage for a wife at the expence of his eſtate. Perſons of this diſpoſition have ſeldom more benevolence than fortitude, and frequently perpetrate deliberate cruelty.

In true Good-Nature, there is neither the acrimony of ſpleen, nor the ſullenneſs of malice; it is neither clamorous nor fretful, neither eaſy to be offended, nor impatient to revenge; it is a tender ſenſibility, a participation of the pains and pleaſures of others; and is, therefore, a forcible and conſtant motive to communicate happineſs, and alleviate miſery.

As human nature is, from whatever cauſe, in a ſtate of great imperfection, it is ſurely to be deſired, that a perſon whom it is moſt our intereſt to pleaſe, ſhould not ſee more of this imperfection, than we do ourſelves.

I ſhall, perhaps, be told, that 'a man of 'ſenſe can never uſe a woman ill.' The latter part of this propoſition is a phraſe of very extenſive and various ſignification: whether a man of ſenſe can 'uſe a woman ill,' I will not enquire: but I ſhall endeavour to ſhew, that he may make her extremely wretched.

Perſons of keen penetration, and great delicacy of ſentiment, as they muſt neceſſarily

be more frequently offended than others; ſo, as a puniſhment for the offence, they can inflict more exquiſite pain, becauſe they can wound with more poignant reproach: and by him whom Good Nature does not reſtrain from retaliating the pain that he feels, the offence, whether voluntary or not, will always be thus puniſhed.

If this puniſhment is ſuffered with ſilence, confuſion and tears, it is poſſible that the tyrant may relent; but this, like the remorſe of a murderer, is too late; the dread of incurring the ſame anguiſh by a like fault, will ſubſtitute for the ſmile of cheerfulneſs, that ſunſhine of beauty, the glooms of doubt, ſolicitude, and anxiety. The offence will, notwithſtanding, be again repeated; the puniſhment, the diſtreſs, and the remorſe, will again return; becauſe error is involuntary, and anger is not reſtrained. If the reproach is retorted, and whether it was deſerved, becomes the ſubject of debate; the conſequences are yet more dreadful: after a vain attempt to ſhew an incongruity, which can no more be perceived than ſounds by the deaf, the huſband will be inſulted for cauſeleſs and capricious diſpleaſure, and the wife for folly, perverſeneſs, and obſtinacy. In theſe circumſtances, what will become of 'the refined, 'the exalted, and the permanent felicity which 'alone is worthy of reaſonable beings, and 'which elevated genius only can beſtow?'

That this conduct is, by a man of ſenſe, known to be wrong, I am content to allow: but it muſt alſo be granted, that the diſcernment of wrong is not always a propenſity to right; and that if pain was never inflicted, but when it was known to produce ſalutary effects, mankind would be much more happy than they are.

Good Nature, therefore, if intellectual excellence cannot atone for the want of it, muſt be admitted as the higheſt perſonal merit. If, without it, Wiſdom is not kind; without it, Folly muſt be brutal. Let it, therefore, be once more repeated, 'The quality moſt eſſen-'tial to conjugal felicity is Good Nature.' And, ſurely, whatever accidental difference there may happen to be in the conceptions or judgment of a huſband and wife, if neither can give pain or pleaſure without feeling it themſelves, it is eaſy to perceive which ſenſation they will concur to produce.

It may now be expected, that I ſhould give ſome general rules, by which the ladies may diſcover the diſpoſition of thoſe by whom they are addreſſed: but it is extremely difficult to detect malevolence amidſt the aſſiduities of courtſhip, and to diſtinguiſh the man under that almoſt inſcrutable diſguiſe, the lover. Good Nature, however, is not indicated by the fulſome fawning of a perpetual grin, the loud laughter which almoſt anticipates the jeſt, or the conſtant echo of every ſentiment; neither is it ſafe to truſt the appearance of profuſe liberality, or buſy officiouſneſs. Let it rather be remarked, how the lover is affected by incidents, in which the lady is not concerned: what is his behaviour to his immediate dependents, and whether they approach him with ſlaviſh timidity, or with the cheerful reverence of voluntary ſervitude. Is he ever merry at the expence of another; or does he ever attempt thus to excite mirth in his miſtreſs? Does he mention the abſent with candour, and behave to thoſe who are preſent with a manly complacency? By a diligent attendance to theſe circumſtances, perhaps a probable judgment may be formed of his character.

To conclude with a general remark, Good Nature is not of leſs importance to ourſelves than to others. The moroſe and petulant firſt feel the anguiſh that they give: reproach, revilings, and invective, are but the oveflowings of their own infelicity, and are conſtantly again forced back upon their ſource. Sweetneſs of temper is not, indeed, an acquired, but a natural excellence; and, therefore, to recommend it to thoſe who have it not, may be eſteemed rather an inſult than advice. But let that which in happier natures is inſtinct, in theſe be reaſon; let them purſue the ſame conduct, impelled by a nobler motive. As the ſourneſs of the crab enhances the value of the graft, ſo that which on its parent plant is Good Nature, will, on a leſs kindly ſtock, be improved into Virtue. No action by which others receive pleaſure or pain, is indifferent: the ſacred rule—'Do that to others which ye would that others 'ſhould do to you,' extends to every deed; and 'every word ſhall be brought into judgment.'

No. XXXI. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1753.

Invidia ſiculi non invenere tyranni
Majus tormentum——— HOR.

Nor could Sicilia's tyrants ever find
A greater torment than an envious mind, FRANCIS.

SOON after the expiration of that golden age, in which perpetual and ſpontaneous plenty precluded all temptation to violence and fraud, Apollo, the god of wiſdom, of eloquence, and muſic, became enamoured of one of the nymphs who graced the train of Diana. The nymph, whoſe name time has not preſerved with her ſtory, was at firſt inflexible; but the ſuit which her chaſtity refuſed, her vanity ſtill continued to permit: and thus though wiſdom, eloquence, and muſic, were ineffectual, yet perſeverance prevailed. The pride of virtue was imperceptibly ſoftened; and the ſenſe of guilt had been ſo often loſt in the anticipation of delight, that it did not always return: to this delight there remained no obſtacle but the fear of ſhame; and the fear of ſhame, as deſire perpetually increaſed, was at laſt ſurmounted.

Apollo perceived and purſued his advantage; and the nymph ſilently conſented to an aſſignation; the place was a grotto far ſequeſtered from the path of the traveller, and the time was midnight.

When nature no longer laviſhed her bounty upon idleneſs, and the fruits of the earth were beſtowed only upon labour: when the harveſt and the vintage ceaſed to be common, and the bounds of property were ſet up; many vices under human forms became inhabitants of the earth, and aſſociated with mankind. Of ſome the external appearance was pleaſing, and their qualities were not immediately diſcovered. Among theſe vices was Envy: Envy, indeed, was never lovely; but ſhe was then young, nor was the malignity of her mind yet expreſſed in her perſon.

As Apollo was enamoured of the nymph, Envy was enamoured of Apollo: ſhe watched his deſcent therefore with all the impatience of deſire; and though ſhe knew her own paſſion to be hopeleſs, yet the diſcovery of his addreſſes to another diſtracted her with jealouſy: ſhe was always buſied to procure intelligence which could only increaſe her torment; and was perpetually contemplating the happineſs which ſhe deſpaired to enjoy.

It happened that the aſſignation of the lovers was overheard by Echo, and by Echo repeated to Envy. This intelligence rouzed her to a yet keener ſenſibility of miſery: to intercept the happineſs of a rival, was the firſt object of her wiſh; and the next moment ſhe conceived a deſign of ſecuring that happineſs to herſelf. To effect both theſe purpoſes, a thouſand projects had been by turns contrived, examined, and rejected; her mind was more violently agitated, in proportion as the time drew near; and after all the toil of thinking had ended in deſpair, an expedient ſuddenly ſtarted into her mind, which ſhe perceived at once to be ſimple and eaſy; ſhe wondered how it had been before overlooked, and reſolved immediately to put it in execution.

It was within one hour of midnight when the nymph took her way to the grotto. She was now pale with remorſe, and now fluſhed with ſhame; ſhe heſitated; her boſom again beat with anticipated delight; ſhe trembled, and went forward. Envy perceived her at a diſtance; and caſt round her a thick cloud, which ſcarce the beams of Phœbus himſelf could have diſſipated. The nymph looked round from the grotto, but ſuddenly perceived herſelf to be involved in impenetrable darkneſs; ſhe could diſcover neither the ſky above her, nor the ground on which ſhe ſtood: ſhe ſtopt ſhort, terrified and aſtoniſhed; deſire was chilled in her veins, and ſhe ſhuddered at the temerity of her purpoſe.

In this dreadful moment ſhe had no hope of deliverance, but from the power whoſe laws ſhe had been about to violate; and ſhe, therefore,

addreſſed this prayer to Diana: 'Chaſte queen 'of irreproachable delight! who, though my 'mind had renounced thy influence, haſt yet 'by this omen preſerved me from corporal 'diſhonour; O! guide me in ſafety through 'the terrors of this guilty night: let me once 'more be permitted to purſue the chace at thy 'ſide; and to mingle with the happy virgins, 'whom Cheerfulneſs, the daughter of Inno-'cence, aſſembles at thy power!' As ſhe uttered this prayer, ſhe haſtily turned about; the moment ſhe made an effort to go back, her prayer was granted; the gloom that ſurrounded her was diſſipated; and ſhe again perceived the mild radiance of her queen tremble upon the foliage of the trees, and chequer the path before her with a ſilver light. She now ſprang forward, impelled by that joy which her deliverance had inſpired: her ſpeed was no longer reſtrained by the timidity of guilt; the ſolitary way was repaſſed in a moment: and her deſire to return had been ſo ardent, that ſhe could ſcarce believe it to be accompliſhed.

In the mean time, Envy had entered the grotto, and was expecting Apollo: ſhe heard him approach with a tumult of paſſions, in which pain was predominant: and ſhe received him in ſilence and confuſion, which otherwiſe ſhe would have found it difficult to feign.

When the momentary tranſport which ſhe had thus obtained was at an end, ſhe perceived that it had been too dearly purchaſed with ſafety: ſhe reflected upon her ſituation with terror; and wiſhed, too late, that the nymph, whoſe pleaſure ſhe had intercepted, had received it in her ſtead, as it would have been more than counterbalanced by a ſmall proportion of her pain: her pain was not, however, produced by regretting the loſs of innocence, but by anticipating the puniſhment of guilt.

Apollo, who knew not how wretched and malignant a being he had claſped to his boſom, whiſpered a thouſand tender ſentiments, and urged her reply. Envy was ſtill ſilent; but knowing that ſhe could not in theſe circumſtances continue long undetected, ſhe ſuddenly collected all her forces, and ſprung from him, hoping to have eſcaped unknown in the darkneſs of the night: but juſt as ſhe reached the entrance of the grotto, he again caught her in his arms. Envy ſhrieked in the anguiſh of deſpair; and the god himſelf ſtarted back with aſtoniſhment: he would not, however, quit his hold of the fugitive; and Diana, that ſhe might not loſe an opportunity to puniſh incontinence, darted her rays directly upon the place. Apollo diſcovered the features of Envy, and turned from her with abhorrence. After a moment's recollection, looking again ſternly upon her— 'Loathed and deteſted as thou art,' ſaid he, 'I cannot deſtroy thee, for thou art immortal 'as the felicity of Heaven; and I wiſh not to 'deſtroy thee, for immortality is thy curſe. 'But may my arms again embracce thee, and 'may thy boſom be again preſſed to mine, if 'thy power thus to profane the delights of love 'end not this moment for ever: henceforth 'thy face ſhall be deformed with the charac-'teriſtics of want and age, and ſnakes inſtead 'of hair ſhall be the covering of thy head; thy 'breaſts ſhall be lengthened to thy waiſt, and 'thy ſkin ſhall be ſuffuſed with gall.' While he was yet ſpeaking, the freſhneſs of youth faded from her cheeks; her eyes ſunk inward; her treſſes, that flowed in looſe ringlets upon her ſhoulders, were ſuddenly contracted; and writhing themſelves in various contortions, a brood of ſerpents hiſſed round her head; her fleſh became flaccid, her ſkin appeared ſhrivelled and yellow, and her whole form expreſſed at once malignity and wretchedneſs.

Thus changed, ſhe fled from the preſence of Apollo: but ſhe carried with her not a memorial of her crime only, but of that pleaſure which her puniſhment had rendered it impoſſible to repeat. A child, which ſhe regarded as at once her glory and her ſhame, was at length born, and afterwards known among mankind by the name of Cunning.

In Cunning, the qualities both of the father and the mother, as far as they are compatible, are united. As the progeny of Envy, he regards whatever is amiable and good with malignity; the end that he propoſes is always the gratification of vice: but he inherits ſo much of his father's wiſdom, that he frequently purſues that end by the moſt effectual means.

All, therefore, whom Wiſdom would diſdain to counſel, apply to Cunning. But of the votaries to Cunning, even thoſe who ſucceed are diſappointed: they do, indeed, fre-

quently obtain the immediate object of their wiſh; but they are ſtill reſtleſs and unſatisfied; as the ſtateſman, after he has gratified his ambition, ſtill ſighs in vain for felicity.

No. XXXII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1753.

Mundæ—parvo ſub lare pauperum
Coenæ, ſine aulæis et oſtro,
Sollicitam explicuere frontem. HOR.

To frugal treats and humble cells,
With grateful change the wealthy fly,
Where health-preſerving plainneſs dwells,
Far from the carpet's gaudy dye.
Such ſcenes have charm'd the pangs of care,
And ſmooth'd the clouded forehead of deſpair. FRANCIS.

OMAR, the hermit of the mountain Aubukabis, which riſes on the eaſt of Mecca, and overlooks the city, found one evening a man ſitting penſive and alone, within a few paces of his cell. Omar regarded him with attention, and perceived that his looks were wild and haggard, and that his body was feeble and emaciated: the man alſo ſeemed to gaze ſtedfaſtly on Omar; but ſuch was the abſtraction of his mind, that his eye did not immediately take cognizance of its object. In the moment of recollection he ſtarted as from a dream, he covered his face in confuſion, and bowed himſelf to the ground. 'Son of affliction,' ſaid Omar, 'who art thou, and 'what is thy diſtreſs?'—'My name,' replied the ſtranger, 'is Haſſan, and I am a native of 'this city: the angel of adverſity has laid his 'hand upon me; and the wretch whom thine 'eye compaſſionates, thou canſt not deliver.' 'To deliver thee,' ſaid Omar, 'belongs to Him 'only, from whom we ſhould receive with humility both good and evil; yet hide not thy 'life from me; for the burden which I cannot 'remove, I may at leaſt enable thee to ſuſtain.' Haſſan fixed his eyes upon the ground, and remained ſome time ſilent; then fetching a deep ſigh, he looked up at the hermit, and thus complied with his requeſt.

IT is now ſix years, ſince our mighty lord the Caliph Almalic, whoſe memory be bleſſed, firſt came privately to worſhip in the temple of the holy city. The bleſſings which he petitioned of the Prophet, as the Prophet's vicegerent, he was diligent to diſpenſe; in the intervals of his devotion, therefore, he went about the city, relieving diſtreſs and reſtraining oppreſſion: the widow ſmiled under his protection, and the weakneſs of age and infancy was ſuſtained by his bounty. I, who dreaded no evil but ſickneſs, and expected no good beyond the reward of my labour, was ſinging at my work, when Almalic entered my dwelling. He looked round with a ſmile of complacency; perceiving that though it was mean it was neat, and that though I was poor I appeared to be content. As his habit was that of a pilgrim, I haſtened to receive him with ſuch hoſpitality as was in my power; and my cheerfulneſs was rather increaſed than reſtrained by his preſence. After he had accepted ſome coffee, he aſked me many queſtions; and though by my anſwers I always endeavoured to excite him to mirth, yet I perceived that he grew thoughtful, and eyed me with a placid but fixed attention. I ſuſpected that he had ſome knowledge of me, and therefore enquired his country and his name. 'Haſ-'ſan,' ſaid he, 'I have raiſed thy curioſity, 'and it ſhall be ſatisfied; he who now talks 'with thee is Almalic, the ſovereign of the 'faithful, whoſe ſeat is the throne of Medina, 'and whoſe commiſſion is from above.' Theſe words ſtruck me dumb with aſtoniſhment, though I had ſome doubt of their truth: but Almalic, throwing back his garment, diſcovered the peculiarity of his veſt, and put the royal ſignet upon his finger. I then ſtarted up, and was about to proſtrate myſelf before him, but he prevented me. 'Haſ-

'Haſſan,' ſaid he, forbear; thou art greater 'than I, and from thee I have at once derived 'humility and wiſdom.' I anſwered—'Mock 'not thy ſervant, who is but as a worm before 'thee: life and death are in thy hand, and 'happineſs and miſery are the daughters of thy 'will.'—'Haſſan,' he replied, 'I can no 'otherwiſe give life or happineſs than by not 'taking them away; thou art thyſelf beyond 'the reach of my bounty, and poſſeſſed of fe-'licity which I can neither communicate nor 'obtain. My influence over others fills my 'boſom with perpetual ſolicitude and anxiety; 'and yet my influence over others extends only 'to their vices, whether I would reward or 'puniſh. By the bow-ſtring, I can repreſs 'violence and fraud; and by the delegation of 'power, I can transfer the inſatiable wiſhes 'of avarice and ambition from one object to 'another: but with reſpect to virtue, I am 'impotent; if I could reward it, I would re-'ward it in thee. Thou art content, and haſt 'therefore neither avarice nor ambition: to 'exalt thee, would deſtroy the ſimplicity of 'thy life, and diminiſh that happineſs which 'I have no power either to increaſe or to continue.' He then roſe up, and commanding me not to diſcloſe his ſecret, departed.

As ſoon as I recovered from the confuſion and aſtoniſhment in which the Caliph left me, I began to regret that my behaviour had intercepted his bounty; and accuſed that cheerfulneſs of folly, which was the concomitant of poverty and labour. I now repined at the obſcurity of my ſtation, which my former inſenſibility had perpetuated: I neglected my labour, becauſe I deſpiſed the reward; I ſpent the day in idleneſs, forming romantic projects to recover the advantages which I had loſt; and at night, inſtead of loſing myſelf in that ſweet and refreſhing ſleep, from which I uſed to riſe with new health, cheerfulneſs, and vigour, I dreamt of ſplendid habits and a numerous retinue, of gardens, palaces, eunuchs, and women, and waked only to regret the illuſions that had vaniſhed. My health was at length impaired by the inquietude of my mind; I ſold all my moveables for ſubſiſtence: and reſerved only a mattraſs, upon which I ſometimes lay from one night to another.

In the firſt moon of the following year, the Caliph came again to Mecca, with the ſame ſecrecy, and for the ſame purpoſes. He was willing once more to ſee the man, whom he conſidered as deriving felicity from himſelf. But he found me, not ſinging at my work, ruddy with health, and vivid with cheerfulneſs; but pale and dejected, ſitting on the ground, and chewing opium, which contributed to ſubſtitute the phantoms of imagination for the realities of greatneſs. He entered with a kind of joyful impatience in his countenance, which, the moment he beheld me, was changed to a mixture of wonder and pity. I had often wiſhed for another opportunity to addreſs the Caliph; yet I was confounded at his preſence, and throwing myſelf at his feet, I laid my hand upon my head, and was ſpeechleſs. 'Haſſan,' ſaid he, 'what canſt thou have loſt, whoſe 'wealth was the labour of thy own hand; and 'what can have made thee ſad, the ſpring of 'whoſe joy was in thy own boſom? What 'evil hath befallen thee? Speak, and if I can 'remove it, thou art happy.' I was now encouraged to look up; and I replied—'Let my 'lord forgive the preſumption of his ſervant, 'who rather than utter a falſhood would be 'dumb for ever. I am become wretched by 'that which I never poſſeſſed: thou haſt raiſed 'wiſhes which indeed I am not worthy thou 'ſhouldſt ſatisfy; but why ſhould it be thought, 'that he who was happy in obſcurity and indi-'gence, would not have been rendered more 'happy by eminence and wealth?'

When I had finiſhed this ſpeech, Almalic ſtood ſome moments in ſuſpenſe, and I continued proſtrate before him. 'Haſſan,' ſaid he, 'I perceive, not with indignation but regret, 'that I miſtook thy character; I now diſcover 'avarice and ambition in thy heart, which lay 'torpid only becauſe their objects were too re-'mote to rouſe them. I cannot, therefore, inveſt thee with authority, becauſe I would not 'ſubject my people to oppreſſion; and becauſe 'I would not be compelled to puniſh thee 'for crimes which I firſt enabled thee to 'commit. But as I have taken from thee 'that which I cannot reſtore, I will at leaſt 'gratify the wiſhes that I excited, leſt thy 'heart accuſe me of injuſtice, and thou conti-'nue ſtill a ſtranger to thyſelf. Ariſe, there-'fore, and follow me.' I ſprung from the 'ground as it were with the wings of an ea-

gle; I kiſſed the hem of his garment in an extaſy of gratitude and joy; and when I went out of my houſe, my heart leaped as if I had eſcaped from the den of a lion. I followed Almalic to the caravanſera in which he lodged; and after he had fulfilled his vows, he took me with him to Medina. He gave me an apartment in the ſeraglio; I was attended by his own ſervants; my proviſions were ſent from his own table; and I received every week a ſum from his treaſury, which exceeded the moſt romantic of my expectations. But I ſoon diſcovered, that no dainty was ſo taſteful, as the food to which labour procured an appetite; no ſlumbers ſo ſweet, as thoſe which wearineſs invited; and no time ſo well enjoyed, as that in which diligence is expecting its reward. I remembered theſe enjoyments with regret; and while I was ſighing in the midſt of ſuperfluities, which though they encumbered life, yet I could not give up, they were ſuddenly taken away.

Almaric, in the midſt of the glory of his kingdom, and in the full vigour of his life, expired ſuddenly in the bath; ſuch, thou knoweſt, was the deſtiny which the ALMIGHTY had written upon his head.

His ſon Aububeker, who ſucceeded to the throne, was incenſed againſt me, by ſome who regarded me at once with contempt and envy: he ſuddenly withdrew my penſion, and commanded that I ſhould be expelled the palace; a command which my enemies executed with ſo much rigour, that within twelve hours I found myſelf in the ſtreets of Medina, indigent and friendleſs, expoſed to hunger and deriſion, with all the habits of luxury, and all the ſenſibility of pride. O! let not thy heart deſpiſe me, thou whom experience has not taught, that it is miſery to loſe that which it is not happineſs to poſſeſs. O! that for me, this leſſon had not been written on the tablets of Providence! I have travelled from Medina to Mecca; but I cannot fly from myſelf. How different are the ſtates in which I have been placed! The remembrance of both is bitter; for the pleaſure of neither can return.

Haſſan, having thus ended his ſtory, ſmote his hands together; and, looking upward, burſt into tears.

Omar, having waited till this agony was paſt, went to him; and, taking him by the hand—'My ſon,' ſaid he, 'more is yet in thy power 'than Almalic could give, or Aububeker take 'away. The leſſon of thy life the Prophet 'has in mercy appointed me to explain.'

'Thou waſt once content with poverty and 'labour, only becauſe they were become habi-'tual, and eaſe and affluence were placed be-'yond thy hope; for when eaſe and affluence 'approached thee, thou waſt content with po-'verty and labour no more. That which then 'became the object was alſo the bound of thy 'hope; and he whoſe utmoſt hope is diſap-'pointed muſt inevitably be wretched. If thy 'ſupreme deſire had been the delights of Pa-'radiſe, and thou hadſt believed that by the 'tenor of thy life theſe delights had been ſe-'cured, as more could not have been given 'thee, thou wouldſt not have regretted that 'leſs was not offered. The content which was 'once enjoyed was but the lethargy of the ſoul; 'and the diſtreſs which is now ſuffered will 'but quicken it to action. Depart, therefore, 'and be thankful for all things: put thy truſt 'in Him, who alone can gratify the wiſh of 'reaſon, and ſatisfy the ſoul with good: fix 'thy hope upon that portion, in compariſon 'of which the world is as the drop of the 'bucket, and the duſt of the balance. Re-'turn, my ſon, to thy labour; thy food ſhall 'be again taſteful, and thy reſt ſhall be ſweet: 'to thy content alſo will be added ſtability, 'when it depends not upon that which is poſ-'ſeſſed upon earth, but upon that which is ex-'pected in Heaven.'

Haſſan, upon whoſe mind the Angel of inſtruction impreſſed the counſel of Omar, haſtened to proſtrate himſelf in the temple of the Prophet. Peace dawned upon his mind like the radiance of the morning: he returned to his labour with cheerfulneſs; his devotion became fervent and habitual; and the latter days of Haſſan were happier than the firſt.

No. XXXIII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1753.

——Latet anguis in herba. VIRG.

Within the graſs conceal'd a ſerpent lies.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

AS the view of publick undertakings ſhould be the public good, no folble that is prejudicial to ſociety can be too trifling to be animadverted upon. I ſhall, therefore, without any farther apology, lay before you one of the greateſt impediments to the pleaſure of converſation; an artful manner of conveying keen reproaches and harſh ſatires, under the diſguiſe of diſcourſing on general ſubjects, which ſeem quite foreign to any thing that may concern the company. Thus, inſtead of endeavouring to entertain each other with cheerful good-humour, moſt converſations are carried on, as Hudibras ſays—

'With words, far bitterer than wormwood,
'That would in Job or Grizzel ſtir mood.'

It is an old and a juſt obſervation, that no ſituation can well be leſs entertaining, than that of a third perſon to lovers: yet while decency is preſerved, which is generally the caſe before marriage, and by ſenſible and well-bred people afterwards; even in this ſituation, the mind that is ſtored with any images of its own, may amuſe itſelf; and the heart that is fraught with any good-nature, may find ſome ſatisfaction in conſidering the pleaſure which the fond lovers enjoy in the company of each other. But from the uneaſineſs of being a third perſon to Quarrellers, there is no relief: your own thoughts are broke in upon by the jarring diſcord of your companions; and they will neither contribute to your entertainment, nor even ſuffer you to retain the tranquillity of your own boſom.

Amongſt the vulgar, where the men vent their paſſions by ſwearing, and the women by ſcolding or crying, their quarrels are generally ſoon made up; nor does any danger remain after reconciliation. But in higher life, where ſuch efforts are reſtrained by good-breeding, and where people have learned to diguiſe, not to ſubdue their paſſions, an inveterate rancour often lies corroding in the breaſt, and generally produces all the effects of inexorable malice.

People conſider not, that by family repartees and oblique reflections on each ſide, the very inmoſt ſecrets of their lives are diſcloſed to their common acquaintance; and that they oftentimes inconſiderately lay open to their worſt enemies, faults and imperfections in themſelves and their relations, which they would take pains to conceal from their deareſt friends.

To give give you a full idea of what I mean, I ſend you a hiſtory of my life and adventures for one day; and I wiſh I could ſay it was the only one, in which I have been witneſs to ſuch diſagreeable ſcenes as are here repreſented.

In the morning I breakfaſted with two young ladies. Miſs Harriet the elder ſiſter was about the age of nineteen, and Miſs Fanny the youngeſt not quite ſeventeen. Their parents are able amply to provide for them; and have ſpared no coſt in maſters of every kind, in order to give them all faſhionable female accompliſhments. Ever ſince they have quitted the nurſery, they have been indulged in ſeeing their own company in Miſs Harriet's dreſſing-room, which is finiſhed and adorned with great elegance of taſte and profuſion of expence. They are both poſſeſſed of no ſmall ſhare of beauty, with ſo much quickneſs of apprehenſion and ready wit, as might, if rightly applied, render them extremely entertaining. Not one real misfortune can they yet have met with, to ſour their tempers or ſuppreſs their vivacity: yet I could plainly ſee, that they were very far from being happy, and that their unhappineſs aroſe from their continual bickerings with each other. After breakfaſt, Miſs Fanny took up a volume of Shakeſpeare's plays that lay in the window; and out of the Midſummer Night's

Dream, read the following part of a ſpeech which Helena makes to her friend Hermia, in the third act:

'Injurious Hermia, moſt ungrateful maid!
'Have you contrived, have you with theſe
'contrived
'To bait me with this foul deriſion?
'Is all the counſel that we two have ſhared,
'The ſiſters vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
'When we have chid the haſty-footed time
'For parting us; O! and is all forgot!'

Then laying down the book, with the tears half ſtarting from her eyes, ſhe looked earneſtly at her ſiſter, and in a tone more theatrical than I wiſh to hear off the ſtage, cried out—'Oh! 'wretched Helena, unhappy maid! I wonder 'not that in your circumſtances you imagined 'that every word was intended as an inſult; 'ſince no doubt you had often experienced 'ſuch inhuman treatment.' Miſs Harriet with ſome warmth anſwered—'You ſhould remem-'ber, Siſter, that Helena was a fooliſh weak 'girl, fond of a man that deſpiſed her; and it 'was kind of any body to endeavour to cure 'her of ſuch a mean-ſpirited paſſion.'

FANNY. 'Tis always cruel, Siſter, to 'inſult the wretched.'

HARRIET. 'Thoſe that are miſerable by 'their own folly, Miſs Fanny, will call every 'thing inſult and reproach, that tends not to 'ſoothe and encourage them in a ſilly paſſion.'

FANNY. 'If love is a ſilly paſſion, Miſs 'Harriet, I know ſome mighty wiſe people 'that have felt its power.'

HARRIET. 'I do not ſay that love is a 'ſilly paſſion, where it is properly placed: but 'I know, Madam, that a headſtrong young 'girl will always be angry with every one that 'adviſes her for her own good.'

FANNY. 'And I know alſo, Madam—'

As ſoon as the affectionate name of Siſter was dropped, and the ceremony of Miſs ſupplied its place, I even then began to fear, leſt ceremony would alſo undergo the ſame fate, and that paſſion at laſt would introduce open rudeneſs: but the word Madam doubly retorted, no ſooner reached my ears, than, trembling for the event, I interrupted the dialogue by taking my leave; and I doubt not but any one from this ſketch may eaſily be able to paint in what manner theſe young ladies paſs moſt of their hours together.

From hence I went to viſit three couſins, who, although they had moderate independent fortunes, yet had for ſome years lived together as one family. They were women of an obſcure and low education, but commonly reputed good-natured. I took it for granted, therefore, that I ſhould meet with ſome harmony amongſt them: but by their converſation I ſoon found, that they continued under the ſame roof, for no other reaſon, but becauſe each fancied herſelf obliged to it ſhe knew not why, and could not tell how to extricate herſelf from imaginary chains.

Whatever converſation I began with a deſign of amuſing them, was interrupted by their all talking at once upon the ſubject which ſeemed uppermoſt in their minds; and proving to a demonſtration, that one perſon could live by herſelf much cheaper than with a companion; and each ſeparately declared, that She could live for a mere trifle, was it not for expenſive connexions. Then running through every branch of houſe-keeping, each inveighed ſtrongly againſt ſome article, which either ſhe did not like, or from ill health could not enjoy, and which ſhe knew alſo to be agreeable to her companions. This diſcourſe was too vulgar as well as diſagreeable to be long endured; I therefore haſtened off as faſt as poſſible and went to dinner, where the family conſiſted of an old gentleman and lady, their two daughters, and two young gentlemen, who, I ſoon found, were the intended lovers of the young ladies. By intended lovers, I mean, they were young gentlemen, whoſe fortunes and characters were agreeable to the parents; and the deſign of this interview was for the young people to ſee whether they were agreeaale to each other. I now expected the higheſt ſcene of cheerfulneſs and good-humour; for on ſuch occaſions both gentlemen and ladies generally dreſs themſelves in their beſt looks and their beſt humour, as certainly as in their beſt and moſt becoming cloaths. The two gentlemen I ſoon perceived had made a ſeparate choice; but, unfortunately, the two ladies were both bent on the conqueſt of the ſame man; to compaſs which, their features and perſons, through affectation, were thrown into a thouſand diſtortions. From an envious fear of each other's ſucceſs, lowring ſuſpicion ſat upon their brows; and their eyes, which were naturally piercing, darted forth ſuch malignant glances at each other, that they loſt all their beauty, and, from being turned ſo many

ways at once, looked as if they ſquinted. Their whole diſcourſe conſiſted of ſharp reflections againſt coquetry; each inſinuating, in pretty intelligible terms, that the other was a finiſhed coquet: and indeed they ſpared not, in an indirect manner, to accuſe each other of every ill quality in human nature. How this recommended them to their lovers, I know not; but it made their company, partly through compaſſion, and partly through indignation, ſo unpleaſant to me, that as ſoon as I could, conſiſtent with civility, I took my leave, and cloſed this agreeable day with a married couple, the motive of whoſe coming together was ſaid to be love, for no other could well be aſſigned for it. They had been married ſome years, but had no children: which I ſoon found was no ſmall grief to the huſband, by his talking in raptures of every prattling child he had met with abroad; to which the wife always anſwered, that ſhe was ſick of hearing of nothing but the monkey tricks of a parcel of ſenſeleſs brats. As they were both people of tolerable underſtanding, and were ſaid to be very fond of reading, I endeavoured to turn the diſcourſe into another channel, which was pretty eaſily done, and they with great readineſs entered into a converſation on plays and books of amuſement. But here again not a ſingle character could be mentioned, without cauſing a warm diſpute between the huſband and wife: ſhe moſt outrageouſly inveighed againſt every example of a kind and obliging wife, whoſe behaviour, ſhe ſaid, was the effect of a paltry meanneſs of ſpirit; while he burſt out in raptures on the happineſs of every libertine, who was not bound by the uneaſy fetters of matrimony. Both had ſome poetical paſſage ready to repeat in ſupport of their deciſions; and their eyes were alternately caſt towards me, as claiming my approbation.

Could I poſſibly want to be farther informed of their private hiſtory? Or can I claim to myſelf any peculiar penetration, for ſaying that Mr. B—— is grown ſick of his wife, and is a man of pleaſure and intrigue; and that ſhe leads him a weary life from ſuſpicion of his amours, being reſolved not to incur that cenſure of mean-ſpiritedneſs, which ſhe caſt on every character that exemplified any degree of patience and acquieſcence towards a huſband? Nay, without the leaſt ſpark of divination, I will venture to foretel, that Mr. B——, driven from his own houſe by the petulance and clamours of his wife, will ſpend moſt of his time with ſome favourite courtezan, whoſe intereſt it is to engage him by cheerfulneſs and good-humour: and that Mrs. B——, piqued at the neglect of her charms, may poſſibly revenge the inconſtancy of her huſband, by ſacrificing her own virtue and honour.

If, Sir, you can prevail with people not to expoſe themſelves in this manner, and can perſuade them, that Good-Humour would be a more agreeable entertainment to their gueſts than the moſt coſtly proviſions; you will certainly do an eſſential piece of ſervice to ſociety, and you may command all the aſſiſtance in the power of

Your moſt obedient, &c.

*** MYRTILLA.

No. XXXIV. SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1753.

Has toties optata exegit gloria poenas. JUV.

Such fate purſues the votaries of praiſe.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR, FLEET-PRISON, FEB. 24.

TO a benevolent diſpoſition, every ſtate of life will afford ſome opportunities of contributing to the welfare of mankind Opulence and ſplendor are enabled to diſpel the cloud of adverſity, to dry up the tears of the widow and the orphan, and to increaſe the felicity of all around them: their example will animate virtue, and retard the progreſs of vice. And even indigence and obſcurity, though without power to confer happineſs, may at leaſt prevent miſery, and apprize thoſe who are blinded by their paſſions that they are on the brink of irremediable calamity.

Pleaſed, therefore, with the thought of recovering others from that folly which has

embittered my own days, I have preſumed to addreſs the Adventurer from the dreary manſions of wretchedneſs and deſpair, of which the gates are ſo wonderfully conſtructed, as to fly open for the reception of ſtrangers, though they are impervious as a rock of adamant to ſuch as are within them.

———*Facilis deſcenſus Averni;*
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis:
Sed revocare gradum, ſuperaſque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor eſt. VIRG.

The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the deſcent, and eaſy is the way;
But to return and view the cheerful ſkies,
In this the taſk and mighty labour lies.
DRYDEN.

Suffer me to acquaint you, Sir, that I have glittered at the ball, and ſparkled in the circle; that I have had the happineſs to be the unknown favourite of an unknown lady at the maſquerade; have been the delight of tables of the firſt faſhion, and the envy of my brother beaux; and, to deſcend a little lower, it is, I believe, ſtill remembered, that Meſſrs. Velours and d'Eſpagne ſtand indebted for a great part of their preſent influence at Guildhall, to the elegance of my ſhape, and the graceful freedom of my carriage.

—*Sed quæ præclara et proſpera tanti,*
Ut rebus lætis par ſit menſura malorum! JUV.

See the wild purchaſe of the bold and vain,
Where every bliſs is bought with equal pain!

As I entered into the world very young, with an elegant perſon, and a large eſtate, it was not long before I diſentangled myſelf from the ſhackles of religion: for I was determined to the purſuit of pleaſure, which according to my notions conſiſted in the unreſtrained and unlimited gratifications of every paſſion and every appetite; and as this could not be obtained under the frowns of a perpetual dictator, I conſidered religion as my enemy; and proceeding to treat her with contempt and deriſion, was not a little delighted, that the unfaſhionableneſs of her appearance, and the unanimated uniformity of her motions, afforded frequent opportunities for the ſallies of my imagination.

Conceiving now that I was ſufficiently qualified to laugh away ſcruples, I imparted my remarks to thoſe among my female favourites, whoſe virtue I intended to attack; for I was well aſſured, that pride would be able to make but a weak defence when religion was ſubverted: nor was my ſucceſs below my expectation; the love of pleaſure is too ſtrongly implanted in the female breaſt, to ſuffer them ſcrupulouſly to examine the validity of arguments deſigned to weaken reſtraint; all are eaſily led to believe, that whatever thwarts their inclination muſt be wrong. Little more, therefore, was required, than by the addition of ſome circumſtances, and the exaggeration of others, to make merriment ſupply the place of demonſtration: nor was I ſo ſenſeleſs as to offer arguments to ſuch as could not attend to them, and with whom a repartee or catch would more effectually anſwer the ſame purpoſe. This being effected, there remained only, 'the dread 'of the world.' But Roxana ſoared too high to think the opinion of others worthy her notice; Lætitia ſeemed to think of it only to declare, that 'if all her hairs were worlds,' ſhe ſhould reckon them 'well loſt for love:' and Paſtorella fondly conceived, that ſhe could dwell for ever by the ſide of a bubbling fountain, content with her ſwain and fleecy care; without conſidering that ſtillneſs and ſolitude can afford ſatisfaction only to innocence.

It is not the deſire of new acquiſitions, but the glory of conqueſts, that fires the ſoldier's breaſt; as indeed the town is ſeldom worth much when it has ſuffered the devaſtations of a ſiege; ſo that though I did not openly declare the effects of my own proweſs, which is forbidden by the laws of honour, it cannot be ſuppoſed that I was very ſolicitous to bury my reputation, or to hinder accidental diſcoveries. To have gained one victory, is an inducement to hazard a ſecond engagement: and though the ſucceſs of the general ſhould be a reaſon for increaſing the ſtrength of the fortification, it becomes, with many, a pretence for an immediate ſurrender, under the notion that no power is able to withſtand ſo formidable an adverſary; while others brave the danger, and think it mean to ſurrender, and daſtardly to fly. Meliſſa, indeed, knew better: and though ſhe could not boaſt the apathy, ſteadineſs, and inflexibility of a Cato, wanted not the more

more prudent virtue of Scipio, and gained the victory by declining the conteſt.

You muſt not, however, imagine that I was, during this ſtate of abandoned libertiniſm, ſo fully convinced of the fitneſs of my own conduct, as to be free from uneaſineſs. I knew very well that I might juſtly be deemed the peſt of ſociety, and that ſuch proceedings muſt terminate in the deſtruction of my health and fortune: but to admit thoughts of this kind was to live upon the rack; I fled, therefore, to the regions of mirth and jollity, as they are called, and endeavoured with Burgundy, and a continual rotation of company, to free myſelf from the pangs of reflection. From theſe orgies we frequently ſallied forth in queſt of adventures, to the no ſmall terror and conſternation of all the ſober ſtragglers that came in our way: and though we never injured, like our illuſtrious progenitors the Mohocks, either life or limbs; yet we have in the midſt of Covent Garden buried a taylor, who had been troubleſome to ſome of our fine gentlemen, beneath a heap of cabbage-leaves and ſtalks, with this conceit—

Satia te caule quem ſemper cupiſti.

Glut yourſelf with cabbage, of which you have always been greedy.

There can be no reaſon for mentioning the common exploits of breaking windows and bruiſing the watch; unleſs it be to tell you of the device of producing before the juſtice broken lanthorns, which have been paid for a hundred times; or their appearances with patches on their heads, under pretence of being cut by the ſword that was never drawn: nor need I ſay any thing of the more formidable attack of ſturdy chairmen, armed with poles; by a ſlight ſtroke of which, the pride of Ned Reyel's face was at once laid flat, and that effected in an inſtant, which its moſt mortal foe had for years eſſayed in vain. I ſhall paſs over the accidents that attend attempts to ſcale windows, and endeavours to diſlodge ſigns from their hooks; there are many 'hair breadth 'ſcapes, 'beſides thoſe in the imminent deadly breach:' but the rake's life, though it be equally hazardous with that of the ſoldier, is neither accompanied with preſent honour nor with pleaſing retroſpect. Such is, and ſuch ought to be, the difference between the enemy and the preſerver of his country.

Amidſt ſuch giddy and thoughtleſs extravagance, it will not ſeem ſtrange, that I was often the dupe of coarſe flattery. When Monſ. l'Allonge aſſured me, that I thruſt quart over arm better than any man in England, what could I leſs than preſent him with a ſword that coſt me thirty pieces? I was bound for a hundred pounds for Tom Trippet, becauſe he had declared that he would dance a minuet with any man in the three kingdoms except myſelf. But I often parted with money againſt my inclination, either becauſe I wanted the reſolution to refuſe, or dreaded the appellation of a niggardly fellow; and I may be truly ſaid to have ſquandered my eſtate, without honour, without friends, and without pleaſure. The laſt may, perhaps, appear ſtrange to men unacquainted with the maſquerade of life: I deceived others, and I endeavoured to deceive myſelf; and have worn the face of pleaſantry and gaiety, while my heart ſuffered the moſt exquiſite torture.

By the inſtigation and encouragement of my friends, I became at length ambitious of a ſeat in parliament; and accordingly ſet out for the town of Wallop in the weſt, where my arrival was welcomed by a thouſand throats, and I was in three days ſure of a majority: but after drinking out one hundred and fifty hogſheads of wine, and bribing two-thirds of the corporation twice over, I had the mortification to find, that the borough had been before ſold to Mr. Courtly.

In a life of this kind, my fortune, though conſiderable, was preſently diſſipated; and as the attraction grows more ſtrong the nearer any body approaches the earth, when once a man begins to ſink into poverty, he falls with velocity always increaſing; every ſupply is purchaſed at a higher and higher price, and every office of kindneſs obtained with greater and greater difficulty. Having now acquainted you with my ſtate of elevation, I ſhall, if you encourage the continuance of my correſpondence, ſhew you by what ſteps I deſcended from a firſt floor in Pall Mall, to my preſent habitation.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

T MISARGYRUS.

No. XXXV. TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1753.

——Celebrare domeſtica facta.

HOR.

We find fit ſubjects for our verſe at home.

ROSCOM.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

ONE of the improvements of life, in which the preſent age have excelled all that have gone before, is the quick circulation of intelligence, the faithful and eaſy communication of events paſt and future, by the multitude of news-papers which have been contrived to amuſe or inform us. But as theſe performances, whether daily or weekly, are commonly the productions of induſtrious indigence, unacquainted with the higher claſſes of mankind, my cotemporaries have left to me the province of relating what immediately paſſes in the faſhionable world. I ſhall, therefore, give up to my brother journaliſts the dreams of politicians, the diſputes of empires, and the fluctuations of commerce; and apply myſelf entirely to that more important buſineſs which claims every one's attention that has the happineſs of living within the circle of politeneſs. I have accordingly formed the plan of a new paper calculated ſolely for high life, in which will be contained a periodical account of the riſe, progreſs, and declenſion of faſhions; and a faithful recital of every remarkable occurrence among perſons of figure and diſtinction. The uſefulneſs and entertainment of ſuch a paper are too evident to need any obſervation; and, to give you a comprehenſive view of my deſign, and make it univerſally known, I have ſent you the following ſpecimen.

THE BEAU-MONDE:

OR, THE GENTLEMAN AND LADY'S POLITE INTELLIGENCER.

Yeſterday arrived a mail from Bath.

We hear that a certain great lady, having complained to a certain great lord, that the world was ſo ill-natured as to ſay her retreat into the country was in order to lie-in, and that ſhe had even been delivered of twins—'Madam,' ſaid my lord, 'I make it a rule never to be-'lieve above HALF of what the world ſays.'

Advices from Hyde Park bring accounts of a bloody battle fought the 3d inſtant, N. S. between Captain Dreadnought and Lieutenant Fury, in which both were honourably run through the body.

Letters from New-Market aſſure us, that the horſe are actually in motion, and exerciſe every day; whence it is conjectured, that they will take the field, and enter upon action, ſome time in April. A liſt of the forces is already drawn up by the firſt aid-de-camp, the Honourable Reginald Heber, Eſq.

An expreſs arrived yeſterday from France, when the privy-council met in Taviſtock Street for the diſpatch of faſhions. The Britiſh manufacturers had leave to withdraw their petitions, and the fan-makers addreſs was ordered to lie upon the table.

Orders were iſſued from Lady Chamberlain's office, for all Peereſſes, &c. not to wear any caps in full dreſs, and to make uſe of grey powder. The men to wear wire wigs, or their own hair frizzled up to the top, without hats. The muffs to expire the firſt of May next.

On Tueſday laſt a pair of white-heeled ſhoes made its appearance in the Park, and the next day was accompanied by a pair of ſilver-clocked ſtockings.

According to the lateſt obſervations, the hoops are found to have increaſed two-tenths of an inch in diameter, and the hats to have decreaſed two-fifths in the brim.

At the laſt maſquerade it was computed that there were near eighteen hundred peo-

ple, men, women, and children. The moſt remarkable were three naked ladies repreſenting the Graces, two dancing bears, and a bombazeen devil. Lady Bubble-Bet loſt ſeven hundred guineas, and my Lord Stake is ſaid to have won fifteen hundred. The company departed in good order at break of day.

Both playhouſes perform, as uſual, every night to crouded audiences. Lady Frolick, chuſing to mob it in the gallery the firſt night of the new play, loſt her pink ſhade, half her petenlair, and one ſhoe in getting in. Mrs. Vale and Lady Stickfort may be heard and ſeen every night at one or the other houſe.

A petition ſigned by ſeventy-two routs, thirty-five drums, fifteen drum-majors, and eleven hurricanes, is prepared againſt the bill for laying an additional duty on the Ace of Spades. And we hear that in conſequence of the New Stile, a bill is to be brought in for altering the diurnal calculation of time. It is propoſed, that the morning be put back twelve hours, and is not to commence till twelve at noon; noon and night to be annihilated, and the evening not to end till day-break. This is agreeable to the practice of all the faſhionable world; and the company of Stationers will have orders to prepare a new almanack upon the occaſion, in order to bind up with future court kalendars.

By private letters from Bath we are informed, that a vaſt concourſe of people are coming in daily, but they have little or no company. Miſs Suſan Sly, who lately went thither for the recovery of her health, is ſafely brought to bed of a ſon and no heir, to the great grief of that noble family.

We hear that a treaty of marriage is on foot, and will ſpeedily be conſummated, between Patrick Mac Lackland, Eſq. and Miſs Polly Pert, a lady of great merit and beauty—in her pocket.

Laſt Monday died at her ladyſhip's houſe in Groſvenor Square, Miſs Cloe, only lap-dog of the Counteſs of Fiddle Faddle.

On Sunday laſt a terrible fire broke out at Lady Brag's, occaſioned by the following accident: Mrs. Overall the houſekeeper, having loſt three rubbers at whiſt running, without holding a ſwabber, (notwithſtanding ſhe had changed chairs, furzed the cards, and ordered Jemmy the foot-boy to ſit croſs-legged for good-luck) grew out of all patience; and taking up the devil's books, as ſhe called them, flung them into the fire, and the flame ſpread to the ſteward's room; but by the timely aſſiſtance of Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Chambermaid, and Mrs. Lady's own Woman, they were prevented from doing any conſiderable damage.

A BILL OF MARRIAGES, BURIALS, DISEASES AND CASUALTIES, FOR THE LAST WEEK.

Married (in church)	2
(at May Fair)	11
(at the Fleet)	27
Buried (in the country)	142

DISEASES.

Abortion	2
Aged	0
Broken heart (by huſbands)	34
Child-bed (in private)	5
Conſumption (of the pocket)	73
Colds (caught at places of diverſion)	500
Exceſſive gaming	92
Bad livers	1000
Mortification	8
Overflowing of the gall	52
Raſh	7
Small-pox (loſs of beauty by it)	23
Spleen	13
Surfeit	18
Still-born	3
Stifled (after birth)	19
Tympanies (alias drums)	7
Vapours	18

CASUALTIES.

Teeth (loſs of)	34
Stabbed (in the reputation)	12
Horn-mad	95
Bit by a mad lap-dog	1
Turned off a ladder	2
Killed (in duels)	7
Found dead (drunk)	31
Kicked and pulled by the ears	1

High Mall at St. James's Park 25 minutes after Two.

Faro bank Stock 360l. 1 half. Hazard ditto 270l. 3-1ths. Ditto Tallies 50l. to 400l. 1-4th. Sinking Fund, no price. Brag circulation, uncertain. Opera Subſcription, no price. Aſſembly ditto, 52l. 10s. Concert ditto, 1ſt Sub. no price. Ditto 2d Sub. ditto. Ditto New, 1ſt Sub. 2l. 12s. 6d. to 3l. 3s. Ditto 2d Sub. 10s. 6d. 4l. 4s. Iriſh lottery, Books ſhut. Benefit Tickets, 2s. to 3s. to 5s. to 50l. Debts of Honour transferable at White's, no price.

Thus, Sir, I have explained the method that I intend to follow, and imparted ſome of the materials of which my paper will conſiſt: and as I doubt not of its univerſal circulation among perſons of quality, I ſhall, in imitation of other papers, give admittance to all thoſe advertiſements which are more immediately connected with my ſcheme; ſuch as of plays and pantomimes, maſquerade, ridottos, aſſemblies, oratorios, concerts, the animal comedians, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Ruckholt-houſe, Kendal-houſe, &c. &c. &c. Auctions of china, knick-nacks, and cockle-ſhells; Pinchbeck's repoſitory; parrots, puppies, and monkies, loſt, ſtolen or ſtrayed.—Alſo for wives, huſbands, and miſtreſſes; maſquerade habits, and maſks —tooth-powders, lip-ſalves, and beautifying lotions—Mrs. Giles's fine compound at a Guinea an ounce—the ladies court ſticking plaiſter —and the new-invented powder for ſhaving. Then among the articles of books, Duke's Art of Dancing, for the inſtruction of Grown Gentlemen—The Ladies Memorandum Book —Hiſtorical Liſt of Horſe Races—Calculation for laying the odds at any Game—Hoyle on the Sciences—New Novels, and other faſhionable Books of Entertainment.

I am, Sir, your very humble Servant,

A J. TATTLE.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

THE

ADVENTURER.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

No. XXXVI. SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1753.

——————Aſpera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur inſolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,
Qui ſemper vacuam, ſemper amabilem
Sperat, neſcius auræ
Fallacis!

HOR.

How often ſhall th' unpractis'd youth
Of alter'd gods and injur'd truth,
With tears, alas! complain?
How ſoon behold with wondering eyes
The blackening winds tempeſtuous riſe,
And ſcowl along the main?
While by his eaſy faith betray'd,
He now enjoys thee, golden maid,
Thus amiable and kind;
He fondly hopes that you ſhall prove
Thus ever vacant to his love,
Nor heeds the faithleſs wind.

FRANCIS.

THE Ladies, to whom I lately addreſſed ſome thoughts upon the choice of a huſband, I ſhall to-day conſider as married: and as I am very far from thinking, that they may now ſit down in negligent ſecurity, and remit at once their aſſiduity and circumſpection, I ſhall warn them of ſome opinions of which this conduct is the conſequence, detect ſome errors by which the general intention of good-nature may be diſappointed, and endeavour to put them upon their guard againſt ſome propenſities by which it may be overborne.

It is now neceſſary to remind them, that the paſſion which is ſuppoſed to animate the lover, the paſſion which is repreſented by flames and darts, which ſwells the boſom with perpetual rapture, and neither changes its object nor loſes its ardour, exiſts only in poetry and romance. The real paſſion which wit and folly have thus concurred to diſguiſe, is ſubject to diſguſt and ſatiety, is excited by novelty, and frequently extinguiſhed by poſſeſſion.

It is alſo equally true, that a refined and abſtracted friendſhip between perſons of different ſexes, a union of ſouls to which the corporal paſſion is merely accidental, is only to be found in the writings of thoſe enthuſiaſts who have addreſſed the world from a cave or a college, and perhaps denied the force of deſires which they could not ſubdue; or in the profeſſions of inſidious hypocrites, who have endeavoured thus to gain a confidence, which they intend only to abuſe. But there is an eſteem which is meliorated by love, and a love that is elevated by eſteem; a kind of mixed affection, peculiar to mankind as beings compounded of inſtinct and reaſon, or, in other words, of body and mind. This is that ſpecies

of affection upon which the ſupreme or peculiar happineſs of marriage depends, and which can ſcarce be preſerved without a conſtant attention and perpetual efforts.

As love without eſteem is volatile and capricious; eſteem without love is languid and cold. I am afraid that many men, whoſe wives have poſſeſſed their eſteem, have yet laviſhed their fortune and their fondneſs upon a miſtreſs; and that the love of others, however ardent, has been quickly alienated, becauſe it was not dignified and ſupported by eſteem.

Though good-nature does indeed participate the pains and the pleaſures of others, and may, therefore, be conſidered as a conſtant and forcible motive to communicate happineſs and alleviate miſery; yet it is at beſt but the imperfect excellence of imperfect beings, whoſe immediate gratifications are often ſelfiſh, and ſuch as folly or vice render incompatible with the true happineſs of the individual, and of each other.

As there is not, perhaps, upon earth any couple, whoſe natural diſpoſitions and reliſh of life are ſo perfectly ſimilar, as that their wills conſtantly coincide; ſo it muſt ſometimes happen, that the immediate pleaſure of indulging oppoſite inclinations will be greater than a participation of that pleaſure, which would ariſe to the other if this indulgence ſhould be forborne: but as to forbear this indulgence can never fail to conciliate eſteem, it ſhould always be conſidered as a means of happineſs, and rather as an advantage than a loſs; eſpecially if it be true, that the indulgence itſelf, in theſe circumſtances, never gives the pleaſure that it promiſes.

Lady Charlotte Sprightly, the wife of a young baronet, was dreſſing for an aſſembly a few nights ago, when Sir Harry came in. 'My dear Charlotte,' ſays he, 'I am ſorry that you are going out to-night; for my couſin George is juſt arrived from the Eaſt Indies: I have invited him to ſup; and as he has never ſeen you, I promiſed him your company.'—'Nay, dear Sir Harry,' replied the lady, 'do not aſk me to ſtay at home to-night; you know I am fond of dancing, and now my fancy is ſet upon going, I am ſure you will not diſappoint me.' Sir Harry, who was truly good-natured, would not urge her to ſtay; for to ſtay with apparent reluctance would not have gratified his wiſh. She perceived that he was ſecretly diſpleaſed; however, away ſhe went. But as ſhe had not leſs good-nature than Sir Harry, ſhe ſuffered ſo much pain by reflecting on the pain that ſhe had given him, that ſhe often wiſhed herſelf at home. Thus ſhe offended the delicacy of his affection, by preferring a dance to the quiet of his mind; and forfeited part of the eſteem which was due to that very good-nature by which ſhe loſt the enjoyment of the night.

In this inſtance, the pain inflicted upon the huſband was accidental to the private gratification propoſed by the wife. But there is a paſſion very different both from malice and rage, to the gratification of which the pain of another is ſometimes eſſentially neceſſary. This paſſion, which though its effects are often directly oppoſite to good-nature, is yet perhaps predominant in every breaſt, and indulged at whatever riſque, is Vanity.

To a gratification of vanity, at the expence of reciprocal eſteem, the wife is certainly under much ſtronger temptation than the huſband: and I warn the ladies againſt it, not only with more zeal, but with greater hope of ſucceſs; becauſe thoſe only who have ſuperior natural abilities, or have received uncommon advantages from education, have it in their power.

Succeſsfully to rally a wife, confers no honour upon a huſband; the attempt is regarded rather as an inſult than a conteſt; it is exulting in a maſculine ſtrength, to which ſhe makes no pretenſions, and brandiſhing weapons which ſhe is not ſuppoſed to have ſkill to wield.

For the ſame reaſons, to confute or to ridicule a huſband with an apparent ſuperiority of knowledge or of wit, affords all the parade of triumph to a wife; it is to be ſtrong where weakneſs is no reproach, and to conquer when it would not have been diſhonourable to fly. But theſe circumſtances which increaſe the force of the temptation, will be found to afford proportionate motives to reſiſt it: whatever adds to the glory of the victor, adds equally to the diſhonour of the vanquiſhed; and that which can exalt a wife, only by degrading a huſband, will appear upon the whole not to be worth the acquiſition, even though it could be made without changing fondneſs to reſentment, or provoking to jealouſy by an implication of contempt. If the ladies do not perceive the force of this argument, I earneſtly requeſt that they would for once truſt implicitly to

my judgment; a requeſt which, however extraordinary, is not unreaſonable: becauſe in this inſtance, the very vanity which hides truth from them, muſt neceſſarily diſcover it to me.

But if good-nature is ſufficiently vigorous to ſecure the eſteem of reaſon, it may yet be too negligent to gratify the delicacy of love: it muſt therefore not only be ſteady, but watchful and aſſiduous; beauty muſt ſuffer no diminution by inelegance, but every charm muſt contribute to keep the heart which it contributed to win; whatever would have been concealed as a defect from the lover, muſt with yet greater diligence be concealed from the huſband. The moſt intimate and tender familiarity cannot ſurely be ſuppoſed to exclude decorum; and there is a delicacy in every mind which is diſguſted at the breach of it, though every mind is not ſufficiently attentive to avoid giving an offence which it has often received.

I ſhall conclude this paper, as I did my laſt on the ſame ſubject, with a general remark. As they who poſſeſs leſs than they expected cannot be happy, to expatiate in chimerical proſpects of felicity is to inſure the anguiſh of diſappointment, and to loſe the power of enjoyment, whatever may be poſſeſſed. Let not youth, therefore, imagine, that with all the advantages of nature and education, marriage will be a conſtant reciprocation of delight, over which externals will have little influence, and which time will rather change than deſtroy. There is no perpetual ſource of delight but Hope: ſo imperfect is the utmoſt temporal happineſs, that to poſſeſs it all is to loſe it. We enjoy that which is before us; but when nothing more is poſſible, all that is attained is inſipid. Such is the condition of this life: but let us not, therefore, think it of no value; for to be placed in this life, is to be a candidate for a better.

No. XXXVII. TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1753.

Calumniari ſi quis autem voluerit,
Quod arbores loquantur, non tantum feræ;
Fictis jocari nos meminerit fabulis.

PHÆD.

Let thoſe whom folly prompts to ſneer,
Be told we ſport with fable here;
Be told that brutes can morals teach,
And trees like ſoundeſt coſuiſts preach.

THOUGH it be generally allowed, that to communicate happineſs is the characteriſtic of virtue, yet this happineſs is ſeldom conſidered as extending beyond our own ſpecies; and no man is thought to become vicious, by ſacrificing the life of an animal to the pleaſure of hitting a mark. It is, however, certain, that by this act more happineſs is deſtroyed than produced; except it be ſuppoſed, that happineſs ſhould be eſtimated, not in proportion to its degree only, but to the rank of the being by whom it is enjoyed: but this is a ſuppoſition which perhaps cannot eaſily be ſupported. Reaſon, from which alone man derives his ſuperiority, ſhould, in the preſent queſtion, be conſidered only as Senſibility: a blow produces more pain to a man than to a brute; becauſe to a man it is aggravated by a ſenſe of indignity, and is felt as often as it is remembered; in the brute it produces only corporal pain, which in a ſhort time ceaſes for ever. But it may be juſtly aſſerted, that the ſame degree of pain in both ſubjects, is in the ſame degree an evil; and that it cannot be wantonly inflicted without equal violation of right. Neither does it follow from the contrary poſitions, that man ſhould abſtain from animal food; for by him that kills merely to eat, life is ſacrificed only to life; and if man had lived upon fruits and herbs, the greater part of thoſe animals which die to furniſh his table would never have lived; inſtead of increaſing the breed as a pledge of plenty, he would have been compelled to deſtroy them to prevent a famine.

There is great difference between killing for food, and for ſport. To take pleaſure in that by which pain is inflicted, if it is not vicious, is dangerous; and every practice which, if not criminal in itſelf, yet wears out the ſympathizing ſenſibility of a tender mind, muſt render human nature proportionably leſs fit for ſociety. In my purſuit of this train of thought, I con-

ſidered the inequality with which happineſs appears to be diſtributed among the brute creation, as different animals are in a different degree expoſed to the capricious cruelty of mankind; and in the fervor of my imagination, I began to think it poſſible that they might participate in a future retribution; eſpecially as mere matter and motion approach no nearer to ſenſibility than to thought: and he who will not venture to deny that brutes have ſenſibility ſhould not haſtily pronounce, that they have only a material exiſtence. While my mind was thus buſied, the evening ſtole imperceptibly away; and at length morning ſucceeded to midnight: my attention was remitted by degrees, and I fell aſleep in my chair.

Though the labours of memory and judgment were now at an end, yet fancy was ſtill buſy: by this roving wanton I was conducted through a dark avenue, which, after many windings, terminated in a place which ſhe told me was the elyſium of birds and beaſts. Here I beheld a great variety of animals, whom I perceived to be endowed with reaſon and ſpeech: this prodigy, however, did not raiſe aſtoniſhment, but curioſity. I was impatient to learn what were the topics of diſcourſe in ſuch an aſſembly; and hoped to gain a valuable addition to my remarks upon human life. For this purpoſe I approached a Horſe and an Aſs, who ſeemed to be engaged in ſerious converſation: but I approached with great caution and humility; for I now conſidered them as in a ſtate ſuperior to mortality; and I feared to incur the contempt and indignation which naturally riſe at the ſight of a tyrant who is diveſted of his power. My caution was, however, unneceſſary, for they ſeemed wholly to diſregard me; and by degrees I came near enough to overhear them.

'If I had periſhed,' ſaid the Aſs, 'when 'I was diſmiſſed from the earth, I think I 'ſhould have been a loſer by my exiſtence; for, 'during my whole life, there was ſcarce an in'terval of an hour, in which I did not ſuffer 'the accumulated miſery of blows, hunger, 'and fatigue. When I was a colt, I was ſto'len by a gypſie, who placed two children upon 'my back in a pair of panniers, before I had 'perfectly acquired the habit of carrying my 'own weight with ſteadineſs and dexterity. 'By hard fare and ill treatment, I quickly 'became blind; and when the family to which 'I belonged, went into their winter quarters 'in Norwood, I was ſtaked as a bet againſt a 'couple of geeſe, which had been found by a 'fellow who came by, driving before him two 'of my brethren, whom he had overloaded 'with bags of ſand: a halfpenny was thrown 'up; and to the inexpreſſible increaſe of my 'calamity, the dealer in ſand was the winner.'

'When I came to town, I was harneſſed 'with my two wretched aſſociates to a cart, in 'which my new maſter had piled up his com'modity till it would hold no more. The load 'was ſo diſproportionate to our ſtrength, that 'it was with the utmoſt difficulty and labour 'dragged very ſlowly over the rugged pavement 'of the ſtreets, in which every ſtone was an 'almoſt inſuperable obſtacle to our progreſs. 'One morning very early, as we were toiling up 'Snow Hill, with repeated efforts of ſtrength, 'that was ſtimulated even to agony, by the 'inceſſant ſtrokes of a whip, which had already 'laid our loins bare even to the bone; it hap'pened that, being placed in the ſhafts, and 'the weight preſſing hard upon me, I fell down. 'Our driver regarded my misfortune, not with 'pity but rage; and the moment he turned 'about, he threw a ſtick with ſuch violence at 'my head, that it forced out my eye, and paſ'ſing through the ſocket into the brain, I was 'inſtantly diſmiſſed from that miſery, the com'pariſon of which with my preſent ſtate conſti'tutes great part of its felicity. But you, 'ſurely, if I may judge by your ſtature, and 'the elegance of your make, was among the 'favourites of mankind; you were placed in a 'higher and a happier ſtation; you were not the 'ſlave of indigence, but the pride of greatneſs; 'your labour was ſport, and your reward was 'triumph, eaſe, plenty and attendance.'

'It is true,' replied the Steed, 'I was a 'favourite: but what avails it to be the fa'vourite of caprice, avarice, and barbarity? 'My tyrant was a wretch, who had gained 'a conſiderable fortune by play, particularly 'by racing. I had won him many large ſums; 'but being at length excepted out of every 'match, as having no equal, he regarded even 'my excellence with malignity, when it was 'no longer ſubſervient to his intereſt. Yet I 'ſtill lived in eaſe and plenty; and as he was

'able to ſell even my pleaſures, though my la-
'bour was become uſeleſs, I had a ſeraglio in
'which there was a perpetual ſucceſſion of new
'beauties. At laſt, however, another compe-
'titor appeared: I enjoyed a new triumph by
'anticipation; I ruſhed into the field, pant-
'ing for the conqueſt; and the firſt heat I put
'my maſter in poſſeſſion of the ſtakes, which
'amounted to ten thouſand pounds. The
'proprietor of the mare that I had diſtanced,
'notwithſtanding this diſgrace, declared with
'great zeal, that ſhe ſhould run the next day
'againſt any gelding in the world for double
'the ſum: my maſter immediately accepted the
'challenge, and told him, that he would the
'next day produce a gelding that ſhould beat
'her: but what was my aſtoniſhment and in-
'dignation, when I diſcovered that he moſt cru-
'elly and fraudulently intended to qualify me
'for this match upon the ſpot; and to ſacrifice
'my life at the very moment in which every
'nerve ſhould be ſtrained in his ſervice.'

'As I knew it would be in vain to reſiſt, I
'ſuffered myſelf to be bound: the operation
'was performed, and I was inſtantly mounted
'and ſpurred on to the goal. Injured as I was,
'the love of glory was ſtill ſuperior to the de-
'ſire of revenge: I determined to die as I had
'lived, without an equal; and having again won
'the race, I ſunk down at the poſt in an ago-
'ny, which ſoon after put an end to my life.'

When I had heard this horrid narrative, which indeed I remembered to be true, I turned about in honeſt confuſion, and bluſhed that I was a man. But my reflections were interrupted by the notes of a Blackbird, who was ſinging the ſtory of his own fate with a melody that irreſiſtibly compelled my attention. By this gentle and harmonious being, I was not treated with equal contempt; he perceived that I liſtened with curioſity; and, interrupting his ſong—'Stran-
'ger,' ſays he, 'though I am, as thou ſeeſt,
'in the fields of Elyſium, yet my happineſs is
'not complete; my mate is ſtill expoſed to the
'miſeries of mortality, and I am ſtill vulnera-
'ble in her. O! ſtranger, to bribe thy friend-
'ſhip, if peradventure it may reach my love,
'I will gratify the curioſity with which thy
'looks enquire after me. I fell by the unpro-
'voked enmity of man, in that ſeaſon when
'the dictates of nature are love. But let not
'my cenſure be univerſal; for as the elegy which
'I ſing was written by a human being, every
'human being is not deſtitute of compaſſion,
'nor deaf to the language in which our joys
'and fears are expreſſed.' He then, after a ſweet though ſhort prelude, made the grove echo again with his ſong.

The ſun had chas'd the winter's ſnow,
And kindly loos'd the froſt-bound ſoil;
The melting ſtreams began to flow,
And plow-men urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then, amid the vernal throng,
Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,
A Blackbird rais'd his amorous ſong,
And thus it echo'd through the grove:

'O! faireſt of the feather'd train,
'For whom I ſing, for whom I burn;
'Attend with pity to my ſtrain,
'And grant my love a kind return.

'See, ſee, the winter ſtorms are flown,
'And zephyrs gently fan the air!
'Let us the genial influence own,
'Let us the vernal paſtime ſhare.

'The raven plumes his jetty wing,
'To pleaſe his croaking paramour;
'The larks reſponſive love-tales ſing,
'And tell their paſſions as they ſoar.

'But truſt, me, love, the raven's wing,
'Is not to be compar'd with mine;
'Nor can the lark ſo ſweetly ſing
'As I, who ſtrength with ſweetneſs join.

'With thee I'll prove the ſweets of love,
'With thee divide the cares of life;
'No fonder huſband in the grove,
'Nor none than thee a happier wife.

'I'll lead thee to the cleareſt rill,
'Whoſe ſtreams among the pebbles ſtray;
'There will we ſit and ſip our fill,
'Or on the flow'ry border play.

'I'll guide thee to the thickeſt brake,
'Impervious to the ſchool-boy's eye:
'For thee the plaſter'd neſt I'll make,
'And on thy downy pinions lie.

'To get thee food I'll range the fields,
'And cull the beſt of ev'ry kind;
'Whatever nature's bounty yields
'Or love's aſſiduous care can find.

'And when my lovely mate would ſtray,
'To taſte the ſummer's ſweet at large,
'At home I'll wait the live-long day,
'And tend at home our infant charge.

'When, prompted by a mother's care,
'Thy warmth ſhall form th' impriſon'd young,
'With thee the taſk I'll fondly ſhare,
'Or chear thy labours with my ſong.'

He ceas'd his ſong. The melting dame
With tender pity heard his ſtrain;
She felt, ſhe own'd, a mutual flame,
And haſt'ned to relieve his pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
And neſtled cloſely to her ſide,
The happieſt bridegroom in that hour,
And ſhe the moſt enamour'd bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a ſong—
'Ariſe! behold the new-born day!
'The lark his mattin peal has rung;
'Ariſe, my love, and come away!'

Together through the fields they ſtray'd,
And at the verdant riv'let's ſide,
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
With honeſt joy and decent pride.

But O! my muſe with pain relates
The mournful ſequel of my tale;
Sent by an order of the Fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd—'My dear,
'Haſte, haſte away; from danger fly!—
'Here, gunner, turn thy vengeance, here!
'O! ſpare my love, and let me die.'

At him the gunner took his aim;
The aim he took was much too true;
O! had he choſe ſome other game,
Or ſhot as he had us'd to do *!

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearſe:
I'll join the widow's plaintive ſong,
And ſave the lover in my verſe.

The emotions which this ſong produced in my boſom, awaked me; and I immediately recollected, that, while I ſlept, my imagination had repeated 'an elegy occaſioned by ſhooting a 'Blackbird on Valentine's day,' which had a few days before been communicated to me by a gentleman, who is not only eminent for taſte, literature and virtue, but for his zeal in defence of that religion, which moſt ſtrongly inculcates compaſſion to inferior natures, by the example of its Divine Author, who gave the moſt ſtupendous proof of his compaſſion for ours.

No. XXXVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1753.

Εὖ γὰρ δὴ ὁ ἀποφηνάμενος, τὶ θεοῖς ὅμοιον
ἔχοιμεν, 'εὐεργεσίαν, εἶπε καὶ ἀλήθειαν.' PYTHAG. AP. LONGIN.

Pythagoras being aſked in what man could reſemble the Divinity, juſtly anſwered, 'in benevolence 'and truth.'

In the Perſian chronicle of the five hundred and thirteenth year of the Heigyra, it is thus written. Of the Letter of Coſroü the Iman.

IT pleaſed our mighty ſovereign Abbas Caraſcan, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to ſet Mirza his ſervant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of Mirza, the balance of diſtribution was ſuſpended with impartiality; and under his adminiſtration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich: Mirza, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced bleſſings upon his head. But it was obſerved that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffuſed; he became penſive and melancholy; he ſpent his leiſure in ſolitude; in his palace he ſat motionleſs upon a ſofa; and when he went out, his walk was ſlow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the buſineſs of ſtate with reluctance; and reſolved to relinquiſh the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He therefore obtained permiſſion to approach the throne of our ſovereign; and being aſked what was his requeſt, he made this reply: 'May the Lord of the world forgive the ſlave 'whom he has honoured, if Mirza preſume 'again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet. 'Thou haſt given me the dominion of a coun'try, fruitful as the gardens of Damaſcus; 'and a city, glorious above all others, except 'that only which reflects the ſplendor of thy pre'ſence. But the longeſt life is a period ſcarce 'ſufficient to prepare for death; all other buſineſs

* Never having killed any thing before or ſince.

'is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in 'the path of the traveller, under whoſe foot 'they periſh for ever; and all enjoyment is 'unſubſtantial and evaneſcent, as the colours 'of the bow that appears in the interval of a 'ſtorm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for 'the approach of eternity; let me give up my 'ſoul to meditation: let ſolitude and ſilence 'acquaint me with the myſteries of devotion; 'let me forget the world, and by the world be 'forgotten, till the moment arrives in which 'the veil of eternity ſhall fall, and I ſhall be 'found at the bar of the ALMIGHTY.' Mirza then bowed himſelf to the earth, and ſtood ſilent.

By the command of Abbas it is recorded, that at theſe words he trembled upon that throne, at the footſtool of which the world pays homage; he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king firſt broke ſilence, after it had continued near an hour.

'Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon 'me. I am alarmed, as a man who ſuddenly 'perceives that he is near the brink of a pre'cipice, and is urged forward by an irreſiſtible 'force: but yet I know not, whether my 'danger is a reality or a dream. I am as thou 'art, a reptile of the earth; my life is a mo'ment; and eternity, in which days and years 'and ages are nothing, eternity is before me, 'for which I alſo ſhould prepare: but by whom 'then muſt the faithful be governed? by thoſe 'only who have no fear of judgment? by 'thoſe only whoſe life is brutal, becauſe like 'brutes they do not conſider that they ſhall die? 'Or who, indeed, are the faithful? Are the 'buſy multitudes that croud the city, in a 'ſtate of perdition? and is the cell of the der'viſe alone the gate of paradiſe? To all, the 'life of a derviſe is not poſſible: to all, there'fore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the 'houſe which has in this city been prepared for 'thy reſidence: I will meditate the reaſon of 'thy requeſt; and may he who illuminates 'the mind of the humble, enable me to deter'mine with wiſdom!'

Mirza departed; and on the third day having received no command, he again requeſted an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal preſence, his countenance appeared more chearful; he drew a letter from his boſom, and having kiſſed it, he preſented it with his right hand. 'My lord,' ſaid he, 'I have learned by this letter, which I receiv'ed from Coſrou the Iman who now ſtands be'fore thee, in what manner life may be beſt 'improved. I am enabled to look back 'with pleaſure, and forward with hope; and 'I ſhall now rejoice ſtill to be the ſhadow of 'thy power at Tauris, and to keep thoſe ho'nours which I ſo lately wiſhed to reſign.' The king, who had liſtened to Mirza with a mixture of ſurprize and curioſity, immediately gave the letter to Coſrou, and commanded that it ſhould be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary ſage, whoſe countenace was ſuffuſed with an honeſt bluſh; and it was not without ſome heſitation that he read theſe words.

'To Mirza, whom the wiſdom of Abbas 'our mighty lord has honoured with domini'on, be everlaſting health! When I heard thy 'purpoſe to withdraw the bleſſings of thy go'vernment from the thouſands of Tauris, my 'heart was wounded with the arrow of afflic'tion, and my eyes became dim with ſorrow. 'But who ſhall ſpeak before the king, when 'he is troubled? and who ſhall boaſt of know'ledge, when he is diſtreſſed by doubt? To 'thee I will relate the events of my youth, 'which thou haſt renewed before me; and 'thoſe truths which they taught me, may the 'Prophet multiply to thee.

'Under the inſtruction of the phyſician 'Aluzar, I obtained an early knowledge of his 'art. To thoſe who were ſmitten with diſeaſe, 'I could adminiſter plants, which the ſun 'has impregnated with the ſpirit of health. 'But the ſcenes of pain, languor, and mor'tality, which were perpetually riſing before 'me, made me often tremble for myſelf. I 'ſaw the grave open at my feet: I determin'ed, therefore, to contemplate only the regi'ons beyond it, and to deſpiſe every acquiſiti'on which I could not keep. I conceived an 'opinion, that as there was no merit but in 'voluntary poverty, and ſilent meditation, 'thoſe who deſired money were not proper ob'jects of bounty; and that by all who were 'proper objects of bounty, money was de'ſpiſed. I, therefore, buried mine in the earth, 'and renouncing ſociety, I wandered into a

'wild and ſequeſtered part of the country: my 'dwelling was a cave by the ſide of a hill; I 'drank the running water from the ſpring, 'and eat ſuch fruits and herbs as I could find. 'To increaſe the auſterity of my life, I fre-'quently watched all night, ſitting at the en-'trance of the cave with my face to the eaſt, 'reſigning myſelf to the ſecret influences of 'the Prophet, and expecting illuminations 'from above. One morning after my noc-'turnal vigil, juſt as I perceived the horizon 'glow at the approach of the ſun, the power 'of ſleep became irreſiſtible, and I ſunk under 'it. I imagined myſelf ſtill ſitting at the en-'trance of my cell; that the dawn increaſed; 'and that as I looked earneſtly for the firſt 'beam of day, a dark ſpot appeared to inter-'cept it. I perceived that it was in motion; 'it increaſed in ſize as it drew near, and at 'length I diſcovered it to be an eagle. I ſtill 'kept my eye fixed ſtedfaſtly upon it, and ſaw 'it alight at ſmall diſtance, where I now deſ-'cried a fox whoſe two fore legs appeared to 'be broken. Before this fox the eagle laid 'part of a kid, which ſhe had brought in her 'talons, and then diſappeared. When I 'awaked I laid my forehead upon the ground, 'and bleſſed the Prophet for the inſtruction of 'the morning. I reviewed my dream, and ſaid 'thus to myſelf: "Coſrou, thou haſt done "well to renounce the tumult, the buſineſs, "and the vanities of life: but thou haſt as "yet only done it in part; thou art ſtill every "day buſied in ſearch of food, thy mind is not "wholly at reſt, neither is thy truſt in Provi-"dence complete. What art thou taught by "this viſion? If thou haſt ſeen an eagle com-"miſſioned by Heaven to feed a fox that is "lame, ſhall not the hand of Heaven alſo ſup-"ply thee with food, when that which prevents "thee from procuring it for thyſelf is not ne-"ceſſity but devotion" I was now ſo confi-'dent of a miraculous ſupply, that I ne-'glected to walk out for my repaſt, which, 'after the firſt day, I expected with an im-'patience that left me little power of attend-'ing to any other object: this impatience, 'however, I laboured to ſuppreſs, and perſiſt-'ed in my reſolution; but my eyes at length 'began to fail me, and my knees ſmote each 'other; I threw myſelf backward, and hoped 'my weakneſs would ſoon increaſe to inſenſi-'bility. But I was ſuddenly rouzed by the 'voice of an inviſible being, who pronounced 'theſe words: "Coſrou, I am the angel who, "by the command of the ALMIGHTY, "have regiſtered the thoughts of thy heart, "which I am now commiſſioned to reprove. "While thou waſt attempting to become wiſe "above that which is revealed, thy folly has "perverted the inſtruction which was vouch-"ſafed thee. Art thou diſabled as the fox? "haſt thou not rather the powers of the eagle? "Ariſe, let the eagle be the object of thy "emulation. To pain and ſickneſs be thou "again the meſſenger of eaſe and health. "Virtue is not reſt, but action. If thou doſt "good to man, as an evidence of the love to "GOD, thy virtue will be exalted from moral "to divine; and that happineſs which is the "pledge of paradiſe, will be thy reward up-"on earth."

'At theſe words I was not leſs aſtoniſhed 'than if a mountain had been overturned at 'my feet; I humbled myſelf in the duſt; I 'returned to the city; I dug up my treaſure; 'I was liberal, yet I became rich. My ſkill 'in reſtoring health to the body, gave me fre-'quent opportunities of curing the diſeaſes of 'the ſoul. I put on the ſacred veſtments; I 'grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was 'the pleaſure of the king that I ſhould ſtand 'before him. Now, therefore, be not offend-'ed; I boaſt of no knowledge that I have not 'received; as the ſands of the deſart drink up 'the drops of rain, or the dew of the morn-'ing; ſo do I alſo, who am but duſt, imbibe 'the inſtruction of the Prophet. Believe then 'that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is 'prophane which terminates in thyſelf; and 'by a life waſted in ſpeculation, little even of 'this can be gained. When the gates of pa-'radiſe are thrown open before thee, thy mind 'ſhall be irradiated in a moment: here thou 'canſt little more than pile error upon error, 'there thou ſhalt build truth upon truth. 'Wait, therefore, for the glorious viſion; and 'in the meant time emulate the eagle. Much 'is in thy power; and, therefore, much is ex-'pected of thee. Though the ALMIGHTY 'only can give virtue, yet, as a prince, thou 'mayeſt ſtimulate thoſe to beneficence who act 'from no higher motive than immediate inte-'reſt: thou canſt not produce the principle,

'but mayeſt enforce the practice. The relief 'of the poor is equal, whether they receive it 'from oſtentation or charity; and the effect 'of example is the ſame, whether it be intend- 'ed to obtain the favour of GOD or man. 'Let thy virtue be thus diffuſed; and if thou 'believeſt with reverence, thou ſhalt be accept- 'ed above. Farewell. May the ſmile of 'Him who reſides in the Heaven of Heavens, 'be upon thee! and againſt thy name in the 'volume of His will, may happineſs be 'written!'

The king, whoſe doubts, like thoſe of Mirza were now removed, looked up with a ſmile that communicated the joy of his mind. He diſmiſſed the prince to his government; and commanded theſe events to be recorded, to the end that poſterity may know——'That no life is 'pleaſing to GOD, but that which is uſeful 'to MANKIND!'

No. XXXIX. TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1753.

——Οδυσεὺς φύλλοισι καλύψατο, τῷ δ' ἄρ Αθήνη
Υπνον ἐπ' ὀμμασι χευ, ἵνα μιν παύσειε τάχιστα
Δυσπόνε& καμάτοιο. HOM.

——*Pallas pour'd ſweet ſlumbers on his ſoul;*
And balmy dreams, the gift of ſoft repoſe,
Calm'd all his pains, and baniſh'd all his woes. POPE.

IF every day did not produce freſh inſtances of the ingratitude of mankind, we might, perhaps, be at a loſs, why ſo liberal and impartial a benefactor as Sleep ſhould meet with ſo few hiſtorians or panegyriſts. Writers are ſo totally abſorbed by the buſineſs of the day, as never to turn their attention to that power, whoſe officious hand ſo ſeaſonably ſuſpends the burthen of life; and without whoſe interpoſition, man would not be able to endure the fatigue of labour however rewarded, or the ſtruggle with oppoſition however ſucceſsful.

Night, though ſhe divides to many the longeſt part of life, and to almoſt all the moſt innocent and happy, is yet unthankfully neglected, except by thoſe who pervert her gifts.

The aſtronomers, indeed, expect her with impatience, and felicitate themſelves upon her arrival: Fontenelle has not failed to celebrate her praiſes; and to chide the ſun from hiding from his view the worlds which he imagines to appear in every conſtellation. Nor have the poets been always deficient in her praiſes; Milton has obſerved of the night, that it is 'the pleaſant time, the cool, the ſilent.'

Theſe men may, indeed, well be expected to pay particular homage to night; ſince they are indebted to her, not only for ceſſation of pain, but increaſe of pleaſure, not only for ſlumber, but for knowledge. But the greater part of her avowed votaries are the ſons of luxury; who appropriate to feſtivity the hours deſigned for reſt; who conſider the reign of pleaſure as commencing when day begins to withdraw her buſy multitudes, and ceaſes to diſſipate attention by intruſive and unwelcome variety; who begin to awake to joy when the reſt of the world ſinks into inſenſibility; and revel in the ſoft effluence of flattering and artificial lights, which 'more ſhadowy ſet off the face of things.'

Without touching upon the fatal conſequences of a cuſtom, which as Ramazzini obſerves, will be for ever condemned, and for ever retained; it may be obſerved, that however ſleep may be put off from time to time, yet the demand is of ſo importunate a nature, as not to remain long unſatisfied: and if, as ſome have done, we conſider it as the tax of life, we cannot but obſerve it is a tax that muſt be paid unleſs we could ceaſe to be men: for Alexander declared, that nothing convinced him that he was not a divinity, but his not being able to live without ſleep.

To live without ſleep in our preſent fluctuating ſtate, however deſirable it might ſeem to the lady in Clelia, can ſurely be the wiſh only of the young or the ignorant; to every one elſe, a perpetual vigil will appear to be a ſtate of wretchedneſs, ſecond only to that of the miſerable beings, whom Swift has in his travels ſo elegantly deſcribed, as 'ſupremely 'curſed with immortality.'

Sleep is neceſſary to the happy, to prevent ſatiety, and to endear life by a ſhort abſence; and to the miſerable, to relieve them by intervals of quiet. Life is to moſt, ſuch as could not be endured without frequent intermiſſions of exiſtence: Homer, therefore, has thought it an office worthy of the goddeſs of wiſdom, to lay Ulyſſes aſleep when landed on Phæacia.

It is related of Barretier, whoſe early advances in literature ſcarce any human mind has equalled, that he ſpent twelve hours of the four and twenty in ſleep: yet this appears, from the bad ſtate of his health, and the ſhortneſs of his life, to have been too ſmall a reſpite for a mind ſo vigorouſly and intenſely employed: it is to be regretted, therefore, that he did not exerciſe his mind leſs, and his body more; ſince by this means it is highly probable, that though he would not then have aſtoniſhed with the blaze of a comet, he would yet have ſhone with the permanent radiance of a fixed ſtar.

Nor ſhould it be objected, that there have been many men who daily ſpent fifteen or ſixteen hours in ſtudy: for by ſome of whom this is reported, it has never been done; others have done it for a ſhort time only; and of the reſt it appears, that they employed their minds in ſuch operations as required neither celerity nor ſtrength, in the low drudgery of collating copies, comparing authorities, digeſting dictionaries, or accumulating compilations.

Men of ſtudy and imagination are frequently upbraided by the induſtrious and plodding ſons of care, with paſſing too great a part of their life in a ſtate of inaction. But theſe defiers of ſleep ſeem not to remember, that though it muſt be granted them that they are crawling about before the break of day, it can ſeldom be ſaid that they are perfectly awake; they exhauſt no ſpirits, and require no repairs; but lie torpid as a toad in marble, or at leaſt are known to live only by an inert and ſluggiſh loco-motive faculty; and may be ſaid, like a wounded ſnake, to 'drag their ſlow length along.'

Man has been long known among philoſophers by the appellation of the microcoſm, or epitome of the world: the reſemblance between the great and little world might, by a rational obſerver, be detailed to many particulars; and to many more by a fanciful ſpeculatiſt. I know not in which of theſe two claſſes I ſhall be ranged for obſerving, that as the total quantity of light and darkneſs allotted in the courſe of the year to every region of the earth, is the ſame, though diſtributed at various times and in different portions; ſo, perhaps, to each individual of the human ſpecies, nature has ordained the ſame quantity of wakefulneſs and ſleep; though divided by ſome into a total quieſcence and vigorous exertion of their faculties, and blended by others in a kind of twilight of exiſtence, in a ſtate between dreaming and reaſoning, in which they either think without action, or act without thought.

The poets are generally well affected to ſleep: as men who think with vigour, they require reſpite from thought; and gladly reſign themſelves to that gentle power, who not only beſtows reſt, but frequently leads them to happier regions, where patrons are always kind, and audiences are always candid; where they are feaſted in the bowers of imagination, and crowned with flowers diveſted of their prickles, and laurels of unfading verdure.

The more refined and penetrating part of mankind, who take wide ſurveys of the wilds of life, who ſee the innumerable terrors and diſtreſſes that are perpetually preying on the heart of man, and diſcern with unhappy perſpicuity calamities yet latent in their cauſes, are glad to cloſe their eyes upon the gloomy proſpect, and loſe in a ſhort inſenſibility the remembrance of others miſeries and their own. The hero has no higher hope, than that, after having routed legions after legions, and added kingdom to kingdom, he ſhall retire to milder happineſs, and cloſe his days in ſocial feſtivity. The wit or the ſage can expect no greater happineſs, than that, after having harraſſed his reaſon in deep reſearches, and fatigued his fancy in boundleſs excurſions, he ſhall ſink at night in the tranquillity of ſleep.

The poets, among all thoſe that enjoy the bleſſings of ſleep, have been leaſt aſhamed to acknowledge their benefactor. How much Statius conſidered the evils of life as aſſuaged and ſoftened by the balm of ſlumber, we may diſcover by that pathetic invocation, which he poured out in his waking nights: and that Cowley, among the other felicities of his darling ſolitude, did not forget to number the privilege of ſleeping without diſturbance, we may learn from the rank that he

assigns among the gifts of nature to the poppy; 'Which is scattered,' says he, 'over the fields 'of corn, that all the needs of man may be 'easily satisfied, and that bread and sleep may 'be found together.'

Si quis invisum Cereri benignæ
Me putat germen, vehementer errat;
Illa me in partem recipit libenter
Fertilis agri.

Meque frumentumque simul per omnes
Consulens mundo dea spargit oras;
Crescite, O! dixit, duo magna susten—
tacula vitæ.

Carpe, mortalis, mea dona lætus,
Carpe, nec plantas alias require,
Sed satur panis, satur et soporis,
Cætera sperne.

He wildly errs who thinks I yield
Precedence in the well-cloath'd field,
Tho' mix'd with wheat I grow:
Indulgent Ceres knew my worth;
And, to adorn the teeming earth,
She bade the Poppy blow.

Nor vainly gay the sight to please,
But blest with power mankind to ease,
The goddess saw me rise:
'Thrive with the life-supporting grain,'
She cry'd, 'the solace of the swain,
'The cordial of his eyes.

'Seize, happy mortal, seize the good;
'My hand supplies thy sleep and food,
'And makes thee truly blest:
'With plenteous meals enjoy the day,
'In slumbers pass the night away,
'And leave to fate the rest.'

C. B.

Sleep, therefore, as the chief of all earthly blessings, is justly appropriated to industry and temperance; the refreshing rest, and the peaceful night, are the portion only of him who lies down weary with honest labour, and free from the fumes of indigested luxury; it is the just doom of laziness and gluttony, to be inactive without ease, and drowsy without tranquillity.

Sleep has been often mentioned as the image of death; 'So like it,' says Sir Thomas Brown, 'that I dare not trust it without my prayers:' their resemblance is, indeed, apparent and striking; they both, when they seize the body, leave the soul at liberty; and wise is he that remembers of both, that they can be safe and happy only by Virtue.

T

No. XL. SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1753.

Solvite tantis animum monstris,
Solvite, superi; rectam in melius
Vertite mentem. SEN.

O! save, ye gods omnipotent and kind,
From such abhorr'd chimeras save the mind!
In truth's strait path no hideous monsters roar;
To truth's strait path the wand'ring mind restore.

I WENT a few days ago to visit a friend, whose understanding is so much disordered by an injudicious application to study, that he has been some time confined in a mad-house. His imagination was always remarkably vigorous, and his judgment far from contemptible: but having resolved to admit no proposition which he could not demonstrate to be true, and to proceed in no inquiry till he had perfectly levelled the path before him; his progress was presently stopped, and his mind continued fixed upon problems which no human abilities can solve, till its object became confused, and he mistook for realities the illusions of fancy.

The unequal distribution of good and evil, the sufferings of virtue, and the enjoyments of vice, had long bused and perplexed his understanding: he could not discover, why a Being to whom all things are possible, should leave moral agents exposed to accidental happiness and misery; why a child often languishes under diseases which are derived from a parent, and a parent suffers yet keener anguish by the rebellious ingratitude of a child; why the tenderest affection is often abused by the neglect of indifference, or the insults of brutality; and why vice has external advantages put into her power, which virtue is compelled to renounce.

He conſidered theſe phenomena as blemiſhes in the moral ſyſtem, and could not ſuppreſs romantic wiſhes to ſee them removed. Theſe wiſhes he now believes to be in ſome degree accompliſhed; for he conceives himſelf tranſported to another planet, peopled with beings like himſelf, and governed by ſuch laws as human pride has often dictated to Divine Wiſdom for the government of the earth; he fancies too, that he is attended by a being of a ſuperior order, who has been commanded to take charge of him during his excurſion; and he ſays the name of this being is Azail. But notwithſtanding theſe extravagancies, he will ſometimes reaſon with great ſubtilty; and perfectly comprehends the force of any argument that is brought againſt him, though the next moment he will be wandering in the mazes of phrenzy, or buſied to accompliſh ſome trifling or ridiculous purpoſe.

When I entered his room, he was ſitting in a contemplative poſture, with his eyes fixed upon the ground: he juſt glanced them upon me; but as I perceived that his imagination was buſy, I was not willing to interrupt it by the intruſion of foreign ideas: I therefore ſeated myſelf near him, without ſpeaking a word; and after he had continued in his reverie near a quarter of an hour, he roſe up, and ſeemed by his geſtures to take leave of ſome inviſible gueſt, whom with great ceremony he attended to the door. When he returned, he addreſſed me with his uſual formality; and without expreſſing any curioſity to know how I had followed him into a region ſo remote and difficult of acceſs, he began to acquaint me with all that had paſſed in his imagination.

'Azail,' ſaid he, 'has juſt promiſed, that 'he will to-morrow remove me from this ſolitary retirement, to the metropolis; where the 'advantages that ariſe from a perfect coincidence of the natural and the moral world, 'will be more apparent and ſtriking: he tells 'me that you have been abroad with him this 'morning, and have made ſome diſcoveries, 'which you are to communicate to me. Come, 'I know that you find this world very different from that which you left: there, all is 'confuſion and deformity; good and evil ſeem 'to be diſtributed not by deſign, but by 'chance; and religion is not founded on reaſon, but faith. Here, all is order, harmony, and beauty: vice itſelf is only a deep 'ſhadow that gives ſtrength and elegance to 'other figures in the moral picture. Happineſs does, indeed, in ſome degree depend upon externals; but even external advantages 'are the appendages of virtue: every man 'ſpontaneouſly believes the rectitude which 'he ſees, and rejoices that a blind aſſent to 'propoſitions which contradict his experience 'is not exacted.'

To this addreſs I was at a loſs how to reply; but ſome time was happily allowed me for recollection by my friend, who having now exhauſted his ideas, lighted a pipe of tobacco, and reſigned himſelf again to meditation. In this interval I determined to accommodate myſelf to his conceptions, and try what could be effected by decorating ſome arguments with the machinery of his fancy.

'If Azail,' ſaid I, 'has referred you to me, 'I will readily gratify your curioſity: but, 'for my own part, I am more and more diſguſted with this place, and I ſhall rejoice 'when I return to our own world. We have, 'I confeſs, been abroad this morning; but 'though the weather as you ſee is fine, and the 'country pleaſant, yet I have great reaſon to 'be diſſatisfied with my walk. This, as you 'have remarked, is a retired part of the country: my diſcoveries, therefore, with reſpect 'to the people, have been few; and, till to-day, 'I have ſeen no object that has much excited 'my curioſity, or could much contribute to my 'information; but juſt as we had croſſed the 'third field from the houſe, I diſcovered a man 'lying near the path, who ſeemed to be periſhing with diſeaſe and want: as we approached 'he looked up at us with an aſpect that expreſſed the utmoſt diſtreſs, but no expectation of relief; the ſilent complaint, which yet 'ſcarce implied a petition, melted my heart 'with pity; I ran to him; and, gently raiſing him from the ground, inquired how I 'could be employed to aſſiſt him: the man 'gazed at me with aſtoniſhment; and while 'he was making an effort to ſpeak, Azail ſuddenly forced me from him. "Suppreſs thy "pity," ſaid he, "for it is impious; and "forbear attempts of relief, for they are vain. "Haſt thou forgot that happineſs and miſery

" are here exactly proportioned to virtue and " vice; and, therefore, that to alleviate the " misery, or increase the happiness, is to de- " stroy the equipoise of the ballance, and to " counterwork the designs of Heaven?"

'I felt the force of this reproof; and turning my eyes from an object which I could not 'behold without anguish, I soon discovered another person standing at some distance, and 'looking towards us: his features were fixed 'in the dead calm of indifference, and expressed neither pleasure nor pain. I, therefore, 'enquired of Azail, to what moral class he 'belonged; what were his virtues, passions, 'enjoyments, and expectations.'

" The man," said Azail, " who is the sub- " ject of thy enquiry, has not deserved, and " therefore does not suffer, positive pain, either " of body or mind: he possesses ease and health, " and enjoys the temperate gratification of his " natural appetites; this temperance is his " virtue, and this enjoyment its reward. He " is destitute of whatever is distinguished upon " earth by the name of Kind Affections or " Social Virtue: the kind affections would ren- " der his happiness dependent upon others; " and the exercise of social virtue presupposes " the happiness of others to be dependent up- " on him. Every individual is here a kind of " separate system: among these there can be " neither pity nor relief, neither bounty nor " gratitude. To cloathe the naked, to feed the " hungry, and to comfort the afflicted, can be " duties to those only who are placed where " the account of Providence with vice and vir- " tue is kept open, and the mite of human " benevolence may be accepted for either; as " the balance is deferred till hereafter, and " will at last be stated with the utmost precisi- " on and impartiality. If these beings are in- " tended for a future state, it is not requisite they " should know it; the DEITY would be justi- " fied, if they should lose existence and life to- " gether. Hope and fear are not necessary to " adjust the scale of distributive justice, or to " deter them from obtaining private gratifica- " tions at the expence of others; for over the " happiness of others they have no power: " their expectations, therefore, are bounded by " the grave; and any calamity that would af- " ford a probable proof of their existence be- " yond it, would be regarded as the most for- " tunate event that could befal them. In that " of which others complain, they would re- " joice; and adore as bounty that which upon " earth has been censured as injustice." 'When 'Azail had vouchsafed me this information, I 'earnestly requested that I might no longer 'continue where my virtues had no object, 'where there was no happiness worthy my complacency, nor any misery that I was permitted to relieve.'

All this while my friend seemed to listen with great attention, and I was encouraged to proceed. 'I could not forbear observing to 'Azail,' said I, as we returned, 'that he had 'exhibited, in a very strong light, the great 'advantages which are derived from that very 'constitution of the natural and moral world, 'which being generally considered as defective, some have concealed with a view to justify Providence, and others have displayed, 'as an argument, that all things were produced by chance.'——But, Sir,' said my friend, hastily interrupting me, 'it is not merely the unequal distribution, but the exist- 'tence of evil, that the Stoics denied and the 'Epicureans admitted, for the purposes which 'you suppose; and I can discover, without the 'assistance of Azail, that if moral evil had been 'excluded, the social affections would have 'been exercised only in the participation of 'happiness; pity would have been well exchanged for complacency, and the alleviation 'of evil for the mutual communication of 'good.' I now conceived hopes that I had engaged him in a train of thought, which would by degrees lead him out of all his difficulties; I applauded myself upon the success of my project, and believed I had nothing to do but to obviate the objection he had started, and to recapitulate my other arguments of which he had tacitly acknowledged the force. 'My 'dear friend,' said I, 'you talk of the exclu- 'sion of moral evil; but does not the exclusi- 'on of moral evil from a society of human 'beings placed in a state of probation, appear 'to be as impossible as to give a circle the properties of a square? And could man, supposing him to have continued impeccable, 'have lived upon earth in perpetual security 'from pain? Would he not have been still li-

'able to be crushed by a fall, or wounded by a 'blow? And is it not easy to shew, that these 'evils, which unavoidably become probable 'the moment our world and its first inhabitants 'were produced, are apparently over-ruled by 'the WISE CREATOR, and that from these he 'is perpetually educing good?

'The same act by which man forfeited his 'original immortality, produced eventually a 'proof, that it should be restored in a future 'state; with such circumstances as more for-'cibly restrained vice by fear, and encouraged 'virtue by hope. Man, therefore, was urged by 'stronger motives to rectitude of life, and a 'further deviation to ill became more difficult 'than the first; a new field was opened for the 'exercise of that virtue, which exercise only 'can improve. When distress came among 'us, the relief of distress was exalted into 'piety: "What ye did to the sick, and the "prisoner," says the AUTHOR of our religion, "ye did to me." But the sufferings of vir-'tue do not only exercise virtue in others; they 'are an earnest of everlasting felicity: and 'hope, without any temporary enjoyment, is 'of more worth than all temporary enjoyments 'without hope. The present system is, in-'deed, evidently in a state of progression: in 'this view, it will appear to be a work wor-'thy of Infinite Wisdom and Goodness; for 'no one can complain, that an ear of corn rots 'in the ground, who knows that it cannot 'otherwise spring up, and produce first the 'blade, then the ear, and afterwards an in-'crease, by which alone it becomes use-'ful.'

I now paused, in expectation of his reply, with the utmost confidence of success: but while I was in fancy congratulating him on the recovery of his understanding, and receiving the thanks of his friends, to the utter confusion of my hope, he burst into a violent fit of laughter. At first I was not less astonished than disappointed: but I soon discovered, that while I was labouring at my argument, which wholly engrossed my attention, he had found means mischievously to shake the lighted tobacco from his pipe into my coat pocket, which having set fire to my handkerchief, was now finding its way through the lining.

This was so learned, rational, and ingenious a confutation of all I had said, that I could not but retract my error: and as a friend to truth and free inquiry, I recommend the same method of reply to those ingenious gentlemen who have discovered, that ridicule is the test of truth: and I am confident, that if they manage it with dexterity, it will always enable them perfectly to disconcert an antagonist who triumphs in the strength of his argument, and would otherwise bring contempt upon those who teach Providence to govern the world.

No. LXI. TUESDAY, MARCH 27, 1753.

—— Si mutabile pectus
Est tibi, consiliis, non curribus, utere nostris,
Dum potes, et solidis etiamnum sedibus adstas;
Dumque male optatos nondum premis insscius axes. OVID.

—— Th' attempt forsake,
And not my chariot but my counsel take;
While yet securely on the earth you stand;
Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand. ADDISON.

TO THE ADVENTURER,

SIR, FLEET, MARCH 24.

I NOW send you the sequel of my story; which had not been so long delayed, if I could have brought myself to imagine, that any real impatience was felt for the fate of MYSARGYRUS; who has travelled no unbeaten track to misery, and consequently can present the reader only with such incidents as occur in daily life.

You have seen me, Sir, in the zenith of my glory; not dispensing the kindly warmth of an all-chearing sun; but, like another Phaeton, scorching and blasting every thing round me. I shall proceed, therefore, to finish my career, and pass

as rapidly as poſſible through the remaining viciſſitudes of my life.

When I firſt began to be in want of money, I made no doubt of an immediate ſupply. The news-papers were perpetually offering directions to men, who ſeemed to have no other buſineſs than to gather heaps of gold for thoſe who place their ſupreme felicity in ſcattering it. I poſted away, therefore, to one of theſe adverti-ſers, who by his propoſals ſeemed to deal in thouſands; and was not a little chagrined to find, that this general benefactor would have nothing to do with any larger ſum than thirty pounds, nor would venture that without a joint note from myſelf and a reputable houſe-keeper, or for a longer time than three months.

It was not yet ſo bad with me, as that I needed to ſollicit ſurety for thirty pounds: yet, partly from the greedineſs that extravagance always produces, and partly from a deſire of ſeeing the humour of a petty uſurer, a character of which I had hitherto lived in ignorance, I condeſcended to liſten to his terms. He proceeded to inform me of my great felicity in not falling into the hands of an extortioner; and aſſured me that I ſhould find him extremely moderate in his demands: he was not, indeed, certain that he could furniſh me with the whole ſum, for people were at this particular time extremely preſſing and importunate for money; yet as I had the appearance of a gentleman, he would try what he could do, and give me his anſwer in three days.

At the expiration of the time, I called upon him again; and was again informed of the great demand for money, and that 'money 'was money now:' he then adviſed me to be punctual in my payment, as that might induce him to befriend me hereafter; and delivered me the money, deducting at the rate of five and thirty per cent. with another panegyric upon his own moderation.

I will not tire you with the various practices of uſurious oppreſſion; but cannot omit my tranſaction with Squeeze on Tower Hill, who finding me a young man of conſiderable expectations, employed an agent to perſuade me to borrow five hundred pounds, to be refunded by an annual payment of twenty per cent. during the joint lives of his daughter Nancy Squeeze and myſelf. The negociator came prepared to inforce his propoſal with all his art; but finding that I caught his offer with the eagerneſs of neceſſity, he grew cold and languid: he had mentioned it out of kindneſs; he would try to ſerve me; Mr. Squeeze was an honeſt man, but extremely cautious. In three days he came to tell me that his endeavours had been ineffectual, Mr. Squeeze having no good opinion of my life: but that there was one expedient remaining; Mrs. Squeeze could influence her huſband, and her good will might be gained by a compliment. I waited that afternoon on Mrs. Squeeze, and poured out before her the flatteries which uſually gain acceſs to rank and beauty: I did not then know, that there are places in which the only compliment is a bribe. Having yet credit with a jeweller, I afterwards procured a ring of thirty guineas, which I humbly preſented, and was ſoon admitted to a treaty with Mr. Squeeze. He appeared peeviſh and backward, and my old friend whiſpered me, that he would never make a dry bargain: I, therefore, invited him to a tavern. Nine times we met on the affair; nine times I paid four pounds for the ſupper and claret; and nine guineas I gave the agent for good offices. I then obtained the money, paying ten per cent. advance; and at the tenth meeting gave another ſupper, and diſburſed fifteen pounds for the writings.

Others, who ſtiled themſelves brokers, would only truſt their money upon goods: that I might, therefore, try every art of expenſive folly, I took a houſe and furniſhed it. I amuſed myſelf with deſpoiling my moveables of their gloſſy appearance, for fear of alarming the lender with ſuſpicions; and in this I ſucceeded ſo well, that he favoured me with one hundred and ſixty pounds upon that which was rated at ſeven hundred. I then found that I was to maintain a guardian about me, to prevent the goods from being broken or removed. This was, indeed, an unexpected tax; but it was too late to recede; and I comforted myſelf, that I might prevent a creditor, of whom I had ſome apprehenſions, from ſeizing, by having a prior execution always in the houſe.

By ſuch means I had ſo embarraſſed myſelf, that my whole attention was engaged in contriving excuſes, and raiſing ſmall ſums to quiet ſuch as words would no longer mollify. It coſt me eighty pounds in preſents to Mr. Leech the attorney, for his forbearance of one hundred, which he ſolicited me to take when I had

no need. I was perpetually harraſſed with importunate demands, and inſulted by wretches who a few months before would not have dared to raiſe their eyes from the duſt before me. I lived in continual terror, frighted by every noiſe at the door, and terrified at the approach of every ſtep quicker than common. I never retired to reſt without feeling the juſtneſs of the Spaniſh proverb—'Let him who ſleeps too 'much, borrow the pillow of a debtor:' my ſollicitude and vexation kept me long waking; and when I had cloſed my eyes, I was purſued or inſulted by viſionary bailiffs.

When I reflected upon the meanneſs of the ſhifts I had reduced myſelf to, I could not but curſe the folly and extravagance that had overwhelmed me in a ſea of troubles, from which it was highly improbable that I ſhould ever emerge. I had ſome time lived in hopes of an eſtate at the death of my uncle; but he diſappointed me by marrying his houſekeeper; and catching an opportunity ſoon after of quarrelling with me, for ſettling twenty pounds a year upon a girl whom I had ſeduced, told me that he would take care to prevent his fortune from being ſquandered upon proſtitutes.

Nothing now remained but the chance of extricating myſelf by marriage; a ſcheme which, I flattered myſelf, nothing but my preſent diſtreſs would have made me think on with patience. I determined, therefore, to look out for a tender novice, with a large fortune at her own diſpoſal; and accordingly fixed my eyes upon Miſs Biddy Simper. I had now paid her ſix or ſeven viſits; and ſo fully convinced her of my being a gentleman and a rake, that I made no doubt that both her perſon and fortune would be ſoon mine.

At this critical time, Miſs Gripe called upon me, in a chariot bought with my money, and loaded with trinkets that I had in my days of affluence laviſhed upon her. Thoſe days were now over, and there was little hope that they would ever return. She was not able to withſtand the temptation of ten pounds that Talon the bailiff offered her, but brought him into my apartment diſguiſed in a livery; and taking my ſword to the window, under pretence of admiring the workmanſhip, beckoned him to ſeize me.

Delay would have been expenſive without uſe, as the debt was too conſiderable for payment or bail: I, therefore, ſuffered myſelf to be immediately conducted to gaol.

Veſtibulum ante ipſum primiſque in faucibus orci,
Luctus et ultrices poſuêre cubilia curæ:
Pallenteſque habitant morbi, triſtiſque ſenectus,
Et metus, et maleſuada fames, et turpis egeſtas.

VIRG.

Juſt in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful cares, and ſullen ſorrows dwell;
And pale diſeaſes, and repining age;
Want, fear, and famine's unreſiſted rage.

DRYDEN.

Confinement of any kind is dreadful; a priſon is ſometimes able to ſhock thoſe who endure it in a good cauſe: let your imagination, therefore, acquaint you with what I have not words to expreſs; and conceive, if poſſible, the horrors of impriſonment attended with reproach and ignominy, of involuntary aſſociation with the refuſe of mankind, with wretches who were before too abandoned for ſociety, but being now freed from ſhame or fear, are hourly improving their vices by conſorting with each other.

There are, however, a few whom, like myſelf, impriſonment has rather mortified than hardened: with theſe only I converſe; and of theſe you may perhaps hereafter receive ſome account from

Your humble Servant,

T MYSARGYRUS.

No. XLII. SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1753.

——Sua cuique deus fit dira cupido.

VIRG.

Our luſts are gods, and what they will is fate.

I Had the misfortune, ſome time ago, to be in company where a gentleman, who has the honour to be a principal ſpeaker at a diſputing ſociety of the firſt claſs, was expected. Till this perſon came in, the converſation was carried on with the chearful eaſy negligence of ſenſible good-humour: but we ſoon diſcovered, that his diſcourſe was a perpetual effort to betray the company into attempts to prove ſelf-evident propoſitions; a practice in which he ſeems to have followed the example of that deep philoſopher, who denied motion, 'becauſe,' as he ſaid, 'a body muſt move either where it 'is, or where it is not; and both ſuppoſitions 'are equally abſurd.'

His attempt, however, was totally unſucceſsful; till at laſt he affirmed, that a man had no more power over his own actions than a clock; and that the motions of the human machine were determined by irreſiſtible propenſities, as a clock is kept going by a weight. This propoſition was anſwered with a loud laugh; every one treated it as an abſurdity which it was impoſſible to believe; and to expoſe him to the ridicule of the company, he was deſired to prove what he had advanced, as a fit puniſhment of his deſign to engage others to prove the contrary, which, though for a different reaſon, was yet equally ridiculous. After a long harangue, in which he retailed all the ſophiſtry that he remembered, and much more than he underſtood, he had the mortification to find, that he had made no proſelyte, nor was yet become of ſufficient conſequence to provoke an antagoniſt.

I ſat ſilent; and as I was indulging my ſpeculations on the ſcene which chance had exhibited before me, I recollected ſeveral incidents which convinced me, that moſt of the perſons who were preſent had lately profeſſed the opinion which they now oppoſed; and acted upon that very principle which they derided as abſurd, and appeared to deteſt, as impious.

The company conſiſted of Mr. Traffic, a wealthy merchant; Mr. Courtly, a commiſſioner of a public office; Mr. Gay, a gentleman in whoſe converſation there is a higher ſtrain of pleaſantry and humour, than in any other perſon of my acquaintance; and Myrtilla, the wife of our friend at whoſe houſe we were aſſembled to dine, and who during this interval was engaged by ſome unexpected buſineſs in another room.

Thoſe incidents which I then recollected, I will now relate: nor can any of the perſons whom I have thus ventured to name, be juſtly offended; becauſe that which is declared not to be the effect of choice, cannot be conſidered as the object of cenſure.

With Mr. Traffic I had contracted an intimacy in our younger days, which, notwithſtanding the diſparity of our fortune, has continued till now. We had both been long acquainted with a gentleman, who, though his extenſive trade had contributed to enrich his country, was himſelf by ſudden and inevitable loſſes become poor: his credit, however, was ſtill good; and by the riſque of a certain ſum, it was ſtill poſſible to retrieve his fortune. With this gentleman we had ſpent many a ſocial hour; we had habitually drank his health when he was abſent, and always expreſſed our ſentiments of his merit in the higheſt terms. In this exigency, therefore, he applied to me, and communicated the ſecret of his diſtreſs; a ſecret, which is always concealed by a generous mind till it is extorted by torture that can no longer be borne: he knew my circumſtances too well, to expect the ſum that he wanted from my purſe; but he requeſted that I would, to ſave him from the pain and confuſion of ſuch a converſation, communicate his requeſt, and a true ſtate of his affairs, to Mr. Traffic: 'For,' ſays he, 'though I could raiſe double the ſum 'upon my own perſonal ſecurity, yet I would 'no more borrow of a man without acquainting

'him at what riſque he lends, than I would 'ſollicit the inſurance of a ſhip at a common 'premium, when I knew, by private intelli-'gence, that ſhe could ſwim no longer than 'while every pump was at work.'

I undertook this buſineſs with the utmoſt confidence of ſucceſs. Mr. Traffic heard the account of our friend's misfortunes with great appearance of concern; he warmly commended his integrity, and lamented the precarious ſituation of a trader, whom œconomy and diligence could not ſecure from calamities, which are brought upon others only by profuſion and riot: but as to the money, he ſaid, that I COULD NOT expect him to venture it without ſecurity: that my friend himſelf COULD NOT wonder that his requeſt was refuſed; 'A re-'queſt with which indeed,' ſaid he, 'I CAN-'NOT POSSIBLY comply.' Whatever may be thought of the free agency of myſelf and my friend which Mr. Traffic had made no ſcruple to deny in a very intereſting particular; I believe every one will readily admit, that Mr. Traffic was neither free in ſpeculation nor fact: for he can be little better than a machine actuated by avarice, who had not power to ſpare one thouſand pounds from two hundred times the ſum, to prevent the immediate ruin of a man, in whoſe behalf he had been ſo often liberal of praiſe, with whom his ſocial enjoyments had been ſo long connected, and for whoſe misfortunes he was ſenſibly touched.

Soon after this diſappointment, my unhappy friend became a bankrupt, and applied to me once more, to ſollicit Mr. Courtly for a place in his office. By Mr. Courtly I was received with great friendſhip; he was much affected with the diſtreſſes of my friend; he generouſly gave me a bank-note, which he requeſted me to apply to his immediate relief in ſuch a manner as would leaſt wound his delicacy; and promiſed that the firſt vacancy he ſhould be provided for: but when the vacancy happened, of which I had the earlieſt intelligence, he told me, with evident compunction and diſtreſs, that he COULD NOT POSSIBLY fulfil his promiſe, for that a very great man had recommended one of his domeſtics, whoſe ſollicitation for that reaſon it was NOT IN HIS POWER to refuſe. This gentleman, therefore, had alſo profeſſed himſelf a machine; and, indeed, he appears to have been no leſs the inſtrument of ambition, than Mr. Traffic of avarice.

Mr. Gay, the wit, beſides that he has very much the air of a free agent, is a man of deep penetration, great delicacy, and ſtrong compaſſion: but in direct oppoſition to all theſe great and good qualities, he is continually entangled in difficulties, and precipitated not only into indecency and unkindneſs, but impiety, by his love of ridicule. I remembered, that I had lately expoſtulated with him about this ſtrange perverſion of his abilities in theſe terms: 'Dear Charles, it amazes me that you 'ſhould rather affect the character of a merry 'fellow, than a wiſe man; that you ſhould 'mortify a friend, whom you not only love 'but eſteem; wantonly mangle a character 'which you reverence; betray a ſecret, violate 'truth, and ſport with the doctrines and the 'practice of a religion which you believe, 'merely for the pleaſure of being laughed at.' I remember too that when he had heard me out, he ſhrugged up his ſhoulders, and greatly extending the longitudinal dimenſions of his countenance—'All this,' ſaid he, 'is very 'true; but if I was to be hanged I COULD NOT 'HELP IT.' Here was another declaration in favour of fatality. Poor Gay profeſſes himſelf rather a ſlave to vanity than to vice, and patiently ſubmits to the moſt ridiculous drudgery without one ſtruggle for freedom.

Of the lady I am unwilling to ſpeak with equal plainneſs; but I hope Myrtilla will allow me to plead an IRRESISTIBLE IMPULSE, when ſhe reflects that I have heard her lament that ſhe is herſelf urged by an IRRESISTIBLE IMPULSE TO PLAY. I remembered, that I had, at the requeſt of my friend, taken an opportunity when we were alone, indirectly to repreſent the pernicious conſequences of indulging ſo prepoſterous an inclination. She perceived my deſign; and immediately accuſed herſelf with an honeſt ſenſibility that burſt into tears: but at the ſame time told me, that ſhe was NO MORE ABLE to refrain from CARDS than to FLY: and a few nights afterwards I obſerved her chairmen waiting at the door of a great lady, who ſeldom ſees company but on a Sunday, and then has always the happineſs of engaging a brilliant aſſembly at cards.

After I had recollected theſe incidents, I looked with leſs contempt upon our Neceſſitarian; and, to confeſs a truth, with leſs eſteem upon his preſent opponents. I took for granted,

that this gentleman's opinion proceeded from a conſciouſneſs, that he was himſelf the ſlave of ſome or all of theſe vices and follies; and that he was prompted by ſomething like benevolence, to communicate a diſcovery by which alone he had been able to quiet his own mind, and to regard himſelf rather as an object of pity than contempt. And indeed no man, without great incongruity, can affirm that he has powers which he does not exert, when to exert them is evidently his higheſt intereſt; nor ſhould he be permitted to arrogate the dignity of a free agent, who has once profeſſed himſelf to be the mere inſtrument of neceſſity.

While I was making theſe reflections, the huſband of Myrtilla came in; and to atone for any diſhonour which cuſtom or prejudice may ſuppoſe to be reflected upon him by the unhappy FATALITY of his wife, I ſhall refer to him as an inconteſtible proof, that though there are ſome who have ſold themſelves to do evil, and become the bondmen of iniquity, yet there are others who preſerve the birth-right of beings that are placed but a little lower than the angels; and who may without reproach deny the doctrine of neceſſity, by which they are degraded to an equality with brutes that periſh. I acknowledge, indeed, that my friend has motives from which he acts; but his motives receive their force from reaſon illuminated by Revelation, and conſcience invigorated by hope. I acknowledge too, that he is under ſubjection to a maſter; but let it be remembered, that it is to Him only, 'whoſe ſervice 'is perfect freedom.'

No. XLIII. TUESDAY, APRIL 3, 1753.

Mobilitate viget——— VIRG.

Its life is motion.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR, MARCH 12, 1753.

THE adulteration of the copper-coin, as it is highly pernicious to trade in general, ſo it more immediately affects the itinerate branches of it. Among theſe, at preſent, are to be found the only circulators of baſe metal; and, perhaps, the only dealers who are obliged to take in payment ſuch counterfeits as will find a currency no where elſe: and yet they are not allowed to raiſe the price of their commodities, though they are abridged of ſo conſiderable a portion of their profits.

A Tyburn execution, a duel, a moſt terrible fire, or a horrid, barbarous, bloody, cruel and inhuman murder was wont to bring in vaſt revenues to the lower claſs of pamphleteers, who get their livelihood by vending theſe diurnal records publicly in the ſtreets: but ſince half-pence have been valued at no more than five-pence the pound weight, theſe occaſional pieces will hardly anſwer the expences of printing and paper; and the ſervant maid, who uſed to indulge her taſte for polite literature, by purchaſing fifty new play-houſe ſongs, or a whole poetical ſheet of the Yorkſhire garland or Glouceſterſhire tragedy, for a half-penny, can now ſcarcely procure more than one ſingle ſlip of 'I Love Sue, or the Lover's Complaint.'

It is alſo obſervable, that the Park no longer echoes with the ſhrill cry of 'Toothpicks! 'Take you ſix, your honour, for a half-penny,' as it did when half-pence were half-pence worth. The vender contents herſelf with ſilently preſenting her little portable ſhop; and guards againſt the rapacity of the buyer, by exhibiting a very ſmall parcel of her wares.

But the greateſt ſufferers are undoubtedly the numerous fraternity of beggars; for, as things are circumſtanced, it would be almoſt as profitable to work as to beg, were it not that many more are now induced to deal out their charity in what is of no other uſe to themſelves, in the hope of receiving ſeven-fold in return. Indeed, ſince the uſual donation has been ſo much leſſened in its value, the beggars have been obſerved to be more vociferous and importunate. One of theſe orators, who takes his ſtand at Spring Gardens, now enforces his piteous complaint, with—'Good Chriſtians, 'one GOOD half-penny to the ſtone blind;' and another who tells you he has loſt the uſe of his precious limbs, addreſſes your compaſſion by

ſhewing a bad half-penny, and declaring that he is ready to periſh with hunger, having tried in vain at twenty-three places to buy a bit of bread. Farthings, we are told, were formerly called in by the beggars, as they threatened the ruin of their community. I ſhould not wonder, therefore, if this public-ſpirited people were alſo to put a ſtop to the circulation of bad half-pence, by melting them down from time to time as they come into their hands. The experiment is worth making; and I am aſſured, that, for ſome end or other, orders will be iſſued out from the king of the beggars, to bring all their adulterated copper to their mint in the Borough, or their foundery in Moorfields.

I was led to the conſideration of this ſubject by ſome half-pence I had juſt received in change; among which one in particular attracted my regard, that ſeemed once to have borne the profile of King William, now ſcarcely viſible, as it was very much battered, and beſides other marks of ill uſage had a hole through the middle. As it happened to be the evening of a day of ſome fatigue, my reflections did not much interrupt my propenſity to ſleep, and I inſenſibly fell into a kind of half-ſlumber; when to imagination the half-penny which then lay before me upon the table, erected itſelf upon its rim, and from the royal lips ſtamped on its ſurface articulately uttered the following narration.

'Sir! I ſhall not pretend to conceal from 'you the illegitimacy of my birth, or the 'baſeneſs of my extraction: and though I 'ſeem to bear the venerable marks of old age, 'I received my being at Birmingham not ſix 'months ago. From thence I was tranſport-'ed, with many of my brethren of different 'dates, characters, and configurations, to a 'Jew-pedlar in Duke's Place, who paid for us 'in ſpecie ſcarce a fifth part of our nominal 'and extrinſic value. We were ſoon after ſe-'parately diſpoſed of, at a more moderate pro-'fit, to coffee-houſes, chop-houſes, chandlers-'ſhops, and gin-ſhops.

'I had not been long in the world, before 'an ingenious tranſmuter of metals laid vio-'lent hands on me; and obſerving my thin 'ſhape and flat ſurface, by the help of a little 'quickſilver, exalted me into a ſhilling. Uſe, 'however, ſoon degraded me again to my na-'tive low ſtation; and I unfortunately fell into 'the poſſeſſion of an urchin juſt breeched, who 'received me as a Chriſtmas-box of his god-'mother.

'A love of money is ridiculouſly inſtilled 'into children ſo early, that before they can 'poſſibly comprehend the uſe of it, they con-'ſider it as of great value: I loſt, therefore, 'the very eſſence of my being in the cuſtody 'of this hopeful diſciple of avarice and folly, 'and was kept only to be looked at and ad-'mired; but a bigger boy after a while 'ſnatched me from him, and releaſed me from 'my confinement.

'I now underwent various hardſhips among 'his play-fellows, and was kicked about, huſ-'tled, toſſed up, chucked into holes; which 'very much battered and impaired me: but I 'ſuffered moſt by the pegging of tops, the 'marks of which I have borne about me to 'this day. I was in this ſtate the unwitting 'cauſe of rapacity, ſtrife, envy, rancour, ma-'lice, and revenge, among the little apes of 'mankind; and became the object and the 'nurſe of thoſe paſſions which diſgrace human 'nature, while I appeared only to engage 'children in innocent paſtimes. At length I 'was diſmiſſed from their ſervice, by a throw 'with a barrow-woman for an orange.

'From her it is natural to conclude, I poſted 'to the gin-ſhop; where, indeed, it is proba-'ble I ſhould have immediately gone, if her 'huſband, a foot-ſoldier, had not wreſted me 'from her, at the expence of a bloody noſe, 'black eye, ſcratched face, and torn regimen-'tals. By him I was carried to the Mall in 'St. James's Park; where—I am aſhamed to 'tell how I parted from him—Let it ſuffice, 'that I was ſoon after ſafely depoſited in a 'night-cellar.

'From thence I got into the coat-pocket 'of a Blood, and remained there with ſeveral 'of my brethren for ſome days unnoticed. 'But one evening, as he was reeling home 'from the tavern, he jerked a whole handful 'of us through a ſaſh window into the dining-'room of a tradeſman, who he remembered 'had been ſo unmannerly to him the day be-'fore, as to deſire payment of his bill. We 'repoſed in ſoft eaſe on a fine Turkey carpet 'till the next morning, when the maid ſwept 'us up; and ſome of us were allotted to pur-'chaſe tea, ſome to buy ſnuff, and I myſelf

'was immediately trucked away at the door 'for The Sweetheart's Delight.

'It is not my deſign to enumerate every lit-'tle accident that has befallen me, or to dwell 'upon trivial and indifferent circumſtances, as 'is the practice of thoſe important egotiſts, 'who write narratives, memoirs, and travels. 'As uſeleſs to the community as my ſingle 'ſelf may appear to be, I have been the in-'ſtrument of much good and evil in the inter-'courſe of mankind: I have contributed no 'ſmall ſum to the revenues of the crown, by 'my ſhare in each news-paper; and in the 'conſumption of tobacco, ſpirituous liquors, 'and other taxable commodities. If I have 'encouraged debauchery or ſupported extrava-'gance; I have alſo rewarded the labours of 'induſtry, and relieved the neceſſities of indi-'gence. The poor acknowledge me as their 'conſtant friend; and the rich, though they 'affect to ſlight me, and treat me with con-'tempt, are often reduced by their follies to 'diſtreſſes which it is even in my power to 'relieve.

'The preſent exact ſcrutiny into our con-'ſtitution has, indeed, very much obſtructed 'and embarraſſed my travels; though I could 'not but rejoice in my condition laſt Tueſday, 'as I was debarred having any ſhare in maim-'ing, bruiſing, and deſtroying, the innocent 'victims of vulgar barbarity: I was happy 'in being confined to the mock-encounters 'with feathers and ſtuffed leather; a childiſh 'ſport, rightly calculated to initiate tender 'minds in arts of cruelty, and prepare them 'for the exerciſe of inhumanity on helpleſs 'animals!

'I ſhall conclude, Sir, with informing you 'by what means I came to you in the condi-'tion you ſee. A Choice Spirit, a member 'of the Kill-Care Club, broke a link-boy's 'pate with me laſt night, as a reward for 'lighting him acroſs the kennel. The lad 'waſted half his tar-flambeau in looking for 'me; but I eſcaped his ſearch, being lodged 'ſnugly againſt a poſt. This morning a pa-'riſh girl picked me up, and carried me with 'raptures to the next baker's ſhop to purchaſe 'a roll. The maſter, who was church-war-'den, examined me with great attention, and 'then gruffly threatening her with Bridewell 'for putting off bad money, knocked a nail 'through my middle, and faſtened me to the 'counter: but the moment the poor hungry 'child was gone, he whipped me up again, 'and ſending me away with others in 'change 'to the next cuſtomer, gave me this opportu-'nity of relating my adventures to you.'

When I awaked, I found myſelf ſo much invigorated by my nap, that I immediately wrote down the ſtrange ſtory which I had juſt heard; and as it is not totally deſtitute of uſe and entertainment, I have ſent it to you, that by means of your paper it may be communicated to the public.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

A TIM. TURNPENNY.

No. XLIV. SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1753.

Arcanum neque tu ſcrutaberis ullius unquam;
Commiſſumque teges, et vino tortus, et ira.

HOR.

Strive not
Your Patron's boſom to explore;
And let not wine or anger wreſt
Th' intruſted ſecret from your breaſt. FRANCIS.

I OWE the following paper to an unknown correſpondent, who ſent it to Mr. Payne a few days ago, directed to the Adventurer. As I have no objection to the general principles upon which it is written, I have taken the firſt opportunity to communicate it to the public; the ſubject is unqueſtionably of great importance; and as I think it is far from being exhauſted, it may poſſibly produce another lucubration.

AMONGST all the beauties and excellencies of the ancient writers, of which I profeſs myſelf an admirer, there are none which ſtrike me with more veneration, than the precepts they have delivered to us for our conduct in ſociety. The fables of the poets, and the narrations of the hiſtorians, amaze and delight us with their reſpective qualifications: but we feel ourſelves particularly concerned, when a moral virtue, or a ſocial obligation, is ſet before us, the practice of which is our indiſpenſable duty: and, perhaps, we are more ready to obſerve theſe inſtructions, or at leaſt acquieſce ſooner in the propriety of them, as the authority of the teacher is unqueſtionable, the addreſs not particularly confined or levelled, and the cenſure conſequently leſs dogmatical.

Of all the virtues which the ancients poſſeſſed, the zeal and fidelity of their friendſhips appear to me as the higheſt diſtinctions of their characters. Private perſons, and particular affinities amongſt them, have been long celebrated and admired: and if we examine their conduct as companions, we ſhall find, that the rites of their religion were not more ſacred, more ſtrongly ratified, or more ſeverely preſerved, than their laws of ſociety.

The table of friendſhip, and the altar of ſacrifice were equally incontaminated; the myſteries of Bacchus were enveloped with as many leaves as thoſe of Ceres; and the profanation of either deity excluded the offenders from the aſſemblies of men: the revealer was judged accurſed, and impiety was thought to accompany his ſteps.

Without inveighing againſt the practice of the preſent times, or comparing it with that of the paſt, I ſhall only remark, that if we cannot meet together upon the honeſt principles of ſocial beings, there is reaſon to fear that we are placed in the moſt unfortunate and lamentable æra ſince the creation of mankind. It is not the increaſe of vices inſeparable from humanity that alarms us, the riots of the licentious, or the outrages of the profligate; but it is the abſence of that integrity, the neglect of that virtue, the contempt of that honour, which by connecting individuals formed ſociety, and without which ſociety can no longer ſubſiſt.

Few men are calculated for that cloſe connection, which we diſtinguiſh by the appellation of friendſhip; and we well know the difference between a friend and an acquaintance: the acquaintance is in a poſt of progreſſion; and after having paſſed through a courſe of proper experience, and given ſufficient evidence of his merit, takes a new title, and ranks himſelf higher. He muſt now be conſidered as in a place of conſequence; in which all the ornaments of our nature are neceſſary to ſupport him. But the great requiſites, thoſe without which all others are uſeleſs, are fidelity and taciturnity. He muſt not only be ſuperior to loquacious imbecillity, he muſt be well able to repreſs the attacks of curioſity, and to reſiſt thoſe powerful engines that will be employed againſt him, wine and reſentment. Such are the powers that he muſt conſtantly exert, after a truſt is repoſed in him: and that he may not overload himſelf, let him not add to his charge, by his own enquiries; let it be a devolved, not an acquired commiſſion. Thus accoutred—

———*Sub iiſdem*
Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum
Solvat Phaſelon.

———They who myſteries reveal,
Beneath my roof ſhall never live,
Shall never hoiſt with me the doubtful ſail.

FRANCIS.

There are as few inſtigations in this country to a breach of confidence, as ſincerity can rejoice under. The betrayer is for ever ſhut out from the ways of men, and his diſcoveries are deemed the effects of malice. We wiſely imagine he muſt be actuated by other motives than the promulgation of truth; and we receive his evidence, however we may uſe it, with contempt. Political exigencies may require a ready reception of ſuch private advices: but though the neceſſities of government admit the intelligence, the wiſdom of it but barely encourages the intelligencer. There is no name ſo odious to us, as that of an informer. The very alarm in our ſtreets at the approach of one, is a ſufficient proof of the general abhorrence of this character.

Since theſe are the conſequential conditions upon which men acquire this denomination, it may be aſked what are the inducements to the treachery. I do not ſuppoſe it always proceeds from the badneſs of the mind; and indeed I think it is impoſſible that it ſhould: weakneſs diſcovers what malignity propagates, till at

laſt, confirmation is required, with all the ſolemnity of proof, from the firſt author of the report; who only deſigned to gratify his own loquacity, or the importunity of his companion. An idle vanity inclines us to enumerate our parties of mirth and friendſhip; and we believe our importance is increaſed, by a recapitulation of the diſcourſe, of which we were ſuch diſtinguiſhed ſharers: and to ſhew that we were eſteemed fit to be entruſted with affairs of great concern and privacy, we notably give in our detail of them.

There is, beſides, a very general inclination amongſt us to hear a ſecret, to whomſoever it relates, known or unknown to us, of whatever import, ſerious or trifling, ſo it be but a ſecret: the delight of telling it, and of hearing it, are nearly proportionate and equal. The poſſeſſor of the valuable treaſure appears indeed rather to have the advantage; and he ſeems to claim his ſuperiority. I have diſcovered at once in a large company, by an air and deportment that is aſſumed upon ſuch occaſions, who it is that is conſcious of this happy charge; he appears reſtleſs and full of doubt for a conſiderable time; has frequent conſultations with himſelf, like a bee undetermined where to ſettle in a variety of ſweets; till at laſt, one happy ear attracts him more forcibly than the reſt, and there he fixes, 'ſtealing and giving odours.'

In a little time it becomes a matter of great amazement, that the whole town is as well acquainted with the ſtory as the two who were ſo buſily engaged; and the conſternation is greater, as each reporter is confident that he only communicated it to one perſon. 'A report,' ſays Strada, 'thus tranſmitted from one to 'one, is like a drop of water at the top of a 'houſe; it deſcends but from tile to tile, yet 'at laſt makes its way to the gutter, and then 'is involved in the general ſtream.' And if I may add to the compariſon, the drop of water, after its progreſs through all the channels of the ſtreets, is not more contaminated with filth and dirt, than a ſimple ſtory, after it has paſſed through the mouths of a few modern tale-bearers.

No. XLV. TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1753.

Nulla fides regni ſociis, omniſque poteſtas
Impatiens conſortis erit, LUCAN.

No faith of partnerſhip dominion owns;
Still Diſcord hovers o'er divided thrones.

IT is well known, that many things appear plauſible in ſpeculation, which can never be reduced to practice; and that of the numberleſs projects that have flattered mankind with theoretical ſpecioufneſs, few have ſerved any other purpoſe than to ſhew the ingenuity of their contrivers. A voyage to the moon, however romantic and abſurd the ſcheme may now appear, ſince the properties of air have been better underſtood, ſeemed highly probable to many of the aſpiring wits in the laſt century, who began to doat upon their gloſſy plumes, and fluttered with impatience for the hour of their departure.

———Pereant veſtigia mille
Ante fugam, abſentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.

Hills, vales, and floods, appear already croſt;
And, ere he ſtarts, a thouſand ſteps are loſt.
POPE.

Among the fallacies which only experience can detect, there are ſome of which ſcarcely experience itſelf can deſtroy the influence; ſome which, by a captivating ſhew of indubitable certainty, are perpetually gaining upon the human mind; and which, though every trial ends in diſappointment, obtain new credit as the ſenſe of miſcarriage wears gradually away, perſuade us to try again what we have tried already, and expoſe us by the ſame failure to double vexation.

Of this tempting, this deluſive kind, is the expectation of great performances by confederated ſtrength. The ſpeculatiſt, when he has carefully obſerved how much may be performed by a ſingle hand, calculates by a very eaſy operation the force of thouſands, and goes on accumulating power till reſiſtance vaniſhes before it; then rejoices in the ſucceſs of his new ſcheme, and wonders at the folly or idleneſs of former ages, who have lived in want of what

might ſo readily be procured, and ſuffered themſelves to be debarred from happineſs by obſtacles which one united effort would have ſo eaſily ſurmounted.

But this gigantic phantom of collective power vaniſhes at once into air and emptineſs, at the firſt attempt to put it into action. The different apprehenſions, the diſcordant paſſions, the jarring intereſts of men, will ſcarcely permit that many ſhould unite in one undertaking.

Of a great and complicated deſign, ſome will never be brought to diſcern the end; and of the ſeveral means by which it may be accompliſhed, the choice will be a perpetual ſubject of debate, as every man is ſwayed in his determination by his own knowledge or convenience. In a long ſeries of action, ſome will languiſh with fatigue, and ſome be drawn off by preſent gratifications; ſome will loiter becauſe others labour, and ſome will ceaſe to labour becauſe others loiter: and if once they come within proſpect of ſucceſs and profit, ſome will be greedy and others envious; ſome will undertake more than they can perform, to enlarge their claims of advantage; ſome will perform leſs than they undertake, leſt their labours ſhould chiefly turn to the benefit of others.

The hiſtory of mankind informs us that a ſingle power is very ſeldom broken by a confederacy. States of different intereſts, and aſpects malevolent to each other, may be united for a time by common diſtreſs; and in the ardour of ſelf-preſervation fall unanimouſly upon an enemy, by whom they are all equally endangered. But if their firſt attack can be withſtood, time will never fail to diſſolve their union; ſucceſs and miſcarriage will be equally deſtructive: after the conqueſt of a province, they will quarrel in the diviſion; after the loſs of a battle, all will be endeavouring to ſecure themſelves by abandoning the reſt.

From the impoſſibility of confining numbers to the conſtant and uniform proſecution of a common intereſt, ariſes the difficulty of ſecuring ſubjects againſt the encroachment of governors. Power is always gradually ſtealing away from the many to the few, becauſe the few are more vigilant and conſiſtent; it ſtill contracts to a ſmaller number, till in time it centers in a ſingle perſon.

Thus all the forms of government inſtituted among mankind, perpetually tend towards monarchy; and power, however diffuſed through the whole community, is by negligence or corruption, commotion or diſtreſs, repoſed at laſt in the chief magiſtrate.

'There never appear,' ſays Swift, 'more 'than five or ſix men of genius in an age; but 'if they were united, the world could not 'ſtand before them.' It is happy, therefore, for mankind, that of this union there is no probability. As men take in a wider compaſs of intellectual ſurvey, they are more likely to chuſe different objects of purſuit; as they ſee more ways to the ſame end, they will be leſs eaſily perſuaded to travel together; as each is better qualified to form an independent ſcheme of private greatneſs, he will reject with great obſtinacy the project of another; as each is more able to diſtinguiſh himſelf as the head of a party, he will leſs readily be made a follower or an aſſociate.

The reigning philoſophy informs us, that the vaſt bodies which conſtitute the univerſe, are regulated in their progreſs through the etherial ſpaces by the perpetual agency of contrary forces; by one of which they are reſtrained from deſerting their orbits, and loſing themſelves in the immenſity of heaven; and held off by the other from ruſhing together, and cluſtering round their centre with everlaſting coheſion.

The ſame contrariety of impulſe may be perhaps diſcovered in the motions of men: we are formed for ſociety, not for combination; we are equally unqualified to live in a cloſe connection with our fellow beings, and in total ſeparation from them; we are attracted towards each other by general ſympathy, but kept back from contact by private intereſts.

Some philoſophers have been fooliſh enough to imagine, that improvements might be made in the ſyſtem of the univerſe, by a different arrangement of the orbs of heaven; and politicians, equally ignorant and equally preſumptuous, may eaſily be led to ſuppoſe, that the happineſs of our world would be promoted by a different tendency of the human mind. It appears, indeed, to a ſlight and ſuperficial obſerver, that many things impracticable in our preſent ſtate might be eaſily effected, if mankind were better diſpoſed to union and co-operation: but a little reflection will diſcover, that if confederacies were eaſily formed, they would loſe their efficacy, ſince

numbers would be oppoſed to numbers, and unanimity to unanimity; and inſtead of the preſent petty competitors of individuals or ſingle families, multitudes would be ſupplanting multitudes, and thouſands plotting againſt thouſands.

There is no claſs of the human ſpecies, of which the union ſeems to have been more expected, than of the learned: the reſt of the world have almoſt always agreed to ſhut ſcholars up together in colleges and cloiſters: ſurely not without hope, that they would look for that happineſs in concord, which they were debarred from finding in variety; and that ſuch conjunctions of intellect would recompenſe the munificence of founders and patrons, by performances above the reach of any ſingle mind.

But Diſcord, who found means to roll her apple into the banqueting chamber of the goddeſſes, has had the addreſs to ſcatter her laurels in the ſeminaries of learning. The friendſhip of ſtudents and of beauties is for the moſt part equally ſincere, and equally durable: as both depend for happineſs on the regard of others, on that of which the value ariſes merely from compariſon, they are both expoſed to perpetual jealouſies, and both inceſſantly employed in ſchemes to intercept the praiſes of each other.

I am, however, far from intending to inculcate, that this confinement of the ſtudious to ſtudious companions, has been wholly without advantages to the public: neighbourhood, where it does not conciliate friendſhip, incites competition; and he that would contentedly reſt in a lower degree of excellence, where he had no rival to dread, will be urged by his impatience of inferiority to inceſſant endeavours after great attainment.

Theſe ſtimulations of honeſt rivalry are, perhaps, the chief effects of academies and ſocieties; for whatever be the bulk of their joint labours, every ſingle piece is always the production of an individual, that owes nothing to his colleagues but the contagion of diligence, a reſolution to write, becauſe the reſt are writing, and the ſcorn of obſcurity while the reſt are illuſtrious.

T

No. XLVI. SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1753.

Μισῶ μνήμονα Συμπότην. PROV. GR.

Far from my table be the tell-tale gueſt.

IT has been remarked, that men are generally kind in proportion as they are happy; and it is ſaid even of the devil, that he is good-humoured when he is pleaſed. Every act, therefore, by which another is injured, from whatever motive, contracts more guilt, and expreſſes greater malignity, if it is committed in thoſe ſeaſons which are ſet apart to pleaſantry and good humour, and brightened with enjoyments peculiar to rational and ſocial beings.

Detraction is among thoſe vices which the moſt languid virtue has ſufficient force to prevent; becauſe, by detraction, that is not gained which is taken away: 'he who filches from 'me my good name,' ſays Shakeſpeare, 'enriches not himſelf, but makes me poor indeed.' As nothing, therefore, degrades human nature more than detraction, nothing more diſgraces converſation. The detractor, as he is the loweſt moral character, reflects greater diſhonour upon his company than the hangman; and he whoſe diſpoſition is a ſcandal to his ſpecies, ſhould be more diligently avoided than he who is ſcandalous only by his office.

But for this practice, however vile, ſome have dared to apologize, by contending, that the report, by which they injured an abſent character, was true: this, however, amounts to no more than that they have not complicated malice with falſhood, and that there is ſome difference between detraction and ſlander. To relate all the ill that is true of the beſt man in the world, would probably render him the object of ſuſpicion and diſtruſt; and if this practice was univerſal, mutual confidence and eſteem, the comforts of ſociety, and the endearments of friendſhip, would be at an end.

There is ſomething unſpeakably more hateful in thoſe ſpecies of villainy by which the law is evaded, than in thoſe by which it is violated and defined. Courage has ſometimes preſerved rapacity from abhorrence, as beauty has been

thought to apologize for proſtitution; but the injuſtice of cowardice is univerſally abhorred, and, like the lewdneſs of deformity, has no advocate. Thus hateful are the wretches who detract with caution; and while they perpetrate the wrong, are ſollicitous to avoid the reproach: they do not ſay, that Chloe forfeited her honour to Lyſander; but they ſay that ſuch a report has been ſpread, they know not how true. Thoſe who propagate theſe reports frequently invent them; and it is no breach of charity to ſuppoſe this to be always the caſe, becauſe no man who ſpreads detraction would have ſcrupled to produce it; and he who ſhould diffuſe poiſon in a brook would ſcarce be acquitted of a malicious deſign, though he ſhould alledge that he received it of another who is doing the ſame elſewhere.

Whatever is incompatible with the higheſt dignity of our nature, ſhould indeed be excluded from our converſation: as companions, not only that which we owe to ourſelves but to others, is required of us; and they who can indulge any vice in the preſence of each other are become obdurate in guilt and inſenſible to infamy.

REVERENCE THY SELF, is one of the ſublime precepts of that amiable philoſopher, whoſe humanity alone was an inconteſtible proof of the dignity of his mind. Pythagoras, in his idea of virtue, comprehended intellectual purity; and he ſuppoſed, that by him who reverenced himſelf, thoſe thoughts would be ſuppreſſed by which a being capable of virtue is degraded: this divine precept evidently preſuppoſes a reverence of others, by which men are reſtrained from more groſs immoralities; and with which he hoped a reverence of ſelf would alſo co-operate as an auxiliary motive.

The great Duke of Marlborough, who was perhaps the moſt accompliſhed gentleman of his age, would never ſuffer any approaches to obſcenity in his preſence; and it was ſaid by the late Lord Cobham, that he did not reprove it as an immorality in the ſpeaker, but reſented it as an indignity to himſelf: and it is evident, that to ſpeak evil of the abſent, to utter lewdneſs, blaſphemy or treaſon, muſt degrade not only him who ſpeaks, but thoſe who hear; for ſurely that dignity of character which a man ought always to ſuſtain, is in danger when he is made the confident of treachery, detraction, impiety, or luſt: for he who in converſation diſplays his own vices, imputes them; as he who boaſts to another of a robbery, preſuppoſes that he is a thief.

It ſhould be a general rule, never to utter any thing in converſation which would juſtly diſhonour us if it ſhould be reported to the world? if this rule could be always kept, we ſhould be ſecure in our own innocence againſt the craft of knaves and paraſites, the ſtratagems of cunning, and the vigilance of envy.

But after all the bounty of nature, and all the labour of virtue, many imperfections will be ſtill diſcerned in human beings, even by thoſe who do not ſee with all the perſpicacity of human wiſdom: and he is guilty of the moſt aggravated detraction who reports the weakneſs of a good mind diſcovered in an unguarded hour; ſomething which is rather the effect of negligence, than deſign; rather a folly, than a fault; a ſally of vanity, rather than an eruption of malevolence. It has, therefore, been a maxim inviolably ſacred among good men, never to diſcloſe the ſecrets of private converſation; a maxim which, though it ſeems to ariſe from the breach of ſome other, does yet imply that general rectitude, which is produced by a conſciouſneſs of virtuous dignity, and a regard to that reverence which is due to ourſelves and others: for to conceal any immoral purpoſe, which to diſcloſe is to diſappoint; any crime, which to hide is to countenance; or any character, which to avoid is to be ſafe; as it is incompatible with virtue, and injurious to ſociety, can be a law only among thoſe who are enemies to both.

Among ſuch, indeed, it is a law which there is ſome degree of obligation to fulfil; and the ſecrets even of their converſation are perhaps ſeldom diſcloſed, without an aggravation of their guilt: it is the intereſt of ſociety, that the veil of taciturnity ſhould be drawn over the myſteries of drunkenneſs and lewdneſs; and to hide even the machinations of envy, ambition, or revenge, if they happen to mingle in theſe orgies among the rites of Bacchus, ſeems to be the duty of the initiated, though not of the prophane.

Is he who has aſſociated with robbers, who has repoſed and accepted a truſt, and whoſe

guilt is a pledge of his fidelity, ſhould betray his aſſociates for hire; if he is urged to ſecure himſelf, by the anxiety of ſuſpicion, or the terrors of cowardice, or to puniſh others by the importunity of reſentment and revenge; though the public receives benefit from his conduct, and may think it expedient to reward him, yet he has only added to every other ſpecies of guilt, that of treachery to his friends: he has demonſtrated, that he is ſo deſtitute of virtue, as not to poſſeſs even thoſe vices which reſemble it: and that he ought to be cut off as totally unfit for human ſociety, but that, as poiſon is an antidote to poiſon, his crimes are a ſecurity againſt the crimes of others.

It is, however, true, that if ſuch an offender is ſtung with remorſe, if he feels the force of higher obligations than thoſe of an iniquitous compact, and if urged by a deſire to atone for the injury which he has done to ſociety, he gives in his information, and delivers up his aſſociates, with whatever reluctance, to the laws; by this ſacrifice he ratifies his repentance, he becomes again the friend of his country, and deſerves not only protection but eſteem: for the ſame action may be either virtuous or vicious, and may deſerve either honour or infamy, as it may be performed upon different principles; and indeed no action can be morally claſſed or eſtimated, without ſome knowledge of the motive by which it is produced.

But as there is ſeldom any other clue to the motives of particular actions, than the general tenor of his life by whom they are performed; and as the lives of thoſe who ſerve their country by bringing its enemies to puniſhment are commonly flagitious in the higheſt degree; the ideas of this ſervice and the moſt ſordid villainy are ſo connected, that they always recur together: if only this part of a character is known, we immediately infer that the whole is infamous; and it is therefore no wonder that the name by which it is expreſſed eſpecially when it is uſed to denominate a profeſſion ſhould be odious; or that a good man ſhould not always have ſufficient fortitude to ſtrike away the maſk of diſſimulation, and direct the ſword of juſtice.

But whatever might be thought of thoſe who diſcharge their obligations to the public by treachery to their companions, it cannot be pretended that he to whom an immoral deſign is communicated by inadvertence or miſtake, is under any private obligation to conceal it; the charge which devolves upon him he muſt inſtantly renounce; for while he heſitates, his virtue is ſuſpended; and he who communicates ſuch deſign to another, not by inadvertence or miſtake, but upon preſumption of concurrence, commits an outrage upon his honour, and defies his reſentment.

Let none, therefore, be encouraged to prophane the rites of converſation, much leſs of friendſhip, by ſuppoſing there is any law which ought to reſtrain the indignation of virtue, or deter repentance from reparation.

No. XLVII. TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1753.

Multi
Committunt eadem diverſo crimina fato;
Ille crucem pretium ſceleris tulit, hic diadema. JUV.

Ev'ry age relates,
That equal crimes unequal fates have found;
And whilſt one villain ſwings, another's crown'd. CREECH.

MAN, though as a rational being he has thought fit to ſtile himſelf the lord of the creation, is yet frequently the voluntary ſlave of prejudice and cuſtom; the moſt general opinions are often abſurd, and the prevailing principles of action ridiculous.

It may, however, be allowed, that if in theſe inſtances reaſon always appeared to be overborne by the importunity of appetite; if the future was ſacrificed to the preſent, and hope renounced only for poſſeſſion; there would not be much cauſe for wonder: but that man ſhould draw abſurd concluſions, contrary to his immediate intereſt; that he ſhould even at the riſque of life gratify thoſe vices in ſome, which in others he puniſhes with a gibbet or a wheel,

is in the higheſt degree aſtoniſhing; and is ſuch an inſtance of the weakneſs of our reaſon, and the fallibility of our judgment, as ſhould incline us to accept with gratitude of that guidance which is from above.

But if it is ſtrange, that one man has been immortalized as a god, and another put to death as a felon, for actions which have the ſame motive and the ſame tendency, merely becauſe they were circumſtantially different; it is yet more ſtrange, that this difference has always been ſuch as increaſes the abſurdity; and that the action which expoſes a man to infamy and death, wants only greater aggravation of guilt, and more extenſive and pernicious effects, to render him the object of veneration and applauſe.

Bagſhot the robber, having loſt the booty of a week among his aſſociates at hazard, loaded his piſtols, mounted his horſe, and took the Kentiſh road, with a reſolution not to return till he had recruited his purſe. Within a few miles of London, juſt as he heard a village clock ſtrike nine, he met two gentlemen in a poſt-chaiſe, which he ſtopped. One of the gentlemen immediately preſented a piſtol, and at the ſame time a ſervant rode up armed with a blunderbuſs. The robber, perceiving that he ſhould be vigorouſly oppoſed, turned off from the chaiſe, and diſcharged a piſtol at the ſervant, who inſtantly fell dead from his horſe. The gentlemen had now leaped from the chaiſe; but the foremoſt receiving a blow on his head with the ſtock of the piſtol that had been juſt fired, reeled back a few paces; the other having fired at the murderer without ſucceſs, attempted to diſmount him, and ſucceeded; but while they were grappling with each other, the villain drew a knife, and ſtabbed his antagoniſt to the heart. He then, with the calm intrepidity of a hero who is familiar with danger, proceeded to rifle the pockets of the dead; and the ſurvivor having recovered from the blow, and being imperiouſly commanded to deliver, was now obliged to comply. When the victor had thus obtained the pecuniary reward of his proweſs, he determined to loſe no part of the glory which as conqueror was now in his power: turning, therefore, to the unhappy gentleman whom he had plundered, he condeſcended to inſult him with the applauſe of conſcious ſuperiority; he told him, that he had never robbed any perſons who behaved better; and as a tribute due to the merit of the dead, and as a token of his eſteem for the living, he generouſly threw him back a ſhilling, to prevent his being ſtopped at the turnpike.

He now remounted his horſe, and ſet off towards London, but at the turnpike, a coach that was paying the toll obſtructed his way; and by the light of the flambeau that was behind it, he diſcovered that his coat was much ſtained with blood: this diſcovery threw him into ſuch confuſion, that he attempted to ruſh by; he was however prevented; and his appearance giving great reaſon to ſuſpect his motive, he was ſeized and detained.

In the coach were two ladies, and a little boy about five years old. The ladies were greatly alarmed when they heard that a perſon was taken who was ſuppoſed to have juſt committed a robbery and a murder? they aſked many queſtions with great eagerneſs; but their enquiries were little regarded, till a gentleman rode up, who ſeeing their diſtreſs offered his aſſiſtance. The elder of the two ladies acquainted him, that her huſband, Sir Harry Freeman, was upon the road in his return from Graveſend, where he had been to receive an only ſon upon his arrival from India, after an abſence of near ſix years; that herſelf and her daughter-in-law were come out to meet them, but were terrified with the apprehenſion that they might have been ſtopped by the man who had juſt been taken into cuſtody. Their attention was now ſuddenly called to the other ſide of the coach by the child, who cried out in a tranſport of joy—'There is my grand-papa!' This was indeed the ſurvivor of the three who had been attacked by Bagſhot: he was mounted on his ſervant's horſe, and rode ſlowly by the ſide of the chaiſe in which he had juſt placed the body of his ſon, whoſe countenance was diſfigured with blood, and whoſe features were ſtill impreſſed with the agonies of death. Who can expreſs the grief, horror, and deſpair, with which a father exhibited this ſpectacle to a mother and a wife, who expected a ſon and a huſband, with all the tenderneſs and ardour of conjugal and parental affection; who had long regretted his abſence, who had anticipated the joy of his return, and were impatient to put

into his arms a pledge of his love which he had never ſeen!

I will not attempt to deſcribe that diſtreſs, which tears would not have ſuffered me to behold: let it ſuffice, that ſuch was its effect upon thoſe who were preſent, that the murderer was not without difficulty conducted alive to the priſon: and I am confident, that few who read this ſtory would have heard with regret that he was torn in pieces by the way.

But before they congratulate themſelves upon a ſenſe, which always diſtinguiſhes right and wrong by ſpontaneous approbation and cenſure; let them tell me, with what ſentiments they read of a youthful monarch, who at the head of an army in which every man became a hero by his example, paſſed over mountains and deſarts, in ſearch of new territories to invade, and new potentates to conquer; who routed armies which could ſcarce be numbered, and took cities which were deemed impregnable. Do they not follow him in the path of ſlaughter with horrid complacency? and when they ſee him deluge the peaceful fields of induſtrious ſimplicity with blood, and leave them deſolate to the widow and the orphan of the poſſeſſor, do they not grow frantic in his praiſe, and concur to deify the mortal who could conquer only for glory, and to return the kingdoms that he won?

To theſe queſtions, I am confident the greater part of mankind muſt anſwer in the affirmative; and yet nothing can be more abſurd than their different apprehenſions of the Hero and the Thief.

The conduct of Bagſhot and Alexander had in general the ſame motives, and the ſame tendency; they both ſought a private gratification at the expence of others; and every circumſtance in which they differ is greatly in favour of Bagſhot.

Bagſhot, when he had loſt his laſt ſhilling, had loſt the power of gratifying every appetite whether criminal or innocent; and the recovery of this power was the object of his expedition.

Alexander, when he ſet out to conquer the world, poſſeſſed all that Bagſhot hoped to acquire, and more; all his appetites and paſſions were gratified, as far as the gratification of them was poſſible; and as the force of temptation is always ſuppoſed proportionably to extenuate guilt, Alexander's guilt was evidently greater than Bagſhot's, becauſe it cannot be pretended that his temptation was equal.

But though Alexander could not equally increaſe the means of his own happineſs, yet he produced much more dreadful and extenſive evil to ſociety in the attempt. Bagſhot killed two men; and I have related the murder and its conſequences, with ſuch particulars as uſually rouze that ſenſibility, which often lies torpid during narratives of general calamity. Alexander, perhaps, deſtroyed a million: and whoever reflects, that each individual of this number had ſome tender attachments which were broken by his death; ſome parent or wife, with whom he mingled tears in the parting embrace, and who longed with fond ſollicitude for his return; or, perhaps, ſome infant whom his labour was to feed, and his vigilance protect; will ſee that Alexander was more the peſt of ſociety than Bagſhot, and more deſerved a gibbet in the proportion of a million to one.

It may, perhaps, be thought abſurd, to enquire into the virtues of Bagſhot's character: and yet virtue has never been thought incompatible with that of Alexander. Alexander, we are told, gave proof of his greatneſs of mind by his contempt of danger; but as Bagſhot's danger was equally voluntary and imminent, there ought to be no doubt but that his mind was equally great. Alexander, indeed, gave back the kingdoms that he won: but after the conqueſt of a kingdom, what remained for Alexander to give? To a prince, whoſe country he had invaded with unprovoked hoſtility, and from whom he had violently wreſted the bleſſings of peace, he gave a dominion over the widows and orphans of thoſe he had ſlain, the tinſel of dependent greatneſs, and the badge of royal ſubjection. And does not Bagſhot deſerve equal honour, for throwing back a ſhilling to the man, whoſe perſon he had inſulted, and whoſe ſon he had ſtabbed to the heart? Alexander did not raviſh or maſſacre the women whom he found in the tents of Darius; neither did honeſt Bagſhot kill the gentleman whom he had plundered, when he was no longer able to reſiſt.

If Bagſhot, then, is juſtly dragged to priſon, amidſt the tumult of rage, menaces, and execrations; let Alexander, whom the lords of reaſon have extolled for ages, be no longer thought worthy of a triumph.

As the acquiſition of honour is frequently a motive to the riſque of life, it is of great importance to confer it only upon virtue; and as honour is conferred by the public voice, it is of equal moment to ſtrip thoſe vices of their diſguiſe which have been miſtaken for virtue. The wretches who compoſe the army of a tyrant, are aſſociated by folly in the ſervice of rapine and murder; and that men ſhould imagine they were deſerving honour by the maſſacre of each other, merely to flatter ambition with a new title, is perhaps as inſcrutable a myſtery as any that has perplexed reaſon, and as groſs an abſurdity as any that has diſgraced it. It is not, indeed, ſo much to puniſh vice, as to prevent miſery, that I wiſh to ſee it always branded with infamy: for even the ſucceſſes of vice terminate in the anguiſh of diſappointment. To Alexander, the fruit of all his conqueſts was tears; and whoever goes about to gratify intemperate wiſhes, will labour to as little purpoſe, as he who ſhould attempt to fill a ſieve with water.

I was accidentally led to purſue my ſubject in this train, by the ſight of an hiſtorical chart, in which the riſe, the progreſs, the declenſion, and duration of empire, are repreſented by the arrangement of different colours; and in which, not only extent, but duration is rendered a ſenſible object. The Grecian empire, which is diſtinguiſhed by a deep red, is a long but narrow line; becauſe, though Alexander marked the world with his colour from Macedonia to Egypt, yet the colours peculiar to the hereditary potentates whom he diſpoſſeſſed, again took place upon his death: and indeed, the queſtion whoſe name ſhall be connected with a particular country as its king, is to thoſe who hazard life in the deciſion as trifling as whether a ſmall ſpot in a chart ſhall be ſtained with red or yellow. That man ſhould be permitted to decide ſuch queſtions by means ſo dreadful, is a reflection under which he only can rejoice, who believes that GOD ONLY REIGNS; and can appropriate the promiſe, that ALL THINGS SHALL WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD.

No. XLVIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1753.

Ibat triumphans virgo———
Sunt qui rogatam rettulerint preces
Tuliſſe Chriſto, redderet ut reo
Lumen jacenti, tum invenit halitum
Vitæ innovatum, viſibus integris. PRUDENT.

As reſcued from intended wrong,
The modeſt virgin pac'd along,
By blaſting heav'n depriv'd of day
Beneath her feet the accuſer lay;
She mark'd, and ſoon the pray'r aroſe
To Him who bade us love our foes;
By faith enforc'd the pious call
Again relum'd the ſightleſs ball.

TO LOVE AN ENEMY, is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a religion, which is not of man but of GOD. It could be delivered as a precept only by HIM who lived and died to eſtabliſh it by his example.

At the cloſe of that ſeaſon in which human frailty has commemorated ſufferings which it could not ſuſtain, a ſeaſon in which the moſt zealous devotion can only ſubſtitute a change of food for a total abſtinence of forty days; it cannot, ſurely, be incongruous to conſider, what approaches we can make to that divine love which theſe ſufferings expreſſed, and how far man, in imitation of his SAVIOUR, can bleſs thoſe who curſe him, and return good for evil.

We cannot, indeed, behold the example but at a diſtance; nor conſider it without being ſtruck with a ſenſe of our own debility: every man who compares his life with this divine rule, inſtead of exulting in his own excellence, will ſmite his breaſt like the publican, and cry out —'God be merciful to me a ſinner!' Thus to acquaint us with ourſelves may, perhaps, be one uſe of the precept; but the precept cannot, ſurely, be conſidered as having no other.

I know it will be ſaid, that our paſſions are not in our power; and that therefore a precept to love or to hate is impoſſible; for if the gratification of all our wiſhes was offered us to love a ſtranger as we love a child, we could not fulfil the condition, however we might deſire the reward.

But admitting this to be true, and that we cannot love an enemy as we love a friend; it is yet equally certain, that we may perform thoſe actions which are produced by love from a higher principle: we may, perhaps, derive moral excellence from natural defects, and exert our reaſon inſtead of indulging a paſſion. If our enemy hungers, we may feed him; and if he thirſts, we may give him drink: this, if we could love him would be our conduct; and this may ſtill be our conduct, though to love him is impoſſible. The Chriſtian will be prompted to relieve the neceſſities of his enemy, by his love to God: he will rejoice in an opportunity to expreſs the zeal of his gratitude and the alacrity of his obedience, at the ſame time that he appropriates the promiſes, and anticipates his reward.

But though he who is beneficent upon theſe principles, may in the Scripture ſenſe be ſaid to love his enemy; yet ſomething more may ſtill be effected: the paſſion itſelf in ſome degree is in our power; we may riſe to a yet nearer emulation of divine forgiveneſs; we may think as well as act with kindneſs, and be ſanctified as well in heart as in life.

Though love and hatred are neceſſarily produced in the human breaſt, when the proper objects of theſe paſſions occur, as the colour of material ſubſtances is neceſſarily perceived by an eye before which they are exhibited; yet it is in our power to change the paſſion, and to cauſe either love or hatred to be excited, by placing the ſame object in different circumſtances; as a changeable ſilk of blue and yellow may be held ſo as to excite the idea either of yellow or blue.

No act is deemed more injurious, or reſented with greater acrimony, than the marriage of a child, eſpecially of a daughter, without the conſent of a parent: it is frequently conſidered as a breach of the ſtrongeſt and tendereſt obligations; as folly and ingratitude, treachery and rebellion. By the imputation of theſe vices, a child becomes the object of indignation and reſentment; indignation and reſentment in the breaſt, therefore, of the parent, are neceſſarily excited; and there can be no doubt but that theſe are ſpecies of hatred. But if the child is conſidered as ſtill retaining the endearing ſoftneſs of filial affection, as ſtill longing for reconciliation, and profaning the rites of marriage with tears; as having been driven from the path of duty, only by the violence of paſſions which none have always reſiſted, and which many have indulged with much greater turpitude; the ſame object that before excited indignation and reſentment, will now be regarded with pity, and pity is a ſpecies of love.

Thoſe, indeed, who reſent this breach of filial duty with implacability, though perhaps it is the only one of which the offender has been guilty, demonſtrate that they are without natural affection; and that they would have proſtituted their offspring, if not to luſt, yet to affections which are equally vile and ſordid, the thirſt of gold, or the cravings of ambition: for he can never be thought to be ſincerely intereſted in the felicity of his child, who when ſome of the means of happineſs are loſt by indiſcretion, ſuffers his reſentment to take away the reſt.

Among friends, ſallies of quick reſentment are extremely frequent. Friendſhip is a conſtant reciprocation of benefits, to which the ſacrifice of private intereſt is ſometimes neceſſary: it is common for each to ſet too much value upon thoſe which he beſtows, and too little upon thoſe which he receives; this mutual miſtake in ſo important an eſtimation, produces mutual charges of unkindneſs and ingratitude; each perhaps profeſſes himſelf ready to forgive, but neither will condeſcend to be forgiven. Pride, therefore, ſtill increaſes the enmity which it began; the friend is conſidered as ſelfiſh, aſſuming, injurious and revengeful; he conſequently becomes an object of hatred: and while he is thus conſidered, to love him is impoſſible. But thus to conſider him, is at once a folly and a fault: each ought to reflect, that he is, at leaſt in the opinion of the other, incurring the crimes that he imputes; that the foundation of their enmity is no more than a miſtake; and that this miſtake is the effect of weakneſs or vanity, which is common to all mankind: the character of both would then aſſume a very different aſpect, love would again be excited by the return of its object, and each would be im-

patient to exchange acknowledgments, and recover the felicity which was ſo near being loſt.

But, if after we have admitted an acquaintance to our boſom as a friend, it ſhould appear that we had miſtaken his character; if he ſhould betray our confidence, and uſe the knowledge of our affairs, which, perhaps he obtained by offers of ſervice, to effect our ruin; if he defames us to the world, and adds perjury to falſhood; if he violates the chaſtity of a wife, or ſeduces a daughter to proſtitution; we may ſtill conſider him in ſuch circumſtances as will incline us to fulfil the precept, and to regard him without the rancour of hatred or the fury of revenge.

Every character, however it may deſerve puniſhment, excites hatred only in proportion as it appears to be malicious; and pure malice has never been imputed to human beings. The wretch, who has thus deceived and injured us, ſhould be conſidered as having ultimately intended, not evil to us, but good to himſelf. It ſhould alſo be remembered, that he has miſtaken the means; that he has forfeited the friendſhip of Him whoſe favour is better than life, by the ſame conduct which forfeited ours; and that to whatever view he ſacrificed our temporal intereſt, to that alſo he ſacrificed his own hope of immortality; that he is now ſeeking felicity which he can never find, and incurring puniſhment that will laſt for ever. And how much better than this wretch is he, in whom the contemplation of his condition can excite no pity! Surely, if ſuch an enemy hungers, we may, without ſuppreſſing any paſſion, give him food; for who that ſees a criminal dragged to execution, for whatever crime, would refuſe him a cup of cold water?

On the contrary, he, whom GOD has forgiven, muſt neceſſarily become amiable to man: to conſider his character without prejudice or partiality, after it has been changed by repentance, is to love him; and impartially to conſider it, is not only our duty but our intereſt.

Thus may we love our enemies, and add a dignity to our nature of which pagan virtue had no conception. But if to love our enemies is the glory of a Chriſtian, to treat others with coldneſs, neglect and malignity, is rather the reproach of a fiend than a man. Unprovoked enmity, the frown of unkindneſs, and the menaces of oppreſſion, ſhould be far from thoſe who profeſs themſelves to be followers of HIM who in his life went about doing good; who inſtantly healed a wound that was given in his defence; and who, when he was fainting in his laſt agony, and treated with mockery and deriſion, conceived at once a prayer and an apology for his murderers; 'FATHER, FORGIVE THEM; THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.'

No. XLIX. TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1753.

——Flumina libant
Summa leves——

VIRG.

——They lightly ſkim,
And gently ſip the dimply river's brim.

THE character of the ſcholars of the preſent age will not be much injured or miſrepreſented by ſaying, that they ſeem to be ſuperficially acquainted with a multitude of ſubjects, but to go to the bottom of very few. This appears in criticiſm and polite learning, as well as in the abſtruſer ſciences: by the diffuſion of knowledge its depth is abated.

Eutyches harangues with wonderful plauſibility on the diſtinct merits of all the Greek and Roman claſſics, without having thoroughly and attentively peruſed, or entered into the ſpirit and ſcope of one of them. But Eutyches has diligently digeſted the diſſertations of Rapin, Bouhours, Felton, Blackwall, and Rollin; treatiſes that adminiſter great conſolation to the indolent and incurious, to thoſe who can tamely reſt ſatisfied with ſecond-hand knowledge, as they give conciſe accounts of all the great heroes of antient literature, and enable them to ſpeak of their ſeveral characters without the tedious drudgery of peruſing the originals. But the characters of writers, as of men, are of a very mixed and complicated nature, and are not to be comprehended in ſo ſmall a compaſs: ſuch objects do not admit of being drawn in miniature, with accuracy and diſtinctneſs.

To the preſent prevailing paſſion for French moraliſts and French critics, may be imputed the ſuperficial ſhew of learning and abilities of which I am complaining. And ſince theſe alluring authors are become not only ſo faſhionable an amuſement of thoſe who call themſelves the polite world, but alſo engroſs the attention of academical ſtudents, I am tempted to enquire into the merits of the moſt celebrated among them of both kinds.

That Montagne abounds in native wit, in quick penetration, in a perfect knowledge of the human heart, and the various vanities and vices that lurk in it, cannot be juſtly denied. But a man who undertakes to tranſmit his thoughts on life and manners to poſterity, with the hopes of entertaining and amending future ages, muſt be either exceedingly vain or exceedingly careleſs, if he expects either of theſe effects can be produced by wanton ſallies of the imagination, by uſeleſs and impertinent digreſſions, by never forming or following any regular plan, never claſſing or confining his thoughts, never changing or rejecting any ſentiment that occurs to him. Yet this appears to have been the conduct of our celebrated eſſayiſt; and it has produced many aukward imitators, who under the notion of writing with the fire and freedom of this lively old Gaſcon, have fallen into confuſed rhapſodies and unintereſting egotiſms.

But theſe blemiſhes of Montagne are trifling and unimportant, compared with his vanity, his indecency, and his ſcepticiſm. That man muſt totally have ſuppreſſed the natural love of honeſt reputation, which is ſo powerfully felt by the truly wiſe and good, who can calmly ſit down to give a catalogue of his private vices, and publiſh his moſt ſecret infirmities, with a pretence of exhibiting a faithful picture of himſelf, and of exactly pourtraying the minuteſt features of his mind. Surely he deſerves the cenſure Quintilian beſtows on Demetrius, a celebrated Grecian ſtatuary, that he was 'nimius in veritate, et ſimilitudinis quam pulchritudinis amantior—more ſtudious of likeneſs than of beauty.'

Though the maxims of the Duke de la Rochefoucault, another faſhionable philoſopher, are written with expreſſive elegance, and with nervous brevity; yet I muſt be pardoned for affirming that he who labours to leſſen the dignity of human nature, deſtroys many efficacious motives for practiſing worthy actions, and deſerves ill of his fellow creatures, whom he paints in dark and diſagreeable colours. As the opinions of men uſually contract a tincture from the circumſtances and conditions of their lives, it is eaſy to diſcern the chagrined courtier, in the ſatire which this polite miſanthrope has compoſed on his own ſpecies. According to his gloomy and uncomfortable ſyſtem, virtue is merely the reſult of temper and conſtitution, of chance or of vanity, of faſhion or the fear of loſing reputation. Thus humanity is brutalized; and every high and generous principle is repreſented as imaginary, romantic, and chimerical; reaſon, which by ſome is too much aggrandized and almoſt deified, is here degraded into an abject ſlave of appetite and paſſion, and deprived even of her juſt and indiſputable authority. As a Chriſtian, and as a man, I deſpiſe, I deteſt, ſuch debaſing principles.

Rochefoucault, to give a ſmartneſs and ſhortneſs to his ſentences, frequently makes uſe of the antitheſis, a mode of ſpeaking the moſt tireſome and diſguſting of any, by the ſameneſs and ſimilarity of the periods; and ſometimes, in order to keep up the point, he neglects the propriety and juſtneſs of the ſentiment, and groſsly contradicts himſelf. 'Happineſs,' ſays he, 'conſiſts in the taſte, and not in the 'things: and it is by enjoying what a man 'loves, that he becomes happy; not by hav-'ing what others think deſirable.' The obvious doctrine contained in this reflection, is the great power of imagination with regard to felicity: but, adds the reflector, in a following maxim—'We are never ſo happy or ſo miſer-'able, as we imagine ourſelves to be:' which is certainly a plain and palpable contradiction of the foregoing opinion. And of ſuch contradictions many inſtances might be alledged in this admired writer, which evidently ſhew that he had not digeſted his thoughts with philoſophical exactneſs and preciſion.

But the characters of La Bruyere deſerve to be ſpoken of in far different terms. They are drawn with ſpirit and propriety, without a total departure from nature and reſemblance, as ſometimes is the caſe in pretended pictures of life. In a few inſtances only he has failed, by overcharging his portraits with many ridiculous features that cannot exiſt together in

one ſubject; as in the character of Menalcas the abſent man, which though applauded by one of my predeceſſors, is ſurely abſurd, and falſe to nature. This author appears to be a warm admirer of virtue, and a ſteady promoter of her intereſt: he was neither aſhamed of Chriſtianity, nor afraid to defend it: accordingly, few have expoſed the folly and abſurdity of modiſh infidels, of infidels made by vanity and not by want of conviction, with ſo much ſolidity and pleaſantry united: he diſdained to ſacrifice truth to levity and licentiouſneſs. Many of his characters are perſonal, and contain alluſions which cannot now be underſtood. It is, indeed, the fate of perſonal ſatire to periſh with the generation in which it is written: many artful ſtrokes in Theophraſtus himſelf, perhaps, appear coarſe or inſipid, which the Athenians looked upon with admiration. A different age and different nation render us incapable of reliſhing ſeveral beauties in the Alchymiſt of Johnſon, and in the Don Quixote of Cervantes.

Saint Evremond is a florid and verboſe trifler, without novelty or ſolidity in his reflections. What more can be expected from one who propoſed the diſſolute and affected Petronius for his model in writing and living?

As the corruption of our taſte is not of equal conſequence with the depravation of our virtue, I ſhall not ſpend ſo much time on the critics, as I have done on the moraliſts of France.

How admirably Rapin, the moſt popular among them, was qualified to ſit in judgment upon Homer and Thucydides, Demoſthenes and Plato, may be gathered by an anecdote preſerved by Menage, who affirms upon his own knowledge, that Le Fevre of Saumur furniſhed this aſſuming critic with the Greek paſſages he had occaſion to cite, Rapin himſelf being totally ignorant of that language. The cenſures and the commendations this writer beſtows, are general and indiſcriminate; without ſpecifying the reaſons of his approbation or diſlike, and without alledging the paſſages that may ſupport his opinion: whereas juſt criticiſm demands, not only that every beauty or blemiſh be minutely pointed out in its different degree and kind, but alſo that the reaſon and foundation of excellencies and faults be accurately aſcertained.

Boſſu is uſually and juſtly placed at the head of the commentators on Ariſtotle's poetics, which certainly he underſtood and explained in a more maſterly manner than either Beni or Caſtelvetro: but in one or two inſtances he has indulged a love of ſubtilty and groundleſs refinement. That I may not be accuſed of affecting a kind of hatred againſt all the French critics, I would obſerve, that this learned writer merits the attention and diligent peruſal of the true ſcholar. What I principally admire in Boſſu, is the regularity of his plan, and the exactneſs of his method; which add utility as well as beauty to his work.

Brumoy has diſplayed the excellencies of the Greek tragedy in a judicious and comprehenſive manner. His tranſlations are faithful and elegant; and the analyſis of thoſe plays which, on account of ſome circumſtances in antient manners, would ſhock the readers of this age, and would not therefore bear an entire verſion, is perſpicuous and full. Of all the French critics, he and the judicious Fenelon have had the juſtice to confeſs, or perhaps the penetration to perceive, in what inſtances Corneille and Racine have falſified and modernized the characters, and over-loaded with unneceſſary intrigues the ſimple plots of the ancients.

Let no one, however, deceive himſelf in thinking, that he can gain a competent knowledge either of Ariſtotle or Sophocles from Boſſu or Brumoy, how excellent ſoever theſe two commentators may be. To contemplate theſe exalted geniuſes through ſuch mediums, is like beholding the orb of the ſun, during an eclipſe, in a veſſel of water. But let him eagerly preſs forward to the great originals: 'Juvet integros 'accedere fontes'—'His be the joy t' approach 'th' untaſted ſprings.' Let him remember that the Grecian writers alone, both critics and poets, are the beſt maſters to teach, in Milton's emphatical ſtyle, 'What the laws are of a true epic 'poem, what of a dramatic, what of a lyric; 'what decorum is; which is the grand maſter-'piece to obſerve. This would make them 'ſoon perceive, what deſpicable creatures our 'common rhymers and play-wrights be; and 'ſhew them, what religious, what glorious 'and magnificent uſe might be made of poetry, 'both in divine and human things.'

No. L. SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1753.

Quicunque turpi fraude ſemel innotuit,
Etiamſi vera dici, amittit fidem. PHÆD.

The wretch that often has deceiv'd,
Though truth he ſpeaks, is ne'er believ'd.

WHEN Ariſtotle was once aſked, what a man could gain by uttering falſehoods, he replied—'Not to be credited when he ſhall 'tell the truth.'

The character of a liar is at once ſo hateful and contemptible, that even of thoſe who have loſt their virtue it might be expected, that from the violation of truth they ſhould be reſtrained by their pride. Almoſt every other vice that diſgraces human nature may be kept in countenance by applauſe and aſſociation: the corrupter of virgin innocence ſees himſelf envied by the men, and at leaſt not deteſted by the women: the drunkard may eaſily unite with beings devoted like himſelf to noiſy merriments or ſilent inſenſibility, who will celebrate his victories over the novices of intemperance, boaſt themſelves the companions of his proweſs, and tell with rapture of the multitudes whom unſucceſsful emulation has hurried to the grave: even the robber and the cutthroat have their followers, who admire their addreſs and intrepidity, their ſtratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang.

The liar, and only the liar, is invariably and univerſally deſpiſed, abandoned, and diſowned: he has no domeſtic conſolations which he can oppoſe to the cenſure of mankind; he can retire to no fraternity where his crimes may ſtand in the place of virtues; but is given up to the hiſſes of the multitude, without friend and without apologiſt. It is the peculiar condition of falſehood, to be equally deteſted by the good and bad: 'The devils,' ſays Sir Thomas Brown, 'do not tell lyes to one another; for truth is neceſſary to all ſocieties, 'nor can the ſociety of hell ſubſiſt without it.'

It is natural to expect, that a crime thus generally deteſted ſhould be generally avoided; at leaſt, that none ſhould expoſe himſelf to unabated and unpitied temptation; and that to guilt ſo eaſily detected, and ſo ſeverely puniſhed, an adequate temptation would not readily be found.

Yet ſo it is, that in defiance of cenſure and contempt, truth is frequently violated; and ſcarcely the moſt vigilant and unremitted circumſpection will ſecure him that mixes with mankind, from being hourly deceived by men of whom it can ſcarcely be imagined that they mean any injury to him or profit to themſelves; even where the ſubject of converſation could not have been expected to put the paſſions in motion, or to have excited either hope or fear, or zeal or malignity, ſufficient to induce any man to put his reputation in hazard, however little he might value it, or to overpower the love of truth, however weak might be its influence.

The caſuiſts have very diligently diſtinguiſhed lyes into their ſeveral claſſes, according to their various degrees of malignity: but they have, I think, generally omitted that which is moſt common, and, perhaps, not leaſt miſchievous; which, ſince the moraliſts have not given it a name, I ſhall diſtinguiſh as the LYE of VANITY.

To vanity may juſtly be imputed moſt of the falſehoods which every man perceives hourly playing upon his ear, and perhaps moſt of thoſe that are propagated with ſucceſs. To the lye of commerce, and the lye of malice, the motive is ſo apparent, that they are ſeldom negligently or implicitly received: ſuſpicion is always watchful over the practices of intereſt; and whatever the hope of gain, or deſire of miſchief, can prompt one man to aſſert, another is by reaſons equally cogent incited to refute. But vanity pleaſes herſelf with ſuch ſlight gratifications, and looks forward to pleaſure ſo remotely conſequential, that her practices raiſe no alarm, and her ſtratagems are not eaſily diſcovered.

Vanity is, indeed, often ſuffered to paſs un-

purſued by ſuſpicion; becauſe he that would watch her motions, can never be at reſt: fraud and malice are bounded in their influence; ſome opportunity of time and place is neceſſary to their agency; but ſcarce any man is abſtracted one moment from his vanity; and he to whom truth affords no gratifications, is generally inclined to ſeek them in falſehoods.

It is remarked by Sir Kenelm Digby, 'that 'every man has a deſire to appear ſuperior to 'others, though it were in having ſeen what 'they have not ſeen.' Such an accidental advantage, ſince it neither implies merit, nor confers dignity, one would think ſhould not be deſired ſo much as to be counterfeited: yet even this vanity, trifling as it is, produces innumerable narratives, all equally falſe; but more or leſs credible in proportion to the ſkill or confidence of the relater. How many may a man of diffuſive converſation count among his acquaintances, whoſe lives have been ſignalized by numberleſs eſcapes; who never croſs the river but in a ſtorm, or take a journey into the country without more adventures than befel the knight-errants of antient times in pathleſs foreſts or enchanted caſtles! How many muſt he know, to whom portents and prodigies are of daily occurrence; and for whom nature is hourly working wonders inviſible to every other eye, only to ſupply them with ſubjects of converſation!

Others there are that amuſe themſelves with the diſſemination of falſehood, at greater hazard of detection and diſgrace; men marked out by ſome lucky planet for univerſal confidence and friendſhip, who have been conſulted in every difficulty, entruſted with every ſecret, and ſummoned to every tranſaction: it is the ſupreme felicity of theſe men to ſhun all companies with noiſy information; to ſtill doubt, and overbear oppoſition, with certain knowledge or authentic intelligence. A liar of this kind, with a ſtrong memory or briſk imagination, is often the oracle of an obſcure club, and till time diſcovers his impoſtures, dictates to his hearers with uncontrouled authority; for if a public queſtion be ſtarted, he was preſent at the debate; if a new faſhion be mentioned, he was at court the firſt day of its appearance: if a new performance of literature draws the attention of the public, he has patronized the author, and ſeen his work in manuſcript; if a criminal of eminence be condemned to die, he often predicted his fate, and endeavoured his reformation: and who that lives at a diſtance from the ſcene of action, will dare to contradict a man who reports from his own eyes and ears, and to whom all perſons and affairs are thus intimately known?

This kind of falſehood is generally ſucceſsful for a time, becauſe it is generally practiſed at firſt with timidity and caution. But the proſperity of the liar is of ſhort duration; the reception of one ſtory is always an incitement to the forgery of another leſs probable; and he goes on to triumph over tacit credulity, till pride or reaſon riſes up againſt him, and his companions will no longer endure to ſee him wiſer than themſelves.

It is apparent, that the inventors of all theſe fictions intend ſome exaltation of themſelves, and are led off by the purſuit of honour from their attendance upon truth: their narratives always imply ſome conſequence in favour of their courage, their ſagacity, or their activity, their familiarity with the learned, or their reception among the great; they are always bribed by the preſent pleaſure of ſeeing themſelves ſuperior to thoſe that ſurround them, and receiving the homage of ſilent attention and envious admiration.

But vanity is ſometimes excited to fiction by leſs viſible gratifications: the preſent age abounds with a race of liars who are content with the conſciouſneſs of falſehood, and whoſe pride is to deceive others without any gain or glory to themſelves. Of this tribe it is the ſupreme pleaſure to remark a lady in the playhouſe or the park; and to publiſh, under the character of a man ſuddenly enamoured, an advertiſement in the news of the next day, containing a minute deſcription of her perſon and her dreſs. From this artifice, however, no other effect can be expected, than perturbations which the writer can never ſee, and conjectures of which he can never be informed; ſome miſchief, however, he hopes he has done; and to have done miſchief is of ſome importance. He ſets his invention to work again, and produces a narrative of a robbery or a murder, with all the circumſtances of time and place accurately adjuſted. This is a jeſt of greater effect and longer duration: if he fixes his ſcene at a proper diſtance, he may for ſeveral

days keep a wife in terror for her huſband, or a mother for her ſon; and pleaſe himſelf with reflecting, that by his abilities and addreſs ſome addition is made to the miſeries of life.

There is, I think, an antient law in Scotland, by which LEASING-MAKING was capitally puniſhed. I am indeed, far from deſiring to increaſe in this kingdom the number of executions; yet I cannot but think, that they who deſtroy the confidence of ſociety, weaken the credit of intelligence, and interrupt the ſecurity of life; harraſs the delicate with ſhame, and perplex the timorous with alarms, might very properly be awakened to a ſenſe of their crimes, by denunciations of a whipping-poſt or pillory: ſince many are ſo inſenſible of right or wrong, that they have no ſtandard of action but the law; nor feel guilt, but as they dread puniſhment.

T

No. LI. TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1753.

Si quid ex Pindari, Flaccive dictis fuerit interjectum, ſplendet oratio; et ſordeſcit, ſi quid e ſacris pſalmis apte fuerit attextum? An libri ſpiritus coeleſtis afflatu proditi ſordent nobis præ ſcriptis Homeri, Euripidis, aut Ennii. ERASMUS.

Is a diſcourſe beautified by a quotation from Pindar and Horace? And ſhall we think it blemiſhed by a paſſage from the ſacred Pſalms aptly interwoven? Do we deſpiſe the books which were dedicated by the SPIRIT *of* GOD, *in compariſon of Homer, Euripides, and Ennius?*

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IN the library of the Benedictine Monks at Lyons, has lately been diſcovered a moſt curious manuſcript of the celebrated Longinus. As I know you will eagerly embrace every opportunity of contributing to promote, or rather revive, a reverence and love for the Sacred Writings, I ſend you the following extraordinary work.

MY DEAR TERENTIANNUS,

YOU may remember that in my treatiſe on the Sublime, I quoted a ſtriking example of it from Moſes the Jewiſh law-giver; 'Let 'there be light, and there was light.' I have ſince met with a large volume tranſlated into Greek by the order of Ptolomy, containing all the religious opinions, the civil laws and cuſtoms, of that ſingular and unaccountable people. And to confeſs the truth, I am greatly aſtoniſhed at the incomparable elevation of its ſtile; and the ſupreme grandeur of its images, many of which excel the utmoſt efforts of the moſt exalted genius of Greece.

At the appearance of GOD, the mountains and the foreſts do not only tremble, as in Homer, but 'are melted down like wax at his 'preſence.' He rides not on a ſwift chariot over the level waves like Neptune, but 'comes 'flying upon the wings of the wind: while 'the floods clap their hands, and the hills and 'foreſts, and earth and heaven, all exult to-'gether before their Lord.' And how doſt thou conceive, my friend, the exalted idea of the univerſal preſence of the Infinite Mind can be expreſſed, adequately to the dignity of the ſubject, but in the following manner? 'Whither 'ſhall I go from thy preſence? If I climb up 'into heaven, thou art there! If I go down 'to hell, lo, thou art there alſo! If I take 'wings and fly toward the morning, or re-'main in the uttermoſt parts of the weſtern ocean, 'even there alſo—' the poet does not ſay 'I ſhall 'find thee,' but far more forcibly and emphatically—'thy right-hand ſhall hold me.' With what majeſty and magnificence is the CREATOR of the world, before whom the univerſe is repreſented as nothing, nay, leſs than nothing, and vanity introduced making the following ſublime inquiry? 'Who hath meaſured the waters in 'the hollow of his hand? and meted out 'heaven with a ſpan, and comprehended the 'duſt of the earth in a meaſure, and weighed the 'mountains in ſcales, and the hills in a ba-

'lance?' Produce me, Terentianus, any image or deſcription in Plato himſelf, ſo truly elevated and divine! Where did theſe barbarians learn to ſpeak of GOD, in terms that alone appear worthy of him? How contemptible and vile are the deities of Homer and Heſiod, in compariſon of this JEHOVAH of the illiterate Jews; before whom, to uſe this poet's own words, all other gods are 'as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the ſmall duſt of the balance!'

Had I been acquainted with this wonderful volume, while I was writing my treatiſe on the Pathetic, I could have enriched my work with many ſtrokes of eloquence, more irreſiſtibly moving than any I have borrowed from our three great tragedians, or even from the tender Simonides himſelf. The ſame Moſes I formerly mentioned, relates the hiſtory of a youth ſold into captivity by his brethren, in a manner ſo deeply intereſting, with ſo many little ſtrokes of nature and paſſion, with ſuch penetrating knowledge of the human heart, with ſuch various and unexpected changes of fortune, and with ſuch a ſtriking and important diſcovery, as cannot be read without aſtoniſhment and tears; and which, I am almoſt confident, Ariſtotle would have preferred to the ſtory of his admired Oedipus, for the artificial manner in which the recognition, ἀναγνώρισις, is effected, emerging gradually from the incidents and circumſtances of the ſtory itſelf, and not from things extrinſical and uneſſential to the fable.

In another part we are preſented with the picture of a man moſt virtuous and upright, who, for the trial and exerciſe of his fortitude and patience, is hurled down from the ſummits of felicity into the loweſt depths of diſtreſs and deſpair. Where ever ſorrow and miſery and compaſſion expreſſed more forcibly and feelingly, than by the behaviour of his friends, who when they firſt diſcovered him in this altered condition, deſtitute, afflicted, tormented, 'ſat 'down with him upon the ground ſeven days, 'and ſeven nights; and none ſpake a word un-'to him, for they ſaw that his grief was very 'great!' Let us candidly confeſs, that this noble paſſage is equal, if not ſuperior, to that celebrated deſcription of paternal ſorrow in Æſchylus; where that venerable father of tragedy, whoſe fire and enthuſiaſm ſometimes force him forwards to the very borders of improbability, has in this inſtance juſtly repreſented Niobe ſitting diſconſolately three days together upon the tomb of her children, covered with a veil, and obſerving a profound ſilence. Such ſilences are ſomething more affecting, and more ſtrongly expreſſive of paſſion, than the moſt artful ſpeeches. In Sophocles, when the unfortunate Deianira diſcovers her miſtake in having ſent a poiſoned veſtment to her huſband Hercules, her ſurprize and ſorrow are unſpeakable, and ſhe anſwers not her ſon, who acquaints her with the diſaſter, but goes off the ſtage without uttering a ſyllable. A writer unacquainted with nature and the heart, would have put into her mouth twenty florid iambics, in which ſhe would bitterly have bewailed her misfortunes, and informed the ſpectators that ſhe was going to die.

In repreſenting likewiſe the deſolation and deſtruction of the cities of Babylon and Tyre, theſe Jewiſh writers have afforded many inſtances of true pathos. One of them expreſſes the extreme diſtreſs occaſioned by a famine, by this moving circumſtance: 'The tongue of 'the ſucking child cleaveth to the roof of his 'mouth for thirſt: the young children aſk 'bread, and no man breaketh it unto them; 'the hands of the pitiful women have ſodden 'their children.' Which tender and affecting ſtroke reminds me of the picture of a ſacked city by Ariſtides the Theban, on which we have ſo often gazed with inexpreſſible delight: that great artiſt has expreſſed the concern of a bleeding and dying mother, leſt her infant, who is creeping to her ſide, ſhould lick the blood that flows from her breaſt, and miſtake it for her milk.

In the ninth book of the Iliad, Homer repreſents the horrors of a conquered city, by ſaying, that her heroes ſhould be ſlain, her palaces overthrown, her matrons raviſhed, and her whole race enſlaved. But one of theſe Jewiſh poets, by a ſingle circumſtance, has far more emphatically pointed out the utter deſolation of Babylon: 'I will make 'a man more precious than fine gold; even 'a ſingle perſon than the golden wedge of 'Ophir.'

What ſeems to be particularly excellent in theſe writers, is their ſelection of

ſuch adjuncts and circumſtances upon each ſubject, as are beſt calculated to ſtrike the imagination and embelliſh their deſcriptions. Thus, they think it not enough to ſay, 'that Babylon, the glory of kingdoms, ſhall never be 'more inhabited;' but they add a pictureſque ſtroke, 'neither ſhall the Arabian pitch his 'tent there; the wild beaſts of the foreſt ſhall 'cry in their deſolate houſes, and dragons in 'their pleaſant places.'

You have heard me frequently obſerve, how much viſions, or images by which a writer ſeems to behold objects that are abſent, or even non-exiſtent, contribute to the true ſublime. For this reaſon I have ever admired Minerva's ſpeech in the fifth book of the Iliad, where ſhe tells her favourite Diomede, 'that ſhe will purge 'his eyes from the miſts of mortality, and 'give him power clearly to diſcern the gods 'that were at that time aſſiſting the Trojans, 'that he might not be guilty of the impiety of 'wounding any of the celeſtial beings, Venus 'excepted.' Obſerve the ſuperior ſtrength and livelineſs of the following image: 'JEHOVAH, '(the tutelar God of the Jews) opened the 'eyes of the young man, and he ſaw; and 'behold, the mountain was full of horſes, and 'chariots of fire round about him!'

Do we ſtart, and tremble, and turn pale, when Oreſtes exclaims that the furies are ruſhing forward to ſeize him? and ſhall we be leſs affected with the writer who breaks out into the following queſtion: 'Who is this that 'cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from 'Bozra, this that is glorious in his apparel, 'travelling in the greatneſs of his ſtrength?'—It is the avenging God of the oppreſſed Jews, whom the poet imagines he beholds, and whoſe anſwer follows—'I that am mighty to ſave.'—'Wherefore,' reſumes the poet, 'art thou 'red in thine apparel, and thy garments like 'him that treadeth in the wine-fat?'—'I have 'trodden the wine-preſs alone,' anſwers the God; 'and of the people there was none with 'me: for I will tread them in mine anger and 'trample them in my fury, and their blood 'ſhall be ſprinkled upon my garments, and I 'will ſtain all my raiment.' Another writer, full of the idea of that deſtruction with which his country was threatened, cries out—'How 'long ſhall I ſee the ſtandard, and hear the 'ſound of the trumpet!' And to repreſent total deſolation, he imagines he ſees the univerſe reduced to its primitive chaos: 'I be-'held the earth, and lo! it was without form 'and void; and the heavens, and they had no 'light.'

Above all, I am marvellouſly ſtruck with the beauty and boldneſs of the Proſopopœias, and the rich variety of compariſons with which every page of theſe extraordinary writings abounds. When I ſhall have pointed out a few of theſe to your view, I ſhall think your curioſity will be ſufficiently excited to peruſe the book itſelf from which they are drawn. And do not ſuffer yourſelf to be prejudiced againſt it, by the reproaches, raillery and ſatire, which I know my friend and diſciple Porphyry is perpetually pouring upon the Jews. Farewell.

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No. LII. SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1753.

——Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala deriſum. HOR.

——Trifles ſuch as theſe
To ſerious miſchiefs lead. FRANCIS.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THOUGH there are many calamities to which all men are equally expoſed, yet ſome ſpecies of intellectual diſtreſs are thought to be peculiar to the vicious. The various evils of diſeaſe and poverty, pain and ſorrow, are frequently derived from others; but ſhame and confuſion are ſuppoſed to proceed from ourſelves, and to be incurred only by the miſconduct which they puniſh. This ſuppoſition is indeed ſpe-

cious: but I am convinced by the ſtrongeſt evidence that it is not true; I can oppoſe experience to theory; and as it will appear that I ſuffer conſiderable loſs by my teſtimony, it muſt be allowed to have the moſt diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of ſincerity.

That every man is happy in proportion as he is virtuous, was once my favourite principle: I advanced and defended it in all companies; and as the laſt effort of my genius in its behalf; I contrived a ſeries of events by which it was illuſtrated and eſtabliſhed: and that I might ſubſtitute action for narrative, and decorate ſentiment with the beauties of poetry, I regulated my ſtory by the rules of the drama, and with great application and labour wrought it into a tragedy.

When it was finiſhed, I ſat down, like Hercules after his labours, exulting in the paſt, and enjoying the future by anticipation. I read it to every friend who favoured me with a viſit, and when I went abroad I always put it in my pocket. Thus it became known to a circle that was always increaſing; and was at length mentioned with ſuch commendation to a very great lady, that ſhe was pleaſed to favour me with a meſſage, by which I was invited to breakfaſt at nine the next morning, and acquainted that a ſelect company would then expect the pleaſure of hearing me read my play.

The delight that I received from the contemplation of my performance, the encomium of my friends, and eſpecially this meſſage, was in my opinion an experimental proof of my principles, and a reward of my merit. I reflected, with great ſelf complacence, upon the general complaint that genius was without patronage; and concluded, that all who had been neglected were unworthy of notice. I believed that my own elevation was not only certain but near; and that the repreſentation of my play would be ſecured by a meſſage to the manager, which would render the mortifying drudgery of ſollicitation and attendance unneceſſary.

Elated with theſe expectations, I roſe early in the morning, and being dreſſed long before it was time to ſet out, I amuſed myſelf by repeating the favourite paſſages of my tragedy aloud, forming polite anſwers to the compliments that ſhould be made me, and adjuſting the ceremony of my viſit.

I obſerved the time appointed with ſuch punctuality, that I knocked at the door while the clock was ſtriking. Orders had been given for my admittance; and the porter being otherwiſe engaged, it happened that the ſervant whoſe place it was to introduce me, opened the door in his ſtead, and upon hearing my name advanced directly before me into the room; ſo that no diſcovery was made of an enormous queüe of brown paper, which ſome miſchievous brat had with a crooked pin hung between the two locks of my major perriwig. I followed the valet into a magnificent apartment; where after I had got within a very large Indian ſcreen, I found five ladies and a gentleman.

I was a little diſconcerted in my firſt addreſs, by the reſpect that was ſhewn me, and the curioſity with which I was regarded: however, I made my general obeiſance; and addreſſing myſelf in particular to the elder of the ladies, whom I conſidered as my patroneſs, I expreſſed my ſenſe of the honour ſhe had done me in a ſhort ſpeech which I had preconceived for the purpoſe; but I was immediately informed, that the lady whoſe favour I had acknowledged was not yet come down: this miſtake increaſed my confuſion; for as I could not again repeat the ſame words, I reflected, that I ſhould be at laſt unprepared for the occaſion on which they were to have been uſed. The company all this while continued ſtanding: I therefore haſtily turned about to reconnoitre my chair; but the moment I was ſeated, I perceived every one labouring to ſtifle a laugh. I inſtantly ſuſpected that I had committed ſome ridiculous indecorum, and I attempted to apologize for I knew not what offence; but after ſome heſitation, my extreme ſenſibility ſtruck me ſpeechleſs. The gentleman, however, kindly diſcovered the cauſe of their merriment, by exclaiming againſt the rude licentiouſneſs of the vulgar, and at the ſame time taking from behind me the pendulous reproach to the honours of my head. This diſcovery afforded me inexpreſſible relief, my paper ramellie was thrown into the fire, and I joined in the laugh which it produced: but I was ſtill embarraſſed by the conſequences of my miſtake, and expected the lady by whom I had been invited, with ſollicitude and apprehenſion.

When ſhe came in, the deference with which ſhe was treated by perſons who were ſo much my ſuperiors, ſtruck me with awe; my powers of recollection were ſuſpended, and I reſolved to expreſs my ſentiments only by the lowneſs of my bow and the diſtance of my behaviour: I therefore haſtily retreated backward; and at the ſame time bowing with the moſt profound reverence, unhappily overturned the ſcreen, which in its fall threw down the breakfaſt table, broke all the china, and crippled the lap-dog. In the midſt of this ruin I ſtood torpid in ſilence and amazement, ſtunned with the ſhrieks of the ladies, the yelling of the dog, and the clattering of the china; and while I conſidered myſelf as the author of ſuch complicated miſchief, I believe I felt as keen anguiſh as he who, with a halter about his neck, looks up while the other end of it is faſtening to a gibbet.

The ſcreen, however, was ſoon replaced, and the broken china removed; and though the dog was the principal object of attention, yet the lady ſometimes adverted to me: ſhe politely deſired that I would conſider the accident as of no conſequence; the china, ſhe ſaid, was a trifle, and ſhe hoped Pompey was more frighted than hurt. I made ſome apology, but with great confuſion and incoherence: at length, however, we were again ſeated, and breakfaſt was brought in.

I was extremely mortified to perceive, that the diſcourſe turned wholly upon the virtues of Pompey, and the conſequences of his hurt: it was examined with great attention and ſollicitude, and found to be a razure of the ſkin the whole length of one of his fore legs. After ſome topical application, his cuſhion was placed in the corner by his lady, upon which he lay down, and indeed whined piteouſly.

I was beginning to recover from my perplexity, and had juſt made an attempt to introduce a new ſubject of converſation, when caſting my eye downward I was again thrown into extreme confuſion, by ſeeing ſomething hang from the fore part of my chair, which I imagined to be a portion of my ſhirt; though indeed it was no other than the corner of a napkin on which I ſat, and which during the confuſion produced by the ſcreen had been left in the chair.

My embarraſſment was ſoon diſcovered, though the cauſe was miſtaken; and the lady hoping to remove it, by giving me an opportunity to diſplay my abilities without the reſtraint of ceremony, requeſted that I would now give her the pleaſure which ſhe had impatiently expected, and read my play.

My play, therefore, I was obliged to produce; and having found an opportunity haſtily to button up the corner of the napkin while the manuſcript lay open in my lap, I began to read: and though my voice was at firſt languid, tremulous, and irreſolute, yet my attention was at length drawn from my ſituation to my ſubject; I pronounced with greater emphaſis and propriety, and I began to watch for the effects which I expected to produce upon my auditors: but I was extremely mortified to find, that whenever I pauſed to give room for a remark or an encomium, the interval was filled with an ejaculation of pity for the dog, who ſtill continued to whine upon his cuſhion, and was lamented in theſe affectionate and pathetic terms—'Ah! poor, dear, pretty little 'creature.'

It happened, however, that by ſome incidents in the fourth act the paſſions were apparently intereſted; and I was juſt exulting in my ſucceſs, when the lady who ſat next me unhappily opened her ſnuff-box, which was not effected without ſome difficulty, the duſt that flew up threw me into a fit of ſneezing, which inſtantly cauſed my upper lip to put me again out of countenance: I therefore haſtily felt for my handkerchief, and it was not with leſs emotion than if I had ſeen a ghoſt, that I diſcovered it had been picked out of my pocket. In the mean time the opprobrious effuſion deſcended like an icicle to my chin; and the eyes of the company, which this accident had drawn upon me, were now turned away with looks which ſhewed that their pity was not proof againſt the ridicule of my diſtreſs. What I ſuffered at this moment, can neither be expreſſed nor conceived: I turned my head this way and that in the anguiſh of my mind, without knowing what I ſought; and at laſt holding up my manuſcript before my face, I was compelled to make uſe of the end of my neckcloth, which I again buttoned into my boſom. After many painful efforts I pro-

ceeded in my lecture, and again fixed the attention of my hearers. The fourth act was finiſhed, and they expreſſed great impatience to hear the cataſtrophe: I therefore began the fifth with freſh confidence and vigour; but before I had read a page, I was interrupted by two gentlemen of great quality, profeſſors of Buckiſm, who came with a deſign to wait upon the ladies to an auction.

I roſe up with the reſt of the company when they came in; but what was my aſtoniſhment, to perceive the napkin, which I had unfortunately ſecured by one corner, hang down from my waiſt to the ground! From this dilemma, however, I was delivered by the noble Buck who ſtood neareſt me; who ſwearing an oath of aſtoniſhment, twitched the napkin from me, and throwing it to the ſervant, told him that he had redeemed it from the rats, who were dragging it by degrees into a place where he would never have looked for it. The young ladies were ſcarce leſs confounded at this accident than I; and the noble matron herſelf was ſomewhat diſconcerted: ſhe ſaw my extreme confuſion, and thought fit to apologize for her couſin's behaviour: 'He is a wild boy, Sir,' ſays ſhe; 'he plays theſe tricks with every 'body; but it is his way, and nobody minds 'it. When we were once more ſeated, the Bucks upon the peremptory refuſal of the ladies to go out, declared they would ſtay and hear the laſt act of my tragedy; I was therefore requeſted to go on. But my ſpirits were quite exhauſted by the violent agitation of my mind; and I was intimidated by the preſence of two perſons, who appeared to conſider me and my performance as objects only of merriment and ſport. I would gladly have renounced all that in the morning had been the object of my hope, to recover the dignity which I had already loſt in my own eſtimation; and had ſcarce any wiſh but to return without further diſgrace into the quiet ſhade of obſcurity. The ladies, however, would take no denial, and I was at length obliged to comply.

I was much pleaſed and ſurprized at the attention with which my new auditors ſeemed to liſten as I went on: the dog was now ſilent; I increaſed the pathos of my voice in proportion as I aſcended the climax of diſtreſs, and flattered myſelf that poetry and truth would be ſtill victorious: but juſt at this criſis, the gentleman who had diſengaged me from the napkin, deſired me to ſtop half a moment; ſomething, he ſaid, had juſt ſtarted into his mind, which if he did not communicate he might forget: then turning to his companion—'Jack,' ſays he, 'there was ſold in Smith-'field no longer ago than laſt Saturday, the 'largeſt ox that ever I beheld in my life.' The ridicule of this malicious apoſtrophe was ſo ſtriking, that pity and decorum gave way, and my patroneſs herſelf burſt into laughter: upon me, indeed, it produced a very different effect; for if I had been detected in an unſucceſsful attempt to pick a pocket, I could not have felt more ſhame, confuſion and anguiſh. The laughter into which the company had been ſurprized, was, however, immediately ſuppreſſed, and a cenſure paſſed upon the perſon who produced it. To atone for the mortification which I had ſuffered, the ladies expreſſed the utmoſt impatience to hear the concluſion, and I was encouraged by repeated encomiums to proceed: but though I once more attempted to recollect myſelf, and again began the ſpeech in which I had been interrupted, yet my thoughts were ſtill diſtracted, my voice faltered, and I had ſcarce breath to finiſh the firſt period.

This was remarked by my tormentor the Buck, who ſuddenly ſnatched the manuſcript out of my hands, declared that I did not do my play juſtice, and that he would finiſh it himſelf. He then began to read; but the affected gravity of his countenance, the unnatural tone of his voice, and the remembrance of his late anecdote of the ox, excited ſenſations that were incompatible both with pity and terror, and rendered me extremely wretched by keeping the company perpetually on the brink of laughter.

In the action of my play, virtue had been ſuſtained by her own dignity, and exulted in the enjoyment of intellectual and independent happineſs, during a ſeries of external calamities that terminated in death; and vice, by the ſucceſs of her own projects, had been betrayed into ſhame, perplexity, and confuſion. Theſe events were indeed natural; and therefore I poetically inferred, with all the confidence of demonſtration, that 'the torments of Tartarus, and the

'felicity of Elyſium, were not neceſſary to the 'juſtification of the gods; ſince whatever 'inequality might be pretended in the diſtri-'bution of externals, peace is ſtill the prero-'gative of virtue, and intellectual miſery can 'be inflicted only by guilt.'

But the intellectual miſery which I ſuffered at the very moment when this favourite ſentiment was read, produced an irreſiſtible conviction that it was falſe; becauſe, except the dread of that puniſhment which I had indirectly denied, I felt all the torment that could be inflicted by guilt. In the proſecution of an undertaking which I believed to be virtuous, peace had been driven from my heart, by the concurrence of accident with the vices of others; and the miſery that I ſuffered ſuddenly propagated itſelf: for not only enjoyment but hope was now at an end; my play, upon which both had depended, was overturned from its foundation; and I was ſo much affected, that I took my leave with the abrupt haſte of diſtreſs and perplexity. I had no concern about what ſhould be ſaid of me when I was departed; and, perhaps at the moment when I went out of the houſe, there was not in the world any human being more wretched than myſelf: The next morning, when I reflected coolly upon theſe events, I would willingly have reconciled my experience with my principles, even at the expence of my morals. I would have ſuppoſed that my deſire of approbation was inordinate, and that a virtuous indifference about the opinion of others would have prevented all my diſtreſs; but I was compelled to acknowledge, that to acquire this indifference was not poſſible, and that no man becomes vicious by not effecting impoſſibilities: there may be heights of virtue beyond our reach; but to the vicious, we muſt either do ſomething from which we have power to abſtain, or neglect ſomething which we have power to do. There remained, therefore, no expedient to recover any part of the credit I had loſt, but ſetting a truth, which I had newly diſcovered by means ſo extraordinary, in a new light; and with this view I am a candidate for a place in the Adventurer.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

DRAMATICUS.

No. LIII. TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1753.

Quiſque ſuos patimur manes. VIRG.

Each has his lot, and bears the fate he drew.

SIR, FLEET, MAY 6,

IN conſequence of my engagements, I addreſs you once more from the habitations of miſery. In this place, from which buſineſs and pleaſure are equally excluded, and in which our only employment and diverſion is to hear the narratives of each other, I might much ſooner have gathered materials for a letter, had I not hoped to have been reminded of my promiſe: but ſince I find myſelf placed in the regions of oblivion, where I am no leſs neglected by you than by the reſt of mankind, I reſolved no longer to wait for ſollicitation, but ſtole early this evening from between gloomy ſullenneſs and riotous merriment, to give you an account of part of my companions.

One of the moſt eminent members of our club is Mr. Edward Scamper, a man of whoſe name the Olympic heroes would not have been aſhamed. Ned was born to a ſmall eſtate, which he determined to improve; and therefore, as ſoon as he became of age, mortgaged part of his land to buy a mare and ſtallion, and bred horſes for the courſe. He was at firſt very ſucceſsful, and gained ſeveral of the king's plates, as he is now every day boaſting, at the expence of very little more than ten times their value. At laſt, however, he diſcovered that victory brought him more honour than profit: reſolving, therefore, to be rich as well as illuſtrious, he repleniſhed his pockets by another mortgage, became on a ſudden a daring better, and reſolving not to truſt a jockey with his fortune, rode his horſe himſelf, diſtanced two of his competitors the firſt heat, and at laſt won the race by forcing his horſe on a deſcent to full ſpeed at the hazard of his neck. His eſtate was thus repaired; and ſome friends that

had no ſouls adviſed him to give over: but Ned now knew the way to riches, and therefore without caution increaſed his expences. From this hour he talked and dreamed of nothing but a horſe race; and riſing ſoon to the ſummit of equeſtrian reputation, he was conſtantly expected on every courſe, divided all his time between lords and jockies, and as the unexperienced regulated their betts by his example, gained a great deal of money by laying openly on one horſe and ſecretly on the other. Ned was now ſo ſure of growing rich, that he involved his eſtate in a third mortgage, borrowed money of all his friends, and riſqued his whole fortune upon Bay-Lincoln. He mounted with beating heart, ſtarted fair, and won the firſt heat; but in the ſecond, as he was puſhing againſt the foremoſt of his rivals, his girth broke, his ſhoulder was diſlocated, and before he was diſmiſſed by the ſurgeon two bailiffs faſtened upon him, and he ſaw Newmarket no more. His daily amuſement for four years has been to blow the ſignal for ſtarting, to make imaginary matches, to repeat the pedigree of Bay-Lincoln, and to form reſolutions againſt truſting another groom with the choice of his girth.

The next in ſeniority is Mr. Timothy Snugg, a man of deep contrivance and impenetrable ſecrecy. His father died with the reputation of more wealth than he poſſeſſed. Tim, therefore, entered the world with a reputed fortune of ten thouſand pounds. Of this he very well knew that eight thouſand was imaginary: but being a man of refined policy, and knowing how much honour is annexed to riches, he reſolved never to detect his own poverty; but furniſhed his houſe with elegance, ſcattered his money with profuſion, encouraged every ſcheme of coſtly pleaſure, ſpoke of petty loſſes with negligence, and on the day before an execution entered his doors, had proclaimed at a public table his reſolution to be jolted no longer in a hackney coach.

Another of my companions is the magnanimous Jack Scatter, the ſon of a country gentleman, who having no other care than to leave him rich, conſidered that literature could not be had without expence; maſters would not teach for nothing; and when a book was bought and read, it would ſell for little. Jack was, therefore, taught to read and write by the butler; and when this acquiſition was made, was left to paſs his days in the kitchen and the ſtable, where he heard no crime cenſured but covetouſneſs and diſtruſt of poor honeſt ſervants, and where all the praiſe was beſtowed on good houſe-keeping and a free heart. At the death of his father, Jack ſet himſelf to retrieve the honour of his family: he abandoned his cellar to the butler, ordered his groom to provide hay and corn at diſcretion, took his houſe-keeper's word for the expences of the kitchen, allowed all his ſervants to do their work by deputies, permitted his domeſtics to keep his houſe open to their relations and acquaintance, and in ten years was conveyed hither, without having purchaſed by the loſs of his patrimony either honour or pleaſure, or obtained any other gratification than that of having corrupted the neighbouring villagers by luxury and idleneſs.

Dick Serge was a draper in Cornhill, and paſſed eight years in proſperous diligence, without any care but to keep his books, or any ambition but to be in time an alderman: but then, by ſome unaccountable revolution in his underſtanding, he became enamoured of wit and humour, deſpiſed the converſation of pedlars and ſtockjobbers, and rambled every night to the regions of gaiety in queſt of company ſuited to his taſte. The wits at firſt flocked about him for ſport, and afterwards for intereſt; ſome found their way into his books, and ſome into his pockets; the man of adventure was equipped from his ſhop for the purſuit of a fortune; and he had ſometimes the honour to have his ſecurity accepted when his friends were in diſtreſs. Elated with theſe aſſociations, he ſoon learned to neglect his ſhop; and having drawn his money out of the funds to avoid the neceſſity of teazing men of honour for trifling debts, he has been forced at laſt to retire hither till his friends can procure him a poſt at court.

Another that joins in the ſame meſs is Bob Cornice, whoſe life has been ſpent in fitting up a houſe. About ten years ago Bob purchaſed the country habitation of a bankrupt: the mere ſhell of a building Bob holds no great matter, the inſide is the teſt of elegance. Of this houſe he was no ſooner maſter than he ſummoned twenty workmen to his aſſiſtance, tore up the floors and laid them anew, ſtripped

off the wainſcot, drew the windows from their frames, altered the diſpoſition of doors and fire-places, and caſt the whole fabric into a new form. His next care was to have his cielings painted, his pannels gilt, and his chimney-pieces carved. Every thing was executed by the ableſt hands. Bob's buſineſs was to follow the workmen with a microſcope, and call upon them to retouch their performances, and heighten excellence to perfection. The reputation of his houſe now brings round him a daily confluence of viſitants; and every one tells him of ſome elegance which he has hitherto overlooked, ſome convenience not yet procured, or ſome new mode in ornament or furniture. Bob, who had no wiſh but to be admired, nor any guide but the faſhion, thought every thing beautiful in proportion as it was new, and conſidered his work as unfiniſhed, while any obſerver could ſuggeſt an addition; ſome alteration was therefore every day made, without any other motive than the charms of novelty. A traveller at laſt ſuggeſted to him the convenience of a grotto. Bob immediately ordered the mount of his garden to be excavated; and having laid out a large ſum in ſhells and minerals, was buſy in regulating the diſpoſition of the colours and luſtres, when two gentlemen, who had aſked permiſſion to ſee his gardens, preſented him a writ, and led him off to leſs elegant apartments.

I know not, Sir, whether among this fraternity of ſorrow you will think any much to be pitied; nor indeed do many of them appear to ſollicit compaſſion, for they generally applaud their own conduct, and deſpiſe thoſe whom want of taſte or ſpirits ſuffers to grow rich. It were happy, if the priſons of the kingdom were filled only with characters like theſe, men whom proſperity could not make uſeful, and whom ruin cannot make wiſe: but there are among us many who raiſe different ſenſations, many that owe their preſent miſery to the ſeductions of treachery, the ſtrokes of caſualty, or the tenderneſs of pity; many whoſe ſufferings diſgrace ſociety, and whoſe virtues would adorn it: of theſe, when familiarity ſhall have enabled me to recount their ſtories without horror, you may expect another narrative from, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

T MYSARGYRUS.

No. LIV. SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1753.

——Senſim labefacta cadebat
Relligio—— CLAUDIANUS.

——His confidence in Heaven
Sunk by degrees——

IF a recluſe moraliſt who ſpeculates in a cloiſter, ſhould ſuppoſe every practice to be infamous in proportion as it is allowed to be criminal, no man would wonder; but every man who is acquainted with life, and is able to ſubſtitute the diſcoveries of experience for the deductions of reaſon, knows that he would be miſtaken.

Lying is generally allowed to be leſs criminal than adultery; and yet it is known to render a man much more infamous and contemptible; for he who would modeſtly acquieſce in an imputation of adultery as a compliment, would reſent that of a lye as an inſult for which life only could atone. Thus are men tamely led hood-winked by cuſtom the creature of their own folly, and while imaginary light flaſhes under the bandage which excludes the reality, they fondly believe that they behold the ſun.

Lying, however, does not incur more infamy than it deſerves, though other vices incur leſs. I have before remarked, that there are ſome practices, which though they degrade a man to the loweſt claſs of moral characters, do yet imply ſome natural ſuperiority; but lying is, on the contrary, always an implication of weakneſs and defect. Slander is the revenge of a coward, and diſſimulation his defence: lying boaſts are the ſtigma of impotent ambition, of obſcurity without merit, and pride totally deſtitute of intellectual dignity: and even lyes of apology imply indiſcretion or ruſticity, ignorance, folly, or indecorum.

But there is equal turpitude, and yet greater meanneſs, in thoſe forms of ſpeech which deceive without direct falſehood. The crime is committed with greater deliberation, as it requires more contrivance; and by the offenders the uſe of language is totally perverted: they conceal a meaning oppoſite to that which they expreſs; their ſpeech is a kind of riddle propounded for an evil purpoſe; and as they may, therefore, be properly diſtinguiſhed by the name of Sphinxes, there would not perhaps be much cauſe for regret, if, like the firſt monſter of the name, they ſhould break their necks upon the ſolution of their enigmas.

Indirect lyes, more effectually than others, deſtroy that mutual confidence which is ſaid to be the band of ſociety: they are more frequently repeated, becauſe they are not prevented by the dread of detection; and he who has obtained a virtuous character is not always believed, becauſe we know not but that he may have been perſuaded by the ſophiſtry of folly, that to deceive is not to lye, and that there is a certain manner in which truth may be violated without incurring either guilt or ſhame.

But lying, however practiſed, does, like every other vice, ultimately diſappoint its own purpoſe: 'A lying tongue is but for a moment.' Detraction, when it is diſcovered to be falſe, confers honour, and diſſimulation provokes reſentment; the falſe boaſt incurs contempt, and the falſe apology aggravates the offence.

Is it not, therefore, aſtoniſhing that a practice, for whatever reaſon, ſo univerſally infamous and unſucceſsful, ſhould not be more generally and ſcrupulouſly avoided? To think, is to renounce it: and that I may fix the attention of my readers a little longer upon the ſubject, I ſhall relate a ſtory, which, perhaps, by thoſe who have much ſenſibility, will not ſoon be forgotten.

Charlotte and Maria were educated together at an eminent boarding-ſchool near London. There was little difference in their age, and their perſonal accompliſhments were equal: but though their families were of the ſame rank, yet as Charlotte was an only child, ſhe was conſiderably ſuperior in fortune.

Soon after they were taken home, Charlotte was addreſſed by Captain Freeman, who beſides his commiſſion in the guards had a ſmall paternal eſtate: but as her friends hoped for a more advantageous match, the Captain was deſired to forbear his viſits, and the lady to think of him no more. After ſome fruitleſs ſtruggles they acquieſced; but the diſcontent of both was ſo apparent, that it was thought expedient to remove Miſs into the country. She was ſent to her aunt, the Lady Meadows, who with her daughter lived retired at the family-ſeat, more than one hundred miles diſtant from the metropolis. After ſhe had repined in this dreary ſolitude from April to Auguſt, ſhe was ſurprized with a viſit from her father, who brought with him Sir James Forreſt, a young gentleman who had juſt ſucceeded to a baronet's title, and a very large eſtate in the ſame county. Sir James had good nature and good ſenſe, an agreeable perſon and an eaſy addreſs: Miſs was inſenſibly pleaſed with his company; her vanity, if not her love, had a new object; a deſire to be delivered from a ſtate of dependance and obſcurity had almoſt abſorbed all the reſt; and it is no wonder that this deſire was gratified, when ſcarce any other was felt; or that in compliance with the united ſollicitations of her friends and her lover, ſhe ſuffered herſelf within a few weeks to become a lady and a wife. They continued in the country till the beginning of October, and then came up to London, having prevailed upon her aunt to accompany them, that Miſs Meadows, with whom the bride had contracted an intimate friendſhip, might be gratified with the diverſions of the town during the winter.

Captain Freeman, when he heard that Miſs Charlotte was married, immediately made propoſals of marriage to Maria, with whom he became acquainted during his viſits to her friend, and ſoon after married her.

The friendſhip of the two young ladies ſeemed to be rather increaſed than diminiſhed by their marriage; they were always of the ſame party both in the private and public diverſions of the ſeaſon, and viſited each other without the formalities of meſſages and dreſs.

But neither Sir James nor Mrs. Freeman could reflect without uneaſineſs upon the frequent interviews which this familiarity and confidence produced between a lover and his miſtreſs, whom force only had divided; and though of theſe interviews they were themſelves witneſſes, yet Sir James inſenſibly became jealous of his lady, and Mrs. Freeman of her huſband.

It happened in the May following, that Sir James went about ten miles out of town to be preſent at the election of a member of parliament for the county, and was not expected to return till the next day. In the evening his lady took a chair and viſited Mrs. Freeman: the reſt of the company went away early, the Captain was upon guard, Sir James was out of town, and the two ladies after ſupper ſat down to piquet, and continued the game without once reflecting upon the hours till three in the morning. Lady Forreſt would then have gone home; but Mrs. Freeman, perhaps chiefly to conceal a contrary deſire, importuned her to ſtay till the Captain came in, and at length with ſome reluctance ſhe conſented.

About five the Captain came home, and Lady Forreſt immediately ſent out for a chair: a chair, as it happened, could not be procured; but a hackney-coach being brought in its ſtead, the Captain inſiſted upon waiting on her ladyſhip home. This ſhe refuſed with ſome emotion; it is probable, that ſhe ſtill regarded the Captain with leſs indifference than ſhe wiſhed, and was therefore more ſenſible of the impropriety of his offer: but her reaſons for rejecting it, however forcible, being ſuch as ſhe could not alledge, he perſiſted, and her reſolution was overborne. By this importunate complaiſance the Captain had not only thrown Lady Forreſt into confuſion, but diſpleaſed his wife: ſhe could not, however, without unpoliteneſs oppoſe it; and leſt her uneaſineſs ſhould be diſcovered, ſhe affected a negligence which in ſome degree revenged it: ſhe deſired that when he came back, he would not diſturb her, for that ſhe ſhould go directly to bed; and added with a kind of drowſy inſenſibility—'I am more 'than half aſleep already.'

Lady Forreſt and the Captain were to go from the Haymarket to Groſvenor Square. It was about half an hour after five when they got into the coach; the morning was remarkably fine, the late conteſt had ſhaken off all diſpoſition to ſleep, and Lady Forreſt could not help ſaying, that ſhe had much rather take a walk in the Park than go home to bed. The captain zealouſly expreſſed the ſame ſentiment, and propoſed that the coach ſhould ſet them down at St. James's Gate. The lady, however, had nearly the ſame objections againſt being ſeen in the Mall without any other company than the captain, that ſhe had againſt its being known that they were alone together in a hackney coach: ſhe therefore, to extricate herſelf from this ſecond difficulty, propoſed that they ſhould call at her father's in Bond Street, and take her couſin Meadows, whom ſhe knew to be an early riſer, with them. This project was immediately put in execution; but Lady Forreſt found her couſin indiſpoſed with a cold. When ſhe had communicated the deſign of this early viſit, Miſs Meadows intreated her to give up her walk in the Park, to ſtay till the family roſe, and go home after breakfaſt: 'No,' replied Lady Forreſt, 'I am determined upon a walk; 'but as I muſt firſt get rid of Captain Free-'man, I will ſend down word that I will take 'your advice.' A ſervant was accordingly diſpatched to acquaint the captain, who was waiting below, that Miſs Meadows was indiſpoſed, and had engaged Lady Forreſt to breakfaſt.

No. LV. TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1753.

Quid quiſque vitet, nunquam nomini ſatis
Cautem eſt in horas. HOR.

While dangers hourly round us riſe,
No caution guards us from ſurprize. FRANCIS.

THE Captain diſcharged the coach; but being piqued at the behaviour of his wife, and feeling that flow of ſpirits which uſually returns with the morning even to thoſe who have not ſlept in the night, he had no deſire to go home, and therefore reſolved to enjoy the fine morning in the Park alone.

Lady Forreſt, not doubting but that the Captain would immediately return home, congratulated herſelf upon her deliverance; but at the ſame time, to indulge her deſire of a walk, followed him into the Park.

The captain had reached the top of the Mall; and, turning back, met her before ſhe had advanced two hundred yards beyond the palace. The moment ſhe perceived him, the remembrance of her meſſage, the motives that produced it, the detection of its falſhood, and diſcovery of its deſign, her diſappointment and conſciouſneſs of that very ſituation which ſhe had ſo much reaſon to avoid, all concurred to cover her with confuſion which it was impoſſible to hide: pride and good-breeding were, however, ſtill predominant over truth and prudence; ſhe was ſtill zealous to remove from the captain's mind any ſuſpicion of a deſign to ſhun him, and therefore with an effort perhaps equal to that of a hero who ſmiles upon the rack, ſhe affected an air of gaiety, ſaid ſhe was glad to ſee him, and as an excuſe for her meſſage and her conduct, prattled ſomething about the fickleneſs of a woman's mind, and concluded with obſerving that ſhe changed hers too often ever to be mad. By this conduct a retreat was rendered impoſſible, and they walked together till between eight and nine: but the clouds having inſenſibly gathered, and a ſudden ſhower falling juſt as they reached Spring Gardens, they went out inſtead of going back; and the Captain having put the lady into a chair, took his leave.

It happened that Sir James, contrary to his firſt purpoſe, had returned from his journey at night. He learnt from the ſervants, that his lady was gone to Captain Freeman's, and was ſecretly diſpleaſed that ſhe had made this viſit when he was abſent; an incident which, however trifling in itſelf, was by the magic of jealouſy ſwelled into importance: yet upon recollection he reproved himſelf for this diſpleaſure, ſince the preſence of the Captain's lady would ſufficiently ſecure the honour of his own. While he was ſtruggling with theſe ſuſpicions, they increaſed both in number and ſtrength in proportion as the night wore away. At one he went to bed; but he paſſed the night in agonies of terror and reſentment, doubting whether the abſence of his lady was the effect of accident or deſign, liſtening to every noiſe, and bewildering himſelf in a multitude of extravagant ſuppoſitions. He roſe again at break of day; and after ſeveral hours of ſuſpenſe and irreſolution, whether to wait the iſſue, or go out for intelligence, the reſtleſſneſs of curioſity prevailed, and about eight he ſet out for Captain Freeman's; but left word with his ſervants that he was gone to a neighbouring coffee-houſe.

Mrs. Freeman, whoſe affected indifference and diſſimulation of a deſign to go immediately to bed, contributed to prevent the Captain's return, had during his abſence ſuffered inexpreſſible diſquiet: ſhe had, indeed, neither intention to go to bed, nor inclination to ſleep; ſhe walked backward and forward in her chamber, diſtracted with jealouſy and ſuſpenſe, till ſhe was informed that Sir James was below, and deſired to ſee her. When ſhe came down, he diſcovered that ſhe had been in tears; his fear was now more alarmed than his jealouſy, and he concluded that ſome fatal accident had befallen his wife; but he ſoon learnt

that ſhe and the Captain had gone from thence at five in the morning, and that he was not yet returned. Mrs. Freeman, by Sir James's enquiry, knew that his lady had not been at home: her ſuſpicions, therefore, were confirmed; and in her jealouſy, which to prevent a duel ſhe laboured to conceal, Sir James found new cauſe for his own. He determined, however, to wait with as much decency as poſſible, till the Captain came in; and perhaps two perſons were never more embarraſſed by the preſence of each other. While breakfaſt was getting ready, Dr. Tattle came to pay Mrs. Freeman a morning viſit; and, to the unſpeakable grief both of the lady and her gueſt, was immediately admitted. Dr. Tattle is of thoſe male goſſips who, in the common opinion, are the moſt diverting company in the world. The Doctor ſaw that Mrs. Freeman was low-ſpirited, and made ſeveral efforts to divert her, but without ſucceſs. At laſt he declared, with an air of ironical importance, that he could tell her ſuch news as would make her look grave for ſomething; 'The Captain,' ſays he, 'has juſt huddled a lady into a chair at the door of a 'bagnio near Spring Gardens.' He ſoon perceived, that this ſpeech was received with emotions very different from thoſe he intended to produce; and therefore added—that ſhe need not however be jealous; for notwithſtanding the manner in which he had related the incident, the lady was certainly a woman of character, as he inſtantly diſcovered by her mien and appearance. This particular confirmed the ſuſpicion it was intended to remove; and the Doctor finding that he was not ſo good company as uſual, took his leave; but was met at the door by the Captain, who brought him back. His preſence, however inſignificant, impoſed ſome reſtraint upon the reſt of the company; and Sir James, with as good an appearance of jocularity as he could aſſume, aſked the Captain what he had done with his wife. The Captain with ſome irreſolution replied, that he had left her early in the morning at her father's; and that having made a point of waiting on her home, ſhe ſent word down that her couſin Meadows was indiſpoſed, and had engaged her to breakfaſt. The Captain, who knew nothing of the anecdote that had been communicated by the Doctor, judged by appearances that it was prudent thus indirectly to lye, by concealing the truth both from Sir James and his wife: he ſuppoſed, indeed, that Sir James would immediately enquire after his wife at her father's, and learn that ſhe did not ſtay there to breakfaſt; but as it would not follow that they had been together, he left her to account for her abſence as ſhe thought fit, taking for granted that what he had concealed ſhe alſo would conceal for the ſame reaſons; or if ſhe did not, as he had affirmed nothing contrary to truth, he might pretend to have concealed it in jeſt. Sir James, as ſoon as he had received this intelligence, took his leave with ſome appearance of ſatisfaction, and was followed by the doctor.

As ſoon as Mrs. Freeman and the Captain were alone, ſhe queſtioned him with great earneſtneſs about the lady whom he had been ſeen to put into a chair. When he had heard that this incident had been related in the preſence of Sir James, he was greatly alarmed leſt Lady Forreſt ſhould increaſe his ſuſpicions, by attempting to conceal that which, by a ſeries of enquiry to which he was now ſtimulated, he would probably diſcover: he condemned this conduct in himſelf; and as the moſt effectual means at once to quiet the mind of his wife, and obtain her aſſiſtance, he told her all that happened, and his apprehenſion of the conſequences: he alſo urged her to go directly to Miſs Meadows, by whom his account would be confirmed, and of whom ſhe might learn farther intelligence of Sir James; and to find ſome way to acquaint Lady Forreſt with her danger, and admoniſh her to conceal nothing.

Mrs. Freeman was convinced of the Captain's ſincerity, not only by the advice which he urged her to give to Lady Forreſt, but by the conſiſtency of the ſtory and the manner in which he was affected. Her jealouſy was changed into pity for her friend, and apprehenſion for her huſband. She haſted to Miſs Meadows, and learnt that Sir James had enquired of the ſervant for his lady, and was told that ſhe had been there early with Captain Freeman, but went away ſoon after him: ſhe related to Miſs Meadows all that happened; and thinking it at leaſt poſſible that Sir James might not go directly home, ſhe wrote the following letter to his lady.

MY DEAR LADY FORREST,

I AM in the utmoſt diſtreſs for you. Sir James has ſuſpicions which truth only can remove, and of which my indiſcretion is the cauſe. If I had not concealed my deſire of the Captain's return, your deſign to diſengage yourſelf from him, which I learn from Miſs Meadows, would have been effected. Sir James breakfaſted with me in the Haymarket; and has ſince called at your father's, from whence I write: he knows that your ſtay here was ſhort, and has reaſon to believe the Captain put you into a chair ſome hours afterwards at Spring Gardens. I hope therefore, my dear lady, that this will reach your hands time enought to prevent your concealing any thing. It would have been better if Sir James had known nothing, for then you would not have been ſuſpected; but now he muſt know all, or you cannot be juſtified. Forgive the freedom with which I write, and believe me moſt affectionately your's,

MARIA FREEMAN.

P. S. I have ordered the bearer to ſay he came from Mrs. Faſhion, the milliner.

This letter was given to a chairman, and he was ordered to ſay he brought it from the milliner's; becauſe if it ſhould be known to come from Mrs. Freeman, and ſhould fall by accident into Sir James's hands, his curioſity might prompt him to read it, and his jealouſy to queſtion the lady without communicating the contents.

No. LVI. SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1753.

——Multos in ſumma pericula miſit
Venturi timor ipſe mali. LUCANUS.

How oft the fear of ill to ill betrays!

SIR James being convinced that his lady and the Captain had paſſed the morning at a bagnio, by the anſwer which he received at her father's, went directly home. His lady was juſt arrived before him, and had not recovered from the confuſion and dread which ſeized her when ſhe heard that Sir James came to town the night before, and at the ſame inſtant anticipated the conſequences of her own indiſcretion. She was told he was then at the coffee-houſe, and in a few minutes was thrown into an univerſal tremor upon hearing him knock at the door. He perceived her diſtreſs not with compaſſion but rage, becauſe he believed it to proceed from the conſciouſneſs of guilt: he turned pale, and his lips quivered; but he ſo far reſtrained his paſſion as to aſk her without invective, where, and how ſhe had paſſed the night. She replied, at Captain Freeman's; that the Captain was upon guard, that ſhe ſat up with his lady till he came in, and that then inſiſting to ſee her home ſhe would ſuffer the coach to go no farther than her father's, where he left her early in the morning: ſhe had not fortitude to relate the ſequel, but ſtopped with ſome appearance of irreſolution and terror. Sir James then aſked, if ſhe came directly from her father's home. This queſtion, and the manner in which it was aſked, increaſed her confuſion: to appear to have ſtopped ſhort in her narrative, ſhe thought would be an implication of guilt, as it would betray a deſire of concealment: but the paſt could not be recalled, and ſhe was impelled by equivocation to falſhood; from which, however, ſhe would have been kept back by fear, if Sir James had not deceived her into a belief that he had been no farther than the neighbourhood. After theſe tumultuous reflections, which paſſed in a moment, ſhe ventured to affirm, that ſhe ſtaid with Miſs Meadows till eight, and then came home: but ſhe uttered this falſhood with ſuch marks of guilt and ſhame, which ſhe had indeed no otherwiſe than by this falſhood incurred or deſerved, that Sir James no more doubted her infidelity than her exiſtence. As her ſtory was the ſame with that of the Captain's, and as one had concealed the truth and the other denied it, he concluded there was a confederacy between them; and determining firſt to bring the Captain to account, he turned from her abruptly, and immediately left the houſe.

At the door he met the chairman who had

been diſpatched by Mrs. Freeman to his lady; and fiercely interrogating him what was his buſineſs, the man produced the letter, and ſaying, as he had been ordered, that he brought it from Mrs. Faſhion, Sir James ſnatched it from him, and muttering ſome expreſſions of contempt and reſentment, thruſt it into his pocket.

It happened that Sir James did not find the Captain at home; he therefore left a billet, in which he requeſted to ſee him at a neighbouring tavern, and added that he had put on his ſword.

In the mean time, his lady, dreading a diſcovery of the falſhood which ſhe had aſſerted, diſpatched a billet to Captain Freeman, in which ſhe conjured him, as a man of honour, for particular reaſons, not to own to Sir James, or any other perſon, that he had ſeen her after he had left her at her father's: ſhe alſo wrote to her couſin Meadows, intreating, that if ſhe was queſtioned by Sir James, he might be told that ſhe ſtaid with her till eight o'clock, an hour at which only herſelf and the ſervants were up.

The billet to Miſs Meadows came ſoon after the chairman had returned with an account of what had happened to the letter; and Mrs. Freeman was juſt gone in great haſte to relate the accident to the Captain, as it was of importance that he ſhould know it before his next interview with Sir James: but the Captain had been at home before her, and had received both Sir James's billet and that of his lady. He went immediately to the tavern, and, inquiring for Sir James Forreſt, was ſhewn into a back room one pair of ſtairs: Sir James received his ſalutation without reply, and inſtantly bolted the door. His jealouſy was complicated with that of indignation and contempt, which a ſenſe of injury from a perſon of inferior rank never fails to produce; he therefore demanded of the Captain, in a haughty tone whether he had not that morning been in company with his wife, after he had left her at her father's. The Captain, who was incenſed at Sir James's manner, and deemed himſelf engaged in honour to keep the lady's ſecret, anſwered, that, after what he had ſaid in the morning, no man had a right to ſuppoſe he had ſeen the lady afterwards; that to inſinuate the contrary, was obliquely to charge him with a falſhood; that he was bound to anſwer no ſuch queſtions, till they were properly explained; and that, as a gentleman, he was prepared to vindicate his honour. Sir James juſtly deemed this reply an equivocation and an inſult; and being no longer able to reſtrain his rage, he curſed the Captain as a liar and a ſcoundrel, and at the ſame time ſtriking him a violent blow with his fiſt drew his ſword, and put himſelf in a poſture of defence. Whatever deſign the Captain might have had to bring his friend to temper, and to reconcile him to his wife, when he firſt entered the room, he was now equally enraged, and indeed had ſuffered equal indignity, he therefore drew at the ſame inſtant, and after a few deſperate paſſes on both ſides, he received a wound in his breaſt, and reeling backward a few paces, fell down.

The noiſe had brought many people to the door of the room, and it was forced open juſt as the Captain received his wound: Sir James was ſecured, and a meſſenger was diſpatched for a ſurgeon. In the mean time the Captain perceived himſelf to be dying; and whatever might before have been his opinion of right and wrong, and honour and ſhame, he now thought all diſſimulation criminal, and that his murderer had a right to that truth which he thought it meritorious to deny him when he was his friend: he therefore earneſtly deſired to ſpeak a few words to him in private. This requeſt was immediately granted; the perſons who had ruſhed in withdrew, contenting themſelves to keep guard at the door; and the Captain, beckoning Sir James to kneel down by him, then told him, that however his lady might have been ſurpriſed or betrayed by pride or fear into diſſimulation or falſhood, ſhe was innocent of the crime which he ſuppoſed her ſollicitous to conceal: he then briefly related all the events as they had happened; and at laſt, graſping his hand, urged him to eſcape from the window, that he might be a friend to his widow and to his child, if its birth ſhould not be prevented by the death of its father. Sir James yielded to the force of this motive, and eſcaped as the Captain had directed. In his way to Dover he read the letter which he had taken from the chairman, and the next poſt incloſed it in the following to his lady.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

I AM the moſt wretched of all men; but I do not upbraid you as the cauſe: would to God that I were not more guilty than you! We are the martyrs of diſſimulation. By diſſimulation dear Captain Freeman was induced to waſte thoſe hours with you, which he would otherwiſe have enjoyed with the poor unhappy diſſembler his wife. Truſting in the ſucceſs of diſſimulation, you was tempted to venture into the Park, where you met him whom you wiſhed to ſhun. By detecting diſſimulation in the Captain, my ſuſpicions were increaſed; and by diſſimulation and falſhood you confirmed them. But your diſſimulation and falſhood were the effects of mine; your's were ineffectual, mine ſucceeded: for I left word that I was gone no farther than the coffee-houſe, that you might not ſuſpect I had learned too much to be deceived. By the ſucceſs of a lye put into the mouth of a chairman, I was prevented from reading a letter which at laſt would have undeceived me; and by perſiſting in diſſimulation, the Captain has made his friend a fugitive, and his wife a widow. Thus does inſincerity terminate in miſery and confuſion, whether in its immediate purpoſe it ſucceeds or is diſappointed. O my dear Charlotte! if ever we meet again—to meet again in peace is impoſſible—but if ever we meet again, let us reſolve to be ſincere: to be ſincere is to be wiſe, innocent, and ſafe. We venture to commit faults which ſhame or fear would prevent, if we did not hope to conceal them by a lye. But in the labyrinth of falſhood, men meet thoſe evils which they ſeek to avoid; and as in the ſtrait path of truth alone they can ſee before them, in the ſtrait path of truth alone they can purſue felicity with ſucceſs. Adieu! I am—dreadful!—I can ſubſcribe nothing that does not reproach and torment me—Adieu!

Within a few weeks after the receipt of this letter, the unhappy lady heard that her huſband was caſt away in his paſſage to France.

No. LVII. TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1753.

———*Nec vox hominem ſonat*——— VIRG.

———*O more than human voice!*

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

LONGINUS proceeds to addreſs his friend Terentianus in the following manner.

It is the peculiar privilege of poetry, not only to place material objects in the moſt amiable attitudes, and to clothe them in the moſt graceful dreſs, but alſo to give life and motion to immaterial beings; and form, and colour, and action, even to abſtract ideas; to embody the Virtues, the Vices, and the Paſſions; and to bring before our eyes, as on a ſtage, every faculty of the human mind.

Proſopopœia, therefore, or perſonification, conducted with dignity and propriety, may be juſtly eſteemed one of the greateſt efforts of the creative power of a warm and lively imagination. Of this figure many illuſtrious examples may be produced from the Jewiſh writers I have been ſo earneſtly recommending to your peruſal; among whom every part and object of nature is animated, and endowed with ſenſe, with paſſion and with language.

To ſay that the lightning obeyed the commands of GOD, would of itſelf be ſufficiently ſublime; but a Hebrew bard expreſſes this idea with far greater energy and life: 'Canſt thou 'ſend lightnings, that they may go, and ſay 'unto thee, "Here we are!" And again, 'God ſendeth forth light, and it goeth; he 'calleth it again, and it obeyeth him with 'fear.' How animated, how emphatical, is this unexpected anſwer, 'Here we are!'

Plato, with a divine boldneſs, introduces in his Crito, the Laws of Athens pleading with Socrates, and diſſuading him from an attempt to eſcape from the priſon in which he was confined; and the Roman rival of Demoſthenes has made his country tenderly expoſtulate with Catiline, on the dreadful miſeries which his rebellion would devolve on her head. But will a candid critic prefer either of theſe admired

perſonifications to thoſe paſſages in the Jewiſh poets where Babylon or Jeruſalem, or Tyre, are repreſented as ſitting in the duſt, covered with ſackcloth, ſtretching out their hands in vain, and loudly lamenting their deſolation? Nay, farther, will he reckon them even equal to the following fictions? Wiſdom is introduced, ſaying of herſelf—'When GOD prepared 'the heavens, I was there; when he ſet a circle upon the face of the deep, when he gave 'to the ſea his decree that the waters ſhould 'not paſs his commandments, when he appointed the foundations of the earth, then 'was I by him as one brought up with him; 'and I was daily his delight, playing always 'before him.' Where, Terentianus, ſhall we find our Minerva ſpeaking with ſuch dignity and elevation? The goddeſs of the Hebrew bard is not only the patroneſs and inventreſs of arts and learning, the parent of felicity and fame, the guardian and conductreſs of human life; but ſhe is painted as immortal and eternal, the conſtant companion of the great CREATOR himſelf, and the partaker of his counſels and deſigns. Still bolder is the other Proſopopœia: 'Deſtruction and Death ſay (of Wiſdom) we 'have heard the fame thereof with our ears.' If pretenders to taſte and judgment cenſure ſuch a fiction as extravagant and wild, I deſpiſe their frigidity and groſs inſenſibility.

When JEHOVAH is repreſented as deſcending to puniſh the earth in his juſt anger, it is added —'Before him went the Peſtilence.' When the Babylonian tyrant is deſtroyed, 'the fir-trees 'rejoice at his fall, and the cedars of Lebanon, 'ſaying, "Since thou art laid down no feller is "come up againſt us."' And at the captivity of Jeruſalem the very ramparts and the walls lament, 'they languiſh together.' Read likewiſe the following addreſs, and tell me what emotion you feel at the time of peruſal: 'O thou ſword 'of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be 'quiet? Put up thyſelf into thy ſcabbard, reſt 'and be ſilent.' Art thou not amazed and delighted, my friend, to behold joy and anguiſh, and revenge, aſcribed to the trees of the foreſt, to walls and warlike inſtruments?

Before I conclude theſe obſervations, I cannot forbear taking notice of two remarkable paſſages in the Hebrew writers, becauſe they bear a cloſe reſemblance with two in our own tragedians.

Sophocles, by a noble proſopopœia, thus aggravates the miſery of the Thebans, viſited by a dreadful plague: 'Hell is enriched with 'groans and lamentations.' This image is heightened by a Jewiſh author, who deſcribes Hell, or Hades, as 'an enormous monſter, 'who hath extended and enlarged himſelf, 'and opened his inſatiable mouth without 'meaſure.'

Caſſandra, in Æſchylus, ſtruck with the treachery and barbarity of Clytemneſtra, who is murdering her huſband Agamemnon, ſuddenly exclaims in a prophetic fury—'Shall I call her the direful mother of hell!' To repreſent the moſt terrible ſpecies of deſtruction, the Jewiſh poet ſays, 'The firſt-born of death 'ſhall devour his ſtrength.'

Beſides the attribution of perſon and action to objects immaterial or inanimate, there is ſtill another ſpecies of the proſopopœia no leſs lively and beautiful than the former, when a real perſon is introduced ſpeaking with propriety and decorum. The ſpeeches which the Jewiſh poets have put into the mouth of their JEHOVAH, are worthy the greatneſs and incomprehenſible majeſty of the All-perfect Being. Hear him aſking one of his creatures, with a lofty kind of irony—'Where waſt thou, when 'I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, 'if thou haſt underſtanding. Who hath laid 'the meaſures thereof, if thou knoweſt? or 'who hath ſtretched the line upon it? Where-'on are the foundations thereof faſtened, or 'who laid the corner ſtone? When the morn-'ing ſtars ſang together, and all the ſons of 'GOD ſhouted for joy? Or who ſhut up the 'ſea with doors, when it brake forth as if it 'had iſſued out of the womb? When I brake 'up for it my decreed place, and ſet bars and 'doors, and ſaid—"Hitherto ſhalt thou "come but no further, and here ſhall the "pride of thy waves be ſtayed." How can we reply to theſe ſublime enquiries, but in the words that follow? 'Behold, I am vile; what 'ſhall I anſwer thee? I will lay mine hand 'upon my mouth.'

I have in a former treatiſe obſerved to you, that Homer has degraded his gods into men: theſe writers alone have not violated the DIVINE MAJESTY by inadequate and indecent repreſentations, but have made the great CREATOR act and ſpeak in a manner ſuitable to

the ſupreme dignity of his nature, as far as the groſſneſs of mortal conceptions will permit. From the ſublimity and ſpirituality of their notions, ſo different in degree and kind from thoſe of the moſt exalted philoſophers, one may, perhaps, be inclined to think their claim to a divine inſpiration reaſonable and juſt, ſince GOD alone can deſcribe himſelf to man.

I had written thus far, when I received diſpatches from the Empreſs Zenobia, with orders to attend her inſtantly at Palmyra; but am reſolved, before I ſet out, to add to this letter a few remarks on the beautiful compariſons of the Hebrew poets.

The uſe of ſimilies in general conſiſts in the illuſtration or amplification of any ſubject, or in preſenting pleaſing pictures to the mind by the ſuggeſtion of new images. Homer and the Hebrew bards diſdain minute reſemblances, and ſeek not an exact correſpondence with every feature of the object they introduce. Provided a general likeneſs appear, they think it ſufficient. Nor ſollicitous for exactneſs, which in every work is the ſure criterion of a cold and creeping genius, they introduce many circumſtances that perhaps have no direct affinity to the ſubject, but taken all together, contribute to the variety and beauty of the piece.

The pleaſures of friendſhip and benevolence are compared to the perfumes that flow from the ointments uſually poured on the prieſt's head, which run down to his beard, and even to the ſkirts of his cloathing. The ſun riſing and breaking in upon the ſhades of night, is compared to a bridegroom iſſuing out of his chamber; in alluſion to the Jewiſh cuſtom of uſhering the bridegroom from his chamber at midnight with great ſolemnity and ſplendor, preceded by the light of innumerable lamps and torches. How amiably is the tenderneſs and ſollicitude of GOD for his favourites expreſſed! 'As the eagle ſtirreth up her neſt, fluttereth 'over her young, ſpreadeth abroad her wings, 'taketh them, beareth them on her wings, ſo 'the Lord alone did lead them! On the other hand, how dreadfully is his indignation deſcribed! 'I will be unto them as a lion, as a 'leopard by the way will I obſerve them. I 'will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of 'her whelps, and I will rend the caul of their 'heart.' A little afterwards the ſcene ſuddenly changes, and divine favour is painted by the following ſimilitudes: 'I will be as the dew 'unto Judæa; he ſhall grow as the lily; his 'branches ſhall ſpread, and his beauty ſhall 'be as the olive tree, and his ſmell like mount 'Libanus.' Menander himſelf, that juſt characterizer of human life, has not given us a more apt and lively compariſon than the following: 'As the climbing a ſandy way is to 'the feet of the aged, ſo is a wife full of words 'to a quiet man.' Nor has one of our Grecian poets ſpoken ſo feelingly, ſo eloquently, or ſo elegantly of beauty, as the Emperor Solomon of his miſtreſs or bride, in images perfectly original and new: 'Thy hair,' ſays he, 'is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount 'Gilead; thy teeth are like a flock of ſheep 'that are even ſhorn, which come up from the 'waſhing:' by which ſimilitude their exact equality, evenneſs, and whiteneſs, are juſtly repreſented. 'Thy neck is like the tower of 'David, builded for an armoury, whereon 'there hang a thouſand bucklers, all ſhields 'of mighty men:' that is, ſtrait and tall, adorned with golden chains, and the richeſt jewels of the eaſt. 'Thy two breaſts are like 'two young roes that are twins, which feed 'among the lilies:' the exquiſite elegance and propriety of which ſimilitude need not be pointed out, and cannot be excelled.

I have purpoſely reſerved one compariſon for a concluſion, not only for the ſake of its beauty and juſtneſs, but becauſe it deſcribes a friendſhip ſo different from the conſtancy which I hope will ever be the character of yours and mine. 'My brethren,' ſays the writer, 'have 'dealt deceitfully with me. They are like 'torrents, which, when ſwoln and increaſed 'with winter ſhowers and the meltings of ice, 'promiſe great and unfailing plenty of waters; 'but in the times of violent heats, ſuddenly 'are parched up and diſappear. The traveller 'in the deſerts of Arabia ſeeks for them 'in vain; the troops of Sheba looked, the 'caravans of Tema waited for them: they 'came to the accuſtomed ſprings for relief; 'they were confounded, they periſhed with 'thirſt.'

In giving you theſe ſhort ſpecimens of Jewiſh poeſy, I think I may compare myſelf to thoſe ſpies which the above-men-

tioned Moſes diſpatched to diſcover the country he intended to conquer; and who brought from thence, as evidences of its fruitfulneſs, the moſt delicious figs and pomegranates, and a branch with one cluſter of grapes, 'ſo large 'and weighty, ſays the hiſtorian, 'that they 'bare in between two upon a ſtaff.' Farewell.

Z

No. LVIII. SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1753.

Damnant quod non intelligunt. Cic.

They condemn what they do not underſtand.

EURIPIDES, having preſented Socrates with the writings of Heraclitus, a philoſopher famed for involution and obſcurity, enquired afterwards his opinion of their merit. 'What I underſtand,' ſaid Socrates, 'I find 'to be excellent, and therefore, believe that to 'be of equal value which I cannot underſtand.'

The reflection of every man who reads this paſſage will ſuggeſt to him the difference between the practice of Socrates and that of modern critics: Socrates, who had by long obſervation upon himſelf and others, diſcovered the weakneſs of the ſtrongeſt, and the dimneſs of the moſt enlightened intellect, was afraid to decide haſtily in his own favour, or to conclude that an author had written without meaning, becauſe he could not immediately catch his ideas: he knew that the faults of books are often more juſtly imputable to the reader, who ſometimes wants attention, and ſometimes penetration; whoſe underſtanding is often obſtructed by prejudice, and often diſſipated by remiſſneſs; who comes ſometimes to a new ſtudy, unfurniſhed with knowledge previouſly neceſſary; and finds difficulties inſuperable, for want of ardour ſufficient to encounter them.

Obſcurity and clearneſs are relative terms: to ſome readers ſcarce any book is eaſy, to others not many are difficult: and ſurely they whom neither any exuberant praiſe beſtowed by others, nor any eminent conqueſt over ſtubborn problems, have entitled to exalt themſelves above the common orders of mankind, might condeſcend to imitate the candour of Socrates; and where they find inconteſtible proofs of ſuperior genius, be content to think that there is juſtneſs in the connection which they cannot trace, and cogency in the reaſoning which they cannot comprehend.

This diffidence is never more reaſonable, than in the peruſal of authors of antiquity; of thoſe whoſe works have been the delight of ages, and tranſmitted as the great inheritance of mankind from one generation to another: ſurely, no man can, without the utmoſt arrogance, imagine, that he brings any ſuperiority of underſtanding to the peruſal of theſe books which have been preſerved in the devaſtation of cities, and ſnatched up from the wreck of nations; which thoſe who fled before barbarians have been careful to carry off in the hurry of migration, and of which barbarians have repented the deſtruction. If in books thus made venerable by the uniform attention of ſucceſſive ages, any paſſages ſhall appear unworthy of that praiſe which they have formerly received; let us not immediately determine, that they owed their reputation to dulneſs or bigotry; but ſuſpect at leaſt that our anceſtors had ſome reaſons for their opinions, and that our ignorance of thoſe reaſons makes us differ from them.

It often happens, that an author's reputation is endangered in ſucceeding times, by that which raiſed the loudeſt applauſe among his cotemporaries: nothing is read with greater pleaſure than alluſions to recent facts, reigning opinions, or preſent controverſies; but when facts are forgotten, and controverſies extinguiſhed, the favourite touches loſe all their graces; and the author in his deſcent to poſterity muſt be left to the mercy of chance, without any power of aſcertaining the memory of thoſe things to which he owed his luckieſt thoughts and his kindeſt reception.

On ſuch occaſions, every reader ſhould remember the diffidence of Socrates, and repair by his candour the injuries of time; he ſhould impute the ſeeming defects of his author to ſome chaſm of intelligence, and ſuppoſe, that the ſenſe which is now weak was once forcible, and the expreſſion which is now dubious formerly determinate.

How much the mutilation of ancient hiſtory has taken away from the beauty of poetical performances, may be conjectured from the light which a lucky commentator ſometimes effuſes, by the recovery of an incident that had been long forgotten: thus in the third book of Horace, Juno's denunciations againſt thoſe that ſhould preſume to raiſe again the walls of Troy, could for many ages pleaſe only by ſplendid images and ſwelling language, of which no man diſcovered the uſe or propriety; till Le Fevre, by ſhewing on what occaſion the Ode was written, changed wonder to rational delight. Many paſſages yet undoubtedly remain in the ſame author which an exacter knowledge of the incidents of his time would clear from objections. Among theſe I have always numbered the following lines:

Aurum per medios ire ſatellites,
Et perrumpere amat ſaxa, potentius
Ictu fulmineo. Concidit Auguris
Argivi domus ob lucrum
Demerſa excidio. Diffidit urbium
Portas vir Macedo, et ſubruit æmulos
Reges muneribus. Munera navium
Sævos illaqueant duces.

Stronger than thunder's winged force,
All powerful gold can ſpread its courſe,
Through watchful guards its paſſage make,
And loves through ſolid walls to break:
From gold the overwhelming woes,
That cruſh'd the Grecian augur roſe,
Philip with gold through cities broke,
And rival monarchs felt his yoke;
Captains of ſhips to gold are ſlaves,
Though fierce as their own winds and waves.

FRANCIS.

The cloſe of this paſſage, by which every reader is now diſappointed and offended, was probably the delight of the Roman court: it cannot be imagined, that Horace, after having given to gold the force of thunder, and told of its power to ſtorm cities and to conquer kings, would have concluded his account of its efficacy with its influence over naval commanders, had he not alluded to ſome fact then current in the mouths of men, and therefore more intereſting for a time than the conqueſts of Philip. Of the like kind may be reckoned another ſtanza in the ſame book?

——*Juſſa coram non ſine conſcio*
Surgit marito, ſeu vocat inſtitor
Seu navis Hiſpanæ magiſter
Dedecorum pretioſus emptor.

The conſcious huſband bids her riſe,
When ſome rich factor courts her charms,
Who calls the wanton to his arms,
And, prodigal of wealth and fame,
Profuſely buys the coſtly ſhame.

FRANCIS.

He has little knowledge of Horace who imagines that the Factor, or the Spaniſh Merchant, are mentioned by chance: there was undoubtedly ſome popular ſtory of an intrigue, which thoſe names recalled to the memory of his reader.

The flame of his genius in other parts though ſomewhat dimmed by time, is not totally eclipſed: his addreſs and judgment yet appear, though much of the ſpirit and vigour of his ſentiment is loſt. This has happened to his twentieth Ode of the firſt book:

Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis, Græcâ quod ego ipſe teſtâ
Conditum levi; datus in theatro
Cùm tibi plauſus,
Chare Mæcenas eques. Ut paterni
Fluminis ripæ; ſimul et jocoſa
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
Montis imago.

A poet's beverage humbly cheap,
(Should great Mæcenas be my gueſt)
The vintage of the Sabine grape,
But yet in ſober cups ſhall crown the feaſt:
'Twas rack'd into a Grecian caſk,
Its rougher juice to melt away;
I ſeal'd it too—a pleaſing taſk!
With annual joy to mark the glorious day,
When in applauſive ſhouts thy name
Spread from the theatre around,
Floating on thy own Tiber's ſtream,
And Echo, playful nymph, return'd the ſound.

FRANCIS.

We here eaſily remark the intertexture of a happy compliment with an humble invitation;

but certainly are leſs delighted than thoſe to whom the mention of the applauſe beſtowed upon Mæcenas gave occaſion to recount the actions or words that produced it.

Two lines which have exerciſed the ingenuity of modern critics, may, I think, be reconciled to the judgment, by an eaſy ſuppoſition: Horace thus addreſſes Agrippa:

Scriberis Vario fortis, et hoſtium
Victor, Mæonii carminis alite.

Varius, *a ſwan of Homer's wing*,
Shall brave Agrippa's conqueſts ſing.
FRANCIS.

That Varius ſhould be called 'A bird of Ho-'meric ſong,' appears ſo harſh to modern ears, that an emendation of the text has been propoſed: but ſurely the learning of the antients had been long ago obliterated, had every man thought himſelf at liberty to corrupt the lines which he did not underſtand. If we imagine that Varius had been by any of his cotemporaries celebrated under the appellation of Muſarum Ales, the ſwan of the Muſes, the language of Horace becomes graceful and familiar; and that ſuch a compliment was at leaſt poſſible, we know from the transformation feigned by Horace of himſelf.

The moſt elegant compliment that was paid to Addiſon, is of this obſcure and periſhable kind:

When panting virtue her laſt efforts made
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid.

Theſe lines muſt pleaſe as long as they are underſtood; but can be underſtood only by thoſe that have obſerved Addiſon's ſignatures in the Spectator.

The nicety of theſe minute alluſions I ſhall exemplify by another inſtance, which I take this occaſion to mention, becauſe, as I am told, the commentators have omitted it. Tibullus addreſſes Cynthia in this manner:

Te ſpectem, ſuprema mihi cùm venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.

Before my cloſing eyes, dear Cynthia, ſtand,
Held weakly by my fainting trembling hand.

To theſe lines Ovid thus refers in his elegy on the death of Tibullus:

Cynthia decedens, felicius, inquit, amata
Sum tibi; vixiſti dum tuus ignis eram,
Cui Nemeſis, quid, ait, tibi ſunt mea damna dolori?
Me tenuit moriens deficiente manu.

Bleſt was my reign, retiring Cynthia cry'd:
Not till he left my breaſt, Tibullus dy'd.
Forbear, ſaid Nemeſis, my loſs to moan,
The fainting trembling hand was mine alone.

The beauty of this paſſage, which conſiſts in the appropriation made by Nemeſis of the line originally directed to Cynthia, had been wholly imperceptible to ſucceeding ages, had chance, which has deſtroyed ſo many greater volumes, deprived us likewiſe of the poems of Tibullus.

T

No. LIX. TUESDAY, MAY 29, 1753.

——Si pieria quadrans tibi nullus in arca
Oſtendatur, ames nomen victumque macharæ
Et vendas potius, commiſſa quod auctio vendit
Stantibus oenophorum, tripodes, armaria, ciſtas,
Halcyonem Bacchi, Thebas, et terea Fauſti. JUV.

If not a ſouſe in thy lank purſe appear,
Go mount the roſtrum and turn auctioneer;
With china crack'd the greedy crowd trepan.
With ſpurious pictures and with falſe japan;
Sell the collected ſtores of miſers dead,
Or Engliſh peers for debts to Gallia fled.

THE indigence of authors, and particularly poets, has long been the object of lamentation and ridicule, of compaſſion and contempt.

It has been obſerved, that not one favourite of the Muſes has ever been able to build a houſe ſince the days of Amphion, whoſe art it would be fortunate for them if they poſſeſſed;

and that the greateſt puniſhment that can poſſibly be inflicted on them, is to oblige them to ſup in their own lodgings.

——*Molles ubi reddunt ova columbæ.*

Where pigeons lay their eggs.

Boileau introduces Damon, whoſe writings entertained and inſtructed the city and the court, as having paſt the ſummer without a ſhirt, and the winter without a cloak; and reſolving at laſt to forſake Paris—

——*ou la vertu n'a plus ni Feu ni Lieu*;

Where ſhiv'ring worth no longer finds a home.

and to find out a retreat in ſome diſtant grotto,

D'où jamais ni l' Huiſſier, ni le Serjent n' approche;

Safe, where no critics damn, nor duns moleſt.

POPE.

'The rich comedian,' ſays Bruyere, 'lolling 'in his gilt chariot, beſpatters the face of 'Corneille walking afoot:' and Juvenal remarks, that his cotemporary bards generally qualified themſelves by their diet, to make excellent buſtos: that they were compelled ſometimes to hire lodgings at a baker's, in order to warm themſelves for nothing; and that it was the common fate of the fraternity—

Pallere, et vinum toto neſcire Decembri.

——To pine,
Look pale, and all December taſte no wine.

DRYDEN.

Virgil himſelf is ſtrongly ſuſpected to have lain in the ſtreets, or on ſome Roman bulk, when he ſpeaks ſo feelingly of a rainy, and tempeſtuous night in his well known epigram.

'There ought to be an hoſpital founded for 'decayed wits,' ſaid a lively Frenchman, 'and 'it might be called an hoſpital of incurables.'

Few, perhaps, wander among the laurels of Parnaſſus, but who have reaſon ardently to wiſh and to exclaim with Æneas, but without the hero's good fortune—

Si nunc ſe nobis ille aureus arbore ramus
Oſtendat nemore in tanto!

O! in this ample grove could I behold
The tree that grows with vegetable gold.

PITT.

The patronage of Lelius and Scipio did not enable Terence to rent a houſe. Taſſo, in a humorous ſonnet addreſſed to his favourite cat, earneſtly entreats her to lend him the light of her eyes during his midnight ſtudies, not being himſelf able to purchaſe a candle to write by. Dante, the Homer of Italy, and Camoens of Portugal, were both baniſhed and impriſoned. Cervantes, perhaps the moſt original genius the world ever beheld, periſhed by want in the ſtreets of Madrid, as did our own Spencer at Dublin. And a writer little inferior to the Spaniard in the exquiſiteneſs of his humour and raillery, I mean Eraſmus, after the tedious wanderings of many years, from city to city, and from patron to patron, praiſed and promiſed, and deceived by all, obtained no ſettlement but with his printer, 'At 'laſt,' ſays he, in one of his epiſtles, 'I ſhould 'have been advanced to a cardinalſhip, if there 'had not been a decree in my way, by which 'thoſe are ſecluded from this honour, whoſe 'income amounts not to three thouſand ducats.

I remember to have read a ſatire in Latin proſe, intitled——'A Poet hath bought a houſe.' The poet having purchaſed a houſe, the matter was immediately laid before the parliament of poets, aſſembled on that important occaſion, a thing unheard of, as a very bad precedent, and of moſt pernicious conſequence; and accordingly a very ſevere ſentence was pronounced againſt the buyer. When the members came to give their votes, it appeared there was not a ſingle perſon in the aſſembly who, through the favour of powerful patrons, or their own happy genius, was worth ſo much as to be proprietor of a houſe, either by inheritance or purchaſe: all of them neglecting their private fortunes, confeſſed and boaſted, that they lived in lodgings. The poet was therefore ordered to ſell his houſe immediately, to buy wine with the money for their entertainment, in order to make ſome expiation for his enormous crime, aud to teach him to live unſettled and without care like a true poet.

Such are the ridiculous, and ſuch the pitiable ſtories related, to expoſe the poverty of poets in different ages and nations; but which, I am inclined to think, are rather the boundleſs exaggerations of ſatire and fancy, than the ſober reſult of experience, and the determination of truth and judgment: for the general poſition may be contradicted by numerous examples; and it may, perhaps, appear on

reflection and examination, that the art is not chargeable with the faults and failings of its peculiar profeſſors, that it has no peculiar tendency to make men either rakes or ſpendthrifts. and that thoſe who are indigent poets would have been indigent merchants and mechanics.

The neglect of œconomy, in which great geniuſes are ſuppoſed to have indulged themſelves, has unfortunately given ſo much authority and juſtification to careleſſneſs and extravagance, that many a minute rhymer has fallen into diſſipation and drunkenneſs, becauſe Butler and Otway lived and died in an alehouſe. As a certain blockhead wore his gown on one ſhoulder to mimic the negligence of Sir Thomas More, ſo theſe ſervile imitators follow their maſters in all that diſgraced them; contract immoderate debts, becauſe Dryden died inſolvent; and neglect to change their linen, becauſe Smith was a ſloven. 'If I ſhould happen to look 'pale,' ſays Horace, 'all the hackney writers 'in Rome would immediately drink cummin 'to gain the ſame complexion.' And I myſelf am acquainted with a witling who uſes a glaſs, only becauſe Pope was near ſighted.

I can eaſily conceive, that a mind occupied and overwhelmed with the weight and immenſity of its own conceptions, glancing with aſtoniſhing rapidity from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, cannot willingly ſubmit to the dull drudgery of examining the juſtneſs and accuracy of a butcher's bill. To deſcend from the wideſt and moſt comprehenſive views of nature, and weigh out hops for a brewing, muſt be invincibly diſguſting to a true genius; to be able to build imaginary palaces of the exquiſite architecture, but yet not to pay a carpenter's bill, is a cutting mortification and diſgrace; to be ruined by purſuing the precepts of Virgilian agriculture, and by plowing claſſically, without attending to the wholeſome monitions of low Britiſh farmers, is a circumſtance that aggravates the failure of a crop, to a man who wiſhes to have lived in the Auguſtan age, and deſpiſes the ſyſtem of modern huſbandry.

Many poets, however, may be found, who have condeſcended to the cares of œconomy, and who have conducted their families with all the parſimony and regularity of an alderman of the laſt century; who have not ſupercilioufly diſdained to enter into the concerns of common life, and to ſubſcribe to and ſtudy certain neceſſary dogmas of the vulgar, convinced of their utility and expediency, and well knowing that becauſe they are vulgar, they are therefore both important and true.

If we look backwards on antiquity, or ſurvey the ages nearer our own, we ſhall find ſeveral of the greateſt geniuſes ſo far from being ſunk in indigence, that many of them enjoyed ſplendor and honours, or at leaſt were ſecured againſt the anxieties of poverty, by a decent competence and plenty of the conveniencies of life.

Indeed, to purſue riches farther than to attain a decent competence, is too low and illiberal an occupation for a real genius to deſcend to: and Horace wiſely aſcribes the manifeſt inferiority of the Roman literature to the Grecian, to an immoderate love of money, which neceſſarily contracts and ruſts the mind, and diſqualifies it for noble and generous undertakings.

Æſchylus was an officer of no ſmall rank in the Athenian army at the celebrated battle of Marathon; and Sophocles was an accompliſhed general, who commanded his countrymen in ſeveral moſt important expeditions: Theocritus was careſſed and enriched by Ptolomy; and the gaiety of Anacreon was the reſult of eaſe and plenty: Pindar was better rewarded for many of his odes, than any other bard ancient or modern, except perhaps Boileau for his celebrated piece of flattery on the taking Namur: Virgil at laſt poſſeſſed a fine houſe at Rome, and a villa at Naples: 'Horace,' ſays Swift in one of his lectures on œconomy to Gay, 'I am ſure kept his coach.' Lucan and Silius Italicus dwelt in marble palaces, and had their gardens adorned with the moſt exquiſite capital ſtatues of Greece: Milton was fond of a domeſtic life, and lived with exemplary frugality and order: Corneille and Racine were both admirable maſters of their families, faithful huſbands, and prudent œconomiſts: Boileau, by the liberalities of Lewis, was enabled to purchaſe a delightful privacy at Auteuil, was eminently ſkilled in the management of his finances, and deſpiſed that affectation which arrogantly aims to place itſelf above the neceſſary decorums and rules of civil life: in all

which particulars they were equalled by Addiſon, Swift, and Pope.

It ought not, therefore, to be concluded from a few examples to the contrary, that poetry, and prudence are incompatible; a concluſion that ſeems to have ariſen in this kingdom, from the diſſolute behaviour of the deſpicable debauchees, that diſgraced the Muſes and the court of Charles the Second, by their lives and by their writings. Let thoſe who are bleſt with genius recollect, that OECONOMY is the parent of INTEGRITY, of LIBERTY, and of EASE; and the beauteous ſiſter of TEMPERANCE, of CHEARFULNESS, and HEALTH: and that PROFUSENESS is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependance and debts; that is, fetters them with 'irons that enter into their ſouls.'

Z

No. LX. SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1753.

Jus eſt et ab hoſte doceri.

Our foes may teach, the wiſe by foes are taught.

TO have delayed the publication of the following letter would have been ſurely inexcuſable, as it is ſubſcribed by the name of a very great perſonage, who has been long celebrated for his ſuperiority of genius and knowledge; and whoſe abilities will not appear to have been exaggerated by ſervility or faction, when his genuine productions ſhall be better known. He has, indeed, been ſuſpected of ſome attempts againſt Revealed Religion: but the letter which I have the honour to publiſh will do juſtice to his character, and ſet his principles in a new light.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

AS your principal deſign is to revive the practice of virtue, by eſtabliſhing the Chriſtian Religion; you will naturally conclude, that your views and mine are directly oppoſite: and my attempt to ſhew, that it is your intereſt to admit my correſpondence, will, therefore, be conſidered as a proof of the contrary. You will, however, ſoon diſcover, that by promoting your intereſt I ſeek my own; and when you have read my letter, you will be far from ſuſpecting, that under a ſpecious ſhow of concurrence in your undertaking I have concealed an attempt to render it ineffectual.

'Never to give up the preſent for the fu-
'ture,' is a maxim which I have always taught both by precept and example: I conſider the NOW as the whole of my exiſtence; and therefore to improve it is the whole of my ſtudy. And, indeed, happineſs, like virtue, conſiſts not in reſt, but in action; it is found rather in the purſuit than the attainment of an end: for though the death of the ſtag is the purpoſe of the chace, yet the moment this purpoſe is accompliſhed, the ſport is at an end. Virtue and Religion alone can afford me employment; without them, I muſt inevitably be idle; and to be idle is to be wretched. I ſhould therefore, inſtead of attempting to deſtroy the principles upon which I was reſiſted, have been content to ſurmount them: for he who ſhould hamſtring the game leſt any of them ſhould eſcape, would be juſtly diſappointed of the pleaſure of running them down. Such, indeed, is my preſent condition; and as it will at once anſwer your purpoſe and mine, I ſhall exhibit an account of my conduct, and ſhew how my diſappointment was produced.

My principal buſineſs has always been to counterwork the effects of Revealed Religion: I have, therefore, had little to do, except among Jews and Chriſtians. In the early ages of the world, when Revelation was frequently repeated with ſenſible and miraculous circumſtances, I was far from being idle; and ſtill think it an inconteſtible proof of my abilities, that even then my labour was not always unſucceſsful. I applied not ſo much to the underſtanding as to the ſenſes, till after the promulgation of Chriſtianity; but I ſoon diſcovered, that Chriſtianity afforded motives of Virtue and Piety, which were ſcarce to be overpowered by temptation: I was therefore obliged now to exert my power, not upon the ſenſes

but the underſtanding. As I could not ſuſpend the force of theſe motives, I laboured to direct them towards other objects; and in the eighth century I had ſo far ſucceeded, as to produce a prevailing opinion, that 'the worſhip of images was of more moment than 'moral rectitude.' It was decreed by a pope and council, that to ſpeak of them with irreverence was a forfeit of ſalvation, and that the offender ſhould, therefore, be excommunicated: thoſe who oppoſed this decree were perſecuted with fire and ſword; and I had the ſatisfaction not only of ſupplanting virtue, but of propagating miſery by a zeal for religion. I muſt not, however, arrogate all the honour of an event which ſo much exceeded my hopes; for many arguments in favour of images were drawn from a book entitled Pratum Spirituale, in which it is affirmed, that having long tempted a hermit to incontinence, I offered to deſiſt if he would ceaſe to worſhip an image of the Virgin; and that the hermit having conſulted an abbot, whether to accept or refuſe the condition, was told, that it was more eligible to commit incontinence, than to neglect the worſhip of images: and I declare, upon my honour, that the facts, as far as they relate to me, did never happen, but are wholly invented by the ingenious author. That ſalvation had very little connection with virtue, was indeed an opinion which I propagated with great diligence; and with ſuch ſucceſs, that Boniface, the apoſtle of Germany declared the benefit of ſacraments to depend upon the qualifications of thoſe by whom they were adminiſtered; and that a Bavarian monk having ignorantly baptized in theſe words—'Baptizo te in nomine patria fi-'lia et ſpiritua ſancta,' all ſuch baptiſms were invalid. Againſt knowledge, however, I never failed to oppoſe zeal: and when Vigilius aſſerted, that the earth being a ſphere, there were people upon it the ſoles of whoſe feet were directly oppoſite to each other; the ſame father Boniface repreſented him to the pope as a corrupter of the Chriſtian Faith; and the pope concurring with Boniface, ſoon after excommunicated a biſhop for adopting ſo dangerous an opinion, declared him a heretic, and a blaſphemer againſt GOD and his own ſoul. In theſe inſtances my ſucceſs was the more remarkable, as I verily believe Boniface himſelf intended well, becauſe he died a martyr with great conſtancy.

I found, however, that while the Goſpels were publickly read, the ſuperſtructure which I had built upon them was in perpetual danger: I therefore exerted all my influence to diſcontinue the practice, and at length ſucceeded, though Ariſtotle's Ethics were ſubſtituted for them in ſome northern churches; but againſt Ariſtotle's Ethics I had not equal objections.

During this period, therefore, my powers were neither diſſipated by unſucceſsful labour, nor rendered uſeleſs by neceſſary idleneſs: I had perplexed and confounded the moſt ſimple and ſalutary doctrines, with abſurd ſubtilties and extravagant conceits; and I had armed with the weapons of ſuperſtition, and diſguiſed with the tinſel of ceremony, that Religion which comprehended every precept in LOVE TO GOD, AND TO MAN; which gave no direction about divine worſhip, but that it ſhould be performed IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH; or about SOCIAL VIRTUE, but that love of SELF ſhould be the meaſure of bounty to others. But there was ſtill perſonal ſanctity, though the doctrine and the diſcipline of the church were become corrupt and ridiculous: zeal was ſtill animated by integrity, though it was no longer directed by knowledge; the ſervice and the honour of GOD were ſtill intended, though the means were miſtaken. Many, indeed, gladly ſubſtituted gain for godlineſs: and committed every ſpecies of wickedneſs, becauſe they hoped to appropriate works of ſupererogation that were performed by others: but there were ſome who practiſed all the ſeverities of erroneous piety, and ſuffered the mortification which they recommended; ſo that I had ſtill ſomething to do, and was ſtill encouraged to diligence by ſucceſs.

But all theſe advantages depended upon ignorance; for the ſecurity of ignorance, therefore, I affirmed, that ſhe was the mother of devotion: a lye ſo ſucceſsful, that it paſſed into a proverb.

The period, however, arrived, when knowledge could be no longer ſuppreſſed; and I was under the moſt dreadful apprehenſions that all the abſurdities, by which I had diminiſhed the influence and the beauty of Chriſtianity, would now be removed: I could not conceive that

thoſe motives which had produced abſtinence and ſolitude, vigils, ſcourgings, and the mortification of every appetite and every paſſion, would fail to produce a more reaſonable ſervice; or become ineffectual, when the paths of duty appeared to be not only peaceful but pleaſant. I did not, however, ſit down in deſpair; but the knowledge which I could not repreſs, I laboured to pervert. As the human intellect is finite, and can comprehend only finite objects, I knew that if all was rejected as incredible which was not comprehended, I ſhould have little to fear from a religion founded in Infinite Perfection, and connected with revelations which an Infinite Being had vouchſafed of himſelf. I, therefore, immediately oppoſed reaſon to faith: I threw out ſubjects of debate which I knew could never be diſcuſſed; the aſſent of many was ſuſpended, in expectation that impoſſibilities would be effected, and at laſt refuſed in the fretfulneſs of diſappointment. Thus infidelity gradually ſucceeded to ſuperſtition: the hope and fear, the love, reverence, and gratitude, which had been excited by Chriſtianity, and produced ſuch aſtoniſhing effects, were now felt no more; and as the moſt forcible motives to piety and virtue were again wanting, piety was wholly neglected, and virtue rendered more eaſy and commodious: the bounds of moral obligation included every day leſs and leſs; and crimes were committed without compunction, becauſe they were not ſuppoſed to incur puniſhment.

Theſe evils, Mr. Adventurer, evils both in your eſtimation and mine, I am afraid will continue if they cannot increaſe. Diſputation and ſcepticiſm flouriſh without my influence, and have left no principle for me to counteract: the number of my vaſſals is indeed greatly increaſed by the unſollicited wickedneſs of the preſent time; but this increaſe is not equivalent to the pleaſure of ſeduction.

If the importance, therefore, of Chriſtianity to mankind, ſhall appear from its having buſied me to ſubvert it, and from the miſery which I ſuffer in idleneſs, now my purpoſe is unhappily effected; I hope they are not yet ſo obdurate in ill, as to perſiſt in rejecting it merely in ſpite to me; and deſtroy themſelves, only that I may not be amuſed by attempting their deſtruction. You ſee, that I have ſufficient benevolence to requeſt, that they would regard their own intereſt, at leaſt as far as it is conſiſtent with mine; and if they refuſe me, I am confident you will think they treat me with more ſeverity than I deſerve.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your moſt obedient and very humble Servant, SATAN.

No. LXI. TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1753.

Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Quæſitum meritis——— HOR.

Each inly murm'ring at th' unequal meed,
Repines that merit ſhould reward ſucceed.

PERHAPS there is not any word in the language leſs underſtood than Honour; and but few that might not have been equally miſtaken, without producing equal miſchief.

Honour is both a motive and an end: as a principle of action it differs from virtue only in degree, and therefore neceſſarily includes it, as generoſity includes juſtice; and as a reward, it can be deſerved only by thoſe actions which no other principle can produce. To ſay of another that he is a Man of Honour, is at once to attribute the principle and to confer the reward. But in the common acceptation of the word, Honour, as a principle, does not include virtue; and, therefore, as a reward, is frequently beſtowed upon vice. Such, indeed, is the blindneſs and vaſſalage of human reaſon, that men are diſcouraged from virtue by the fear of ſhame, and incited to vice by the hope of honour.

Honour, indeed, is always claimed in ſpecious terms; but the facts upon which the claim is founded, are often flagitiouſly wicked. Lothario arrogates the character of a man of honour, for having defended a lady who had put herſelf under his protection from inſult at the riſque of life; and Aleator for fulfilling an engagement, to which the law

would not have obliged him, at the expence of liberty. But the champion of the lady had firſt ſeduced her to adultery; and to preſerve her from the reſentment of her huſband, had killed him in a duel: and the martyr to his promiſe had paid a ſum, which ſhould have diſcharged the bill of a neceſſitous tradeſman, to a gameſter of quality who had given him credit at cards.

Such, in the common opinion, are men of honour; and he who in certain circumſtances ſhould abſtain from murder, perfidy, or ingratitude, would be avoided as reflecting infamy upon his company.

In theſe ſpeculations I exhauſted my waking powers a few nights ago; and at length ſinking into ſlumber, I was immediately tranſported into the regions of fancy.

As I was ſitting penſive and alone at the foot of a hill, a man, whoſe appearance was extremely venerable, advanced towards me with great ſpeed; and, beckoning me to follow him, began haſtily to climb the hill. My mind ſuddenly ſuggeſted that this was the Genius of Inſtruction; I, therefore, inſtantly roſe up, and obeyed the ſilent intimation of his will; but not being able to aſcend with equal rapidity, he caught hold of my hand: 'Linger not,' ſaid he, 'leſt the hour of illu-'mination be at an end.' We now aſcended together, and when we had gained the ſummit he ſtood ſtill. 'Survey the proſpect,' ſaid he, 'and tell me what thou ſeeſt.'—'To the 'right,' replied I, 'is a long valley, and on 'the left a boundleſs plain: at the end of the 'valley is a mountain that reaches to the 'clouds; and on the ſummit a brightneſs 'which I cannot ſtedfaſtly behold.'—'In that 'valley,' ſaid he, 'the diſciples of virtue 'preſs forward; and the votaries of vice wan-'der on the plain. In the path of virtue are 'many aſperities: the foot is ſometimes wound-'ed by thorns, and ſometimes bruiſed againſt a 'ſtone; but the ſky over it is always ſerene; 'the traveller is refreſhed by the breezes of 'health, and invigorated by the ray of chear-'fulneſs: The plain is adorned with flowers, 'which gratify the ſenſe with fragance and 'beauty; but the beauty is tranſient, and 'the fragrance hurtful: the ground is ſoft 'and level; and the paths are ſo various, that 'the turf is no where worn away: but above 'is perpetual gloom; the ſun is not ſeen, nor 'the breeze felt; the air ſtagnates, and peſti-'lential vapours diffuſe drowſineſs, laſſitude, 'and anxiety. At the foot of the mountain 'are the bowers of Peace, and on the ſummit 'is the temple of Honour.

'But all the diſciples of Virtue do not aſ-'cend the mountain; her path, indeed, is 'continued beyond the bowers; and the laſt 'ſtage is the aſcent of the precipice: to climb, 'is the voluntary labour of the vigorous and 'the bold; to deſiſt, is the irreproachable re-'poſe of the timid and the weary. To thoſe, 'however, who have ſurmounted the difficul-'ties of the way, the gates of the temple 'have not always been opened; nor againſt 'thoſe by whom it has never been trodden, 'have they always been ſhut: the declivity 'of the mountain on the other ſide is gradual 'and eaſy; and by the appointment of Fate, 'the entrance of the temple of Honour has 'been always kept by Opinion. Opinion, 'indeed, ought to have acted under the influ-'ence of Truth, but was ſoon perverted 'by Prejudice and Cuſtom; ſhe admitted 'any who aſcended the mountain without 'labour from the plain, and rejected ſome 'who had toiled up the precipice in the 'path of Virtue. Theſe, however, were 'not clamorous for admittance; but ei-'ther repined in ſilence, or, exulting with 'honeſt pride in the conſciouſneſs of their own 'dignity, turned from Opinion with contempt 'and diſdain; and ſmiled upon the world 'which they had left beneath them, the wit-'neſs of that labour of which they had been 'refuſed the reward.

'But the crowd within the temple became 'diſcontented and tumultuous: the diſciples 'of Virtue, jealous of an eminence which 'they had obtained by the utmoſt efforts of 'human power, made ſome attempts to expel 'thoſe who had ſtrolled negligently up the 'ſlope, and been admitted by Opinion to pol-'lute the temple and diſgrace the aſſembly: 'thoſe whoſe right was diſputed were, how-'ever, all ready to decide the controverſy by 'the ſword; and as they dreaded ſcarce any 'imputation but cowardice, they treated 'thoſe with great inſolence who declined this 'deciſion, and yet would not admit their 'claim.

'This confuſion and uproar was beheld by 'the Goddeſs with indignation and regret: 'ſhe flew to the throne of Jupiter; and caſting 'herſelf at his feet—"Great ruler of the "world," ſaid ſhe, "if I have erected a tem-"ple to fulfil the purpoſes of thy wiſdom and "thy love, to allure mortals up the ſteep of "Virtue, and animate them to communicate "happineſs at the expence of life; let it not "be perverted to render vice preſumptuous, "nor poſſeſſed by thoſe who dare to periſh in "the violation of thy laws, and the diffuſion "of calamity." 'Jupiter graciouſly touched 'the Goddeſs with his ſceptre, and replied, 'that the appointment of fate he could not re-'verſe; that admiſſion to her temple muſt ſtill 'depend upon Opinion; but that he would 'depute Reaſon to examine her conduct, and 'if poſſible, put her again under the influence 'of Truth.

'Reaſon, therefore, in obedience to the 'command of Jupiter, deſcended upon the 'mountain of Honour, and entered the tem-'ple. At the firſt appearance of Reaſon con-'tention was ſuſpended, and the whole aſſem-'bly became ſilent with expectation: but the 'moment ſhe revealed her commiſſion, the tu-'mult was renewed with yet greater violence. 'All were equally confident, that Reaſon would 'eſtabliſh the determination of Opinion in 'their favour: and he that ſpoke loudeſt hoped 'to be firſt heard. Reaſon knew, that thoſe 'only had a right to enter the temple who aſ-'cended by the path of Virtue; to determine, 'therefore, who ſhould be expelled or received, 'nothing more ſeemed neceſſary, than to diſ-'cover by which avenue they had acceſs: but 'Reaſon herſelf found this diſcovery, however 'eaſy in ſpeculation, very difficult in effect.

'The moſt flagitious affirmed, that if they 'had not walked the whole length of the val-'ley, they came into it at the foot of the moun-'tain; and that at leaſt the path by which 'they had aſcended it, was the path of Virtue. 'This was eagerly contradicted by others; 'and to prevent the tedious labour of deduc-'ing truth from a great variety of circum-'ſtances, Opinion was called to dicide the 'queſtion.

'But it ſoon appeared, that Opinion ſcarce 'knew one path from the other; and that ſhe 'neither determined to admit or refuſe upon 'certain principles, or with diſcriminating 'knowledge. Reaſon, however, ſtill conti-'nued to examine her; and that ſhe might 'judge of the credibility of her evidence by 'the account ſhe would give of a known cha-'racter, aſked her, which ſide of the mountain 'was aſcended by the Macedonian who deluged 'the world with blood: ſhe anſwered without 'heſitation, the ſide of Virtue; that ſhe knew 'ſhe was not miſtaken, becauſe ſhe ſaw him 'in the path at a great diſtance, and remarked 'that no man had ever aſcended with ſuch im-'petuous ſpeed. As Reaſon knew this ac-'count to be falſe, ſhe ordered Opinion to be 'diſmiſſed, and proceeded to a more particular 'examination of the parties themſelves.

'Reaſon found the accounts of many to be 'in the higheſt degree extravagant and abſurd: 'ſome, as a proof of their having climbed the 'path of Virtue, deſcribed proſpects that ap-'peared from the oppoſite ſide of the mountain; 'and others affirmed, that the path was ſmooth 'and level, and that many had walked it with-'out ſtumbling when they were ſcarce awake, and 'others when they were intoxicated with wine.

'Upon the foreheads of all theſe Reaſon im-'preſſed a mark of reprobation; and as ſhe 'could not expel them without the concurrence 'of Opinion, ſhe delivered them over to Time, 'to whom ſhe knew Opinion had always paid 'great deference; and who had generally been 'a friend to Truth.

'Time was commanded to uſe his influence 'to procure their expulſion, and to perſuade 'Opinion to regulate her determinations by 'the judgment of Truth. Juſtice alſo de-'creed, that if ſhe perſiſted to execute her of-'fice with negligence and caprice, under the 'influence of Prejudice, and in concurrence 'with the abſurdities of Cuſtom, ſhe ſhould 'be given up to Ridicule, a remorſeleſs being 'who rejoices in the anguiſh which he inflicts: 'by him alone Opinion can be puniſhed; at 'the ſound of his ſcourge ſhe trembles with 'apprehenſion; and whenever it has been ap-'plied by the direction of Juſtice, Opinion 'has always become obedient to Truth.

'Time,' continued my inſtructor,' ſtill la-'bours to fulfil the command of Reaſon: but 'though he has procured many to be expelled 'who had been admitted, yet he has gained 'admiſſion for but few who had been rejected;

'and Opinion ſtill continues negligent and 'perverſe; for as ſhe has often felt the ſcourge 'of Ridicule when it has not been deſerv-'ed, the dread of it has no otherwiſe in-'fluenced her conduct, than by throwing 'her into ſuch confuſion, that the pur-'poſes of Reaſon are ſometimes involuntarily 'defeated.'

'How then,' ſaid I, 'ſhall Honour diſtin-'guiſh thoſe whom ſhe wiſhes to reward?'—'They ſhall be diſtinguiſhed,' replied the viſionary ſage, 'in the regions of Immortality; 'to which they will at length be conducted by 'Time, who will not ſuffer them to be finally 'diſappointed.'

While I was liſtening to this reply, with my eyes fixed ſtedfaſtly upon the temple, it ſuddenly diſappeared: the black clouds that hovered over the plain of Vice burſt in thunder; the hill on which I ſtood began to ſink under me: and the ſtart of ſudden terror as I deſcended awaked me.

No. LXII. SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1753.

O fortuna viris invida fortibus
Quam non æqua bonis præmia dividis. SENECA.

Capricious fortune ever joys,
With partial hand to deal the prize,
To cruſh the brave and cheat the wiſe.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR, FLEET, JUNE 6.

TO the account of ſuch of my companions as are impriſoned without being miſerable, or are miſerable without any claim to compaſſion; I promiſed to add the hiſtories of thoſe whoſe virtue has made them unhappy, or whoſe misfortunes are at leaſt without a crime. That this catalogue ſhould be very numerous, neither you nor your readers ought to expect; 'rari quippe boni—' The good are few.' Virtue is uncommon in all the claſſes of humanity; and I ſuppoſe it will ſcarcely be imagined more frequent in a priſon than in other places.

Yet in theſe gloomy regions is to be found the tenderneſs, the generoſity the philanthropy, of Serenus, who might have lived in competence and eaſe, if he could have looked without emotion on the miſeries of another. Serenus was one of thoſe exalted minds, whom knowledge and ſagacity could not make ſuſpicious; who poured out his ſoul in boundleſs intimacy, and thought community of poſſeſſions the law of friendſhip. The friend of Serenus was arreſted for debt; and after many endeavours to ſoften his creditor, ſent his wife to ſollicit that aſſiſtance which never was refuſed. The tears and importunity of female diſtreſs were more than was neceſſary to move the heart of Serenus; he haſted immediately away, and conferring a long time with his friend, found him confident that if the preſſure was taken off, he ſhould ſoon be able to re-eſtabliſh his affairs. Serenus, accuſtomed to believe, and afraid to aggravate diſtreſs, did not attempt to detect the fallacies of hope, nor reflect that every man overwhelmed with calamity believes, that if that was removed he ſhall immediately be happy: he therefore, with little heſitation, offered himſelf as ſurety.

In the firſt raptures of eſcape all was joy, gratitude and confidence; the friend of Serenus diſplayed his proſpects, and counted over the ſums of which he ſhould infallibly be maſter before the day of payment. Serenus in a ſhort time began to find his danger, but could not prevail with himſelf to repent of his beneficence; and therefore ſuffered himſelf ſtill to be amuſed with projects which he durſt not conſider, for fear of finding them impracticable. The debtor, after he had tried every method of raiſing money which art or indigence could prompt, wanted either fidelity or reſolution to ſurrender himſelf to priſon, and left Serenus to take his place.

Serenus has often propoſed to the creditor, to pay him whatever he ſhall appear to have

loſt by the flight of his friend; but however reaſonable this propoſal may be thought, avarice and brutality have been hitherto inexorable, and Serenus ſtill continues to languiſh in priſon.

In this place, however, where want makes almoſt every man ſelfiſh, or deſperation gloomy, it is the good fortune of Serenus not to live without a friend: he paſſes moſt of his hours in the converſation of Candidus, a man whom the ſame virtuous ductility has with ſome difference of circumſtances made equally unhappy. Candidus when he was young, helpleſs, and ignorant, found a patron that educated, protected, and ſupported him: his patron being more vigilant for others than himſelf, left at his death an only ſon, deſtitute and friendleſs. Candidus was eager to repay the benefits he had received; and having maintained the youth for a few years at his own houſe, afterwards placed him with a merchant of eminence, and gave bonds to a great value as a ſecurity for his conduct.

The young man, removed too early from the only eye of which he dreaded the obſervation, and deprived of the only inſtruction which he heard with reverence, ſoon learned to conſider virtue as reſtraint, and reſtraint as oppreſſion; and to look with a longing eye at every expence to which he could not reach, and every pleaſure which he could not partake: by degrees he deviated from his firſt regularity, and unhappily mingling among young men buſy in diſſipating the gains of their fathers induſtry, he forgot the precepts of Candidus, ſpent the evening in parties of pleaſure, and the morning in expedients to ſupport his riots. He was, however, dextrous and active in buſineſs; and his maſter, being ſecured againſt any conſequences of diſhoneſty, was very little ſollicitous to inſpect his manners, or to enquire how he paſſed thoſe hours which were not immediately devoted to the buſineſs of his profeſſion: when he was informed of the young man's extravagance or debauchery—'Let his bondſman 'look to that,' ſaid he, 'I have taken care of 'myſelf.'

Thus the unhappy ſpendthrift proceeded from folly to folly, and from vice to vice, with the connivance if not the encouragement of his maſter; till in the heat of a nocturnal revel he commited ſuch violences in the ſtreet as drew upon him a criminal proſecution. Guilty and unexperienced, he knew not what courſe to take; to confeſs his crime to Candidus, and ſollicit his interpoſition, was little leſs dreadful than to ſtand before the frown of a court of juſtice. Having, therefore, paſſed the day with anguiſh in his heart and diſtraction in his looks, he ſeized at night a very large ſum of money in the counting houſe, and ſetting out he knew not whither, was heard of no more.

The conſequence of his flight was the ruin of Candidus; ruin ſurely undeſerved and irreproachable, and ſuch as the laws of a juſt government ought either to prevent or repair: nothing is more inequitable than that one man ſhould ſuffer for the crimes of another, for crimes which he neither prompted nor permitted, which he could neither foreſee nor prevent. When we conſider the weakneſs of human reſolution and the inconſiſtency of human conduct, it muſt appear abſurd that one man ſhall engage for another, that he will not change his opinions or alter his conduct.

It is, I think, worthy of conſideration, whether, ſince no wager is binding without a poſſibility of loſs on each ſide, it is not equally reaſonable, that no contract ſhould be valid without reciprocal ſtipulations: but in this caſe, and others of the ſame kind, what is ſtipulated on his ſide to whom the bond is given? he takes advantage of the ſecurity, neglects his affairs, omits his duty, ſuffers timorous wickedneſs to grow daring by degrees, permits appetite to call for new gratifications, and, perhaps, ſecretly longs for the time in which he ſhall have power to ſeize the forfeiture: and if virtue or gratitude ſhould prove too ſtrong for temptation, and a young man perſiſt in honeſty, however inſtigated by his paſſions, what can ſecure him at laſt againſt a falſe accuſation? I for my part always ſhall ſuſpect, that he who can by ſuch methods ſecure his property, will go one ſtep farther to increaſe it: nor can I think that man ſafely truſted with the means of miſchief, who by his deſire to have them in his hands, gives an evident proof how much leſs he values his neighbour's happineſs than his own.

Another of our companions is Lentulus, a man whoſe dignity of birth was very ill ſupported by his fortune. As ſome of the firſt offices in the kingdom were filled by his relations, he was early invited to court, and en-

couraged by careſſes and promiſes to ſollicitation: a conſtant appearance in ſplendid company neceſſarily required magnificence of dreſs; and a frequent participation of faſhionable amuſements forced him into expence: but theſe meaſures were requiſite to his ſucceſs; ſince every body knows, that to be loſt to ſight is to be loſt to remembrance, and that he who deſires to fill a vacancy muſt be always at hand, leſt ſome man of greater vigilance ſhould ſtep in before him.

By this courſe of life his little fortune was every day made leſs: but he received ſo many diſtinctions in publick, and was known to reſort ſo familiarly to the houſes of the great, that every man looked on his preferment as certain, and believed that its value would compenſate for its ſlowneſs: he therefore found no difficulty in obtaining credit for all that his rank or his vanity made neceſſary; and as ready payment was not expected, the bills were proportionably enlarged, and the value of the hazard or delay was adjuſted ſolely by the equity of the creditor. At length death deprived Lentulus of one of his patrons, and a revolution in the miniſtry of another; ſo that all his proſpects vaniſhed at once, and thoſe that had before encouraged his expences began to perceive that their money was in danger: there was now no other contention but who ſhould firſt ſeize upon his perſon, and by forcing immediate payment, deliver him up naked to the vengeance of the reſt. In purſuance of this ſcheme, one of them invited him to a tavern, and procured him to be arreſted at the door; but Lentulus inſtead of endeavouring ſecretly to pacify him by payment, gave notice to the reſt, and offered to divide amongſt them the remnant of his fortune: they feaſted ſix hours at his expence, to deliberate on his propoſal; and at laſt determined, that, as he could not offer more than five ſhillings in the pound, it would be more prudent to keep him in priſon, till he could procure from his relations the payment of his debts.

Lentulus is not the only man confined within theſe walls, on the ſame account: the like procedure, upon the like motives, is common among men whom yet the law allows to partake the uſe of fire and water with the compaſſionate and the juſt; who frequent the aſſemblies of commerce in open day, and talk with deteſtation and contempt of highwaymen or houſe-breakers: but, ſurely, that man muſt be confeſſedly robbed who is compelled, by whatever means, to pay the debts which he does not owe; nor can I look with equal hatred upon him who, at the hazard of his life, holds out his piſtol and demands my purſe, as on him who plunders under ſhelter of the law, and, by detaining my ſon or my friend in priſon, extorts from me the price of their liberty. No man can be more an enemy to ſociety than he by whoſe machinations our virtues are turned to our diſadvantage; he is leſs deſtructive to mankind that plunders cowardice, than he that preys upon compaſſion.

I believe, Mr. Adventurer, you will readily confeſs, that though not one of theſe, if tried before a commercial judicature, can be wholly acquitted from imprudence or temerity; yet that, in the eye of all who can conſider virtue as diſtinct from wealth, the fault of two of them, at leaſt, is out-weighed by the merit; and that of the third is ſo much extenuated by the circumſtances of his life, as not to deſerve a perpetual priſon: yet muſt theſe, with multitudes equally blameleſs, languiſh in confinement, till malevolence ſhall relent, or the law be changed.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

MYSARGYRUS.

No. LXIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1753.

Pereant, qui ante nos noſtra dixerunt! DONATUS APUD JEROM.

Periſh thoſe who have ſaid our good things before us!

THE number of original writers, of writers who diſcover any traces of native thought, or veins of new expreſſion, is found to be extremely ſmall in every branch of literature. Few poſſeſs ability or courage to think for themſelves, to truſt to their own powers, to rely on their own ſtock; and therefore the generality creep tamely and cautiouſly in the track of their predeceſſors. The quinteſſence of the largeſt libraries might be reduced to the compaſs of a few volumes, if all uſeleſs repetitions and acknowledged truths were to be omitted in this proceſs of critical chemiſtry. A learned Frenchman informs us, that he intended to compile a treatiſe, '*περὶ τῶν ἅπαξ εἰρημένων*——concerning things that had been ſaid but once,' which certainly would have been contained in a very ſmall pamphlet.

It happens unfortunately in poetry, which principally claims the merit of novelty and invention, that this want of originality ariſes frequently, not from a barrenneſs and timidity of genius, but from invincible neceſſity, and the nature of things. The works of thoſe who profeſs an art whoſe eſſence is imitation, muſt needs be ſtamped with a cloſe reſemblance to each other; ſince the objects material or animate, extraneous or internal, which they all imitate, lie equally open to the obſervation of all, and are perfectly ſimilar. Deſcriptions, therefore, that are faithful and juſt, muſt be uniform and alike: the firſt copier muſt be, perhaps, entitled to the praiſe of priority; but a ſucceeding one ought not certainly to be condemned for plagiariſm.

I am inclined to think, that notwithſtanding the manifold alterations diffuſed in modern times over the face of nature, by the invention of arts and manufactures, by the extent of commerce, by the improvements of philoſophy and mathetics, by the manner of fortifying and fighting, by the important diſcovery of both the Indies, and, above all, by the total change of religion; yet an epic or dramatic writer, though ſurrounded with ſuch a multitude of novelties, would find it difficult or impoſſible to be totally original, and eſſentially different from Homer and Sophocles. The cauſes that excite, and the operations that exemplify, the greater paſſions, will always have an exact coincidence, though perhaps a little diverſified by climate or cuſtom: every exaſperated hero muſt rage like Achilles, and every afflicted widow mourn like Andromache: an abandoned Armida will make uſe of Dido's execrations; and a Jew will nearly reſemble a Grecian, when almoſt placed in the ſame ſituation; that is, the Ioas of Racine, in his incomparable Athalia, will be very like the Ion of Euripides.

Boileau obſerves, that a new and extraordinary thought is by no means a thought which no perſon ever conceived before, or could poſſibly conceive; on the contrary, it is ſuch a thought as muſt have occurred to every man in the like caſe, and have been one of the firſt in any perſon's mind upon the ſame occaſion: and it is a maxim of Pope, that whatever is very good ſenſe, muſt have been common ſenſe at all times.

But if, from the foregoing reflections it may appear difficult to diſtinguiſh imitation and plagiariſm from neceſſary reſemblance and unavoidable analogy, yet the following paſſages of Pope, which, becauſe they have never been taken notice of, may poſſibly entertain curious and critical readers, ſeem evidently to be borrowed, though they are improved.

The dying Chriſtian addreſſes his ſoul with a fine ſpirit of poetical enthuſiaſm:

Vital ſpark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O! the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Hark, they whiſper! Angels ſay—
'Siſter ſpirit, come away!'

I was ſurprized to find this animated paſſage cloſely copied from one of the vile Pindaric writers in the time of Charles the Second.

When on my ſick bed I languiſh,
Full of ſorrow, full of anguiſh,—

Fainting, gaſping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, ſpeechleſs, dying!
Methinks I hear ſome gentle ſpirit ſay—
'Be not fearful, come away!'

FLATMAN.

Palingenius and Charron furniſhed him with the two following thoughts in the Eſſay on Man:

Superior beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law;
Admired ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a Newton as we ſhew an ape.

POPE.

Utque movet nobis imitatrix ſimia riſum,
Sic nos cœlicolis, quoties cervice ſuperbâ
Ventoſi gradimur———

And again,

Simia cœlicolûm, riſuſque jocuſque deorum eſt
Tunc homo, quum temerè ingenio confidit, et audet
Abdita naturæ ſcrutari, arcanaque divûm.

PALINGENIUS.

While man exclaims—'See all things for
'my uſe!'
'See man for mine!' replies a pamper'd gooſe.

POPE.

Man ſcruples not to ſay, that he enjoyeth the heavens and the elements; as if all had been made, and ſtill move only for him. In this ſenſe a goſling may ſay as much, and perhaps with more truth and juſtneſs. CHARRON.

That he hath borrowed not only ſentiments, but even expreſſions, from Wollaſton and Paſcal, cannot be doubted, if we conſider two more paſſages:

When the looſe mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation ceaſe if you go by?
Or ſome old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reſerve the hanging wall?

POPE.

If a good man be paſſing by an infirm building, juſt in the article of falling, can it be expected that GOD ſhould ſuſpend the force of gravitation till he is gone by in order to his deliverance? WOLLASTON.

Chaos of thought and paſſion all confus'd,
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall,
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endleſs error hurl'd,
The glory, jeſt, and riddl of the world.

POPE.

What a chimera then is man! what a confuſed chaos! what a ſubject of contradiction! a profeſſed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth! the great depoſitary and guardian of truth, and yet a mere huddle of uncertainty! the glory and the ſcandal of the univerſe! PASCAL.

The witty alluſion to the puniſhment of avarice, in the Epiſtle on Riches—

Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The ſlave that digs it, and the ſlave that hides;

is plainly taken from 'The Cauſes of the Decay of Chriſtian Piety;' where that excellent and neglected writer ſays—'It has always been 'held the ſevereſt treatment of ſlaves and ma-'lefactors, "damnare ad metalla—to force "them to dig in the mines." Now this is 'the covetous man's lot, from which he is 'never to expect a releaſe.' Cowley has alſo uſed the ſame alluſion. The celebrated reflection with which Chartres's epitaph, in the ſame epiſtle, concludes, is the property of Bruyere.

To rock the cradle of repoſing age,

is a tender and elegant image of filial piety, for which Pope is indebted to Montagne, who wiſhes, in one of his eſſays, to find a ſon-in-law that may 'kindly cheriſh his old age, and 'rock it aſleep.' And the character of Helluo the glutton, introduced to exemplify the force and continuance of the ruling paſſion, who in the agonies of death exclaimed—

———Then bring the Jowl!

is taken from that tale in Fontaine, which ends—

——Puis qu'il faut que je meure
Sans faire tant de façon,
Qu'on m'apporte tout à l'heure
Le reſte de mon poiſſon.

The concluſion of the epitaph on Gay, where he obſerves that his honour conſiſts not in being entomb'd among kings and heroes—

But that the worthy and the good may ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms:—'Here lies
'Gay,'

is adopted from an old Latin elegy on the death of Prince Henry.

In ſeveral parts of his writings, Pope ſeems to have formed himſelf on the model of Boileau; as might appear from a large deduction of particular paſſages, almoſt literally tranſlated from that nervous and ſenſible ſatyriſt.

——Happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere.
POPE.

——*D'une voix legere*
Paſſer du grave au doux, du plaiſant au ſevere!
BOILEAU.

Pride, madneſs, folly, againſt Dryden roſe,
In various ſhapes of parſons, critics, beaus.
POPE.

L'ignorance, et l'erreur a ſes naiſſantes pieces,
En habits de marquis, en robbes de comteſſes,
Venoient pour diffamer ſon chef-d-œuvre nouveau.
BOILEAU.

While I am tranſcribing theſe ſimilarities, I feel great uneaſineſs, leſt I ſhould be accuſed of vainly and impotently endeavouring to caſt clouds over the reputation of this exalted and truly original genius, 'whoſe memory,' to uſe an expreſſion of Ben Johnſon,' 'I do honour 'on this ſide idolatry, as much as any;' and leſt the reader ſhould be cloyed and diſguſted with a cluſter of quotations: it happens, however, fortunately, that each paſſage I have produced, contains ſome important moral truth, or conveys ſome pleaſing image to the mind.

Critics ſeem agreed in giving greater latitude to the imitation of the ancients, than of later writers. To enrich a compoſition with the ſentiments and images of Greece and Rome, is ever eſteemed not only lawful, but meritorious. We adorn our writings with their ideas, with as little ſcruple as our houſes with their ſtatues. And Pouſſin is not accuſed of plagiariſm, for having painted Agrippina covering her face with both her hands at the death of Germanicus; though Timanthes had repreſented Agamemnon cloſely veiled at the ſacrifice of his daughter, judiciouſly leaving the ſpectator to gueſs at a ſorrow inexpreſſible, and that mocked the power of the pencil.

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No. LXIV. SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1753.

Notitiam primoſque gradus vicinia fecit;
Tempore crevit amor. OVID.

Acquaintance grew, th' acquaintance they improve
To friendſhip, friendſhip ripen'd into love. EUSDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

YOUR paper of laſt Tueſday ſevennight, which I did not read till to-day, determined me to ſend you an account of my friend Eugenio, by whoſe diſtreſs my mind has been long kept in perpetual agitation: and, perhaps, my narrative may not only illuſtrate your allegory, but contribute to recover opinion from her defection.

As Orgilio, the father of Eugenio, had no principles but thoſe of a man of honour, he avoided alike both the virtues and the vices which are incompatible with that character: religion he ſuppoſed to be a contrivance of prieſts and politicians, to keep the vulgar in awe; and uſed by thoſe in the rank of gentlemen who pretend to acknowledge its obligations, only as an expedient to conceal their want of ſpirit. By a conduct regulated upon theſe principles he gradually reduced a paternal eſtate of two thouſand pounds per annum to five hundred. Beſides Eugenio, he had only one child, a daughter: his wife died while they were infants. His younger brother, who had acquired a very conſiderable fortune in trade, retired unmarried into the country: he knew that the paternal eſtate was greatly reduced; and therefore took the expence of his nephew's education upon himſelf. After ſome years had been ſpent at Weſtminſter ſchool, he ſent him to the univerſity, and ſupported him by a very genteel annuity.

Eugenio, though his temper was remarkably warm and ſprightly, had yet a high reliſh of literature, and inſenſibly acquired a ſtrong attachment to a college life. His apartment adjoined to mine, and our acquaintance was ſoon improved into friendſhip. I found in him great ardour of benevolence, and a ſenſe of generoſity and honour which I had conceived to conſiſt only in romance. With reſpect to Chriſtianity, indeed, he was as yet a ſceptic; but I found it eaſy to

obviate general objections; and, as he had great penetration and ſagacity, was ſuperior to prejudice, and habituated to no vice which he wiſhed to countenance by infidelity, he began to believe as ſoon as he began to enquire: the evidence for Revelation at length appeared inconteſtible; and without buſying himſelf with the cavils of ſubtilty againſt particular doctrines, he determined to adhere inviolably to the precepts as a rule of life, and to truſt in the promiſes as the foundation of hope. The ſame ardour and firmneſs, the ſame generoſity and honour were now exerciſed with more exalted views, and upon a more perfect plan. He conſidered me as his preceptor, and I conſidered him as my example: our friendſhip increaſed every day; and I believe he had a deſign to follow me into orders. But when he had continued at college about two years, he received a command from his father to come immediately to town; for that his earneſt deſire to place him in the army was now accompliſhed, and he had procured him a captain's commiſſion. By the ſame poſt he received a letter from his uncle, in which he was ſtrongly urged to continue at college, with promiſes of ſucceeding to his whole eſtate; his father's project was zealouſly condemned, and his neglect of a brother's concurrence reſented. Eugenio, though it was greatly his deſire to ſtay at college, and his intereſt to oblige his uncle, yet obeyed his father without the leaſt heſitation.

When he came to town, he diſcovered that a warm altercation had been carried on between his uncle and his father upon this ſubject: his uncle, not being able to produce any effect upon the father, as a laſt effort had written to the ſon; and being equally offended with both, when his application to both had been ineffectual, he reproached him with folly and ingratitude: and dying ſoon after by a fall from his horſe, it appeared that in the height of his reſentment he had left his whole fortune to a diſtant relation in Ireland, whom he had never ſeen.

Under this misfortune Eugenio comforted himſelf by reflecting, that he had incurred it by obedience to his father; and though it precluded hopes that were dearer than life, yet he never expreſſed his diſpleaſure either by invective or complaint.

Orgilio had very early in life contracted an intimacy with Agreſtis, a gentleman whoſe character and principles were very different from his own. Agreſtis had very juſt notions of right and wrong, by which he regulated his conduct without any regard to the opinion of others: his integrity was univerſal and inflexible, and his temper ardent and open; he abhorred whatever had the appearance of diſingenuity, he was extremely jealous of his authority, and there was a rough ſimplicity in his manner which many circumſtances of his life had contributed to produce. His father left him a fortune of two hundred thouſand pounds; but as the parſimony which enabled him to amaſs it, extended to the education of his ſon, by whom it was to be poſſeſſed, he had been taught neither politeneſs nor literature. He married a lady, whoſe influence would have poliſhed the rough diamond by degrees; but ſhe died within the firſt year of her marriage, leaving him a daughter to whom he gave her name Amelia, and transferred all his affection: he, therefore, continued to live in great privacy; and being uſed to have only ſervants dependents about him, he indulged the peculiarities of his humour without that complaiſance which becomes inſenſibly habitual to thoſe who mix in the company of perſons whom it is their apparent intereſt to pleaſe, and whoſe preſence is a perpetual reſtraint upon ſuch irregular ſtarts of temper as would incur contempt, by arrogating a ſuperiority which none would acknowledge. To this diſpoſition his daughter accommodated herſelf as ſhe grew up, from motives both of affection and duty: as he knew and regretted the defect of his own education, he ſpared no coſt to complete her's; ſhe is indeed the moſt accompliſhed character I ever knew: her obedience is chearful and implicit, her affection tender and without parade; her looks expreſs the utmoſt ſweetneſs and ſenſibility, and yet there is a dignity in her manner which commands reſpect.

The intimacy between the father of Eugenio and Agreſtis produced a tender friendſhip between his ſiſter and Amelia, which began in their infancy, and increaſed with their years.

Such characters as Amelia and Eugenio could not be long familiarly known to each other, without exciting mutual eſteem: the

tranſition from eſteem to love, between perſons of different ſexes, is often imperceptible even to themſelves; and, perhaps, was not diſcovered till long after it happened, either by Eugenio or Amelia. When he returned from the univerſity, ſhe was about eighteen: as her ſtature and her beauty were greatly increaſed during this interval their firſt effect upon Eugenio was proportionably greater; and he perceived, from whatever cauſe, a more ſenſible emotion in her. He had too much diſcernment not to diſcover that ſhe loved him; and too much generoſity not to conceal his love of her, becauſe he was ſo much her inferior in fortune: ſometimes he reflected upon her partiality with pleaſure, and ſometimes with regret. But while they were thus mutually conſcious to deſires which they mutually ſuppreſſed, the late rebellion broke out, and Eugenio was commanded into Scotland. In this expedition he diſtinguiſhed himſelf equally by his courage and humanity: and though he had not much money, and therefore could but ſeldom diſplay his bounty, yet his concern for the real intereſt of his men was ſo apparent, as well in ſuch acts of kindneſs as were in his power, as in the ſtrict diſcipline which he maintained among them, that his perſonal influence was very powerful and extenſive. During this abſence, though he felt his paſſion for Amelia increaſe, notwithſtanding all his attempts to ſuppreſs it; yet he never wrote to her, but contented himſelf with mentioning her in general terms, and including her in his remembrance of other friends, when he wrote to his father and his ſiſter.

When he returned, as his ſiſter's intimacy with Amelia ſtill continued, his opportunities, to ſee her were equally frequent: but the pleaſure of thoſe interviews were become yet more tumultuous and confuſed; and the lovers were both conſcious, that their ſentiments were every moment involuntarily diſcovered to each other.

Amelia had diſmiſſed many ſuitors who were no leſs diſtinguiſhed by their merit than their rank, becauſe ſhe ſtill hoped to enrich Eugenio with her fortune; and Eugenio perſiſted in a conduct by which this hope was diſappointed, becauſe he would not degrade Amelia by an alliance with dependance and poverty. The objections of duty might, indeed, have been removed by obtaining the conſent of Agreſtis: but thoſe of honour would ſtill have remained: he was not, however, abſolutely without hope; for though he had loſt his uncle's fortune by obedience to his father, yet as he had greatly recommended himſelf to his commanding officer, who was of the higheſt rank, he believed it poſſible that he might be advanced to a poſt in the army, which would juſtify his pretenſions to Amelia, and remove all his difficulties at once.

Agreſtis wondered at the conduct of his daughter, but neither aſked nor ſuſpected her motives: for he always declared, that as he believed ſhe would never marry againſt his conſent, he would never urge her to marry againſt her own inclination.

Amelia, therefore, continued to decline every offer, and Eugenio to ſee her every day, without the leaſt intimation of his love, till the beginning of the laſt winter when he loſt his ſiſter by the ſmall-pox. His interviews with Amelia were now leſs frequent, and therefore more intereſting: he feared, that as he would be ſeldom in her ſight, the aſſiduities of ſome fortunate rival might at length exclude him from her remembrance: he did not, however, falter in his reſolution, nor did Amelia change her conduct.

No. LXV. TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1753.

Et furiis agitatus amor.——— VIRG.

Love, which the furies irritate to rage.

IT happened that about this time ſhe was addreſſed by Ventoſus, the eldeſt ſon of a noble family; who, beſides a large eſtate, had great expectations from his father's influence at court. Ventoſus, though he was ſtrongly recommended by Agreſtis, and was remarkable for perſonal accompliſhments, was yet received with great coldneſs by Amelia: he was fur-

prized, mortified, and diſappointed; yet he continued his viſits, and was very diligent to diſcover what had prevented his ſucceſs. One evening, juſt as he was about to take his leave, after much ineffectual entreaty and complaint, Eugenio unexpectedly entered the room. Ventoſus inſtantly remarked the embarraſſment both of his miſtreſs and the ſtranger, whom he therefore ſuppoſed to be a rival, and no longer wondered at his own diſappointment: theſe ſuſpicions were every moment confirmed and encreaſed; for his preſence produced emotions which could neither be concealed nor miſtaken; though by a leſs penetrating eye than that of jealouſy, they might have been overlooked.

He was now fired with reſentment and indignation; and having left the room ſomewhat abruptly, he was met upon the ſtairs by Agreſtis, with whom he deſired to ſpeak a few words in private. Agreſtis turned back into another apartment, and Ventoſus told him with ſome warmth, that he did not expect to have found his daughter pre-engaged; and that he could not help thinking himſelf ill treated. Agreſtis, with equal warmth, required him to explain his meaning; and after ſome time had been ſpent in eager altercation, they parted in better temper; Agreſtis perſuaded that a clandeſtine love had been carried on between his daughter and Eugenio, and Ventoſus convinced that Agreſtis had never encouraged the pretenſions of his rival.

Agreſtis immediately ſent for Amelia, and ſternly urged her with many queſtions, which ſhe could only anſwer with bluſhes and tears: her ſilence and confuſion convinced him that Ventoſus was not miſtaken; and therefore, deſiſting from enquiry, he ſeverely reprehended her for the paſt, and enjoined her never to converſe with Eugenio again; to whom he alſo ſignified his diſpleaſure, and requeſted that, to prevent further uneaſineſs, he would come no more to his houſe till Amelia ſhould be married.

Eugenio, though his love was almoſt hopeleſs before, was yet greatly afflicted by this meſſage; becauſe he feared that Amelia had fallen under her father's diſpleaſure, and that now he was become jealous of his authority, he might be tempted to abuſe it. As to ſecure her peace was the principal object of his wiſh, he concealed what had happened from his father, leſt a quarrel ſhould be produced between him and Agreſtis, in which Amelia's delicacy and tenderneſs would be yet more deeply wounded. When a viſit was intended to Agreſtis, he always took care to have ſome engagement at another place: Agreſtis, however, as he had no conception of the principles upon which Eugenio acted, did not doubt but that he had communicated the reaſon of his abſence to his father, and that his father was ſecretly offended; but as he expreſſed no reſentment, he believed that his ambition had for once reſtrained the petulance of his pride, that he diſſembled to prevent an open rupture, and had ſtill hopes of effecting the purpoſe which he had concerted with his ſon.

A ſuſpicion of ill-will always produces it; but beſides this cauſe of alienation, Agreſtis had unjuſtly imputed a conduct to his friend, which rendered him the object of his contempt and averſion; he therefore treated him with coldneſs and reſerve, ſuppoſing that he well knew the cauſe, and neglected to return his viſits without thinking it neceſſary to aſſign any reaſon. This conduct was at length remarked by Orgilio, who conſidered it as the caprice of a character which he always deſpiſed; he therefore retorted the neglect without expoſtulation: and thus all intercourſe between the families was at an end.

Eugenio, in the mean time, was inflexible in his purpoſe; and Amelia, in her next interview with Ventoſus, acquainted him that ſhe would ſee him no more. Ventoſus again appealed to her father: but the old gentleman was ſteady in his principles, notwithſtanding his reſentment; and told him, that he had exerted all the authority which GOD and nature had given him in his favour; and that, however provoked, he would never proſtitute his child, by compelling her to marry a perſon who was not the object of her choice.

Ventoſus, who was extremely mortified at this diſappointment, was very inquiſitive about Eugenio, for whom he ſtill ſuppoſed he had been rejected: he ſoon learned his ſituation and circumſtances, and his long intimacy with Amelia; he reflected upon the confuſion which both had expreſſed in the accidental interview at which he was preſent; and was willing to believe, that his rival, however contemptible, had been too ſucceſsful to be ſupplanted with

honour by a huſband: this, however, if he did not believe, he was very diligent to propagate; and to remove the diſgrace of a refuſal, hinted that for this reaſon he had abruptly diſcontinued his addreſſes, and congratulated himſelf upon his eſcape.

It happened that about ſix weeks ago, Ventoſus, as he was walking in the Mall with a young officer of diſtinction, met Amelia in company of ſeveral ladies and a gentleman. He thought fit to bow to Amelia with a ſupercilious reſpect, which had greatly the air of an inſult. Of this compliment Amelia, though ſhe looked him in the face, took no notice: by this calm diſdain he was at once diſappointed and confounded: he was ſtung by an effort of his own malignity, and his breaſt ſwelled with paſſion which he could not vent. In this agitation of mind he haſtily turned back, and determined, for whatever reaſon, to follow her. After he had advanced about fifty paces, he ſaw Eugenio coming forward, who, the moment he perceived Amelia, turned into another walk. This was obſerved by Ventoſus, whoſe contempt and indignation had now another object, upon which they might without violence to the laws of honour be gratified: he communicated his purpoſe to his companion, and haſtily followed Eugenio. When they had overtaken him, they burſt into a horſe-laugh, and puſhed ſo rudely by him that he could ſcarce recover his ſtep: they did not, however, go on; but ſtopping ſuddenly, turned about as if to apologize for the accident, and affected great ſurprize at diſcovering to whom it had happened. Ventoſus bowed very low, and with much contemptuous ceremony begged his pardon, telling him at the ſame time, that there was a lady in the next walk who would be very glad of his company.

To this inſult Eugenio anſwered, that he was not willing to ſuppoſe that an affront was intended, and that if the lady he meant was a woman of honour, ſhe ought always to be mentioned with reſpect. Ventoſus replied, that whether the lady he meant was a woman of honour, he would not determine; but he believed ſhe had been very kind; and was pleaſed to ſee that her favours were not forgotten, though they were no longer accepted. Eugenio was not now maſter of his temper, but turning ſuddenly upon Ventoſus, ſtruck him with ſuch violence that he fell at his feet; he roſe, however, in an inſtant, and laid his hand upon his ſword, but was prevented from drawing it by his companion; the crowd beginning to gather about them, they parted with mutual expreſſions of contempt and rage.

In the morning the officer who had been in company with Ventoſus at the quarrel, delivered a challenge to Eugenio, which he anſwered by the following billet.

SIR,

YOUR behaviour laſt night has convinced me that you are a ſcoundrel; and your letter this morning that you are a fool. If I ſhould accept your challenge, I ſhould myſelf be both. I owe a duty to GOD and to my country, which I deem it infamous to violate; and I am intruſted with a life, which I think cannot without folly be ſtaked againſt yours. I believe you have ruined, but you cannot degrade me. You may poſſibly, while you ſneer over this letter, ſecretly exult in your own ſafety; but remember, that to prevent aſſaſſination I have a ſword, and to chaſtiſe inſolence a cane.

With this letter the captain returned to Ventoſus, who read it with all the extravagancies of rage and diſdain: the captain, however, endeavoured to ſooth and encourage him; he repreſented Eugenio as a poltroon and a beggar, whom he ought no otherwiſe to puniſh than by removing him from the rank into which he had intruded; and this, he ſaid, would be very eaſily accompliſhed. Ventoſus at length acquieſced in the ſentiments of his friend; and it was ſoon induſtriouſly reported that Eugenio had ſtruck a perſon of high rank, and refuſed him the ſatisfaction of a gentleman which he had condeſcended to aſk. For not accepting a challenge, Eugenio could not be legally puniſhed, becauſe it was made his duty as a ſoldier by the articles of war; but it drew upon him the contempt of his ſuperior officers, and made them very ſollicitous to find ſome pretence to diſmiſs him. The friends of Ventoſus immediately intimated, that the act of violence to which Eugenio had been provoked, was committed within the verge of the court, and was therefore a ſuf-

ficient cauſe to break him; as for that offence he was liable to be puniſhed with the loſs of his hand, by a law which though diſuſed was ſtill in force. This expedient was eagerly adopted, and Eugenio was accordingly deprived of his commiſſion.

No. LXVI. SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1753.

Noli virum, facili redimit qui ſanguine famam:
Hunc volo, laudari qui ſine morte poteſt. MART.

Not him I prize who poorly gains
From death the palm which blood diſtains;
But him who wins with nobler ſtrife
An unpolluted wreath from life.

HE had concealed his quarrel with Ventoſus from his father, who was then at the family ſeat about twenty miles from London, becauſe he was not willing to acquaint him with the cauſe: but the effect was ſuch as could not be hidden; and it was now become neceſſary that he ſhould anticipate the report of others. He therefore ſet out immediately for the country; but his father about the ſame time arrived in London: ſome imperfect account had been ſent him of the proceedings againſt Eugenio; and though he concluded from his ſilence that he had been guilty of ſome indiſcretion, yet he did not ſuſpect an imputation of cowardice; and hoped by his intereſt to ſupport him againſt private reſentment. When he found that he had miſſed Eugenio in ſome of the avenues to town, he went immediately to the gentleman who had procured his commiſſion, from whom he learned all the circumſtances of the affair. The moment he heard that his ſon had refuſed a challenge, he was ſeized with rage ſo violent, that it had the appearance of diſtraction: he uttered innumerable oaths and execrations in a voice that was ſcarce human, declared his ſon to be unworthy of his name, and ſolemnly renounced him for ever.

Eugenio returned to London the ſame day, but it was late before he arrived. The ſervant that opened the door told him with tears in his eyes, that his father was gone to bed much diſordered, and had commanded that he ſhould no more be admitted into that houſe. He ſtood motionleſs a few moments; and then departing without reply, came directly to me; his looks were wild, his countenance pale, and his eyes ſwimming in tears; the moment he ſaw me, he threw himſelf into a chair; and putting a copy of his anſwer to Ventoſus's challenge into my hand, anticipated my enquiries by relating all that had happened.

After having adminiſtered ſuch conſolation as I could, I prevailed upon him with much difficulty to go to bed. I ſat up the reſt of the night, deviſing various arguments to convince Orgilio, that his ſon had added new dignity to his character. In the morning I went to his houſe; and after much ſolicitation was admitted to his chamber. I found him in bed, where he had lain awake all the night; and it was eaſy to ſee that his mind was in great agitation. I hoped that this tumult was produced by the ſtruggles of parental tenderneſs: but the moment I mentioned his ſon, he fell into an agony of rage that rendered him ſpeechleſs; and I came away, convinced that the eloquence of an angel upon the ſame ſubject would have been without effect. I did, not, however, relate theſe diſcouraging circumſtances to Eugenio: I told him that it would be proper to wait a few days before any farther application was made; not only becauſe his father's reſentment would probably ſubſide, but becauſe he was now indiſpoſed.

Eugenio, when he heard that his father was ill, changed colour and burſt into tears. He went every evening, and knocking ſoftly at the ſervant's window, enquired how he did; and when he found that his fever was become dangerous, he intreated me to go yet once more and intercede for him, that he might at leaſt be permitted to ſee his father, if he might not hope to be forgiven. I went; but when Orgilio heard my name, he fell into a freſh tranſport of rage

which ended in a delirium. The effect which this incident produced upon Eugenio, who waited at the end of the ſtreet for my return, cannot be deſcribed: I prevailed upon him to go back to my houſe, where he ſometimes haſtily traverſed the room, and ſometimes ſat fixed in a kind of ſtupid inſenſibility upon the floor. While he was in one of theſe fits, news was brought that his father was dead, and had the morning after he was taken ill diſinherited him, declaring that by the infamy of his conduct he had broke his heart.

Eugenio heard this account without any apparent ſurprize or emotion, but could not be perſuaded to change his poſture or receive any food; till his ſpirits being quite exhauſted, ſleep relieved him a few hours from the agony of his mind.

The night on which his father was buried, he wrapped himſelf up in a horſeman's coat that belonged to my ſervant, and followed the proceſſion at a diſtance on foot. When the ceremony was over, and the company departed, he threw himſelf on the grave; and hiding his face in the duſt, wept over it in ſilence that was interrupted only by groans. I, who had followed him unperceived, did not think it prudent to intrude upon the ſolemnity of his ſorrow, till the morning dawned: he was ſurprized, and I thought ſomewhat confounded to ſee me; he ſuffered me, however, to lead him away, but neither of us uttered a word.

He told me the next day, that he would trouble me a few nights longer for a lodging, and in the mean time think of ſome means by which he might obtain a ſubſiſtence: he was, indeed, totally deſtitute, without money and without a profeſſion; but he made no complaint, and obſtinately refuſed all pecuniary aſſiſtance.

In leſs than a week afterwards, having converted his watch, his ſword, a ſnuff-box, and ring, into money, he engaged as a common ſailor in a private undertaking to diſcover the north-weſt paſſage to India.

When he communicated this deſperate enterprize, he appeared perfectly compoſed; 'My dear 'friend,' ſaid he, 'it has been always my point 'of honour to obey the commands of GOD, the 'Prime Author of my being and the ultimate 'object of my hope, at whatever riſque; and I 'do not repent that I have ſteadily adhered to this principle at the expence of all that is valuable upon earth: I have ſuffered the loſs of 'fortune, of love, and of fame; but I have preſerved my integrity, and I know that I ſhall 'not loſe my reward. To theſe I would, indeed, add the eſteem, though not the love of 'Amelia. She will hear of me as degraded 'and diſinherited, a coward, a vagabond, and 'a fugitive; and her eſteem, I think, I have 'ſufficient reaſon to give up: grief will wound 'her deeper than contempt; it is, therefore, 'beſt that ſhe ſhould deſpiſe me. Some of 'thoſe by whom ſhe is addreſſed, deſerve her; 'and I ought not to withhold a felicity which 'I cannot enjoy. I ſhall embark to-morrow; 'and your friendly embrace is all the good that 'I expect to receive from this country, when I 'depart in ſearch of others which are unknown.'

To this addreſs I was not in a condition to reply; and perceiving that I was over-whelmed with grief, he left me, perhaps, leſt his purpoſe ſhould be ſhaken, and my weakneſs ſhould prove contagious.

On the morrow I attended him to the ſhip. He talked to me of indifferent things; and when we parted wring my hand, and turned from me abruptly without ſpeaking. I haſted into the boat which waited to bring me on ſhore, and would not again feel the pangs of yeſterday for all the kingdoms of the world.

Such is the friend I have loſt! ſuch is the man, whom the world has diſgraced for refuſing a challenge! But none who are touched with pity at his misfortunes, wiſh that he had avoided them by another conduct; and not to pity Eugenio, is ſurely to be a monſter rather than a man.

It may, perhaps, be queſtioned, whether I ought thus to have exhibited his ſtory under feigned names; or have a right to attempt that which he forbore. My love to him, is, indeed, my motive: but I think my conduct is juſt, when I conſider, that though it is poſſible that Amelia may by the peruſal of theſe papers ſuffer the moſt tender and therefore the moſt exquiſite diſtreſs, by the re-eſtabliſhment of her eſteem for him who moſt deſerves it; yet the world may derive new virtue from the dignity which the character of Eugenio reflects upon his conduct: his example is truly illuſtrious; and as it can ſcarce fail to excite emulation, it ought not to be concealed.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

BENEVOLUS.

No. LXVII. TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1753.

Inventas——vitam excoluere per artes. VIRG.

They poliſh life by uſeful arts.

THAT familiarity produces neglect, has been long obſerved. The effect of all external objects, however great or ſplendid, ceaſes with the novelty: the courtier ſtands without emotion in the royal preſence; the ruſtick tramples under his foot the beauties of the ſpring, with little attention to their colour or their fragrance; and the inhabitant of the coaſt darts his eye upon the immenſe diffuſion of waters, without awe, wonder, or terror.

Thoſe who have paſſed much of their lives in this great city, look upon its opulence and its multitudes, its extent and variety, with cold indifference; but an inhabitant of the remoter parts of the kingdom is immediately diſtinguiſhed by a kind of diſſipated curioſity, a buſy endeavour to divide his attention amongſt a thouſand objects, and a wild confuſion of aſtoniſhment and alarm.

The attention of a new comer is generally firſt ſtruck by the multiplicity of cries that ſtun him in the ſtreets, and the variety of merchandiſe and manufactures which the ſhopkeepers expoſe on every hand; and he is apt by unwary burſts of admiration, to excite the merriment and contempt of thoſe, who miſtake the uſe of their eyes for effects of their underſtanding, and confound accidental knowledge with juſt reaſoning.

But, ſurely, theſe are ſubjects on which any man may without reproach employ his meditations: the innumerable occupations among which the thouſands that ſwarm in the ſtreets of London are diſtributed, may furniſh employment to minds of every caſt, and capacities of every degree. He that contemplates the extent of this wonderful city, finds it difficult to conceive, by what method plenty is maintained in our markets, and how the inhabitants are regularly ſupplied with the neceſſaries of life; but when he examines the ſhops and warehouſes, ſees the immenſe ſtores of every kind of merchandiſe piled up for ſale, and runs over all the manufactures of art and products of nature, which are every where attracting his eye and ſoliciting his purſe, he will be inclined to conclude, that ſuch quantities cannot eaſily be exhauſted, and that part of mankind muſt ſoon ſtand ſtill for want of employment, till the wares already provided ſhall be worn out and deſtroyed.

As Socrates was paſſing through the fair at Athens, and caſting his eyes over the ſhops and cuſtomers; 'How many things are here,' ſays he, 'that I do not want!' The ſame ſentiment is every moment riſing in the mind of him that walks the ſtreets of London, however inferior in philoſophy to Socrates; he beholds a thouſand ſhops crowded with goods, of which he can ſcarcely tell the uſe, and which therefore he is apt to conſider as of no value; and, indeed, many of the arts by which families are ſupported, and wealth is heaped together, are of that minute and ſuperfluous kind, which nothing but experience could evince poſſible to be proſecuted with advantage, and which, as the world might eaſily want, it could ſcarcely be expected to encourage.

But ſo it is, that cuſtom, curioſity, or wantonneſs, ſupplies every art with patrons, and finds purchaſers for every manufacture. The world is ſo adjuſted, that not only bread, but riches, may be obtained without great abilities, or arduous performances: the moſt unſkilful hand and unenlightened mind have ſufficient incitements to induſtry; for he that is reſolutely buſy, can ſcarcely be in want. There is, indeed, no employment, however deſpicable, from which a man may not promiſe himſelf more than competence, when he ſees thouſands and myriads raiſed to dignity by no other merit than that of contributing to ſupply their neighbours with the means of ſucking ſmoke through a tube of clay; and others raiſing contributions upon thoſe whoſe elegance diſdains the groſſneſs of ſmoky luxury, by grinding the ſame materials into a powder that may at once gratify and impair the ſmell.

Not only by theſe popular and modiſh trifles,

but by a thouſand unheeded and evaneſcent kinds of buſineſs, are the multitudes of this city preſerved from idleneſs, and conſequently from want. In the endleſs variety of taſtes and circumſtances that diverſify mankind, nothing is ſo ſuperfluous, but that ſome one deſires it; or ſo common, but that ſome one is compelled to buy it. As nothing is uſeleſs but becauſe it is in improper hands, what is thrown away by one is gathered up by another; and the refuſe of part of mankind furniſhes a ſubordinate claſs with the materials neceſſary to their ſupport.

When I look round upon thoſe who are thus variouſly exerting their qualifications, I cannot but admire the ſecret concatenation of ſociety, that link together the great and the mean, the illuſtrious and the obſcure; and conſider with benevolent ſatisfaction, that no man, unleſs his body or mind be totally diſabled, has need to ſuffer the mortification of ſeeing himſelf uſeleſs or burdenſome to the community: he that will diligently labour, in whatever occupation, will deſerve the ſuſtenance which he obtains, and the protection which he enjoys; and may lie down every night with the pleaſing conſciouſneſs, of having contributed ſomething to the happineſs of life.

Contempt and admiration are equally incident to narrow minds: he whoſe comprehenſion can take in the whole ſubordination of mankind, and whoſe perſpicacity can pierce to the real ſtate of things through the thin veils of fortune or of faſhion, will diſcover meanneſs in the higheſt ſtations, and dignity in the meaneſt; and find that no man can become venerable but by virtue, or contemptible but by wickedneſs.

In the midſt of this univerſal hurry, no man ought to be ſo little influenced by example, or ſo void of honeſt emulation, as to ſtand a lazy ſpectator of inceſſant labour; or pleaſe himſelf with the mean happineſs of a drone, while the active ſwarms are buzzing about him: no man is without ſome quality, by the due application of which he might deſerve well of the world; and whoever he be that has but little in his power, ſhould be in haſte to do that little, leſt he be confounded with him that can do nothing.

By this general concurrence of endeavours, arts of every kind have been ſo long cultivated, that all the wants of man may be immediately ſupplied; idleneſs can ſcarcely form a wiſh which ſhe may not gratify by the toil of others, or curioſity dream of a toy, which the ſhops are not ready to afford her.

Happineſs is enjoyed only in proportion as it is known; and ſuch is the ſtate or folly of man, that it is known only by experience of its contrary: we who have long lived amidſt the conveniencies of a town immenſely populous, have ſcarce an idea of a place where deſire cannot be gratified by money. In order to have a juſt ſenſe of this artificial plenty, it is neceſſary to have paſſed ſome time in a diſtant colony, or thoſe parts of our iſland which are thinly inhabited: he that has once known how many trades every man in ſuch ſituations is compelled to exerciſe, with how much labour the products of nature muſt be accommodated to human uſe, how long the loſs or defect of any common utenſil muſt be endured, or by what aukward expedients it muſt be ſupplied, how far men may wander with money in their hands before any can ſell them what they wiſh to buy, will know how to rate at its proper value the plenty and eaſe of a great city.

But that the happineſs of man may ſtill remain imperfect, as wants in this place are eaſily ſupplied, new wants likewiſe are eaſily created; every man, in ſurveying the ſhops of London, ſees numberleſs inſtruments and conveniences, of which, while he did not know them, he never felt the need; and yet, when uſe has made them familiar, wonders how life could be ſupported without them. Thus it comes to paſs, that our deſires always increaſe with our poſſeſſions; the knowledge that ſomething remains yet unenjoyed, impairs our enjoyment of the good before us.

They who have been accuſtomed to the refinement of ſcience, and multiplications of contrivance, ſoon loſe their confidence in the unaſſiſted powers of nature, forget the paucity of our real neceſſities, and overlook the eaſy methods by which they may be ſupplied. It were a ſpeculation worthy of a philoſophical mind, to examine how much is taken away from our native abilities, as well as added to them by artificial expedients. We are ſo accuſtomed to give and receive aſſiſtance, that each of us ſingly can do little for himſelf; and there is ſcarce any one among us, however

contracted may be his form of life, who does not enjoy the labour of a thouſand artiſts.

But a ſurvey of the various nations that inhabit the earth will inform us, that life may be ſupported with leſs aſſiſtance; and that the dexterity which practice enforced by neceſſity produces, is able to effect much by very ſcanty means. The nations of Mexico and Peru erected cities and temples without the uſe of iron; and at this day the rude Indian ſupplies himſelf with all the neceſſaries of life: ſent, like the reſt of mankind, naked into the world, as ſoon as his parents have nurſed him up to ſtrength, he is to provide by his own labour for his own ſupport. His firſt care is to find a ſharp flint among the rocks; with this he undertakes to fell the trees of the foreſt; he ſhapes his bow, heads his arrows, builds his cottage, and hollows his canoe, and from that time lives in a ſtate of plenty and proſperity; he is ſheltered from the ſtorms, he is fortified againſt beaſts of prey, he is enabled to purſue the fiſh of the ſea, and the deer of the mountains; and as he does not know, does not envy the happineſs of poliſhed nations, where gold can ſupply the want of fortitude and ſkill, and he whoſe laborious anceſtors have made him rich, may lie ſtretched upon a couch, and ſee all the treaſures of all the elements poured down before him.

This picture of a ſavage life, if it ſhews how much individuals may perform, ſhews likewiſe how much ſociety is to be deſired. Though the perſeverance and addreſs of the Indian excite our admiration, they nevertheleſs cannot procure him the conveniences which are enjoyed by the vagrant beggar of a civilized country: he hunts like a wild beaſt to ſatisfy his hunger; and when he lies down to reſt after a ſucceſsful chace, cannot pronounce himſelf ſecure againſt the danger of periſhing in a few days; he is, perhaps, content with his condition, becauſe he knows not that a better is attainable by man; as he that is born blind does not long for the perception of light, becauſe he cannot conceive the advantages which light would afford him: but hunger, wounds, and wearineſs, are real evils, though he believes them equally incident to all his fellow creatures; and when a tempeſt compels him to lie ſtarving in his hut, he cannot juſtly be concluded equally happy with thoſe whom art has exempted from the power of chance, and who make the foregoing year provide for the following.

To receive and to communicate aſſiſtance, conſtitutes the happineſs of human life: man may indeed preſerve his exiſtence in ſolitude, but can enjoy it only in ſociety: the greateſt underſtanding of an individual, doomed to procure food and cloathing for himſelf, will barely ſupply him with expedients to keep off death from day to day; but as one of a larger community, performing only his ſhare to the common buſineſs, he gains leiſure for intellectual pleaſures, and enjoys the happineſs of reaſon and reflection.

No. LXVIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1753.

Nocet empta dolore voluptas. OVID.

How vain the joy for which our pain muſt pay.

IT has been remarked, that the play of brutes is always a mock fight; and, perhaps, this is equally true of all the ſports that have been invented by reaſon for the amuſement of mankind. The celebrated games of antiquity were ſomething more; the conflict was often fatal, and the pleaſure of the ſpectators ſeems to have been proportioned to the danger of the combatants: nor does it appear that any ſport has been ſince contrived, which can gratify pure benevolence, or entertain without producing an oppoſition of intereſt. There are, indeed, many external advantages which it has never been thought immoral to acquire, though an oppoſition of intereſt is neceſſarily implied; advantages which, like a ſtake at cards, one party can only gain by the loſs of the other; for wealth and poverty, obſcurity and diſtinction, command and ſervitude, are mutually relative, and the exiſtence of each is by each reciprocally derived and given.

Play, therefore, is not unlawful, merely as a conteſt; nor can the pleaſure of them that

win, be imputed to a criminal want of benevolence in this ſtate of imperfection, merely becauſe it is enjoyed at the expence of thoſe who loſe. But as in buſineſs, it has never been held lawful to circumvent thoſe whom we deſire to excel; ſo in play, the chance of loſs and gain ought to be always equal; at leaſt, each party ſhould be apprized of the force employed againſt him; and if then he plays againſt odds, no man has a right to enquire his motive, though a good man would decline to engage him.

There is, however, one ſpecies of diverſion which has not been generally condemned, though it is produced by an attack upon thoſe who have not voluntarily entered the liſts; who find themſelves buffeted in the dark, and have neither means of defence nor poſſibility of advantage.

Theſe feats are atchieved by the knights errant of mirth, and known by the name of Frolics: under this name, indeed, many ſpecies of wanton cruelty have been practiſed without incurring the infamy, or raiſing the indignation, which they deſerve; and it is extremely difficult to fix upon any certain criterion, by which frolics may be diſtinguiſhed into criminal and innocent. If we could diſcern effects while they are involved in their cauſes, and aſcertain every remote conſequence of our own actions, perhaps theſe ſallies might be allowed under the ſame reſtrictions as raillery: the falſe alarms and ridiculous diſtreſs into which others are betrayed to make us ſport, ſhould be ſuch only as will be ſubjects of merriment even to the ſufferer when they are paſt, and remembered neither with reſentment nor regret: but as every action may produce effects over which human power has no influence, and which human ſagacity cannot foreſee; we ſhould not lightly venture to the verge of evil, nor ſtrike at others, though with a reed, leſt, like the rod of Moſes, it become a ſerpent in our hands.

During the hard froſt in the year MDCCXL four young gentlemen of conſiderable rank rode into an inn, near one of the principal avenues to this city, at eleven o'clock at night, without any attendant; and having expreſſed uncommon concern about their horſes, and overlooked the proviſion that was made for them, called for a room; ordering wine and tobacco to be brought in, and declaring, that as they were to ſet out very early in the morning, it was not worth while to go to bed. Before the waiter returned, each of them had laid a pocket piſtol upon the table, which when he entered they appeared to be very ſolicitous to conceal, and ſhewed ſome confuſion at the ſurprize. They perceived with great ſatisfaction, that the fellow was alarmed at his diſcovery; and having upon various pretences called him often into the room, one of them contrived to pull out a maſk with his handkerchief from the pocket of a horſeman's coat. They diſcourſed in dark and ambiguous terms, affected a buſy and anxious circumſpection, urged the man often to drink, and ſeemed deſirous to render him ſubſervient to ſome purpoſe which they were unwilling to diſcover. They endeavoured to conciliate his good will, by extravagant commendations of his dexterity and diligence, and encouraged him to familiarity by aſking him many queſtions: he was, however, ſtill cautious and reſerved; one of them, therefore, pretending to have known his mother, put a crown into his hand, and ſoon after took an opportunity to aſk him at what hour a ſtage coach, the paſſengers of which they intended to HUMBUG, ſet out in the morning, whether it was full, and if it was attended with a guard.

The man was now confirmed in his ſuſpicions; and though he had accepted the bribe, reſolved to diſcover the ſecret. Having evaded the queſtions with as much art as he could, he went to his maſter, Mr. Spiggot, who was then in bed, and acquainted him with what he had obſerved.

Mr. Spiggot immediately got up, and held a conſultation with his wife what was to be done. She adviſed him immediately to ſend for the conſtable with proper aſſiſtants, and ſecure them: but he conſidered, that as this would probably prevent a robbery, it would deprive him of an opportunity to gain a very conſiderable ſum, which he would become intitled to upon their conviction, if he could apprehend them after the fact; he therefore very prudently called up four or five of the oſtlers that belonged to the yard, and having communicated his ſuſpicious and deſign, engaged them to enliſt under his command as an eſcort to the coach, and to watch the motions of the highwaymen as he ſhould direct. But mine hoſt alſo

wiſely conſidering, that this expedition would be attended with certain expence, and that the profit which he hoped was contingent, acquainted the paſſengers with their danger, and propoſed that a guard ſhould be hired by a voluntary contribution; a propoſal, to which, upon a ſight of the robbers through the window, they readily agreed. Spiggot was now ſecured againſt pecuniary loſs at all events, and about three o'clock the knights of the frolic with infinite ſatisfaction beheld five paſſengers, among whom there was but one gentleman, ſtep into the coach with the aſpect of criminals going to execution; and enjoyed the ſignificant ſigns which paſſed between them and the landlord, concerning the precautions taken for their defence.

As ſoon as the coach was gone, the ſuppoſed highwaymen paid their reckoning in great haſte, and called for their horſes: care had already been taken to ſaddle them; for it was not Mr. Spiggot's deſire that the adventurers ſhould go far before they executed their purpoſe: and as ſoon as they departed he prepared to follow them with his poſſe. He was, indeed, greatly ſurprized to ſee that they turned the contrary way when they went out of the inn yard; but he ſuppoſed they might chuſe to take a ſmall circuit to prevent ſuſpicion, as they might eaſily overtake the coach whenever they would: he determined, however, to keep behind them; and therefore, inſtead of going after the coach, followed them at a diſtance, till, to his utter diſappointment, he ſaw them perſiſt in a different route, and at length turn into an inn in Piccadilly, where ſeveral ſervants in livery appeared to have been waiting for them, and where his curioſity was ſoon gratified with their characters and their names.

In the mean time the coach proceeded in its journey. The panic of the paſſengers increaſed upon perceiving that the guard which they had hired did not come up; and they began to accuſe Spiggot of having betrayed them to the robbers for a ſhare of the booty: they could not help looking every moment from the window, though it was ſo dark that a waggon could not have been ſeen at the diſtance of twenty yards: every tree was miſtaken for a man and horſe, the noiſe of the vehicle in which they rode was believed to be the trampling of purſuers, and they expected every moment to hear the coachman commanded to ſtop, and to ſee a piſtol thruſt in among them with the dreadful injunction—'Deliver your 'money.'

Thus far the diſtreſs, however great and unmerited, will be deemed ridiculous; the ſufferers will appear to have ingeniouſly tormented themſelves, by the ſagacity with which they reaſoned from appearances intended to deceive them, and their ſolicitude to prevent miſchiefs which none would attempt.

But it happened that when the coach had got about two miles out of town, it was overtaken by a horſeman who rode very hard, and called out with great eagerneſs to the driver to ſtop: this incident among perſons who had ſuffered perpetual apprehenſion and alarm from the moment they ſet out, produced a proportionate effect. The wife of the gentleman was ſo terrified, that ſhe ſunk down from her ſeat; and he was ſo much convinced of his danger, ſo touched at her diſtreſs, and ſo incenſed againſt the ruffian who had produced it, that without uttering a word, he drew a piſtol from his pocket, and ſeeing the man parley with the coachman, who had now ſtopped his horſes, he ſhot him dead upon the ſpot.

The man, however, who had thus fallen the victim of a frolic, was ſoon known to be the ſervant of a lady who had paid earneſt for the vacant place in the ſtage; and having by ſome accident been delayed till it was ſet out, had followed it in a hackney-coach, and ſent him before her to detain it till ſhe came up.

Here the ridicule is at an end; and we are ſurprized that we did not ſooner reflect that the company had ſufficient cauſe for their fear and their precaution, and that the frolic was nothing more than a lye, which it would have been folly not to believe, and preſumption to diſregard.

The next day, while the bucks were entertaining a polite circle at White's with an account of the farce they had played the night before, news arrived of the cataſtrophe. A ſudden confuſion covered every countenance: and they remained ſome time ſilent, looking upon each other, mutually accuſed, reproached and condemned.

This favourable moment was improved by a gentleman, who, though ſometimes

ſometimes ſeen in that aſſembly, is yet eminent for his humanity and his wiſdom. 'A man,' ſaid he, 'who found himſelf bewildered in 'the intricacies of a labyrinth, when the ſun 'was going down, would think himſelf happy, 'if a clue ſhould be put into his hand by which 'he might be led out in ſafety: he would not, 'ſurely, quit it for a moment, becauſe it might 'poſſibly be recovered; and, if he did, would 'be in perpetual danger of ſtumbling upon 'ſome other wanderer, and bringing a common 'calamity upon both. In the maze of life 'we are often bewildered, and darkneſs ſur-'round us: but every one may at leaſt danger 'and ſecure conſcience againſt the power of 'accident, by adhering inviolably to that rule, 'by which we are enjoined to abſtain even from 'the APPEARANCES OF EVIL.'

No. LXIX. TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1753.

Fere libenter homines id quod volunt credunt. CÆSAR.

Men willingly believe what they wiſh to be true.

TULLY has long ago obſerved, that no man, however weakened by long life, is o conſcious of his own decrepitude, as not to imagine that he may yet hold his ſtation in the world for another year.

Of the truth of this remark every day furniſhes new confirmation: there is no time of life in which men for the moſt part ſeem leſs to expect the ſtroke of death, than when every other eye ſees it impending; or are more buſy in providing for another year, than when it is plain to all but themſelves, that at another year they cannot arrive. Though every funeral that paſſes before their eyes evinces the deceitfulneſs of ſuch expectations, ſince every man who is borne to the grave thought himſelf equally certain of living at leaſt to the next year; the ſurvivor ſtill continues to flatter himſelf, and is never at a loſs for ſome reaſon why his life ſhould be protracted, and the voracity of death continue to be pacified with ſome other prey.

But this is only one of the innumerable artifices practiſed in the univerſal conſpiracy of mankind againſt themſelves: every age and every condition indulges ſome darling fallacy; every man amuſes himſelf with projects which he knows to be improbable, and which, therefore, he reſolves to purſue without daring to examine them. Whatever any man ardently deſires, he very readily believes that he ſhall ſome time attain: he whoſe intemperance has overwhelmed him with diſeaſes, while he languiſhes in the ſpring, expects vigour and recovery from the ſummer ſun; and while he melts away in the ſummer, transfers his hopes to the froſts of winter: he that gazes upon elegance or pleaſure, which want of money hinders him from imitating or partaking, comforts himſelf that the time of diſtreſs will ſoon be at an end, and that every day brings him nearer to a ſtate of happineſs; though he knows it has paſſed not only without acquiſition of advantage, but perhaps without endeavours after it, in the formation of ſchemes that cannot be executed, and in the contemplation of proſpects which cannot be approached.

Such is the general dream in which we all ſlumber out our time: every man thinks the day coming, in which he ſhalll be gratified with all his wiſhes, in which he ſhall leave all thoſe competitors behind, who are now rejoicing like himſelf in the expectation of victory; the day is always coming to the ſervile in which they ſhall be powerful, to the obſcure in which they ſhall be eminent, and to the deformed in which they ſhall be beautiful.

If any of my readers has looked with ſo little attention on the world about him, as to imagine this repreſentation exaggerated beyond probability, let him reflect a little upon his own life; let him conſider what were his hopes and proſpects ten years ago, and what additions he then expected to be made by ten years to his happineſs: thoſe years are now elapſed; have they made good the promiſe that was extorted from them, have they advanced his fortune, enlarged his knowledge, or reformed his conduct, to the degree that was once expected? I am afraid, that every man that recollects his hopes, muſt confeſs his diſappointment;

and own, that day has glided unprofitably after day, and that he is ſtill at the ſame diſtance from the point of happineſs.

With what conſolations can thoſe who have thus miſcarried in their chief deſign, elude the memory of their ill ſucceſs? with what amuſements can they pacify their diſcontent, after the loſs of ſo large a portion of life; they can give themſelves up again to the ſame deluſions, they can form new ſchemes of airy gratifications, and fix another period of felicity; they can again reſolve to truſt the promiſe which they know will be broken, they can walk in a circle with their eyes ſhut, and perſuade themſelves to think that they go forward.

Of every great and complicated event, part depends upon cauſes out of our power, and part muſt be effected by vigour and perſeverance. With regard to that which is ſtiled in common language the work of chance, men will always find reaſons for confidence or diſtruſt, according to their different tempers or inclinations; and he that has been long accuſtomed to pleaſe himſelf with poſſibilities of fortuitous happineſs, will not eaſily or willingly be reclaimed from his miſtake. But the effects of human induſtry and ſkill are more eaſily ſubjected to calculation: whatever can be completed in a year is diviſible into parts, of which each may be performed in the compaſs of a day; he therefore that has paſſed the day without attention to the taſk aſſigned him, may be certain that the lapſe of life has brought him no nearer to his object: for whatever idleneſs may expect from time, its produce will be only in proportion to the diligence with which it has been uſed. He that floats lazily down the ſtream, in purſuit of ſomething borne along by the ſame current, will find himſelf indeed move forward; but unleſs he lays his hand to the oar, and increaſes his ſpeed by his own labour, muſt be always at the ſame diſtance from that which he is following.

There have happened in every age ſome contingencies of unexpected and undeſerved ſucceſs, by which thoſe who are determined to believe whatever favours their inclinations, have been encouraged to delight themſelves with future advantages; they ſupport confidence by conſiderations, of which the only proper uſe is to chaſe away deſpair: it is equally abſurd to ſit down in idleneſs becauſe ſome have been enriched without labour, as to leap a precipice becauſe ſome have fallen and eſcaped with life, or to put to ſea in a ſtorm becauſe ſome have been driven from a wreck upon the coaſt to which they are bound.

We are all ready to confeſs, that belief ought to be proportioned to evidence or probability: let any man, therefore, compare the number of thoſe who have been thus favoured by fortune, and of thoſe who have failed of their expectations, and he will eaſily determine, with what juſtneſs he has regiſtered himſelf in the lucky catalogue.

But there is no need on theſe occaſions for deep enquiries or laborious calculations; there is a far eaſier method of diſtinguiſhing the hopes of folly from thoſe of reaſon, of finding the difference between proſpects that exiſt before the eyes, and thoſe that are only painted on a fond imagination. Tom Drowſy had accuſtomed himſelf to compute the profit of a darling project, till he had no longer any doubt of its ſucceſs; it was at laſt matured by cloſe conſideration, all the meaſures were accurately adjuſted, and he wanted only five hundred pounds to become maſter of a fortune that might be envied by a director of a trading company. Tom was generous and grateful, and was reſolved to recompenſe this ſmall aſſiſtance with an ample fortune: he therefore deliberated for a time, to whom amongſt his friends he ſhould declare his neceſſities; not that he ſuſpected a refuſal, but becauſe he could not ſuddenly determine which of them would make the beſt uſe of riches, and was, therefore, moſt worthy of his favour. At laſt his choice was ſettled; and knowing that in order to borrow he muſt ſhew the probability of repayment, he prepared for a minute and copious explanation of his project. But here the golden dream was at an end: he ſoon diſcovered the impoſſibility of impoſing upon others the notions by which he had ſo long impoſed upon himſelf; which way ſoever he turned his thoughts, impoſſibility and abſurdity aroſe in oppoſition on every ſide; even credulity and prejudice were at laſt forced to give way, and he grew aſhamed of crediting himſelf what ſhame would not ſuffer to communicate to another.

To this teſt let every man bring his imaginations, before they have been too long predominant in his mind. Whatever is true will bear to be related, whatever is rational will endure to be explained: but when we delight to brood in ſecret over future happineſs, and ſilently to employ our meditations upon ſchemes of which we are conſcious that the bare mention would expoſe us to deriſion and contempt; we ſhould then remember, that we are cheating ourſelves by voluntary deluſions; and giving up to the unreal mockeries of fancy, thoſe hours in which ſolid advantages might be attained by ſober thought and rational aſſiduity.

There is, indeed, ſo little certainty in human affairs, that the moſt cautious and ſevere examiner may be allowed to indulge ſome hopes, which he cannot prove to be much favoured by probability; ſince after his utmoſt endeavours to aſcertain events, he muſt often leave the iſſue in the hands of chance. And ſo ſcanty is our preſent allowance of happineſs, that in many ſituations life could ſcarcely be ſupported, if hope were not allowed to relieve the preſent hour by pleaſures borrowed from futurity; and reanimate the languor of dejection to new efforts, by pointing to diſtant regions of felicity, which yet no reſolution or perſeverance ſhall ever reach.

But theſe, like all other cordials, though they may invigorate in a ſmall quantity, intoxicate in a greater; theſe pleaſures, like the reſt, are lawful only in certain circumſtances, and to certain degrees; they may be uſeful in a due ſubſerviency to nobler purpoſes, but become dangerous and deſtructive when once they gain the aſcendant in the heart: to ſooth the mind to tranquillity by hope, even when that hope is likely to deceive us, may be ſometimes uſeful; but to lull our faculties in a lethargy, is poor and deſpicable.

Vices and errors are differently modified, according to the ſtate of the minds to which they are incident. To indulge hope beyond the warrant of reaſon, is the failure alike of mean and elevated underſtandings; but its foundation and its effects are totally different: the man of high courage and great abilities, is apt to place too much confidence in himſelf, and to expect from a vigorous exertion of his powers more than ſpirit or diligence can attain; between him and his wiſh he ſees obſtacles indeed, but he expects to overleap or break them; his miſtaken ardour hurries him forward; and though perhaps he miſſes his end, he nevertheleſs obtains ſome collateral good, and performs ſomething uſeful to mankind and honourable to himſelf.

The drone of timidity preſumes likewiſe to hope, but without ground and without conſequence; the bliſs with which he ſolaces his hours, he always expects from others, though very often he knows not from whom; he folds his arms about him, and ſits in expectation of ſome revolution in the ſtate that ſhall raiſe him to greatneſs, or ſome golden ſhower that ſhall load him with wealth; he dozes away the day in muſing upon the morrow; and at the end of life is rouzed from his dream only to diſcover that the time of action is paſt, and that he can now ſhew his wiſdom only by repentance.

T

No. LXX. SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1753.

Virtus, repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
Nec ſumit aut ponit ſecures,
Arbitrio popularis auræ. HOR.

Stranger to folly and to fear,
With pure untainted honour bright,
Virtue diſdains to lend an ear
To the mad people's ſenſe of right.

MR. ADVENTURER,

I AM the perſon whom your correſpondent Benevolus has thought fit to mention by the name of Agreſtis. There are ſome particulars in my character, which, perhaps, he has miſtaken: but I love plain dealing; and as he did not intend to flatter me, I forgive him. Perhaps my heart is as warm as another's, and I am no ſtranger to any principles that would lead a man to a handſome thing. But to the point. I approve your publiſhing the ſtory of Eugenio; and I am determined the world ſhall not loſe the ſequel of it, in which you are more concerned than perhaps you may imagine.

You muſt know, Sir, that I had obſerved my girl to go moping about of late more than common; though in truth ſhe has been ſomewhat grave ever ſince ſhe diſmiſſed Ventoſus. I was determined to keep an eye upon her; and ſo watching her pretty cloſely, I catched her laſt Saturday was ſev'night almoſt drowned in tears with your paper in her hand. I laid hold of it in an inſtant; and putting on my ſpectacles, began to read, with a ſhrewd ſuſpicion that I ſhould find out a ſecret. Her paſſion of crying ſtill increaſed: and when I had looked here and there in the paper, I was convinced that ſhe was by ſome means deeply intereſted in the ſtory, which, indeed, appeared to me to be full of misfortune. In ſhort, I preſſed her ſo home upon the ſubject, that ſhe put the other two papers into my hand, and telling me who were meant by the names, I began to read with great eagerneſs; though, to confeſs a truth, I could ſcarce ſee the three laſt pages. 'Odds my life,' thinks I, 'what 'an honeſt fellow this Eugenio is!' and, leering up at my girl, I thought I never ſaw her look ſo like her mother before. I took her about the neck and kiſſed her; but I did not tell her what I had in my head: however, to encourage her, I bid her be a good child; and inſtantly ordering my coach, I went directly to Benevolus, of whom I enquired the ſhip's name on board of which Eugenio was embarked, and when ſhe ſailed. The doctor, whether he gueſſed at my intention or not, looked as if he would have leaped out of his ſkin; and told me, with a kind of wild eagerneſs, that the veſſel having met with an accident in going out was put back, and then lay in the river near Graveſend.

With this intelligence I returned to my daughter, and told her my mind. Emmy,' ſays I, 'the Captain was always in my opini-'on a worthy man; and when I had reaſon to 'believe you liked him, I did not reſolve to 'part you becauſe he was without a title or 'an eſtate, but becauſe I could not be recon-'ciled to his profeſſion. I was determined 'you ſhould never marry a cockade, and carry 'a knapſack; and if he had been a general 'officer, I would have preferred an honeſt ci-'tizen, who encourages trade and navigation, 'before him. Beſides, I was angry that you 'ſhould hold a private correſpondence, and 'think to carry your point without me: but 'you were greatly miſrepreſented; ſo was the 'Captain. He has gallantly removed all my 'objections at once; he is not now in the 'army, nor has he ever attempted to ſubvert 'my authority; he is a true heart, and I feel 'that I love him as my ſon. He is ſtill 'within reach, and you ſhall this moment 'write to him, with your own hand, and tell 'him that I ſay he ſhall be your huſband. I 'have money enough for ye both; and if I 'pleaſe, I can make him a lord.' The poor

child at with her handkerchief up to her eyes while I was ſpeaking, and I did not immediately perceive, that upon hearing the Captain was not gone, ſhe had fainted. We could ſcarce keep life in her for above two hours; but at laſt ſhe a little recovered her ſpirits, and brought me the following billet.

TO EUGENIO.

SIR,

MY dear papa commands me to intreat, that you would immediately come on ſhore, and from this hour conſider his houſe as your own. He is greatly affected with the ſtory of your generoſity and diſtreſs, which he has juſt learnt by an accident which I cannot now communicate; and he is determined to make you his heir, without prejudice to, Sir, your humble ſervant,

AMELIA.

When I had peruſed this epiſtle, 'Pſhaw,' ſays I, 'put Affectionate at the end of it, or 'elſe he won't come now.' This made her ſmile. I was glad to ſee her look chearful; and having with ſome difficulty procured the proper addition, I diſpatched the letter inſtantly by my own ſervant on horſeback, and ordered a light chariot and four to follow him, and take up Eugenio's friend the doctor by the way. I will not tell you, Sir, how Eugenio, as he is called, behaved upon the receipt of this letter; it is enough, that in about eight hours he arrived with his friend at my houſe; neither will I tell you how the lovers behaved when they met; it is enough, that they are to be married next Thurſday. I add ſome particulars for your private inſpection in the poſtſcript, that you may give us your company at the wedding. I dare ſay you will ſhare the happineſs of which you have been the inſtrument; and I aſſure you that you will be extremely welcome to the company, but to none more than to

Yours heartily,

AGRESTIS.

I am extremely obliged to Agreſtis for his poſtſcript, but yet more for his letter; which, if I may be allowed to judge by its effect, is the moſt eloquent performance I ever read; its excellence, I am perſuaded, will be univerſally acknowledged, becauſe it will be felt. I ſhall, however, add ſome remarks, which, perhaps, may not occur to every mind, as every mind has not acquired a habit of ſpeculation.

Eugenio's heroic perſeverance in virtue, though it appeared to preclude all his hopes of temporal advantage, yet eventually fulfilled them. If he had with leſs generoſity engaged in a clandeſtine love, either he would have forfeited the eſteem of Amelia, or ſhe would have incurred the reſentment of her father; if he had ſucceeded to the remains of his paternal eſtate, he might ſtill have been ſuſpected by Agreſtis; and if he had continued in the army, however preferred, he would ſtill have been diſapproved.

Thus, perhaps, if remote conſequences could be diſcovered by human foreſight, we ſhould ſee the wiſdom and the kindneſs of DIVINE PRESCRIPTION; we ſhould ſee, that the precepts which we are now urged to neglect by our deſire of happineſs, were given to prevent our being precipitated by error into miſery; at leaſt, it would appear, that if ſome immediate advantage is gained by the individual, an equivalent loſs is ſuſtained by ſociety; and as ſociety is only an aggregation of individuals, he who ſeeks his own advantage at the expence of ſociety, cannot long be exempted from the general calamity which he contributes to produce.

Such is the neceſſary imperfection of human laws, that many private injuries are perpetrated of which they take no cognizance: but if theſe were allowed to be puniſhed by the individual againſt whom they are committed, every man would be judge and executioner in his own cauſe, and univerſal anarchy would immediately follow. The laws, therefore, by which this practice is prohibited, ought to be held more ſacred than any other: and the violation of them is ſo far from being neceſſary to prevent an imputation of cowardice, that they are enforced, even among thoſe in whom cowardice is puniſhed with death, by the following clauſe in the nineteenth Article of War.

'Nor ſhall any officer or ſoldier upbraid an-'other for Refuſing a Challenge; ſince, ac-'cording to theſe our orders, they do but the 'Duty of Soldiers, who ought to ſubject them-'ſelves to diſcipline; and we do acquit and

'discharge all men who have quarrels offered, 'or challenges sent to them, of all disgrace 'or opinion of disadvantage in their obedi- 'ence hereunto: and whoever shall upbraid 'them, or offend in this case, shall be punished 'as a Challenger.'

It is to be presumed, that of this clause no gentleman in the army is ignorant; and those who by the arrogance of their folly labour to render it ineffectual, should as enemies to their Country, be driven out of it with detestation and contempt.'

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE

ADVENTURER.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

No. LXXI. TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1753.

——*Hominem pagina noſtra ſapit.* MART.

We ſtrive to paint the manners and the mind.

LETTERS written from the heart and on real occaſions, though not always decorated with the flowers of eloquence, muſt be far more uſeful and intereſting than the ſtudied paragraphs of Pliny, or the pompous declamations of Balſac; as they contain juſt pictures of life and manners, and are the genuine emanations of nature. Of this kind I ſhall ſelect a few from the heap I have received from my correſpondents; each of which exhibits a different character, not exaggerated and heightened by circumſtances that paſs the bounds of reality.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR, SOMBRE-HALL, JUNE 18.

I AM arrived with Sir Nicholas at this melancholy moated manſion. Would I could be annihilated during the inſupportable tediouſneſs of ſummer! We are to ſup this evening, after having fiſhed the whole afternoon, by daylight, think of that, in the new arbour. My uncle, poor man, imagines he has a finer and richer proſpect from thence, than the illuminated viſtas at Vauxhall afford, only becauſe he ſees a parcel of woods and meadows, and blue hills, and corn-fields. We have been viſited by our only neighbour, Mrs. Thrifty, who entertained us with a dull hiſtory of the children ſhe has educated at a little ſchool of her own founding, and who values herſelf for not having been in town theſe ten years, and for not knowing what a drum means. My ſiſter and I have laid a ſcheme to plague her, for we have ſent her a card, entreating her to make one at Brag next Sunday. For heaven's ſake ſend us your paper weekly, but do not give us ſo many grave ones; for we want to be diverted after ſtudying Hoyle, which we do for three hours every afternoon with great attention, that the time may not paſs away totally uſeleſs, and that we may be a match for Lady Shuffle next winter. Let us know what is done at the next Jubilee Maſquerade. How ſhall I have patience to ſupport my abſence from it! And if Madam de Pompadour comes over, as was reported when I left town, impart to us a minute account of the complexion ſhe now wears, and of every article of her dreſs: any milliner will explain the terms to you. I do not ſee that you have yet publiſhed the little novel I ſent you; I aſſure you it was written by a right honourable: but you, I ſuppoſe, think the ſtyle colloquial as you call it, and the moral trite or trifling. Colonel Caper's Pindaric Ode on the E O table muſt abſolutely be inſerted in your very next paper, or elſe never expect to hear again from

LETITIA.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I APPLY to you, as a perſon of prudence and knowledge of the world, for directions how to extricate myſelf out of a great and uncommon dif-

ficulty. To enable myself to breed up a numerous family on a small preferment, I have been advised to indulge my natural propensity for poetry, and to write a tragedy: my design is to apprentice my eldest son to a reputable tradesman, with the profits I shall acquire by the representation of my play, being deterred by the inordinate expences of an university education from making him a scholar. An old gentlewoman in my parish, a great reader of religious controversy, whom celibacy and the reduction of interest have made morosely devout, accidentally hearing of my performance, undertook to censure me in all companies with acrimony and zeal, as acting inconsistently with the dignity of my public character, and as a promoter of debauchery and lewdness. She has informed my church-wardens, that the play-house is the temple of Satan, and that the first Christians were strictly forbidden to enter the theatres, as places impure and contagious. My congregations grow thin; my clerk shakes his head, and fears his master is not so sound as he ought to be. I was lately discoursing on the beautiful parable of the prodigal son, and most unfortunately quoted Erasmus's observation on it, 'ex 'quo quidem argumento posset non inelegans 'texi comedia—on which subject a most ele-'gant comedy might be composed;' which has ruined me for ever, and destroyed all the little respect remaining for me in the minds of my parishioners. 'What!' cried they, 'would 'the parson put the Bible into verse? would 'he make stage-plays out of the Scripture?' How, Sir, am I to act? Assist me with your advice. Am I for ever to bear unreasonable obloquy, and undeserved reproach? or must I, to regain the good opinion of my people, relinquish all hopes of the five hundred pounds I was to gain by my piece, and generously burn my tragedy in my church-yard, in the face of my whole congregation? Yours, &c.

JACOB THOMASON.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I HAD almost finished a view of the inside of St. Peter's at Rome in BUTTERFLY-WORK, when my cruel parroquet accidentally trod upon the PURPLE EMPEROR, of which the high altar was to have been made. This is the first letter I have written after my dreadful loss; and it is to desire you to put an advertisement at the end of your next paper, signifying, that whoever has any 'purple emperors or swal-'low tails' to dispose of, may hear of a purchaser at Lady Whim's in New Bond Street.

Yours, &c.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IF you will pay off my milk-score and lodging, stop my taylor from arresting me, and put twenty pieces in my pocket, I will immediately set out for Lyons on foot, and stay there till I have translated into English the manuscript of Longinus which you talk of in your fifty-first paper. Favour me with a speedy answer, directed to Mr. Quillit, at the cork-cutter's in Wych Street, Drury Lane.

P. S. Seven booksellers have already applied to me, and offer to pay me very generously for my translation, especially as there is no French one for me to consult.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

YOU affect great tenderness and sensibility whenever you speak of the ladies. I have always despised them as trifling and expensive animals; and have therefore enjoyed the delicious liberty of what they idly and opprobriously call an old batchelor. I consider love in no other light, than as the parent of misery and folly, and the son of idleness and ease. I am, therefore, inexpressibly delighted with a passage of uncommon sense and penetration, which I lately met with in the works of the celebrated Huet; and which, because no English writer has taken notice of it, I beg you would publish for the use of my countrymen, as it will impart to them a method of escaping the despicable lot of living under female tyranny.

'Love,' says this judicious prelate, 'is 'not only a passion of the soul like hatred 'and envy, but is also a malady of the 'body like a fever. It is situated in the blood 'and the animal spirits, which are extraordi-'narily inflamed and agitated; and it ought 'to be treated methodically by the rules of me-'dicine, in order to effect a cure. I am of

'opinion, that this diſorder may eaſily be ſub-
'dued by plentiful ſweats and copious bleed-
'ings, which would carry off the peccant hu-
'mours and theſe violent inflammations, would
'purge the blood, calm its emotion, and re-
'eſtabliſh it in its former natural ſtate. This
'is not merely groundleſs conjecture, it is an
'opinion founded on experience. A great
'prince, with whom I was intimately acquaint-
'ed, having conceived a violent paſſion for a
'young lady of exalted merit, was obliged to
'leave her, and to take the field with the army.
'During this abſence, his love was cheriſhed
'and kept alive by a very frequent and regular
'intercourſe of letters to the end of the cam-
'paign, when a dangerous ſickneſs reduced
'him to extremity. By applying to the moſt
'powerful and efficacious drugs phyſic could
'boaſt of, he recovered his health, but loſt his
'paſſion, which the great evacuations he had
'uſed had entirely carried off unknown to him.
'For imagining that he was as much in love as
'ever, he found himſelf unexpectedly cold and
'indifferent, the firſt time he beheld again the
'lady of whom he had been ſo paſſionately
'fond. The like accident befel one of my
'moſt intimate friends, who recovering from a
'long and ſtubborn fever by falling into co-
'pious ſweats, perceived at the ſame time that
'he was cured of a paſſion that for ſome time
'before had continually teized and grievouſly
'tormented him. He had no longer any taſte
'for the object he formerly adored, attempted
'in vain to renew his gallantries, and found
'that inſenſibility and diſlike had baniſhed
'tenderneſs and reſpect.' I am your's,

AKALOS.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IN one of your late ſermons, I am informed, for I never read myſelf, that you have preſumed to ſpeak with ridicule and contempt of the noble order of Bucks. Seven of us agreed laſt night at the King's Arms, that if you dared to be guilty of the like impudence a ſecond time, we would come in a body and untile your garret, burn your pocket-book of hints, throw your papers ready written for the preſs into a jakes, and drive you out into the Strand in your tattered night-gown and ſlippers: and you may gueſs what a fine ſpectacle the mob will think an animal that ſo ſeldom ſees the ſun as you do. I aſſure you, that next to a day at Broughton's, or the damnation of a new play, the trueſt joy of our fraternity is, to hunt an 'author.' Your's,

Z BOB WHIPCLEAN.

No. LXXII. SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1753.

Πόλλα μεταξὺ πέλει κύλυκος καὶ χείλεος ἀκρῦ. PROV. GR.

Many things happen between the cup and the lip.

THE following narrative is by an eaſtern tradition attributed to one Heli Ben Hamet, a moraliſt of Arabia, who is ſaid to have delivered his precepts in public and periodical orations. This tradition correſponds with the manner in which the narrative is introduced; and, indeed, it may poſſibly have no other foundation: but the tradition itſelf, however founded, is ſufficient authority to conſider Heli as the literary Adventurer of a remote age and nation; and as only one number of his work is extant, I ſhall not ſcruple to incorporate it with my own.

DOST thou aſk a torch to diſcover the brightneſs of the morning? doſt thou appeal to argument for proofs of Divine Perfection? Look down to the earth on which thou ſtandeſt, and lift up thine eye to the worlds that roll above thee. Thou beholdeſt ſplendor, abundance, and beauty; is not He who produced them Mighty? Thou conſidereſt; is not He who formed thy underſtanding, Wiſe? Thou enjoyeſt; is not He who gratifies thy ſenſes, Good? Can aught have limited his bounty but his wiſdom? or can defects in his ſagacity be diſcovered by thine? To Heli, the preacher of humility and reſignation, let thine ear be again attentive, thou whoſe heart has rebelled in ſecret, and whoſe wiſh has ſilently accuſed thy Maker.

I roſe early in the morning to meditate, that I might without preſumption hope to be heard. I left my habitation; and, turning

from the beaten path, I wandered without remarking my way, or regarding any object that I paſſed, till the extreme heat of the ſun, which now approached the meridian, compelled my attention. The wearineſs which I had inſenſibly contracted by the length of my walk, became in a moment inſupportable; and looking round for ſhelter, I ſuddenly perceived that I was not far from the wood in which Rhedi the hermit inveſtigates the ſecrets of nature, and aſcribes glory to GOD. The hope of improving my meditation by his wiſdom, gave me new vigour; I ſoon reached the wood, I was refreſhed by the ſhade, and I walked forward till I reached the cell. I entered, but Rhedi was abſent. I had not, however, waited long, before I diſcovered him through the trees at ſome diſtance, advancing towards me with a perſon whoſe appearance was, if poſſible, yet more venerable, and whom before I had never ſeen.

When they came near I roſe up, and, laying my hand upon my lips, I bowed myſelf with reverence before them. Rhedi ſaluted me by my name, and preſented me to his companion, before whom I again bowed myſelf to the ground. Having looked ſtedfaſtly in my countenance, he laid his hand upon my head, and bleſſed me: 'Heli,' ſaid he, 'thoſe who deſire Knowledge that they may teach Virtue, 'ſhall not be diſappointed: ſit down, I will 'relate events which yet thou knoweſt but in 'part, and diſcloſe ſecrets of Providence from 'which thou mayeſt derive inſtruction.' We ſat down, and I liſtened as to the counſel of an angel, or the muſic of paradiſe.

Amana, the daughter of Sanbad the ſhepherd, was drawing water at the wells of Adail, when a caravan which had paſſed the deſart arrived, and the driver of the camels alighted to give them drink: thoſe which came firſt to the wells belonged to Nouraddin the merchant, who had brought fine linen and other merchandize of great value from Egypt. Amana, when the caravan drew near, had covered herſelf with her veil, which the ſervant of Nouraddin, to gratify a brutal curioſity, attempted to withdraw.

Amana, provoked by the indignity, and encouraged by the preſence of others, ſtruck him with the ſtaff of the bucket; and he was about to retaliate the violence, when Nouraddin, who was himſelf with the caravan, called out to him to forbear, and immediately haſted to the well. The veil of Amana had fallen off in the ſtruggle, and Nouraddin was captivated with her beauty: the lovely confuſion of offended modeſty that glowed upon her cheek, the diſdain that ſwelled her boſom, and the reſentment that ſparkled in her eyes, expreſſed a conſciouſneſs of her ſex, which warmed and animated her beauty: they were graces which Nouraddin had never ſeen, and produced a tumult in his breaſt which he had never felt; for Nouraddin, though he had now great poſſeſſions, was yet a youth, and a ſtranger to woman. The merchandize which he was tranſporting had been purchaſed by his father, whom the angel of death had intercepted in the journey, and the ſudden acceſſion of independence and wealth did not diſpoſe him to reſtrain the impetuoſity of deſire: he therefore demanded Amana of her parents; his meſſage was received with gratitude and joy; and Nouraddin, after a ſhort time, carried her back to Egypt, having firſt puniſhed the ſervant, by whom ſhe had been inſulted at the well, with his own hand.

But he delayed the ſolemnities of marriage till the time of mourning for his father ſhould expire; and the gratification of a paſſion which he could not ſuppreſs, was without much difficulty ſuſpended now its object was in his power. He anticipated the happineſs which he believed to be ſecured; and ſuppoſed that it would increaſe by expectation, like a treaſure by uſury, of which more is ſtill poſſeſſed, as poſſeſſion is longer delayed.

During this interval Amana recovered from the tumultuous joy of ſudden elevation; her ambition was at an end, and ſhe became ſuſceptible of love. Nouraddin, who regretted the obſcurity of her birth only becauſe it had prevented the cultivation of her mind, laboured inceſſantly to ſupply the defect: ſhe received his inſtruction not only with gratitude, but delight; while he ſpoke ſhe gazed upon him with eſteem and reverence, and had no wiſh but to return the happineſs which he was impatient to beſtow.

At this time Oſmin the caliph was upon the throne of Egypt. The paſſions of Oſmin thou knoweſt, were impetuous as the torrents of Alared, and fatal as the whirlwind of the deſart: to excite and to gratify, was the whole purpoſe of his mind; but his wiſh was ſtill unſatisfied, and his life was wretched. His

ſeraglio was filled with beauty; but the power of beauty he had exhauſted: he became outrageous to revive deſire by a new object, which he demanded of Nardic the eunuch, whom he had not only ſet over his women but his kingdom, with menaces and execration. Nardic, therefore, cauſed a proclamation to be made, that whoever ſhould produce the moſt beautiful virgin within two days, ſhould ſtand in the preſence of the Caliph, and be deemed the third in his kingdom.

Caled, the ſervant who had been beaten by Nouraddin returned with him to Egypt: the ſullen ferocity of his temper was increaſed by the deſire of revenge, and the gloom of diſcontent was deepened by deſpair: but when he heard the proclamation of Nardic, joy kindled in his aſpect like lightning in the darkneſs of a ſtorm; the offence which he had committed againſt Amana, enabled him to revenge the puniſhment which it produced. He knew that ſhe was yet a virgin, and that her marriage was near: he therefore haſted to the palace, and demanded to be brought before Nardic, who in the midſt of magnificence and ſervility, the flattery of dependent ambition, and the zeal of unlimited obedience, was ſitting pale and ſilent, his brow contracted with anxiety, and his breaſt throbbing with apprehenſion.

When Caled was brought into his preſence, he fell proſtrate before him: 'By the ſmile of 'my lord,' ſaid he, 'let another be diſtinguiſhed from the ſlaves who mingle in ob-'ſcurity, and let his favour elevate another 'from the duſt; but let my ſervice be accept-'ed, and let the deſire of Oſmin be ſatisfied 'with beauty. Amana will ſhortly be eſpouſed 'by Nouraddin; but of Amana the ſovereign 'of Egypt only is worthy. Haſte, therefore, 'to demand her; ſhe is now with him in the 'houſe, to which I will conduct the meſſenger 'of thy will.'

Nardic received this intelligence with tranſports of joy; a mandate was inſtantly written to Nouraddin; it was ſealed with the royal ſignet, and delivered to Caled, who returned with a force ſufficient to compel obedience.

On this day the mourning of Nouraddin expired: he had changed his apparel, and perfumed his perſon; his features were brightened with the gladneſs of his heart: he had invited his friends to the feſtival of his marriage, and the evening was to accompliſh his wiſhes. The evening alſo was expected by Amana, with a joy which ſhe did not labour to ſuppreſs; and ſhe was hiding her bluſhes in the breaſt of Nouraddin, when Caled arrived with the mandate and the guard.

The domeſtics were alarmed and terrified; and Nouraddin, being inſtant acquainted with the event, ruſhed out of the apartment of Amana with diſorder and trepidation. When he ſaw Caled, he was moved with anger and diſdain; but he was intimidated by the appearance of the guard. Caled immediately advanced, and, with looks of inſolence and triumph, preſented the mandate. Nouraddin ſeeing the royal ſignet, kneeled to receive it; and having gazed a moment at the ſuperſcription, preſſed it upon his forehead in an agony of ſuſpence and terror. The wretch who had betrayed him enjoyed the anguiſh which he ſuffered; and perceiving that he was fainting, and had not fortitude to read the paper, acquainted him with the contents: at the name of Amana he ſtarted, as if he had felt the ſting of a ſcorpion, and immediately fell to the ground.

Caled proceeded to execute his commiſſion without remorſe; he was not to be moved by ſwooning, expoſtulation, entreaty, or tears; but having conducted Amana to the ſeraglio, preſented her to Nardic, with exultation and hope. Nardic, whoſe wiſh was flattered by her ſtature and her ſhape, lifted up her veil with impatience, timidity, and ſolicitude: but the moment he beheld her face, his doubts were at an end; he proſtrated himſelf before her, as a perſon on whoſe pleaſure his life would from that moment depend. She was conducted to the chamber of the women; and Caled was the ſame hour inveſted with his new dignity; an apartment was aſſigned him in the palace, and he was made captain of the guard that kept the gates.

Nouraddin, when he recovered his ſenſibility, and found that Amana had been conducted to the ſeraglio, was ſeized by turns with diſtraction and ſtupidity: he paſſed the night in agitations, by which the powers of nature were exhauſted, and in the morning he locked himſelf into the chamber of Amana, and threw himſelf on a ſofa, determined to admit no comforter, and to receive no ſuſtenance.

No. LXXIII. TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1753.

——Numinibus vota exaudita malignis. JUV.

Prayers made and granted in a luckleſs hour. DRYDEN.

WHILE Nouraddin was thus abandoned to deſpair, Nardic's deſcription of Amana had rouzed Oſmin from his apathy. He commanded that ſhe ſhould be prepared to receive him, and ſoon after went alone into her apartment. Familiar as he was with beauty, and ſatiated with enjoyment, he could not behold Amana without emotion: he perceived, indeed, that ſhe was in tears, and that his preſence covered her with confuſion; yet he believed that her terors would be eaſily removed, that by kindneſs ſhe might be ſoothed to familiarity, and by careſſes excited to dalliance; but the moment he approached her, ſhe threw herſelf at his feet, and entreated to be heard, with an importunity which he choſe rather to indulge than reſiſt; he therefore raiſed her from the ground; and, ſupporting her in his arms, encouraged her to proceed: 'Let my lord,' ſaid ſhe, 'diſmiſs a wretch who is not worthy 'of his preſence, and compaſſionate the diſ-'treſs which is not ſuſceptible of delight. I 'am the daughter of a ſhepherd, betrothed to 'the merchant Nouraddin, from whom my 'body has been forced by the perfidy of a ſlave, 'and to whom my ſoul is united by indiſſolu-'ble bonds. O! let not the terrors of thy 'frown be upon me! Shall the ſovereign of 'Egypt ſtoop to a reptile of the duſt? ſhall 'the judge of nations retain the worthleſs theft 'of treachery and revenge? or ſhall he, for 'whom ten thouſand languiſh with deſire, re-'joice in the ſufferance of one alienated mind?' Oſmin, whoſe breaſt had by turns been inflamed with deſire and indignation, while he gazed upon the beauties of Amana and liſtened to her voice, now ſuddenly threw her from him, and departed without reply.

When he was alone, he remained a few moments in ſuſpence: but the paſſions which eloquence had repreſſed ſoon became again predominant; and he commanded Amana to be told, that if within three hours ſhe did not come prepared to gratify his wiſhes, he would caſt the head of the ſlave for whom he was rejected at her feet.

The eunuch by whom this meſſage was delivered, and the woman who had returned to Amana when the Caliph retired, were touched with pity at her diſtreſs, and trembled at her danger: the evils which they could ſcarce hope to prevent, they were yet ſolicitous to delay; and therefore adviſed her to requeſt three days of preparation, that ſhe might ſufficiently recover the tranquillity of her mind, to make a juſt eſtimate of her own happineſs; and with this requeſt to ſend, as a pledge of her obedience, a bowl of ſherbet, in which a pearl had been diſſolved, and of which ſhe had firſt drank herſelf.

To this advice, after ſome throbs of deſperation, ſhe at length conſented, and prepared to put it in execution.

At the time when this reſolution was taken, Nouraddin ſuddenly ſtarted from a reſtleſs ſlumber; he was again ſtung by an inſtantaneous reflection upon his own miſery, and indulged the diſcontent of his mind in this exclamation: 'If 'wiſdom and goodneſs do indeed preſide over the 'works of Omnipotence, whence is oppreſſion, 'injuſtice, and cruelty? As Nouraddin alone 'has a right to Amana, why is Amana in the 'power of Oſmin? O that now the juſtice of 'Heaven would appear in my behalf! O that 'from this hour I was Oſmin and Oſmin Nour-'addin!' The moment he had uttered this wiſh his chamber was darkened as with a thick cloud, which was at length diſſipated by a burſt of thunder; and a being, whoſe appearance was more than human, ſtood before him. 'Nouraddin,' ſaid the viſion, 'I am of the region above thee: 'but my buſineſs is with the children of the 'earth. Thou haſt wiſhed to be Oſmin; and 'as far as this wiſh is poſſible it ſhall be accom-'pliſhed; thou ſhalt be enabled to aſſume his 'appearance, and to exerciſe his power. I

'know not yet whether I am permitted to con-
'ceal Oſmin under the appearance of Nouraddin; but till to-morrow he ſhall not interrupt thee.'

Nouraddin, who had been held motionleſs by aſtoniſhment and terror, now recovered his fortitude as in the preſence of a friend; and was about to expreſs his gratitude and joy, when the Genius bound a taliſman on his left-arm, and acquainted him with its power: 'As often as this bracelet,' ſaid he, 'ſhall be applied to the region of thy heart, thou ſhalt be alternately changed in appearance from Nouraddin to Oſmin, and from Oſmin to Nouraddin.' The Genius then ſuddenly diſappeared, and Nouraddin, impatient to recover the poſſeſſion of Amana, inſtantly applied the ſtud of the bracelet to his breaſt, and the next moment found himſelf alone in an apartment of the ſeraglio.

During this interval, the Caliph, who was expecting the iſſue of his meſſage to Amana, became reſtleſs and impatient: he quitted his apartment, and went into the gardens, where he walked backward and forward with a violent but interrupted pace; and at length ſtood ſtill, frowning and penſive, with his eyes fixed on the clear ſurface of a fountain in the middle of the walk. The agitation of his mind continued, and at length broke out into this ſoliloquy: 'What is my felicity, and what is my power? I am wretched by the want of that which the caprice of women has beſtowed upon my ſlave. I can gratify revenge, but not deſire; I can withhold felicity from him, but I cannot procure it to myſelf. Why have I not power to aſſume the form in which I might enjoy my wiſhes? I will at leaſt enjoy them in thought. If I was Nouraddin, I ſhould be claſped with tranſport to the boſom of Amana.' He then reſigned himſelf to the power of imagination, and was again ſilent: but the moment his wiſh was uttered, he became ſubject to the Genius who had juſt tranſported Nouraddin to his palace. This wiſh, therefore, was inſtantly fulfilled; and his eyes being ſtill fixed upon the water, he perceived, with ſudden wonder and delight, that his figure had been changed in a moment, and that the mirror reflected another image. His fancy had been warmed with the ideal careſſes of Amana; the tumult of his mind was increaſed by the prodigy; and the gratification of his appetite being the only object of his attention, he haſted inſtantly to the palace, without reflecting that, as he would not be known, he would be refuſed admittance. At the door, to which he advanced with eagerneſs and precipitation, he was ſtopped by a party of the guard, that was now commanded by Caled: a tumult enſued, and Caled being haſtily called, believed that Nouraddin, in the phrenzy of deſperation, had ſcaled the walls of the garden to recover Amana; and rejoicing in an opportunity of revenge that exceeded his hope, inſtantly ſtabbed him with his poniard, but at the ſame time received that of the Caliph in his heart. Thus fell at once the tyrant and the traitor; the tyrant by the hand which had been armed to ſupport him in oppreſſion, and the traitor by the fury of the appetite which his perfidy had excited.

In the mean time, the man who was believed to be ſlain, repoſed in ſecurity upon a ſofa; and Amana, by the direction of her women, had prepared the meſſage and the bowl. They were now diſpatched to the Caliph, and received by Nouraddin. He underſtood by the meſſage that Amana was yet inviolate: in the joy of his heart, therefore, he took the bowl, which having emptied, he returned by the eunuch, and commanded that Amana ſhould be brought into his preſence.

In obedience to this command, ſhe was conducted by her women to the door, but ſhe entered alone pale and trembling; and though her lips were forced into a ſmile, the characters which grief, dread, and averſion, had written in her countenance, were not effaced. Nouraddin, who beheld her diſorder, exulted in the fidelity of her love; and, ſpringing forward, threw his arms about her in an extaſy of tenderneſs and joy; which was ſtill heightened when he perceived that, in the character of Oſmin, thoſe embraces were ſuffered with reluctance, which in his own were returned with ardour: he therefore retreating backward a few paces, applied the taliſman again to his breaſt, and having recovered his own form, would have ruſhed again into her arms; but ſhe ſtarted from him in confuſion and terror. He ſmiled at the effect of the prodigy; and ſuſtaining her on his boſom, repeated ſome tender incidents which were known to no other; told her by what means he had inter-

cepted her meſſage; and urged her immediately to eſcape, that they might poſſeſs all their deſires in each other, and leave the incumbrance of royalty to the wretch whoſe likeneſs he had been enabled to aſſume, and was now impatient to renounce. Amana gazed at him with a fixed attention, till her ſuſpicion and doubts were removed; then ſuddenly turned from him, tore her garment, and looking up to Heaven imprecated curſes upon her head, till her voice faltered, and ſhe burſt into tears.

Of this agony, which Nouraddin beheld with unutterable diſtreſs, the broken exclamations of Amana at length acquainted him with the cauſe. 'In the bowl,' ſaid ſhe, 'which 'thou haſt intercepted, there was death. I 'wiſhed, when I took it from my lips, that 'the draught which remained might be poiſon: 'a powder was immediately ſhaken into it by 'an inviſible hand, and a voice whiſpered me, 'that him who drank the potion it would inevitably deſtroy.

Nouraddin, to whoſe heart the fatal malignity had now ſpread, perceived that his diſſolution would be ſudden; his legs already trembled, and his eyes became dim: he ſtretched out his arms towards Amana, and his countenance was diſtorted by an ineffectual effort to ſpeak; impenetrable darkneſs came upon him, he groaned and fell backwards. In his fall the taliſman again ſmote his breaſt; his form was again changed, and the horrors of death were impreſſed upon the features of Oſmin. Amana, who ran to ſupport him, when ſhe perceived the laſt transformation, ruſhed out of the apartment with the wild impetuoſity of diſtraction and deſpair. The ſeraglio was alarmed in a moment: the body, which was miſtaken for that of Oſmin, was examined by the phyſicians; the effects of poiſon were evident; Amana was immediately ſuſpected; and by the command of Shomar, who ſucceeded his father, ſhe was put to death.

'Such,' ſaid the companion of Rhedi, 'was 'the end of Nouraddin and Amana, of Oſmin 'and Caled, from whoſe deſtiny I have with-'drawn the veil. Let the world conſider it, 'and be wiſe. Be thou ſtill the meſſenger of 'inſtruction, and let increaſe of knowledge 'cloath thee with humility.'

While mine eye was fixed upon the hoary ſage, who had thus vouchſafed me counſel and knowledge, his countenance became bright as the morning, and his robe fleecy like a cloud; he roſe like a vapour from the ground, and the next moment I ſaw him no more.

I then turned towards Rhedi the hermit, chilled with reverence, and dumb with aſtoniſhment; but in the countenance of Rhedi was the calm chearfulneſs of ſuperior virtue; and I perceived that the ſanctity of his life had acquainted him with divine intelligence. 'Ha-'met,' ſaid he, 'the voice which thou haſt 'heard is the voice of Zachis the Genius; by 'whoſe power the wonders which he has related 'were produced. It is the province of Zachis 'to puniſh impatience and preſumption, by 'fulfilling the deſires of thoſe who wiſh to in-'terrupt the order of nature, and preſume to 'direct the hand of Providence. Relate what 'thou haſt heard, to preſerve others from his 'power.'

Now, therefore, let Virtue ſuffer adverſity with patience, and Vice dread to incur the miſery ſhe would inflict: for by him who repines at the ſcale of Heaven, his own portion of good is diminiſhed; and he who preſumptuouſly aſſumes the ſword, will turn the point upon his own boſom.

No. LXXIV. SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1753.

Inſanientis dum ſapientiæ
Conſultus, erro. HOR.

I miſs'd my end, and loſt my way,
By crack brain'd wiſdom led aſtray.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT has long been charged by one part of mankind upon the other, that they will not take advice; that counſel and inſtruction are generally thrown away; and that, in defiance both of admonition and example, all claim the right to chuſe their own meaſures, and to regulate their own lives.

That there is ſomething in advice very

uſeful and ſalutary, ſeems to be equally confeſſed on all hands; ſince even thoſe that reject it, allow for the moſt part that rejection to be wrong, but charge the fault upon the unſkilful manner in which it is given; they admit the efficacy of the medicine, but abhor the nauſeouſneſs of the vehicle.

Thus mankind have gone on from century to century: ſome have been adviſing others how to act, and ſome have been teaching the adviſers how to adviſe; yet very little alteration has been made in the world. As we muſt all by the law of nature enter life in ignorance, we muſt all make our way through it by the light of our experience; and, for any ſecurity that advice has been yet able to afford, muſt endeavour after ſucceſs at the hazard of miſcarriage, and learn to do right by venturing to do wrong.

By advice I would not be underſtood to mean, the everlaſting and invariable principles of moral and religious truth, from which no change of external circumſtances can juſtify any deviation; but ſuch directions as reſpect merely the prudential part of conduct, and which may be followed or neglected without any violation of eſſential duties.

It is, indeed, not ſo frequently to make us good as to make us wiſe, that our friends employ the officiouſneſs of counſel; and among the rejectors of advice who are mentioned by the grave and ſententious with ſo much acrimony, you will not ſo often find the vicious and abandoned as the pert and the petulant, the vivacious and the giddy.

As the great end of female education is to get a huſband, this likewiſe is the general ſubject of female advice; and the dreadful denunciation againſt thoſe volatile girls, who will not liſten patiently to the lectures of wrinkled wiſdom, is, that they will die unmarried, or throw themſelves away upon ſome worthleſs fellow, who will never be able to keep them a coach.

I being naturally of a ductile and eaſy temper, without ſtrong deſires or quick reſentments, was always a favourite amongſt the elderly ladies, becauſe I never rebelled againſt ſeniority, nor could be charged with thinking myſelf wiſe before my time; but heard every opinion with ſubmiſſive ſilence, profeſſed myſelf ready to learn from all who ſeemed inclined to teach me, paid the ſame grateful acknowledgments for precepts contradictory to each other, and if any controverſy aroſe, was careful to ſide with her who preſided in the company.

Of this compliance I very early found the advantage; for my aunt Matilda left me a very large addition to my fortune, for this reaſon chiefly, as ſhe herſelf declared, becauſe I was not above hearing good counſel, but would ſit from morning till night to be inſtructed, while my ſiſter Sukey, who was a year younger than myſelf, and was, therefore, in greater want of information, was ſo much conceited of her own knowledge, that whenever the good lady, in the ardour of benevolence, reproved or inſtructed her, ſhe would pout or titter, interrupt her with queſtions, or embarraſs her with objections.

I had no deſign to ſupplant my ſiſter by this complaiſant attention, nor, when the conſequence of my obſequiouſneſs came to be known, did Sukey ſo much envy as deſpiſe me: I was, however, very well pleaſed with my ſucceſs; and having received, from the concurrent opinion of all mankind, a notion, that to be rich was to be great and happy, I thought I had obtained my advantages at an eaſy rate, and reſolved to continue the ſame paſſive attention, ſince I found myſelf ſo powerfully recommended by it to kindneſs and eſteem.

The deſire of adviſing has a very extenſive prevalence, and ſince advice cannot be given but to thoſe that will hear it, a patient liſtener is neceſſary to the accommodation of all thoſe who deſire to be confirmed in the opinion of their own wiſdom: a patient liſtener, however, is not always to be had; the preſent age, whatever age is preſent, is ſo vitiated and diſordered, that young people are readier to talk than to attend, and good counſel is only thrown away upon thoſe who are full of their own perfections.

I was, therefore, in this ſcarcity of good ſenſe, a general favourite; and ſeldom ſaw a day in which ſome ſober matron did not invite me to her houſe, or take me out in her chariot, for the ſake of inſtructing me how to keep my character in this cenſorious age, how to conduct myſelf in the time of courtſhip, how to ſtipulate for a ſettlement, how

to manage a huſband of every character, regulate my family, and educate my children.

We are all naturally credulous in our own favour. Having been ſo often careſſed and applauded for my docility, I was willing to believe myſelf really enlightened by inſtruction, and compleatly qualified for the taſk of life. I did not doubt but I was entering the world with a mind furniſhed againſt all exigencies, with expedients to extricate myſelf from every difficulty, and ſagacity to provide againſt every danger; I was, therefore, in haſte to give ſome ſpecimen of my prudence, and to ſhew that this liberality of inſtruction had not been idly laviſhed upon a mind incapable of improvement.

My purpoſe, for why ſhould I deny it? was like that of other women, to obtain a huſband of rank and fortune ſuperior to my own; and in this I had the concurrence of all thoſe that had aſſumed the province of directing me. That the woman was undone who married below herſelf was univerſally agreed: and though ſome ventured to aſſert, that the richer man ought invariably to be preferred, and that money was a ſufficient compenſation for a defective anceſtry; yet the majority declared warmly for a gentleman, and were of opinion that upſtarts ſhould not be encouraged.

With regard to other qualifications, I had an irreconcileable variety of inſtructions. I was ſometimes told, that deformity was no defect in a man; and that he who was not encouraged to intrigue by an opinion of his perſon, was more likely to value the tenderneſs of his wife: but a grave widow directed me to chuſe a man who might imagine himſelf agreeable to me, for that the deformed were always inſupportably vigilant, and apt to ſink into ſullenneſs, or burſt into rage, if they found their wife's eye wandering for a moment to a good face or a handſome ſhape.

They were, however, all unanimous in warning me, with repeated cautions, againſt all thoughts of union with a wit, as a being with whom no happineſs could poſſibly be enjoyed: men of every kind I was taught to govern, but a wit was an animal for whom no arts of taming had been yet diſcovered: the woman whom he could once get within his power, was conſidered as loſt to all hope of dominion or of quiet: for he would detect artifice and defeat allurement; and if once he diſcovered any failure of conduct, would believe his own eyes, in defiance of tears, careſſes, and proteſtations.

In purſuance of theſe ſage principles, I proceeded to form my ſchemes; and while I was yet in the firſt bloom of youth, was taken out at an aſſembly by Mr. Friſk. I am afraid my cheeks glowed and my eyes ſparkled; for I obſerved the looks of all my ſuperintendants fixed anxiouſly upon me, and I was next day cautioned againſt him from all hands, as a man of the moſt dangerous and formidable kind, who had writ verſes to one lady, and then forſaken her only becauſe ſhe could not read them, and lampooned another for no other fault than defaming his ſiſter.

Having been hitherto accuſtomed to obey, I ventured to diſmiſs Mr. Friſk, who happily did not think me worth the labour of a lampoon. I was then addreſſed by Mr. Sturdy, and congratulated by all my friends on the manors of which I was ſhortly to be lady: but Sturdy's converſation was ſo groſs, that after the third viſit I could endure him no longer; and incurred, by diſmiſſing him, the cenſure of all my friends, who declared that my nicety was greater than my prudence, and that they feared it would be my fate at laſt to be wretched with a wit.

By a wit, however, I was never afterwards attacked, but lovers of every other claſs, or pretended lovers, I have often had; and, notwithſtanding the advice conſtantly given me, to have no regard in my choice to my own inclinations, I could not forbear to diſcard ſome for vice, and ſome for rudeneſs. I was once loudly cenſured for refuſing an old gentleman who offered an enormous jointure, and died of the phthiſic a year after; and was ſo baited with inceſſant importunities, that I ſhould have given my hand to Drone the ſtock-jobber, had not the reduction of intereſt made him afraid of the expences of matrimony.

Some, indeed, I was permitted to encourage; but miſcarried of the main end, by treating them according to the rules of art which had been preſcribed me. Altilis, an old maid, infuſed into me ſo much haughtineſs and reſerve, that

ome of my lovers withdrew themſelves from my frown, and returned no more; others were driven away by the demands of ſettlement which the widow Trapland directed me to make; and I have learned, by many experiments, that to aſk advice is to loſe opportunity.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

PERDITA.

No. LXXV. TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1753.

——Quid virtus et quid ſapientia poſſit,
Utile propoſuit nobis exemplar Ulyſſem. HOR.

To ſhew what pious wiſdom's pow'r can do,
The poet ſets Ulyſſes in our view. FRANCIS.

I HAVE frequently wondered at the common practice of our inſtructors of youth, in making their pupils far more intimately acquainted with the Iliad than with the Odyſſey of Homer. This abſurd cuſtom, which ſeems to ariſe from the ſuppoſed ſuperiority of the former poem, has inclined me to make ſome reflections on the excellence of the latter; a taſk I am the more readily induced to undertake, as ſo little is performed in the diſſertation prefixed by Broome to Pope's tranſlation of this work, which one may venture to pronounce is confuſed, defective, and dull. Thoſe who receive all their opinions in criticiſm from cuſtom and authority, and never dare to conſult the deciſions of reaſon and the voice of nature and truth, muſt not accuſe me of being affectedly paradoxical, if I endeavour to maintain that the Odyſſey excels the Iliad in many reſpects; and that for ſeveral reaſons young ſchol rs ſhould peruſe it early and attentively.

The moral of this poem is more extenſively uſeful than that of the Iliad; which, indeed, by diſplaying the dire effects of diſcord among rulers, may rectify the conduct of princes, and may be called the Manual of Monarchs: whereas the patience, the prudence, the wiſdom, the temperance and fortitude of Ulyſſes, afford a pattern, the utility of which is not confined within the compaſs of courts and palaces, but deſcends and diffuſes its influence over common life and daily practice. If the faireſt examples ought to be placed before us in an age prone to imitation, if patriotiſm be preferable to implacability, if an eager deſire to return to one's country and family be more manly and noble than an eager deſire to be revenged of an enemy, then ſhould our eyes rather be fixed on Ulyſſes than Achilles. Unexperienced minds, too eaſily captivated with the fire and fury of a gallant general, are apt to prefer courage to conſtancy, and firmneſs to humanity. We do not behold the deſtroyers of peace and the murderers of mankind, with the deteſtation due to their crimes, becauſe we have been inured almoſt from our infancy to liſten to the praiſes that have been wantonly laviſhed on them by the moſt exquiſite poetry: 'The Muſes,' to apply the words of an ancient Lyric, 'have concealed and decorated 'the bloody ſword with wreaths of myrtle.' Let the Iliad be ever ranked at the head of human compoſitions for its ſpirit and ſublimity; but let not the milder, and perhaps more inſinuating and attractive, beauties of the Odyſſey be deſpiſed and overlooked. In the one we are placed amidſt the rage of ſtorms and tempeſts:

Ὡς δ' ὑπὸ λαίλαπι πᾶσα κελαινὴ βέβριθε χθὼν
Ἤματ' ὀπωρινῷ, ὅτε λαβρότατον χέει ὕδωρ
Ζεὺς, ὅτε δή ῥ' ἀνδρεσσι κοτεσσάμενος
χαλεπήνῃ. ILIAD XVI. 384.

And when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with inceſſant ſhowers;
From their deep beds he bids the rivers riſe,
And opens all the flood-gates of the ſkies.

POPE.

In the other, all is tranquil and ſedate, and calmly delightful:

——Οὐτὲ ποτ' ὄμβρος,
Ἀλλ' αἰεὶ Ζεφύροιο λιγυπνείοντος ἀήτας
Ὠκεανὸς ἀνίησιν ἀναψύχειν ἀνθρώπους.
ODYSS. IV. 566.

Stern winter ſmiles on that auſpicious clime;
The fields are florid with unfading prime;

From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mold the round hail, or shake the fleecy snow:
But from the breezy deep, the Blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.
POPE.

Accordingly, to distinguish the very different natures of these poems, it was anciently the practice of those who publicly recited them, to represent the Iliad, in allusion to the bloodshed it described, in a robe of scarlet; and the Odyssey, on account of the voyages it relates, in an azure vestment.

The predominant passion of Ulysses being the love of his country, for the sake of which he even refuses immortality, the poet has taken every occasion to display it in the liveliest and most striking colours. The first time we behold the hero, we find him disconsolately sitting on the solitary shore, sighing to return to Ithaca Νόστον ὀδυρομέναν, weeping incessantly, and still casting his eyes upon the sea—

Πόντον ἐπ' ἀτρύγετον δερκέσκετο, δάκρυα λείβων.

'While a goddess,' says Minerva at the very beginning of the poem, 'by her power and her 'allurements, detains him from Ithaca, he is 'dying with desire to see even so much as the 'smoke arise from his much-loved island: 'tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora!' While the luxurious Phæacians were enjoying a delicious banquet, he attended not to their mirth and music, for the time approached when he was to return to Ithaca: they had prepared a ship for him to set sail in the very next morning; and the thoughts of his approaching happiness having engrossed all his soul—

He sate, and ey'd the sun, and wish'd the night———

———Δὴ γὰρ μενέαινε νέεσθαι.

To represent his impatience more strongly, the poet adds a most expressive simile, suited to the simplicity of ancient times: 'The setting of 'the sun,' says he, 'was as welcome and 'grateful to Ulysses, as it is to a well-labour-'ed plowman, who earnestly waits its decline, 'that he may return to his supper, Δόρπου 'ἐποίχεσθαι while his weary knees are pain-'ful to him as he walks along.'

——Βλάπτεται δὲ τὰ γνῶτ' ἰόντι.

'Notwithstanding all the pleasures and en-'dearments I received from Calypso, yet,' says our hero, 'I perpetually bedewed with 'my tears the garments which this immortal 'beauty gave to me.'

———Εἵματα δ' αἰεὶ
Δάκρυσι δεύεσκον τὰ μοὶ ἄμβροτα δῶκε
Καλυψώ.

We are presented in every page with fresh instances of this love of his country; and his whole behaviour convinces us—

Ὡς ἥδεν γλυκίον ἦς πατρίδος οὐδὲ τοκήων.

This generous sentiment runs like a golden vein throughout the whole poem.

If this animating example were duly and deeply inculcated, how strong an impression would it necessarily make upon the yielding minds of youth, when melted and mollified by the warmth of such exalted poetry?

Nor is the Odyssey less excellent and useful, in the amiable pictures it affords of private affections and domestic tenderness—

———And all the charities
Of father, son, and brother———
MILTON.

When Ulysses descends into the infernal regions, it is finely contrived that he should meet his aged mother Anticlea. After his first sorrow and surprize, he eagerly enquires into the causes of her death, and adds—'Doth my 'father yet live? does my son yet possess my 'dominions, or does he groan under the tyran-'ny of some usurper who thinks I shall never re-'turn? Is my wife still constant to my bed? 'or hath some noble Grecian married her?' These questions are the very voice of nature and affection. Anticlea answers, that she herself died with grief for the loss of Ulysses; that Laertes languishes away life in solitude and sorrow for him; and that Penelope perpetually and inconsolably bewails his absence and sighs for his return.

When the hero, disguised like a stranger, has the first interview with his father, whom he finds diverting his cares with rural amusements

in his little garden, he informs him that he had ſeen his ſon on his travels, but now deſpairs of beholding him again. Upon this the ſorrow of Laertes is inexpreſſible: Ulyſſes can counterfeit no longer, but exclaims ardently—

I, I am he! O father riſe! behold
Thy ſon!———

And the diſcovery of himſelf to Telemachus, in the ſixteenth book, in a ſpeech of ſhort and broken exclamations, is equally tender and pathetic.

The duties of univerſal benevolence, of charity, and of hoſpitality, that unknown and unpractiſed virtue, are perpetually inculcated with more emphaſis and elegance than in any ancient philoſopher, and I wiſh I could not add than in any modern. Ulyſſes meets with a friendly reception in all the various nations to which he is driven; who declare their inviolable obligations to protect and cheriſh the ſtranger and the wanderer. Above all, how amiable is the behaviour of Eumeus to his unknown maſter, who aſks for his charity. 'It is not lawful for me,' ſays the Διος Ὑφοξδος, 'I dare not deſpiſe any ſtranger 'or indigent man, even if he were much 'meaner than thou appeareſt to be; for the 'poor and ſtrangers are ſent to us by Jupiter!' —'Keep,' ſays Epictetus, 'continually in thy 'memory, what Eumeus ſpeaks in Homer to 'the diſguiſed Ulyſſes.' I am ſenſible, that many ſuperficial French critics have endeavoured to ridicule all that paſſes at the lodge of Eumeus, as coarſe and indelicate, and below the dignity of Epic poetry: but let them attend to the following obſervation of the greateſt genius of their nation: 'Since it is delightful,' ſays Fenelon, 'to ſee in one of Titian's land-'ſcapes the goats climbing up a hanging rock, 'or to behold in one of Tenier's pieces a 'country feaſt and ruſtic dances; it is no 'wonder, that we are pleaſed with ſuch na-'tural deſcriptions as we find in the Odyſſey. 'This ſimplicity of manners ſeems to recall 'the golden age. I am more pleaſed with ho-'neſt Eumeus, than with the polite heroes of 'Clelia or Cleopatra.'

The moral precepts with which every page of the Odyſſey is pregnant, are equally noble. Plato's wiſh is here accompliſhed; for we behold Virtue perſonally appearing to the ſons of men, in her moſt awful and moſt alluring charms.

The remaining reaſons, why the Odyſſey is equal if not ſuperior to the Iliad, and why it is a poem moſt peculiarly proper for the peruſal of youth, are, becauſe the great variety of events and ſcenes it contains, intereſt and engage the attention more than the Iliad; becauſe characters and images drawn from familiar life are more uſeful to the generality of readers, and are alſo more difficult to be drawn; and becauſe the conduct of this poem, conſidered as the moſt perfect of Epopees, is more artful and judicious than that of the other. The diſcuſſion of theſe beauties will make the ſubject of ſome enſuing paper.

Z

No. LXXVI. SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1753.

Duc me, parens, celſique dominator poli,
Quocunque placuit; nulla parendi mora eſt;
Adſum impiger. Fac nolle; comitabor gemens,
Maluſque patiar, quod bono licuit pati. SENECA EX CLEANTHE.

Conduct me, thou of beings cauſe divine,
Where'er I'm deſtin'd in thy great deſign!
Active, I follow on: for ſhould my will
Reſiſt, I'm impious; but muſt follow ſtill. HARRIS.

BOZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt ſecurely for many years in the ſilken pavilions of pleaſure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladneſs, when his only ſon Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treaſuries with gold, extended his dominions with conqueſts, and ſecured them with impregnable fortreſſes,

was ſuddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldab, in the diſtraction of grief and deſpair, refuſed to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomieſt grotto in the neighbouring mountain: he there rolled himſelf on the duſt, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and daſhed the cup of conſolation that Patience offered him to the ground. He ſuffered not his minſtrels to approach his preſence; but liſtened to the ſcreams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the ſolitary vaults and echoing chambers of the Pyramids. 'Can that GOD be benevolent,' he cried, 'who thus wounds the ſoul, as from an 'ambuſh, with unexpected ſorrows, and cruſhes 'his creatures in a moment with irremediable 'calamity? Ye lying imans, prate to us no 'more of the juſtice and the kindneſs of an 'all-directing and all-loving Providence! He, 'whom ye pretend reigns in Heaven, is ſo far 'from protecting the miſerable ſons of men, 'that he perpetually delights to blaſt the 'ſweeteſt flowrets in the garden of Hope; 'and, like a malignant giant, to beat down 'the ſtrongeſt towers of Happineſs with the 'iron mace of his anger. If this Being poſ-'ſeſſed the goodneſs and the power with which 'flattering prieſts have inveſted him, he would 'doubtleſs be inclined, and enabled to baniſh 'thoſe evils which render the world a dungeon 'of diſtreſs, a vale of vanity and woe. I will 'continue in it no longer!'

At that moment he furiouſly raiſed his hand, which Deſpair had armed with a dagger, to ſtrike deep into his boſom: when ſuddenly thick flaſhes of lightning ſhot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right-hand, arreſted the arm of the trembling and aſtoniſhed Caliph, and ſaid with a majeſtic ſmile—'Follow me to the top 'of this mountain.'

'Look from hence,' ſaid the awful conductor; 'I am Caloc, the angel of Peace. Look 'from hence into the valley.'

Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a ſultry, and ſolitary iſland, in the midſt of which ſat a pale, meagre, and ghaſtly figure: it was a merchant juſt periſhing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a ſingle ſpring in this forlorn uninhabited deſert; and begging the protection of heaven againſt the tigers that would now certainly deſtroy him, ſince he had conſumed the laſt fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then caſt a caſket of jewels on the ſand, as trifles of no uſe; and crept, feeble and trembling to an eminence where he was accuſtomed to ſit every evening to watch the ſetting ſun, and to give a ſignal to any ſhip that might happily approach the iſland.

'Inhabitant of heaven,' cried Bozaldab, 'ſuffer not this wretch to periſh by the fury 'of wild beaſts.'—'Peace,' ſaid the Angel, 'and obſerve.'

He looked again, and behold a veſſel arrived at the deſolate iſle. What words can paint the rapture of the ſtarving merchant, when the captain offered to tranſport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his caſket? No ſooner had this pitileſs commander received the ſtipulated ſum, than he held a conſultation with his crew, and they agreed to ſeize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the ſame helpleſs and lamentable condition in which they diſcovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

'Will Heaven permit ſuch injuſtice to be 'practiſed?' exclaimed Bozaldab. 'Look again,' ſaid the Angel, 'and behold the very ſhip in 'which, ſhort-ſighted as thou art, thou 'wiſhedſt the merchant might embark, daſh-'ed in pieces on a rock; doſt thou not 'hear the cries of the ſinking ſailors? Preſume 'not to direct the Governor of the Univerſe 'in his diſpoſal of events. The man whom 'thou haſt pitied ſhall be taken from this 'dreary ſolitude, but not by the method thou 'wouldſt preſcribe. His vice was avarice, by 'which he became not only abominable, but 'wretched; he fancied ſome mighty charm 'in wealth, which, like the wand of Ab-'diel, would gratify every wiſh and obvi-'ate every fear. This wealth he has now 'been taught not only to deſpiſe but 'abhor: he caſt his jewels upon the ſand, 'and confeſſed them to be uſeleſs; he of-'fered part of them to the mariners, and per-'ceived them to be pernicious: he has now

'learnt, that they are rendered useful or vain, 'good or evil, only by the situation und temper of the possessor. Happy is he whom distress has taught wisdom! But turn thine 'eyes to another and more interesting scene.'

The Caliph instantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the statues of his ancestors wrought in jasper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, discovered a throne of diamonds, surrounded with the Rajas of fifty nations, and ambassadors in various habits, and of different complexions; on which sat Aboram, the much-lamented son of Bozaldab, and by his side a princess fairer than a Houri.

'Gracious ALLA! It is my son,' cried the Caliph—'O let me hold him to my heart!'—'Thou canst not grasp an unsubstantial vision,' replied the Angel: 'I am now shewing thee 'what would have been the destiny of thy son, 'had he continued longer on the earth.'—'And why,' returned Bozaldab, was he not 'permitted to continue? Why was I not suffered to be a witness of so much felicity and 'power?'—'Consider the sequel,' replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earnestly, and saw the countenance of his son, on which he had been used to behold the placid smile of simplicity and the vivid blushes of health, now distorted with rage, and now fixed in the insensibility of drunkenness: it was again animated with disdain, it became pale with apprehension, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands were stained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror: the palace so lately shining with oriental pomp, changed suddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his son lay stretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite sultana, who before was seated by his side, enter with a bowl of poison, which she compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the successor to his throne.

'Happy,' said Caloc, 'is he whom Pro-'vidence has by the angel of death snatched 'from guilt! from whom that power is with-'held, which, if he had possessed, would have 'accumulated upon himself yet greater misery 'than it could bring upon others.'

'It is enough,' cried Bozaldab; 'I adore 'the inscrutable schemes of Omniscience! 'From what dreadful evil has my son been res-'cued by a death, which I rashly bewailed as 'unfortunate and premature; a death of inno-'cence and peace, which has blessed his me-'mory upon earth, and transmitted his spirit 'to the skies!'

'Cast away the dagger,' replied the heavenly messenger, 'which thou wast preparing to 'plunge into thine own heart. Exchange com-'plaint for silence, and doubt for adoration. 'Can a mortal look down, without giddiness 'and stupefaction, into the vast abyss of Eter-'nal Wisdom? Can a mind that sees not infi-'nitely, perfectly comprehend any thing among 'an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can 'the channels, which thou commandest to be 'cut to receive the annual inundations of the 'Nile, contain the waters of the Ocean? Re-'member, that perfect happiness cannot be 'conferred on a creature; for perfect happiness 'is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect 'power and eternity.'

The Angel, while he was speaking thus, stretched out his pinions to fly back to the Empyreum; and the flutter of his wings was like the rushing of a cataract.

No. LXXVII. TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1753.

——Peccare docentes
Fallax hiſtorias monet. HOR.

To taint th' attentive mind ſhe tries
With tales of exemplary vice.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I SHALL make no apology for the trouble I am about to give you, ſince I am ſure the motives that induce me to give it, will have as much weight with you as they have with me: I ſhall therefore, without further preface, relate to you the events of a life, which, however inſignificant and unentertaining, affords a leſſon of the higheſt importance; a leſſon, the value of which I have experienced, and may therefore recommend.

I am the daughter of a gentleman of good family, who, as he was a younger brother, purchaſed with the portion that was allotted him a genteel poſt under the government. My mother died when I was but twelve years old; and my father, who was exceſſively fond of me, determined to be himſelf my preceptor, and to take care that my natural genius, which his partiality made him think above the common rank, ſhould not want the improvements of a liberal education.

He was a man of ſenſe, with a tolerable ſhare of learning. In his youth he had been a free liver, and perhaps for that reaſon took ſome pains to become what is called a free-thinker. But whatever faſhionable frailties he might formerly have allowed in himſelf, he was now in advanced life, and had at leaſt worldly wiſdom enough to know, that it was neceſſary his daughter ſhould be reſtrained from thoſe liberties which he had looked upon as trifling errors in his own conduct. He, therefore, laboured with great application to inculcate in me the love of order, the beauty of moral rectitude, and the happineſs and ſelf-reward of virtue; but at the ſame time profeſſed it his deſign to free my mind from vulgar prejudices and ſuperſtition, for ſo he called Revealed Religion. As I was urged to chuſe virtue, and reject vice, from motives which had no neceſſary connection with immortality, I was not led to conſider a future ſtate either with hope or fear: my father, indeed, when I urged him upon that ſubject, always intimated that the doctrine of immortality, whether true or falſe, ought not at all to influence my conduct or interrupt my peace; becauſe the virtue which ſecured happineſs in the preſent ſtate, would alſo ſecure it in a future: a future ſtate, therefore, I wholly diſregarded, and, to confeſs a truth, diſbelieved; for I thought I could plainly diſcover that it was diſbelieved by my father, though he had not thought fit explicitly to declare his ſentiments. As I had no very turbulent paſſions, a ductile and good diſpoſition, and the higheſt reverence for his underſtanding, as well as the tendereſt affection for him, he found it an eaſy taſk to make me adopt every ſentiment and opinion which he propoſed to me as his own; eſpecially as he took care to ſupport his principles by the authority and arguments of the beſt writers againſt Chriſtianity. At the age of twenty I was called upon to make uſe of all the philoſophy I had been taught, by his death; which not only deprived me of a parent I moſt ardently loved, but with him of all the eaſe and affluence to which I had been accuſtomed. His income was only for life, and he had rather lived beyond than within it; conſequently, there was nothing left for me but the pride and helpleſſneſs of genteel life, a taſte for every thing elegant, and a delicacy and ſenſibility that has doubled all my ſufferings. In this diſtreſs a brother of my mother's, who was grown rich in trade, received me into his houſe, and declared he would take the ſame care of me as if I had been his own child. When the firſt tranſports of my grief were abated, I found myſelf in an eaſy ſituation, and from the natural cheerfulneſs of my temper, I was beginning once more to taſte of happineſs. My uncle, who was a man of a narrow underſtanding and illiberal education,

was a little diſguſted with me for employing ſo much of my time in reading; but ſtill more ſo, when happening to examine my books, he found by the titles that ſome of them were what he called blaſphemy, and tended, as he imagined, to make me an Atheiſt. I endeavoured to explain my principles, which I thought it beneath the dignity of virtue to diſguiſe or diſavow; but as I never could make him conceive any difference between a deiſt and an atheiſt, my arguments only ſerved to confirm him in the opinion that I was a wicked wretch, who, in his own phraſe, believed neither God nor devil. As he was really a good man, and heartily zealous for the eſtabliſhed faith, though more from habit and prejudice than reaſon, my errors gave him great affliction: I perceived it with the utmoſt concern; I perceived too, that he looked upon me with a degree of abhorrence mixed with pity, and that I was wholly indebted to his good-nature for that protection which I had flattered myſelf I ſhould owe to his love. I comforted myſelf, however, with my own integrity, and even felt a conſcious pride in ſuffering this perſecution from ignorance and folly, only becauſe I was ſuperior to vulgar errors and popular ſuperſtition; and that Chriſtianity deſerved theſe appellations, I was not more convinced by my father's arguments than my uncle's conduct, who, as his zeal was not according to knowledge, was by no means qualified to 'adorn the 'doctrine which he profeſſed to believe.'

I had lived a few months under the painful ſenſibility of receiving continual benefits from a perſon whoſe eſteem and affection I had loſt, when my uncle one day came into my chamber, and after preparing me for ſome unexpected good fortune, told me he had juſt had a propoſal of marriage for me from a man to whom I could not poſſibly have any objection. He then named a merchant, with whom I had often been in company at his table. As the man was neither old nor ugly, had a large fortune and a fair character, my uncle thought himſelf ſufficiently authoriſed to pronounce as he did, that I could not poſſibly have any objection to him. An objection, however, I had, which I told my uncle was to me inſuperable; it was, that the perſon whom he propoſed to me as the companion, the guide and director of my whole life, to whom I was to vow not only obedience but love, had nothing in him that could ever engage my affection: his underſtanding was low, his ſentiments mean and indelicate, and his manner unpolite and unpleaſing. 'What ſtuff is all this,' interrupted my uncle; 'ſentiments indelicate! unpolite! his under-'ſtanding, forſooth, not equal to your own! 'Ah, child, if you had leſs romance, conceit 'and arrogance, and more true diſcretion and 'prudence, it would do you more good than 'all the fine books you have confounded your 'poor head with, and what is worſe, perhaps, 'ruined your poor ſoul. I own, it went a 'little againſt my conſcience to accept my ho-'neſt friend's kind offer, and give him ſuch a 'pagan for his wife. But how know I whe-'ther the believing huſband may not convert 'the unbelieving wife?—As to your flighty 'objections, they are ſuch nonſenſe, that I 'wonder you can ſuppoſe me fool enough to 'be deceived by them. No, child; wiſe as 'you are, you cannot impoſe upon a man who 'has lived as many years in the world as I 'have. I ſee your motive; you have ſome in-'fidel libertine rake in your eye, with whom 'you would go headlong to perdition. But I 'ſhall take care not to have your ſoul to anſwer 'for as well as your perſon. Either I ſhall 'diſpoſe of you to an honeſt man that may 'convert you, or you ſhall diſpoſe yourſelf how 'you pleaſe for me; for I diſclaim all further 'care or trouble about you: ſo I leave you to 'conſider, whether or no the kindneſs I have 'ſhewn you, entitles me to ſome little influ-'ence over you, and whether you chuſe to ſeek 'protection where you can find it, or accept of 'the happy lot Providence has cut out for you.'

He left me at the cloſe of this fine harangue, and I ſeriouſly ſet myſelf to conſider as he bade me, which of the two ſtates he had ſet before me I ought to chuſe; to ſubmit to a legal ſort of proſtitution, with the additional weight of perjury on my conſcience, or to expoſe myſelf to all the diſtreſſes of friendleſs poverty and unprotected youth. After ſome hours of deliberation, I determined on the latter, and that more from principle than inclination; for though my delicacy would have ſuffered extremely in accepting a huſband, at leaſt indifferent to me; yet as my heart was

perfectly disengaged, and my temper naturally easy, I thought I could have been less unhappy in following my uncle's advice, than I might probably be by rejecting it: but then I must have submitted to an action I could not think justifiable, in order to avoid mere external distresses. This would not have been philosophical. I had always been taught, that virtue was of itself sufficient to happiness; and that those things which are generally esteemed evils could have no power to disturb the felicity of a mind governed by the eternal rule of right, and truly enamoured of the charms of moral beauty. I resolved, therefore, to run all risques, rather than depart from this glorious principle; I felt myself raised by the trial, and exulted in the opportunity of shewing my contempt of the smiles or frowns of fortune, and of proving the power of virtue to sustain the soul under all accidental circumstances of distress.

I communicated my resolution to my uncle, assuring him at the same time of my everlasting gratitude and respect, and that nothing should have induced me to offend or disobey him, but his requiring me to do what my reason and conscience disapproved; that supposing the advantages of riches to be really as great as he believed, yet still those of virtue were greater, and I could not resolve to purchase the one by a violation of the other; that a false vow was certainly criminal; and that it would be doing an act of the highest injustice, to enter into so solemn an engagement without the power of fulfilling it; that my affections did not depend on my own will; and that no man should possess my person, who could not obtain the first place in my heart.

I was surprised that my uncle's impatience had permitted me to go on thus far; but looking in his face, I perceived that passion had kept him silent. At length the gathering storm burst over my head in a torrent of reproaches. My reasons were condemned as romantic absurdities, which I could not myself believe; I was accused of designing to deceive, and to throw myself away on some worthless fellow, whose principles were as bad as my own. It was in vain for me to assert that I had no such design, nor any inclination to marry at all; my uncle could sooner have believed the grossest contradiction, than that a young woman could so strenuously refuse one man without being prepossessed in favour of another. As I thought myself injured by his accusations and tyranny, I gave over the attempt to mitigate his anger. He appealed to Heaven for the justice of his resentment, and against my ingratitude and rebellion; and then giving me a note of fifty pounds, which he said would keep me from immediate indigence, he bade me leave his house, and see his face no more. I bowed in sign of obedience; and collecting all my dignity and resolution, I arose, thanked him for his past benefits, and with a low curtsey left the room.

In less than an hour I departed with my little wardrobe to the house of a person who had formerly been my father's servant, and who now kept a shop and let lodgings. From hence I went the next day to visit my father's nephew, who was in possession of the family estate, and had lately married a lady of great fortune. He was a young gentleman of good parts, his principles the same as my father's, though his practice had not been quite agreeable to the strict rules of morality: however, setting aside a few of those vices which are looked upon as genteel accomplishments in young fellows of fortune, I thought him a good sort of man; and as we had always lived in great kindness, I doubted not that I should find him my friend, and meet with approbation and encouragement at least, if not assistance from him. I told him my story, and the reasons that had determined me to the refusal that had incurred my uncle's displeasure. But how was I disappointed, when, instead of the applause I expected for my heroic virtue and unmerited persecutions, I perceived a smile of contempt on his face, when he interrupted me in the following manner: 'And what, in the devil's name, 'my dear cousin, could make a woman of your 'sense behave so like an ideot: What! forfeit 'all your hopes from your uncle, refuse an excellent match, and reduce yourself to beggary, 'because truly you were not in love? Surely, 'one might have expected better from you even 'at fifteen. Who is it pray that marries the 'person of their choice? For my own part, 'who have rather a better title to please myself 'with a good fifteen hundred a year, than you

'who have not a ſhilling, I found it would not 'do, and that there was ſomething more to be 'ſought after in a wife than a pretty face or a 'genius? Do you think I cared three farthings 'for the woman I married? No, faith. But 'her thirty thouſand pounds were worth hav-'ing; with that I can purchaſe a ſeraglio of 'beauties, and indulge my taſte in every kind 'of pleaſure. And pray what is it to me whe-'ther my wife has beauty, or wit, or elegance, 'when her money will ſupply me with all that 'in others? You, couſin, had an opportunity 'of being as happy as I am: the men, believe 'me, would not like you a bit the worſe for 'being married: on the contrary, you would 'find, that for one who took notice of you as 'a ſingle woman, twenty would be your ad-'mirers and humble ſervants when there was 'no danger of being taken in. Thus you 'might have gratified all your paſſions, made 'an elegant figure in life, and have choſen out 'ſome gentle ſwain as romantic and poetical 'as you pleaſed for your Ceciſbee. The good 'John Trot huſband would have been eaſily 'managed, and ——' Here my indignation 'could be contained no longer, and I was 'leaving the room in diſdain, when he caught 'me by the hand—'Nay, prithee, my dear 'couſin, none of theſe violent airs. I thought 'you and I had known one another better. 'Let the poor ſouls, who are taught by prieſts 'and their nurſes to be afraid of hell-fire, 'and to think they ſhall go to the devil for 'following nature and making life agreeable, 'be as outrageouſly virtuous as they pleaſe: 'you have too much ſenſe to be frighted at 'bugbears; you know that the term of your 'exiſtence is but ſhort; and it is highly 'reaſonable to make it as pleaſant as poſſi-'ble.' I was too angry to attempt confuting his arguments; but, burſting from his hold, told him I would take care not to give him a ſecond opportunity of inſulting my diſtreſs, and affronting my underſtanding; and ſo left his houſe with a reſolution never to enter it again.

Y

No. LXXVIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST, 4, 1753.

——Propter vitam vivendi perdere cauſas. JUV.

Nor quit for life, what gives to life its worth.

I WENT home mortified and diſappointed. My ſpirits ſunk into a dejection, which took from me for many days all inclination to ſtir out of my lodging, or to ſee a human face. At length I reſolved to try, whether indigence and friendſhip were really incompatible, and whether I ſhould meet with the ſame treatment from a female friend, whoſe affection had been the principal pleaſure of my youth. 'Surely,' thought I, 'the gentle Amanda, whoſe heart 'ſeems capable of every tender and generous 'ſentiment, will do juſtice to the innocence 'and integrity of her unfortunate friend; her 'tenderneſs will encourage my virtue and ani-'mate my fortitude; her praiſes and endear-'ments will compenſate all my hardſhips.' Amanda was a ſingle woman of a moderate independent fortune, which I heard ſhe was going to beſtow on a young officer, who had little or nothing beſides his commiſſion. I had no doubt of her approbation of my refuſing a mercenary match, ſince ſhe herſelf had choſen from motives ſo oppoſite to thoſe which are called prudent. She had been in the country ſome months, ſo that my misfortunes had not reached her ear till I myſelf related them to her. She heard me with great attention, and anſwered me with politeneſs enough, but with a coldneſs that chilled my very heart. 'You are ſenſible, my dear 'Fidelia,' ſaid ſhe, 'that I never pretended 'to ſet my underſtanding in competition with 'your's. I knew my own inferiority; and 'though many of your notions and opinions 'appeared to me very ſtrange and particular, I 'never attempted to diſpute them with you. 'To be ſure, you know beſt; but it ſeems to 'me a very odd conduct for one in your ſitua-'tion to give offence to ſo good an uncle; firſt by 'maintaining doctrines which may be very true 'for aught I know, but which are very contrary

'to the received opinions we are brought up 'in, and therefore are apt to ſhock a common 'underſtanding; and ſecondly, to renounce his 'protection, and throw yourſelf into the wide 'world, rather than marry the man he choſe 'for you; to whom, after all, I do not find 'you had any real objection, nor any antipathy 'for his perſon.'—'Antipathy, my dear!' ſaid I; 'are there not many degrees between loving 'and honouring a man preferably to all others, 'and beholding him with abhorrence and aver-'ſion? The firſt is, in my opinion, the duty 'of a wife, a duty voluntarily taken upon her-'ſelf, and engaged in under the moſt ſolemn 'contract. As to the difficulties that may at-'tend my friendleſs, unprovided ſtate, ſince 'they are the conſequences of a virtuous action, 'they cannot really be evils, nor can they diſ-'turb that happineſs which is the gift of virtue.'—'I am heartily glad,' anſwered ſhe, 'that 'you have found the art of making yourſelf 'happy by the force of imagination. I wiſh 'your enthuſiaſm may continue; and that you 'may ſtill be further convinced, by your own 'experience, of the folly of mankind, in ſup-'poſing poverty and diſgrace to be evils.'

I was cut to the ſoul by the unkind manner which accompanied this ſarcaſm, and was going to remonſtrate againſt her unfriendly treatment, when her lover came in with another gentleman, who in ſpite of my full heart engaged my atten-tion, and for a while made me forget the ſtings of unkindneſs. The beauty and gracefulneſs of his perſon caught my eye, and the polite-neſs of his addreſs and the elegance of his com-pliments ſoon prejudiced me in favour of his underſtanding. He was introduced by the Captain to Amanda as his moſt intimate friend, and ſeemed deſirous to give credit to his friend's judgment by making himſelf as agreeable as poſſible. He ſucceeded ſo well, that Amanda was wholly engroſſed by the pleaſure of his converſation, and the care of entertaining her lover and her new gueſt; her face brightened, and her good humour returned. When I aroſe to leave her, ſhe preſſed me ſo earneſtly to ſtay dinner, that I could not, without diſ-covering how much I reſented her behaviour, refuſe. This, however, I ſhould probably have done, as I was naturally diſpoſed to ſhow every ſentiment of my heart, had not a ſecret wiſh aroſe there to know a little more of this agree-able ſtranger. This inclined me to think it prudent to conceal my reſentment, and to ac-cept the civilities of Amanda. The converſa-tion grew more and more pleaſing; I took my ſhare in it, and had more than my ſhare of the charming ſtranger's notice and attention. As we all grew more and more unreſerved, Amanda dropt hints in the courſe of the con-verſation relating to my ſtory, my ſentiments, and unhappy ſituation. Sir George Freelove, for that was the young gentleman's name, liſ-tened greedily to all that was ſaid of me, and ſeemed to eye me with earneſt curioſity as well as admiration. We did not part till it was late, and Sir George inſiſted on attending me to my lodgings: I ſtrongly refuſed it, not without a ſenſation which more properly be-longed to the female than the philoſopher, and which I condemned in myſelf as ariſing from diſhoneſt pride. I could not without pain ſuf-fer the polite Sir George, upon ſo ſhort an ac-quaintance, to diſcover the meanneſs of my abode. To avoid this, I ſent for a chair; but was confuſed to find that Sir George and his ſervants prepared to attend it on foot by way of guard; it was in vain to diſpute; he him-ſelf walked before, and his ſervants followed it. I was covered with bluſhes, when, after all this parade, he handed me in at the little ſhop door, and took leave with as profound reſpect as if he had guarded me to a palace. A thouſand different thoughts kept me from cloſing my eyes that night. The behaviour of Amanda wounded me to the ſoul: I found that I muſt look on her as no more than a com-mon acquaintance; and that the world did not contain one perſon whom I could call my friend. My heart felt deſolate and forlorn; I knew not what courſe to take for my future ſubſiſt-ence; the pain which my pride had juſt given me, convinced me that I was far from having conquered the paſſions of humanity, and that I ſhould feel too ſenſibly all the mortifications which attend on poverty.

I determined, however, to ſubdue this pride, and called to my aſſiſtance the examples of ancient ſages and philoſophers, who deſpiſed riches and honours, and felt no inconveniences from the malice of fortune. I had almoſt rea-ſoned myſelf into a contempt for the world,

and fancied myſelf ſuperior to its ſmiles or frowns, when the idea of Sir George Freelove ruſhed upon my mind, and deſtroyed at once the whole force of my reaſoning. I found, that however I might diſregard the reſt of the world, I could not be indifferent to his opinion; and the thought of being deſpiſed by him was inſupportable. I recollected that my condition was extremely different from that of an old philoſopher, whoſe rags perhaps were the means of gratifying his pride, by attracting the notice and reſpect of mankind: at leaſt, the philoſopher's ſchemes and wiſhes were very different from thoſe which at that time were taking poſſeſſion of my heart. The looks and behaviour of Sir George left me no doubt that I had made as deep an impreſſion in his favour as he had done in mine. I could not bear to loſe the ground I had gained, and to throw myſelf into a ſtate below his notice. I ſcorned the thoughts of impoſing on him with regard to my circumſtances, in caſe he ſhould really have had favourable intentions for me; yet to diſgrace myſelf for ever in his eye, by ſubmitting to ſervitude, or any low way of ſupporting myſelf, was what I could not bring myſelf to reſolve on.

In the midſt of theſe reflections I was ſurpriſed the next morning by a viſit from Sir George. He made reſpectful apologies for the liberty he took; told me he had learnt from my friend, that the unkindneſs and tyranny of an uncle had caſt me into uneaſy circumſtances; and that he could not know, that ſo much beauty and merit were ſo unworthily treated by fortune, without earneſtly wiſhing to be the inſtrument of doing me more juſtice. He entreated me to add dignity and value to his life, by making it conducive to the happineſs of mine; and was going on with the moſt fervent offers of ſervice, when I interrupted him by ſaying that there was nothing in his power that I could with honour accept, by which my life could be made happier, but that reſpect which was due to me as a woman and a gentlewoman, and which ought to have prevented ſuch offers of ſervice from a ſtranger, as could only be juſtified by a long experienced friendſhip; that I was not in a ſituation to receive viſits, and muſt decline his acquaintance, which nevertheleſs in a happier part of my life would have given me pleaſure.

He now had recourſe to all the arts of his ſex, imputing his too great freedom to the force of his paſſion, proteſting the moſt inviolable reſpect, and imploring on his knees, and even with tears that I would not puniſh him ſo ſeverely as to deny him the liberty of ſeeing me, and making himſelf more and more worthy of my eſteem. My weak heart was but too much touched by his artifices, and I had only juſt fortitude enough to perſevere in refuſing his viſits, and to inſiſt on his leaving me, which at laſt he did; but it was after ſuch a profuſion of tenderneſs, prayers, and proteſtations, that it was ſome time before I could recall my reaſon enough to reflect on the whole of his behaviour, and on my own ſituation, which compared left me but little doubt of his diſhonourable views.

I determined never more to admit him to my preſence, and accordingly gave orders to be denied if he came again. My reaſon applauded, but my heart reproached me, and heavily repined at the rigid determination of prudence. I knew that I acted rightly, and I expected that that conſciouſneſs would make me happy: but I found it otherwiſe; I was wretched beyond what I had ever felt or formed any idea of; I diſcovered that my heart was entangled in a paſſion which muſt for ever be combated, or indulged at the expence of virtue. I now conſidered riches as truly deſirable, ſince they would have placed me above diſgraceful attempts, and given me reaſonable hopes of becoming the wife of Sir George Freelove. I was diſcontented and unhappy, but ſurpriſed and diſappointed to find myſelf ſo, ſince hitherto I had no one criminal action to reproach myſelf with; on the contrary, my difficulties were all owing to my regard for virtue.

I reſolved, however, to try ſtill farther the power of virtue to confer happineſs, to go on in my obedience to her, and patiently wait for the good effects of it. But I had ſtronger difficulties to go through than any I had yet experienced. Sir George was too much practiſed in the arts of ſeduction, to be diſcouraged by a firſt repulſe: every day produced either ſome new attempt to ſee me, or a letter full of the moſt paſſionate proteſtations and entreaties for pardon and favour. It was in vain I gave orders that no more letters ſhould

be taken in from him; he had ſo many different contrivances to convey them, and directed them in hands ſo unlike, that I was ſurprized into reading them contrary to my real intentions. Every time I ſtirred out he was ſure to be in my way, and to employ the moſt artful tongue that ever enſnared the heart of woman, in blinding my reaſon and awakening my paſſions.

My virtue, however, did not yet give way, but my peace of mind was utterly deſtroyed. Whenever I was with him, I ſummoned all my fortitude, and conſtantly repeated my commands that he ſhould avoid me. His diſobedience called for my reſentment, and, in ſpite of my melting heart, I armed my eyes with anger, and treated him with as much diſdain as I thought his unworthy deſign deſerved. But the moment he left me, all my reſolution forſook me. I repined at my fate: I even murmured againſt the SOVEREIGN RULER of all things, for making me ſubject to paſſions which I could not ſubdue, yet muſt not indulge: I compared my own ſituation with that of my libertine couſin, whoſe pernicious arguments I had heard with horror and deteſtation, who gave the reins to every deſire, whoſe houſe was the ſeat of plenty, mirth, and delight, whoſe face was covered over with ſmiles, and whoſe heart ſeemed free from ſorrow and care. 'Is not this man,' ſaid I, 'happier than I am? And if ſo, where is the 'worth of virtue? Have I not ſacrificed to 'her my fortune and my friends? Do I not 'daily ſacrifice to her my darling inclination? 'Yet what is the compenſation ſhe offers me? 'What are my proſpects in this world but 'poverty, mortification, diſappointment, and 'grief? Every wiſh of my heart denied, 'every paſſion of humanity combated and 'hurt, though never conquered! Are theſe 'the bleſſings with which Heaven diſtinguiſhes 'its favourites? Can the King of Heaven 'want power or will to diſtinguiſh them? Or 'does he leave his wretched creatures to be 'the ſport of chance, the prey of wickedneſs 'and malice? Surely, no. Yet is not the 'condition of the virtuous often more miſerable than that of the vicious? I myſelf have 'experienced that it is. I am very unhappy, 'and ſee no likelihood of my being otherwiſe 'in this world—and all beyond the grave 'is eternal darkneſs. Yet why do I ſay, 'that I have no proſpect of happineſs? Does 'not the moſt engaging of men offer me all 'the joys that love and fortune can beſtow? 'Will not he protect me from every inſult of 'the proud world that ſcoffs at indigence? 'Will not his liberal hand pour forth the 'means of every pleaſure, even of that high-'eſt and trueſt of all pleaſures, the power of 'relieving the ſufferings of my fellow-crea-'tures, of changing the tears of diſtreſs into 'tears of joy and gratitude, of communicat-'ing my own happineſs to all around me? 'Is not this a ſtate far preferable to that in 'which virtue has placed me? But what is 'virtue? Is not happineſs the laudable pur-'ſuit of reaſon? Is it not then laudable to 'purſue it by the moſt probable means? Have 'I not been accuſing Providence of unkind-'neſs, whilſt I myſelf only am in fault for 'rejecting its offered favours? Surely, I have 'miſtaken the path of virtue: it muſt be 'that which leads to happineſs. The path 'which I am in, is full of thorns and briars, 'and terminates in impenetrable darkneſs; 'but I ſee another that is ſtrewed with flow-'ers, and bright with the ſunſhine of proſpe-'rity: this, ſurely, is the path of virtue, and 'the road to happineſs. Hither, then, let 'me turn my weary ſteps; nor let vain and 'idle prejudices fright me from felicity. It 'is ſurely impoſſible that I ſhould offend GOD, 'by yielding to a temptation which he has 'given me no motive to reſiſt. He has allotted 'me a ſhort and precarious exiſtence, and has 'placed before me good and evil. What is 'good but pleaſure? What is evil but pain? 'Reaſon and nature direct me to chuſe the 'firſt and avoid the laſt. I ſought for happineſs 'in what is called virtue, but I found it not: 'ſhall I not try the other experiment, ſince I 'think I can hardly be more unhappy by fol-'lowing inclination, than I am by denying it?'

Thus had my frail thoughts wandered into a wilderneſs of error, and thus had I almoſt reaſoned myſelf out of every principle of morality, by purſuing through all their conſequences the doctrines which had been taught me as rules of life and preſcriptions for felicity, the taliſmans of Truth, by which I ſhould

be ſecured in the ſtorms of adverſity, and liſten without danger to the ſyrens of temptation; when in the fatal hour of my preſumption, ſitting alone in my chamber, collecting arguments on the ſide of paſſion, almoſt diſtracted with doubts, and plunging deeper and deeper into falſehood, I ſaw Sir George Freelove at my feet, who had gained admittance, contrary to my orders, by corrupting my landlady. It is not neceſſary to deſcribe to you his arts, or the weak efforts of that virtue which had been graciouſly implanted in my heart, but when I had taken impious pains to undermine by falſe reaſoning, and which now tottered from the foundation: ſuffice it that I ſubmitted to the humiliation I have ſo well deſerved; and tell you, that, in all the pride of human reaſon, I dared to condemn, as the effect of weakneſs and prejudice, the ſtill voice of conſcience which would yet have warned me from ruin; that my innocence, my honour, was the ſacrifice to paſſion and ſophiſtry; that my boaſted philoſophy, and too much flattered underſtanding, preſerved me not from the loweſt depth of infamy, which the weakeſt of my ſex with humility and religion would have avoided.

I now experienced a new kind of wretchedneſs. My vile ſeducer tried in vain to reconcile me to the ſhameful life to which he had reduced me, by loading me with finery, and laviſhing his fortune in procuring me pleaſures which I could not taſte, and pomp which ſeemed an inſult on my diſgrace. In vain did I recollect the arguments which had convinced me of the lawfulneſs of accepting offered pleaſures, and following the dictates of inclination: the light of my underſtanding was darkened, but the ſenſe of guilt was not loſt. My pride and my delicacy, if, criminal as I was, I may dare to call it ſo, ſuffered the moſt intolerable mortification and diſguſt, every time I reflected on my infamous ſituation. Every eye ſeemed to upbraid me, even that of my triumphant ſeducer. O depth of miſery! to be conſcious of deſerving the contempt of him I loved, and for whoſe ſake I was become contemptible to myſelf!

Y

No. LXXIX. TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1753.

Quiſnam igitur liber? ſapiens ſibi qui imperioſus;
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:
Reſponſare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, et in ſeipſo totus: teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari. HOR.

Who then is free?—the wiſe, who well maintains
An empire o'er himſelf: whom neither chains,
Nor want, nor death, with ſlaviſh fear inſpire;
Who boldly anſwers to his warm deſire;
Who can ambition's vaineſt gifts deſpiſe;
Firm in himſelf who on himſelf relies;
Poliſh'd and round who runs his proper courſe,
And breaks misfortune with ſuperior force. FRANCIS.

THIS was the ſtate of my mind during a year which I paſſed in Sir George's houſe. His fondneſs was unabated for eight months of the time; and as I had no object to ſhare my attention, neither friend nor relation to call off any part of my tenderneſs, all the love of a heart naturally affectionate centered in him. The firſt dawnings of unkindneſs were but too viſible to my watchful eyes. I had now all the torments of jealouſy to endure, till a cruel certainty put an end to them. I learnt at length, that my falſe lover was on the brink of marriage with a lady of great fortune. I immediately reſolved to leave him; but could not do it without firſt venting my full heart in complaints and reproaches. This provoked his rage, and drew on me inſolence, which though I had deſerved, I had not learnt to bear. I returned with ſcorn, which no longer became me, all the wages of

my ſin, and the trappings of my ſhame, and left his houſe in the bittereſt anguiſh of reſentment and deſpair.

I returned to my old lodgings; but unable to bear a ſcene which recalled every circumſtance of my undoing, aſhamed to look in the face of any creature who had ſeen me innocent, wretched in myſelf, and hoping from change of place ſome abatement of my miſery, I put myſelf into a poſt-chaiſe at two in the morning, with orders to the driver to carry me as far from town as he could before the return of night, leaving it to him to chuſe the road.

My reaſon and my ſenſes ſeemed benumbed and ſtupified during my journey. I made no reflections on what I was about, nor formed any deſign for future life. When night came, my conductor would have ſtopped at a large town, but I bid him go on to the next village. There I alighted at a paultry inn, and diſmiſſed my vehicle, without once conſidering what I was to do with myſelf, or why I choſe that place for my abode. To ſay truth, I can give no account of my thoughts at this period of time; they were all confuſed and diſtracted. A ſhort frenzy muſt have filled up thoſe hours, of which my memory retains ſuch imperfect traces. I remember only, that without having pulled off my cloaths, I left the inn as ſoon as I ſaw the day, and wandered out of the village.

My unguided feet carried me to a range of willows by a river's ſide, where after having walked ſome time, the freſhneſs of the air revived my ſenſes, and awakened my reaſon. My reaſon, my memory, anguiſh and deſpair, returned together! Every circumſtance of my paſt life was preſent to my mind: but moſt the idea of my faithleſs lover and my criminal love tortured my imagination, and rent my bleeding heart, which, in ſpite of all its guilt and all its wrongs, retained the tendereſt and moſt ardent affection for its undoer. This unguarded affection, which was the effect of a gentle and kind nature, heightened the anguiſh of reſentment, and compleated my miſery. In vain did I call off my thoughts from this gloomy retroſpect, and hope to find a gleam of comfort in my future proſpects. They were ſtill more dreadful: poverty, attended by infamy and want, groaning under the cruel hand of oppreſſion and the taunts of inſolence, was before my eyes. I, who had once been the darling and the pride of indulgent parents, who had once been beloved, reſpected, and admired, was now the outcaſt of human nature, deſpiſed and avoided by all who had ever loved me, by all whom I had moſt loved! hateful to myſelf, belonging to no one, expoſed to wrongs and inſults from all!

I tried to find out the cauſe of this diſmal change, and how far I was myſelf the occaſion of it. My conduct with reſpect to Sir George, though I ſpontaneouſly condemned, yet, upon recollection, I thought the arguments which produced it would juſtify. But as my principles could not preſerve me from vice, neither could they ſuſtain me in adverſity: conſcience was not to be perverted by the ſophiſtry which had beclouded my reaſon. And if any, by imputing my conduct to error, ſhould acquit me of guilt, let them remember, it is yet true, that in this uttermoſt diſtreſs, I was neither ſuſtained by the conſciouſneſs of innocence, nor the hope of reward: whether I looked backward or forward, all was confuſion and anguiſh, diſtraction and deſpair, I accuſed the Supreme Being of cruelty and injuſtice, who, though he gave me not ſufficient encouragement to reſiſt deſire, yet puniſhed me with the conſequences of indulgence. 'If there is a 'GOD,' cried I, 'he muſt be either tyranni-'cal and cruel, or regardleſs of his creatures. 'I will no longer endure a being which is 'undeſervedly miſerable either from chance 'or deſign, but fly to that annihilation in 'which all my proſpects terminate. Take 'back,' ſaid I, lifting my eyes to Heaven, 'the hateful gift of exiſtence, and let my 'duſt no more be animated to ſuffering, and 'exalted to miſery.'

So ſaying, I ran to the brink of the river, and was going to plunge in, when the cry of ſome perſon very near me made me turn my eyes to ſee whence it came. I was accoſted by an elderly clergyman, who with looks of terror, pity, and benevolence, aſked what I was about to do. At firſt I was ſullen, and refuſed to anſwer him; but by degrees the compaſſion he ſhowed, and the tenderneſs with which he treated me, ſoftened my heart, and gave vent to my tears.

'O! Madam,' ſaid he, 'theſe are gracious

'signs, and unlike those which first drew my 'attention, and made me watch you unobserv- 'ed, fearing some fatal purpose in your mind. 'What must be the thoughts which could 'make a face like yours appear the picture of 'horror! I was taking my morning walk, and 'have seen you a considerable time; sometimes 'stopping and wringing your hands, some- 'times quickening your pace, sometimes walk- 'ing with your eyes fixed on the ground, till 'you raised them to heaven, with looks not of 'supplication and piety, but rather of accusa- 'tion and defiance. For pity tell me how is 'it that you have quarrelled with yourself, 'with life, nay even with Heaven? Recal 'your reason and your hope, and let this sea- 'sonable prevention of your purpose be an 'earnest to you of good things to come, of 'GOD's mercy not yet alienated from you, 'and stooping from his throne to save your 'soul from perdition.'

The tears which flowed in rivers from my eyes while he talked, gave me so much relief, that I found myself able to speak, and desirous to express my gratitude for the good man's concern for me. It was so long since I had known the joys of confidence, that I felt surprising pleasure and comfort from unburthening my heart, and telling my kind deliverer every circumstance of my story, and every thought of my distracted mind. He shuddered to hear me upbraid the Divine Providence; and stopping me short, told me, he would lead me to one who should preach patience to me, whilst she gave me the example of it.

As we talked, he led me to his own house, and there introduced me to his wife, a middle-aged woman, pale and emaciated, but of a cheerful placid countenance who received me with the greatest tenderness and humanity. She saw I was distressed, and her compassion was beforehand with my complaints. Her tears stood ready to accompany mine; her looks and her voice expressed the kindest concern; and her assiduous cares demonstrated that true politeness and hospitality, which is not the effect of art but of inward benevolence. While she obliged me to take some refreshment, her husband gave her a short account of my story, and of the state in which he had found me. 'This poor lady,' said he, 'from the fault of 'her education and principles, sees every thing 'through a gloomy medium: she accuses Pro- 'vidence, and hates her existence for those 'evils which are the common lot of mankind 'in this short state of trial. You, my dear, 'who are one of the greatest sufferers I have 'known, are best qualified to cure her of her 'faulty impatience, and to convince her, by 'your own example, that this world is not the 'place in which virtue is to find its reward. 'She thinks no one so unhappy as herself; but if 'she knew all that you have gone through, 'she would surely be sensible, that if you are 'happier than she, it is only because your 'principles are better.'

'Indeed, my dear Madam,' said she, 'that 'is the only advantage I have over you; but 'that, indeed, outweighs every thing else. It 'is now but ten days since I followed to the 'grave my only son, the survivor of eight 'children, who were all equally the objects of 'my fondest love. My heart is no less tender 'than your own, nor my affections less warm. 'For a whole year before the death of my last 'darling, I watched the fatal progress of his 'disease, and saw him suffer the most amazing 'pains. Nor was poverty, that dreaded evil 'to which you could not submit, wanting to 'my trials. Though my husband is by his 'profession a gentleman, his income is so small, 'that I and my children have often wanted 'necessaries: and though I had always a 'weakly constitution, I have helped to sup- 'port my family by the labour of own hands. 'At this time I am consuming, by daily tor- 'tures, with a cancer which must shortly be 'my death. My pains, perhaps, might be 'mitigated by proper assistance, though no- 'thing could preserve my life; but I have not 'the means to obtain that assistance.'——'O 'hold,' interrupted I, my soul is shocked at 'the enumeration of such intolerable suffer- 'ings. How is it that you support them? 'Why do I not see you, in despair like mine, 'renounce your existence, and put yourself 'out of the reach of torment? But above all, 'tell me how it is possible for you to preserve, 'amidst such complicated misery, that appear- 'ance of cheearfulness and serene complacency

'which shines so remarkably in your counte-
'nance, and animates every look and mo-
'tion?'

'That cheerfulness and complacency,' answered the good woman, 'I feel in my 'heart. My mind is not only serene, but 'often experiences the highest emotions of joy 'and exultation, that the brightest hopes can 'give.'—'And whence,' said I, 'do you de-'rive this astonishing art of extracting joy 'from misery, and of smiling amidst all the 'terrors of pain, sorrow, poverty, and death?' She was silent a moment; then stepping to her closet, reached a Bible, which she put into my hands. 'See there,' said she, 'the volume in 'which I learn this art. Here I am taught that 'everlasting glory is in store for all who will 'accept it upon the terms which Infinite Per-'fection has prescribed; here I am promised 'consolation, assistance and support, from the 'LORD OF LIFE; and here I am assured that 'my transient afflictions are only meant to fit 'me for eternal and unspeakable happiness. 'This happiness is at hand. The short remainder 'of my life seems but a point, beyond which 'opens the glorious prospect of immortality. 'Thus encouraged, how should I be dejected? 'Thus supported, how should I sink? With 'such prospects, such assured hopes, how can 'I be otherwise than happy?'

While she spoke, her eyes sparkled, and her whole face seemed animated with joy. I was struck with her manner, as well as her words. Every syllable she uttered seemed to sink into my soul, so that I never can forget it. I resolved to examine a religion which was capable of producing such effects as I could not attribute either to chance or error. The good couple pressed me with so much unaffected kindness, to make their little parsonage my asylum till I could better dispose of myself, that I accepted their offer. Here with the assistance of the clergyman, who is a plain, sensible, and truly pious man, I have studied the Holy Scriptures, and the evidences of their authority. But after reading them with candour and attention, I found all the extrinsic arguments of their truth superfluous. The excellency of their precepts, the consistency of their doctrines, and the glorious motives and encouragements to virtue which they propose, together with the striking example I had before my eyes of their salutary effects, left me no doubt of their divine authority.

During the time of my abode here, I have been witness to the more than heroic, the joyful, the triumphant death of the dear good woman. With as much softness and tenderness as ever I saw in a female character, she shewed more dauntless intrepidity than the sternest philosopher or the proudest hero. No torment could shake the constancy of her soul, or length of pain wear out the strength of her patience. Death was to her an object not of horror but of hope. When I heard her pour forth her last breath in thanksgiving, and saw the smile of extasy remain on her pale face when life was fled, I could not help crying out in the beautiful language I had lately learned from the Sacred Writings—'O Death! where 'is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy vic-'tory?'

I am now preparing to leave my excellent benefactor, and get my bread in a service, to which he has recommended me, in a neighbouring family. A state of servitude, to which once I could not resolve to yield, appears no longer dreadful to me; that pride, which would have made it galling, Christianity has subdued, though philosophy attempted it in vain. As a penitent, I should gratefully submit to mortification; but as a Christian, I find myself superior to every mortification, except the sense of guilt. This has humbled me to the dust: but the full assurances that are given me by the Saviour of the World, of the Divine pardon and favour upon sincere repentance, have calmed my troubled spirit, and filled my mind with peace and joy, which the world can neither give nor take away. Thus, without any change for the better in my outward circumstances, I find myself changed from a distracted, poor, despairing wretch, to a contented, happy, grateful being; thankful for, and pleased with my present state of existence, yet exulting in the hope of quitting it for endless glory and happiness.

O! Sir, tell the unthinking mortals, who will not take the pains of inquiring into those truths which most concern them, and who are led by fashion, and the pride of human reason, into a contempt of the Sacred Oracles of GOD; tell

tell them theſe amazing effects of the power of Chriſtianity: tell them this truth which experience has taught me, that, 'Though 'Vice is conſtantly attended by miſery, Vir-'tue itſelf cannot confer happineſs in this 'world, except it be animated with the hopes 'of eternal bliſs in the world to come.'

I am, &c.

Y FIDELIA.

No. LXXX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1753.

Non deſunt craſſi quidam, qui ſtudioſus ab hujuſmodi libris deterreant, ceu poeticis, ut vocant, et ad morum integritatem officientibus. Ego vero dignos cenſeo quos et omnibus in ludis prælegant adoleſcentiæ literatores, et ſibi legant relegantque ſenes.

ERASMUS.

There are not wanting perſons ſo dull and inſenſible, as to deter ſtudents from reading books of this kind, which, they ſay, are poetical, and pernicious to the purity of morals: but I am of opinion, that they are not only worthy to be read by the inſtructors of youth in their ſchools, but that the old and experienced ſhould again and again peruſe them.

GREATNESS, novelty, and beauty, are uſually and juſtly reckoned the three principal ſources of the pleaſures that ſtrike the imagination. If the Iliad be allowed to abound in objects that may be referred to the firſt ſpecies, yet the Odyſſey may boaſt a greater number of images that are beautiful and uncommon. The vaſt variety of ſcenes perpetually ſhifting before us, the train of unexpected events, and the many ſudden turns of fortune in this diverſified poem, muſt more deeply engage the reader, and keep his attention more alive and active, than the martial uniformity of the Iliad. The continual glare of a ſingle colour that unchangeably predominates throughout a whole piece, is apt to dazzle and diſguſt the eye of the beholder. I will not, indeed, preſume to ſay with Voltaire, that among the greateſt admirers of antiquity, there is ſcarce one to be found who could ever read the Iliad with that eagerneſs and rapture, which a woman feels when ſhe peruſes the novel of Zayde; but will, however, venture to affirm, that the Specioſa Miracula of the Odyſſey are better calculated to excite our curioſity and wonder, and to allure us forward with unextinguiſhed impatience to the cataſtrophe, than the perpetual tumult and terror that reign through the Iliad.

The boundleſs exuberance of his imagination, his unwearied ſpirit and fire, ἀκάματον πῦρ, has enabled Homer to diverſify the deſcriptions of his battles with many circumſtances of great variety: ſometimes by ſpecifying the different characters, ages, profeſſions, or nations, of his dying heroes; ſometimes by deſcribing different kinds of wounds and deaths; and ſometimes by tender and pathetic ſtrokes, which remind the reader of the aged parent who is fondly expecting the return of his ſon juſt murdered, of the deſolate condition of the widows who will now be enſlaved, and of the children that will be daſhed againſt the ſtones. But notwithſtanding this delicate art and addreſs in the poet, the ſubject remains the ſame; and from this ſameneſs, it will, I fear, grow tedious and inſipid to impartial readers; theſe ſmall modifications and adjuncts are not ſufficiently efficacious to give the grace of novelty to repitition, and to make tautology delightful: the battles are, indeed, nobly and variouſly painted, yet ſtill they are only battles. But when we accompany Ulyſſes through the manifold perils he underwent by ſea and land, and viſit with him the ſtrange nations to which the anger of Neptune has driven him, all whoſe manners and cuſtoms are deſcribed in the moſt lively and pictureſque terms; when we ſurvey the wondrous monſters he encountered and eſcaped—

Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charibdin;
Antiphates his hideous feaſt devour,
Charybdis bark, and Polyphemus roar.

FRANCIS.

when we see him refuse the charms of Calypso, and the cup of Circe; when we descend with him into hell, and hear him converse with all the glorious heroes that assisted at the Trojan war; when, after struggling with ten thousand difficulties unforeseen and almost unsurmountable, he is at last restored to the peaceable possession of his kingdom and his queen; when such objects as these are displayed, so new and so interesting; when all the descriptions, incidents, scenes, and persons, differ so widely from each other; then it is that poetry becomes 'a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,' and a feast of such an exalted nature, as to produce neither satiety nor disgust.

But besides its variety, the Odyssey is the most amusing and entertaining of all other poems, on account of the pictures it preserves to us of ancient manners, customs, laws, and politics, and of the domestic life of the heroic ages. The more any nation becomes polished, the more the genuine feelings of nature are disguised, and their manners are consequently less adapted to bear a faithful description. Good-breeding is founded on the dissimulation or suppression of such sentiments, as may probably provoke or offend those with whom we converse. The little forms and ceremonies which have been introduced into civil life by the moderns, are not suited to the dignity and simplicity of the Epic Muse. The coronation feast of an European monarch would not shine half so much in poetry, as the simple supper prepared for Ulysses at the Phæacian court; the gardens of Alcinous are much fitter for description than those of Versailles; and Nausicaa, descending to the river to wash her garments, and dancing afterwards upon the banks with her fellow-virgins, like Diana amidst her nymphs—

Ρεῖα δ' ἀριγνώτη πέλεται, καλαὶ δὲ τε πᾶσαι,

Though all are fair, she shines above the rest,

is a far more graceful figure than the most glittering lady in the drawing room, with a complexion plaistered to repair the vigils of cards, and a shape violated by a stiff brocade and an immeasurable hoop. The compliment also which Ulysses pays to his innocent unadorned beauty, especially when he compares her to a young palm-tree of Delos, contains more gallantry and elegance than the most applauded sonnet of the politest French marquis that ever rhymed. However indelicate I may be esteemed, I freely confess I had rather sit in the grotto of Calypso, than in the most pompous saloon of Louis XV. The tea and the card-tables can be introduced with propriety and success only in the mock-heroic, as they have been very happily in the Rape of the Lock: but the present modes of life must be forgotten when we attempt any thing in the serious or sublime poetry; for heroism disdains the luxurious refinements, the false delicacy and state of modern ages. The primeval, I was about to say patriarchal, simplicity of manners displayed in the Odyssey, is a perpetual source of true poetry, is inexpressibly pleasing to all who are uncorrupted by the business and the vanities of life, and may therefore prove equally instructive and captivating to younger readers.

It seems to be a tenet universally received among common critics, as certain and indisputable, that images and characters of peaceful and domestic life are not so difficult to be drawn, as pictures of war and fury. I own myself of a quite contrary opinion; and think the description of Andromache parting with Hector in the Iliad, and the tender circumstance of the child Astyanax starting back from his father's helmet, and clinging to the bosom of his nurse, are as great efforts of the imagination of Homer, as the dreadful picture of Achilles fighting with the rivers, or dragging the carcase of Hector at his chariot-wheels: the behaviour of Hecuba, when she points to the breast that had suckled her dear Hector, is as finely conceived as the most gallant exploits of Diomede and Ajax: the Natural is as strong an evidence of true genius, as the Sublime. It is in such images the Odyssey abounds: the superior utility of which, as they more nearly concern and more strongly affect us, need not be pointed out. Let Longinus admire the majesty of Neptune whirling his chariot over the deep, surrounded by sea monsters that gambolled before their king; the description of the dog Argus, creeping to the feet of his master, whom he alone knew in his disguise, and expiring with joy for his return, is so inexpressibly pathetic, that it equals, if not exceeds, any of the magnificent and bolder images which that excellent

critic hath produced in his treatiſe on the ſublime. He juſtly commends the prayer of Ajax, who, when he was ſurrounded with a thick darkneſs that prevented the diſplay of his proweſs, begs of Jupiter only to remove the clouds that involved him: 'And then,' ſays he, 'deſtroy me if thou wilt in the day-light;' ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὀλέσσον But ſurely the reflections which Ulyſſes makes to Amphinomus, the moſt virtuous of the ſuitors, concerning the miſery and vanity of man, will be found to deſerve equal commendations, if we conſider their propriety, ſolemnity, and truth. Our hero, in the diſguiſe of a beggar, had juſt been ſpurned at and ridiculed by the reſt of the riotous lovers, but is kindly relieved by Amphinomus, whoſe behaviour is finely contraſted to the brutality of his brethren. Upon which Ulyſſes ſays—'Hear me, O Amphino-'mus! and ponder the words I ſhall ſpeak unto 'thee. Of all creatures that breathe or creep 'upon the earth, the moſt weak and impotent 'is man. For he never thinks that evils ſhall 'befal him at another ſeaſon while the gods 'beſtow on him ſtrength and happineſs. But 'when the immortal gods afflict him with ad-'verſity, he bears it with unwillingneſs and 'repining. Such is the mind of the inhabi-'tants of earth, that it changes as Jupiter ſends 'happineſs or miſery. I once numbered my-'ſelf among the happy, and elated with proſ-'perity and pride, and relying on my family 'and friends, committed many acts of injuſ-'tice. But let no man be proud or unjuſt, 'but receive whatever gifts the gods beſtow on 'him with humility and ſilence.' I choſe to tranſlate this ſententious paſſage as literally as poſſible, to preſerve the air of its venerable ſimplicity and ſtriking ſolemnity. If we recollect the ſpeaker, and the occaſion of the ſpeech, we cannot fail of being deeply affected. Can we, therefore, forbear giving our aſſent to the truth of the title which Alcidamas, according to Ariſtotle, in his rhetoric, beſtows on the Odyſſey; who calls it 'a beautiful mir-'ror of human life,' καλὸν ἀνθρωπίνε βίε κάτοπτρον.

Homer, in the Iliad, reſembles the River Nile, when it deſcends in a cataract that deafens and aſtoniſhes the neighbouring inhabitants. In the Odyſſey, he is ſtill like the ſame Nile, when its genial inundations gently diffuſe fertility and fatneſs over the peaceful plains of Egypt.

Z

No. LXXXI. TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1753.

Nil deſperandum. HOR.

Avaunt deſpair.

I HAVE ſometimes heard it diſputed in converſation, whether it be more laudable or deſirable, that a man ſhould think too highly or too meanly of himſelf: it is on all hands agreed to be beſt, that he ſhould think rightly: but ſince a fallible being will always make ſome deviations from exact rectitude, it is not wholly uſeleſs to enquire towards which ſide it is ſafer to decline.

The prejudices of mankind ſeem to favour him who errs by under-rating his own powers; he is conſidered as a modeſt and harmleſs member of ſociety, not likely to break the peace by competition, to endeavour after ſuch ſplendor of reputation as may dim the luſtre of others, or to interrupt any in the enjoyment of themſelves; he is no man's rival, and therefore may be every man's friend.

The opinion which a man entertains of himſelf ought to be diſtinguiſhed, in order to an accurate diſcuſſion of this queſtion, as it relates to perſons or to things. To think highly of ourſelves in compariſon with others, to aſſume by our own authority that precedence which none is willing to grant, muſt be always invidious and offenſive; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and imagine ourſelves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in poſſeſſion of the ſame abilities, cannot with equal juſtice provoke cenſure.

It muſt be confeſſed, that ſelf-love may diſpoſe us to decide too haſtily in our own favour: but who is hurt by the miſtake? If we are incited by this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labour, and ours is the diſgrace.

But he that dares to think well of himſelf, will not always prove to be miſtaken; and the good effects of his confidence will then appear in great attempts and great performances: if he ſhould not fully compleat his deſign, he will at leaſt advance it ſo far as to leave an eaſier taſk for him that ſucceeds him; and even though he ſhould wholly fail, he will fail with honour.

But from the oppoſite error, from torpid deſpondency can come no advantage; it is the froſt of the ſoul, which binds up all its powers, and congeal life in perpetual ſterility. He that has no hopes of ſucceſs will make no attempts; and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

Every man ſhould, therefore, endeavour to maintain in himſelf a favourable opinion of the powers of the human mind; which are perhaps, in every man, greater than they appear, and might by diligent cultivation be exalted to a degree beyond what their poſſeſſor preſumes to believe. There is ſcarce any man but has found himſelf able, at the inſtigation of neceſſity, to do what in a ſtate of leiſure and deliberation he would have concluded impoſſible; and ſome of our ſpecies have ſignalized themſelves by ſuch atchievements, as prove that there are few things above human hope.

It has been the policy of all nations to preſerve, by ſome public monuments, the memory of thoſe who have ſerved their country by great exploits; there is the ſame reaſon for continuing or reviving the names of thoſe whoſe extenſive abilities have dignified humanity. An honeſt emulation may be alike excited; and the philoſopher's curioſity may be inflamed by a catalogue of the works of Boyle or Bacon, as Themiſtocles was kept awake by the trophies of Miltiades.

Among the favourites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contrarieties of excellence, none ſeems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man known about two centuries ago by the appellation of the Admirable Crichton; of whoſe hiſtory, whatever we may ſuppreſs as ſurpaſſing credibility, yet we ſhall, upon inconteſtible authority, relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

'Virtue,' ſays Virgil, 'is better accepted 'when it comes in a pleaſing form.' The perſon of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was conſiſtent with ſuch activity and ſtrength, that in fencing he would ſpring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagoniſt; and he uſed the ſword in either hand with ſuch force and dexterity, that ſcarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having ſtudied at St. Andrews's in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty-firſt year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that univerſity to diſpute with him on a certain day: offering to his opponents, whoever they ſhould be, the choice of ten languages, and of all the faculties and ſciences. On the day appointed three thouſand auditors aſſembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty maſters appeared againſt him; and one of his antagoniſts confeſſes that the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man; and that a hundred years paſſed without food or ſleep, would not be ſufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a diſputation of nine hours he was preſented by the preſident and profeſſors with a diamond and a purſe of gold, and diſmiſſed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the ſame challenge, and had in the preſence of the pope and cardinals the ſame ſucceſs. Afterwards he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city: then viſited Padua, where he engaged in another public diſputation, beginning his performance with an extemporal poem in praiſe of the city and the aſſembly then preſent, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards publiſhed another challenge, in which he declared himſelf ready to detect the errors of Ariſtotle and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which his antagoniſts ſhould propoſe of a hundred different kinds of verſe.

Theſe acquiſitions of learning, however ſtupendous, were not gained at the expence of any pleaſure which youth generally indulges, or by the omiſſion of any accompliſhment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel: he practiſed in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting, he was an eminent performer

in both vocal and inſtrumental muſic, he danced with uncommon gracefulneſs, and on the day after his diſputation at Paris exhibited his ſkill on horſemanſhip before the court of France, where, at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled likewiſe in domeſtic games of leſs dignity and reputation; and in the interval between his challenge and diſputation at Paris, he ſpent ſo much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing thoſe that would ſee this monſter of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extenſive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy, compoſed by himſelf, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is ſaid to have perſonated fifteen different characters; in all which he might ſucceed without great difficulty, ſince he had ſuch power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the ſpeaker through all his variety of tone and geſticulation.

Nor was his ſkill in arms leſs than in learning, or his courage inferior to his ſkill: there was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who travelling about the world, according to the barbarous cuſtom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the moſt celebrated maſters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then reſided, had killed three that appeared againſt him. The duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton, looking on his ſanguinary ſucceſs with indignation, offered to ſtake fifteen hundred piſtoles, and mount the ſtage againſt him. The duke, with ſome reluctance, conſented, and on the day fixed the combatants appeared: their weapon ſeems to have been the ſingle rapier which was then newly introduced into Italy. The prize fighter advanced with great violence and fierceneſs, and Crichton contented himſelf calmly to ward his paſſes, and ſuffered him to exhauſt his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then became the aſſailant; and preſſed upon him with ſuch force and agility, that he thruſt him thrice through the body, and ſaw him expire: he then divided the prize he had won among the widows whoſe huſbands had been killed.

The death of this wonderful man I ſhould be willing to conceal, did I not know that every reader will inquire curiouſly after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however diſtinguiſhed from each other by nature or by fortune.

The Duke of Mantua having received ſo many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his ſon Vincentio di Gonzaga, a prince of looſe manners and turbulent diſpoſition. On this occaſion it was, that he compoſed the comedy in which he exhibited ſo many different characters with exact propriety. But his honour was of ſhort continuance; for as he was one night in the time of Carnival rambling about the ſtreets, with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by ſix men maſked. Neither his courage nor ſkill in this exigence deſerted him; he oppoſed them with ſuch activity and ſpirit, that he ſoon diſperſed them, and diſarmed their leader, who throwing off his maſk, diſcovered himſelf to be the prince his pupil. Crichton falling on his knees, took his own ſword by the point, and preſented it to the prince; who immediately ſeized it, and inſtigated, as ſome ſay, by jealouſy, according to others only by drunken fury and brutal reſentment, thruſt him through the heart.

Thus was the Admirable Crichton brought into that ſtate, in which he could excel the meaneſt of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory: the court of Mantua teſtified their eſteem by a public mourning; the contemporary wits were profuſe of their encomiums, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, repreſenting him on horſeback with a lance in one hand and a book in the other.

No. LXXXII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1753.

Nunc ſcio quid ſit amor. VIRG.

Now know I what is love.

THOUGH the danger of diſappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I this day claim the attention of the ladies, and profeſs to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few; an art by which their predominant paſſion may be gratified, and their conqueſts not only extended but ſecured; 'The art of being Pretty.'

But though my ſubject may intereſt the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend thoſe profound moraliſts who have long ſince determined, that Beauty ought rather to be deſpiſed than deſired; that, like ſtrength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of cauſes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happineſs or the diſtinction of merit.

To theſe gentlemen I ſhall remark, that beauty is among thoſe qualities which no effort of human wit could ever bring into contempt: it is, therefore, to be wiſhed at leaſt, that beauty was in ſome degree dependent upon Sentiment and Manners, that ſo high a privilege might not be poſſeſſed by the unworthy, and that human reaſon might no longer ſuffer the mortification of thoſe who are compelled to adore an idol, which differ from a ſtone or a log only by the ſkill of the artificer: and if they cannot themſelves behold beauty with indifference, they muſt ſurely approve an attempt to ſhew that it merits their regard.

I ſhall, however, principally conſider that ſpecies of beauty which is expreſſed in the countenance; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not leſs complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requiſites to perfect Beauty, which are wholly produced by external cauſes, colour, and proportion: and it will appear, that even in common eſtimation theſe are not the chief, but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without ſomething more.

The fineſt features, ranged in the moſt exact ſymmetry, and heightened by the moſt blooming complexion, muſt be animated before they can ſtrike: and when they are animated, will generally excite the ſame paſſions which they expreſs. If they are fixed in the dead calm of inſenſibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not expreſs kindneſs, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, diſdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aſpect excites deſire, it is but like that of a ſavage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the deſtruction of its object.

Among particular graces, the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reaſon is evident; dimples are produced by a ſmile, and a ſmile is an expreſſion of complacency: ſo the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loſs to define the beauty by which his paſſion was ſuddenly and irreſiſtibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the ſhape or diſpoſition of the features, or the colour of the ſkin: he tells you, that it is ſomething which he cannot fully expreſs, ſomething not fixed in any part, but diffuſed over the whole; he calls it a ſweetneſs, a ſoftneſs, a placid ſenſibility, or gives it ſome other appellation which connects beauty with Sentiment, and expreſſes a charm which is not peculiar to any ſet of features, but is perhaps poſſible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always conſiſt in ſmiles, but varies as expreſſions of meekneſs and kindneſs vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the ſilent complaint of patient ſufferance, the tender ſollicitude of friendſhip, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almoſt irreſiſtible.

This is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmoſt bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be aſſumed as a maſk to conceal inſenſibility or malevolence; it muſt be the genuine effect of correſponding ſentiments, or it will impreſs upon the countenance a new and more diſguſting deformity, Affectation; it will produce the grin, the ſimper, the ſtare, the languiſh, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By ſome, indeed, this ſpecies of hypocriſy has been practiſed with ſuch ſkill as to deceive ſuperficial obſervers, though it can deceive even theſe but for a moment. Looks which do not correſpond with the heart cannot be aſſumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquiſh them muſt, therefore, ſoon preponderate, and the aſpect and apparel of the viſit will be laid by together; the ſmiles and the languiſhments of art will vaniſh, and the fierceneſs of rage, or the gloom of diſcontent, will either obſcure or deſtroy all the elegance of ſymmetry and complexion.

The artificial aſpect is, indeed, as wretched a ſubſtitute for the expreſſion of ſentiment, as the ſmear of paint for the bluſhes of health: it is not only equally tranſient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghaſtly, the paſſions burſt out with more violence after reſtraint, the features become more diſtorted, and excite more determined averſion.

Beauty, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and conſequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant paſſion may generally be diſcovered in the countenance; becauſe the muſcles by which it is expreſſed, being almoſt perpetually contracted, loſe their tone, and never totally relax; ſo that the expreſſion remains when the paſſion is ſuſpended: thus an angry, a diſdainful, a ſubtle, and a ſuſpicious temper, is diſplayed in characters that are almoſt univerſally underſtood. It is equally true of the pleaſing and the ſofter paſſions, that they leave their ſignatures upon the countenance when they ceaſe to act: the prevalence of theſe paſſions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aſpect, and gives a turn and caſt to the features which make a more favourable and forcible impreſſion upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external cauſes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and ſentiment equally endanger the poſſeſſor. 'It is,' to uſe an eaſtern metaphor, 'like the towers of a city, not only an ornament, but a defence:' if it excites deſire, it at once controuls and refines it; it repreſſes with awe, it ſoftens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reaſon and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; becauſe this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer paſſion, it alſo more forcibly engages to fidelity: every man finds himſelf more powerfully reſtrained from giving pain to goodneſs than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expreſſion of goodneſs, is a ſilent reproach of the firſt irregular wiſh; and the purpoſe immediately appears to be diſingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be diſappointed, the placid confidence of unſuſpecting ſimplicity abuſed, and the peace even of virtue endangered, by the moſt ſordid infidelity, and the breach of the ſtrongeſt obligations.

But the hope of the hypocrite muſt periſh. When the factitious beauty has laid by her ſmiles; when the luſtre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have loſt their influence with their novelty; what remains but a tyrant diveſted of power, who will never be ſeen without a mixture of indignation and diſdain? The only deſire which this object could gratify will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance, but with triumph. As reſentment will ſucceed to diſappointment, a deſire to mortify will ſucceed a deſire to pleaſe; and the huſband may be urged to ſolicit a miſtreſs, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which laſted only till ſhe was known.

Let it, therefore, be remembered, that none can be diſciples of the Graces, but in the ſchool of Virtue; and that thoſe who wiſh to be LOVELY, muſt learn early to be GOOD.

No. LXXXIII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1753.

Illic enim debet toto animo a poeta in dissolutionem nodi, agi; eaque præcipua fabulæ pars est quæ requirit plurimum diligentiæ.

CICERO.

The poet ought to exert his whole strength and spirit in the solution of his plot; which is the principal part of the fable, and requires the utmost diligence and care.

OF the three only perfect Epopees which, in the compass of so many ages, human wit has been able to produce, the conduct and constitution of the Odyssey seem to be the most artificial and judicious.

Aristotle observes, that there are two kinds of fables, the simple and the complex. A fable in tragic or epic poetry, is denominated simple, when the events it contains follow each other in a continued and unbroken tenour, without a Recognition or discovery, and without a Peripetie or unexpected change of fortune. A fable is called complex, when it contains both a discovery and a peripetie. And this great critic, whose knowledge of human nature was consummate, determines, that fables of the latter species far excel those of the former, because they more deeply interest and more irresistibly move the reader, by adding surprize and astonishment to every other passion which they excite.

The philosopher, agreeably to this observation, prefers the Oedipus of Sophocles, and the Iphigenia in Tauris, and Alcestes of Euripides, to the Ajax, Philoctetes, and Medea, of the same writers, and to the Prometheus of Eschylus: because these last are all uncomplicated fables; that is, the evils and misfortunes that befal the personages represented in these dramas, are unchangeably continued from the beginning to the end of each piece. For the same reasons, the Athaliah of Racine, and the Merope's of Maffei and Voltaire, are beyond comparison the most affecting stories that have been handled by any modern tragic writer: the discoveries, that Joas is the king of Israel, and that Egistus is the son of Merope, who had just ordered him to be murdered, are so unexpected, but yet so probable, that they may justly be esteemed very great efforts of judgment and genius, and contribute to place these two poems at the head of dramatic compositions.

The fable of the Odyssey being complex, and containing a discovery and a change in the fortune of its hero, is upon this single consideration, exclusive of its other beauties, if we follow the principles of Aristotle, much superior to the fables of the Iliad and the Æneid, which are both simple and unadorned with a peripetie or recognition. The naked story of this poem, stript of all its ornaments, and of the very names of the characters, is exhibited by Aristotle in the following passage, which is almost literally translated.

'A man is for several years absent from 'his home; Neptune continually watches and 'persecutes him; his retinue being destroyed, 'he remains alone: but while his estate is 'wasting by the suitors of his wife, and his 'son's life is plotted against, he himself sud-'denly arrives after many storms at sea, 'discovers himself to some of his friends, falls 'on the suitors, establishes himself in safety, 'and destroys his enemies. This is what is 'essential to the fable; the episodes make up 'the rest.

From these observations on the nature of the fables of the Odyssey in general, we may proceed to consider it more minutely. The two chief parts of every epic fable are its Intrigue or Plot, and its Solution or Unravelling. The intrigue is formed by a complication of different intereus, which keep the mind of the reader in a pleasing suspence, and fill him with anxious wishes to see the obstacles that oppose the designs of the hero happily removed. The solution consists in removing these difficulties, in satisfying the curiosity of the reader by the completion of the intended action, and in leaving his mind in perfect repose, without expectation of any farther event.

Both of theſe ſhould ariſe naturally and eaſily out of the very eſſence and ſubject of the poem itſelf, ſhould not be deduced from circumſtances foreign and extrinſical, and ſhould be at the ſame time probable yet wonderful.

The anger of Neptune, who reſented the puniſhment which Ulyſſes had inflicted on his ſon Polypheme, induces him to prevent the return of the hero to Ithaca, by driving him from country to country by violent tempeſts; and from this indignation of Neptune is formed the intrigue of the Odyſſey in the firſt part of the poem; that is, in plain proſe, 'What 'more natural and uſual obſtacle do they encounter who take long voyages, than the 'violence of winds and ſtorms?' The plot of the ſecond part of the poem is founded on circumſtances equally probable and natural; on the unavoidable effects of the long abſence of a maſter, whoſe return was deſpaired of, the inſolence of his ſervants, the dangers to which his wife and his ſon were expoſed, the ruin of his eſtate, and the diſorder of his kingdom.

The addreſs and art of Homer in the gradual ſolution of this plot, by the moſt probable and eaſy expedients, are equally worthy our admiration and applauſe. Ulyſſes is driven by a tempeſt to the iſland of the Phæacians where he is generouſly and hoſpitably received. During a banquet which Alcinous the king has prepared for him, the poet moſt artfully contrives that the bard Demodocus ſhould ſing the Deſtruction of Troy. At the recital of his paſt labours, and at hearing the names of his old companions, from whom he was now ſeparated, our hero could no longer contain himſelf, but burſt into tears and weeps bitterly. The curioſity of Alcinous being excited by this unaccountable ſorrow, he intreats Ulyſſes to diſcover who he is, and what he has ſuffered; which requeſt furniſhes a moſt proper and probable occaſion to the hero to relate a long ſeries of adventures in the four following books; an occaſion much more natural than that which induces Æneas to communicate his hiſtory to Dido. By this judicious conduct, Homer taught his ſucceſſors the artful manner of entering abruptly into the midſt of the action; and of making the reader acquainted with the previous circumſtances by a narrative from the hero. The Phæacians, a people fond of ſtrange and amuſing tales, reſolved to fit out a ſhip for the diſtreſſed hero, as a reward for the entertainment he had given them. When he arrives in Ithaca, his abſence, his age, and his travels, render him totally unknown to all but his faithful dog Argus: he then puts on a diſguiſe, that he may be the better enabled to ſurprize and to puniſh the riotous ſuitors, and to re-eſtabliſh the tranquility of his kingdom. The reader thinks that Ulyſſes is frequently on the point of being diſcovered, particularly when he engages in the ſhooting-match with the ſuitors, and when he enters into converſation with Penelope in the nineteenth book, and perſonates a fictitious character; but he is ſtill judiciouſly diſappointed, and the ſuſpence is kept up as long as poſſible. And at laſt, when his nurſe Euriclea diſcovers him by the ſcar in his thigh, it is a circumſtance ſo ſimple and ſo natural, that notwithſtanding Ariſtotle places theſe recognitions, by Signs and Tokens, below thoſe that are effected by Reaſoning as in the Oedipus and Iphigenia: yet ought it ever to be remembered, that Homer was the original from whom this ſtriking method of unravelling a fable, by a diſcovery and a peripetie, was manifeſtly borrowed. The doubts and fears of Penelope leſt Ulyſſes was not in reality her huſband, and the tenderneſs and endearments that enſue upon her conviction that he is, render the ſurprize and ſatisfaction of the reader compleat.

Upon the whole, the Odyſſey is a poem that exhibits the fineſt leſſons of morality, the moſt entertaining variety of ſcenes and events, the moſt lively and natural pictures of civil and domeſtic life, the trueſt repreſentation of the manners and cuſtoms of antiquity, and the juſteſt pattern of a legitimate Epopee: and is, therefore, peculiarly uſeful to thoſe who are animated by the noble ambition of adorning humanity by living or by writing well.

No. LXXXIV. SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1753.

Tolle periculum,
Jam vaga profiliet frænis natura remotis. HOR.

But take the danger and the ſhame away,
And vagrant nature bounds upon her prey. FRANCIS.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT has been obſerved, I think by Sir William Temple, and after him by almoſt every other writer, that England affords a greater variety of characters than the reſt of the world. This is aſcribed to the liberty prevailing amongſt us, which gives every man the privilege of being wiſe or fooliſh his own way, and preſerves him from the neceſſity of hypocriſy or the ſervility of imitation.

That the poſition itſelf is true, I am not completely ſatisfied. To be nearly acquainted with the people of different countries can happen to very few; and in life, as in every thing elſe beheld at a diſtance, there appears an even uniformity: the petty diſcriminations which diverſify the natural character, are not diſcoverable but by a cloſe inſpection; we, therefore, find them moſt at home, becauſe there we have moſt opportunities of remarking them. Much leſs am I convinced that this peculiar diverſification, if it be real, is the conſequence of peculiar liberty; for where is the government to be found that ſuperintends individuals with ſo much vigilance, as not to leave their private conduct without reſtraint? Can it enter into a reaſonable mind to imagine, that men of every other nation are not equally maſters of their own time or houſes with ourſelves, and equally at liberty to be parſimonious or profuſe, frolic or ſullen, abſtinent or luxurious? Liberty is certainly neceſſary to the full play of predominant humours; but ſuch liberty is to be found alike under the government of the many or the few, in monarchies or in commonwealths.

How readily the predominant paſſion ſnatches an interval of liberty, and how faſt it expands itſelf when the weight of reſtraint is taken away, I had lately an opportunity to diſcover, as I took a journey into the country in a ſtage-coach; which, as every journey is a kind of adventure, may be very properly related to you, though I can diſplay no ſuch extraordinary aſſembly as Cervantes has collected at Don Quixote's inn.

In a ſtage-coach the paſſengers are for the moſt part wholly unknown to one another, and without expectation of ever meeting again when their journey is at an end; one ſhould therefore, imagine, that it was of little importance to any of them, what conjectures the reſt ſhould form concerning him. Yet ſo it is, that as all think themſelves ſecure from detection, all aſſume that character of which they are moſt deſirous, and on no occaſion is the general ambition of ſuperiority more apparently indulged.

On the day of our departure, in the twilight of the morning, I aſcended the vehicle with three men and two women, my fellow-travellers. It was eaſy to obſerve the affected elevation of mien with which every one entered; and the ſupercilious civility with which they paid their compliments to each. When the firſt ceremony was diſpatched, we ſat ſilent for a long time, all employed in collecting importance into our faces, and endeavouring to ſtrike reverence and ſubmiſſion into our companions.

It is always obſervable that ſilence propagates itſelf, and that the longer talk has been ſuſpended, the more difficult it is to find any thing to ſay. We began now to wiſh for converſation: but no one ſeemed inclined to deſcend from his dignity, or firſt propoſe a topic of diſcourſe. At laſt a corpulent gentleman, who had equipped himſelf for this expedition with a ſcarlet ſurtout and a large hat with a broad lace, drew out his watch, looked on it in ſilence, and then held it dangling a his finger. This was, I ſuppoſe, underſtood by all the company as an invitation to aſk the

time of the day, but nobody appeared to heed his overture; and his deſire to be talking ſo far overcame his reſentment, that he let us know of his own accord that it was paſt five, and that in two hours we ſhould be at breakfaſt.

His condeſcenſion was thrown away; we continued all obdurate; the ladies held up their heads; I amuſed myſelf with watching their behaviour; and of the other two, one ſeemed to employ himſelf in counting the trees as we drove by them, the other drew his hat over his eyes and counterfeited a ſlumber. The man of benevolence, to ſhew that he was not depreſſed by our neglect, hummed a tune and beat time upon his ſnuff-box.

Thus univerſally diſpleaſed with one another, and not much delighted with ourſelves, we came at laſt to the little inn appointed for our repaſt; and all began at once to recompenſe themſelves for the conſtraint of ſilence, by innumerable queſtions and orders to the people that attended us. At laſt, what every one had called for was got, or declared impoſſible to be got at that time, and we perſuaded to ſit round the ſame table; when the gentleman in the red ſurtout looked again upon his watch, told us that we had half an hour to ſpare, but he was ſorry to ſee ſo little merriment among us; that all fellow-travellers were for the time upon the level, and that it was always his way to make himſelf one of the company. 'I remember,' ſays he, 'it was 'on juſt ſuch a morning as this, that I and 'my Lord Mumble and the Duke of Tenter-'den were out upon a ramble: we called at a lit-'tle houſe as it might be this; and my land-'lady, I warrant you, not ſuſpecting to whom 'ſhe was talking, was ſo jocular and faceti-'ous, and made ſo many merry anſwers to 'our queſtions, that we were all ready to 'burſt with the laughter. At laſt, the good 'woman happening to hear me whiſper the 'duke and call him by his title, was ſo ſur-'priſed and confounded, that we could ſcarce-'ly get a word from her; and the duke never 'met me from that day to this, but he talks 'of the little houſe, and quarrels with me for 'terrifying the landlady.'

He had ſcarcely time to congratulate himſelf on the veneration which this narrative muſt have procured him from the company, when one of the ladies having reached out for a plate on a diſtant part of the table, began to remark the inconveniencies of travelling, and the difficulty which they who never ſat at home without a great number of attendants found in performing for themſelves ſuch offices as the road required; but that people of quality often travelled in diſguiſe, and might be generally known from the vulgar by their condeſcenſion to poor inn-keepers, and the allowance which they made for any defect in their entertainment; that for her part, while people were civil and meant well, it was never her cuſtom to find fault, for one was not to expect upon a journey all that one enjoyed at one's own houſe.

A general emulation ſeemed now to be excited. One of the men, who had hitherto ſaid nothing, called for the laſt news-paper: and having peruſed it a while with deep penſiveneſs——'It is impoſſible,' ſays he, 'for any 'man to gueſs how to act with regard to the 'ſtocks: laſt week it was the general opinion 'that they would fall, and I ſold out twenty 'thouſand pounds in order to purchaſe: they 'have now riſen unexpectedly; and I make 'no doubt but at my return to London I ſhall 'riſk thirty thouſand pounds among them 'again.'

A young man, who had hitherto diſtinguiſhed himſelf only by the vivacity of his looks, and a frequent diverſion of his eyes from one object to another, upon this cloſed his ſnuff-box, and told us, that he had a hundred times talked with the chancellor and the judges on the ſubject of the ſtocks; that for his part he did not pretend to be well acquainted with the principles on which they were eſtabliſhed, but had always heard them reckoned pernicious to trade, uncertain in their produce, and unſolid in their foundation; and that he had been adviſed by three judges, his moſt intimate friends, never to venture his money in the funds, but to put it out upon land-ſecurity till he could light upon an eſtate in his own country.

It might be expected, that upon theſe glimpſes of latent dignity, we ſhould all have began to look round us with veneration; and have behaved like the princes of romance, when the enchantment that diſguiſes them is diſſolved,

and they discovered the dignity of each other: yet it happened that none of these hints made much impression on the company; every one was apparently suspected of endeavouring to impose false appearances upon the rest: all continued their haughtiness in hopes to enforce their claims; and all grew every hour more sullen, because they found their representations of themselves without effect.

Thus we travelled on four days with malevolence perpetually increasing, and without any endeavour but to outvie each other in superciliousness and neglect; and when any two of us could separate ourselves for a moment, we vented our indignation at the saucineſs of the rest.

At length the journey was at an end; and time and chance, that strip off all disguises, have discovered, that the intimate of lords and dukes is a nobleman's butler, who has furnished a shop with the money he has saved; the man who deals so largely in the funds, is a clerk of a broker in 'Change-Alley; the lady who so carefully concealed her quality, keeps a cook-shop behind the Exchange; and the young man, who is so happy in the friendship of the judges, engrosses and transcribes for bread in a garret of the Temple. Of one of the women only I could make no disadvantageous detection, because she had assumed no character, but accommodated herself to the scene before her, without any struggle for distinction or superiority.

I could not forbear to reflect on the folly of practising a fraud, which, as the event shewed, had been already practised too often to succeed, and by the success of which no advantage could have been obtained; of assuming a character which was to end with the day; and of claiming upon false pretences honours which must perish with the breath that paid them.

But, Mr. Adventurer, let not those who laugh at me and my companions, think this folly confined to a stage coach. Every man in the journey of life takes the same advantage of the ignorance of his fellow-travellers, disguises himself in counterfeited merit, and hears those praises with complacency which his conscience reproaches him for accepting. Every man deceives himself, while he thinks he is deceiving others; and forgets that the time is at hand when every illusion shall cease, when fictitious excellence shall be torn away, and ALL must be shewn to ALL in their real estate.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

T VIATOR.

No. LXXXV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1753.

Qui cupit optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer. HOR.

The youth, who hopes th' olympic prize to gain,
All arts muſt try, and every toil ſuſtain. FRANCIS.

IT is observed by Bacon, that 'reading 'makes a full man, conversation a ready 'man, and writing an exact man.'

As Bacon attained to degrees of knowledge scarcely ever reached by any other man, the directions which he gives for study have certainly a just claim to our regard; for who can teach an art with so great authority, as he that has practised it with undisputed success?

Under the protection of so great a name, I shall, therefore, venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the necessity of reading, the fitness of consulting other understandings than their own, and of considering the sentiments and opinions of those who, however neglected in the present age, had in their own times, and many of them a long time afterwards, such reputation for knowledge and acuteness, as will scarcely ever be attained by those that despise them.

An opinion has of late been, I know not how, propagated among us, that libraries are filled only with useless lumber; that men of parts stand in need of no assistance; and that to spend life in poring upon books, is only to imbibe prejudices, to obstruct and embarrass the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expence of judgment, and to bury reason under a chaos of indigested learning.

Such is the talk of many who think themſelves wiſe, and of ſome who are thought wiſe by others; of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be juſtly ſuſpected of endeavouring to ſhelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wiſhing to deſtroy that reputation which they have no hopes to ſhare, It will, I believe, be found invariably true, that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given to thoſe who venture to condemn that which they do not know?

If reaſon has the power aſcribed to it by its advocates, if ſo much is to be diſcovered by attention and meditation, it is hard to believe, that ſo many millions, equally participating of the bounties of nature with ourſelves, have been for ages upon ages meditating in vain: if the wits of the preſent time expect the regard of poſterity, which will then inherit the reaſon which is now thought ſuperior to inſtruction, ſurely they may allow themſelves to be inſtructed by the reaſon of former generations. When, therefore, an author declares, that he has been able to learn nothing from the writings of his predeceſſors, and ſuch a declaration has been lately made, nothing but a degree of arrogance unpardonable in the greateſt human underſtanding, can hinder him from perceiving that he is raiſing prejudices againſt his own performance; for with what hopes of ſucceſs can he attempt that in which greater abilities have hitherto miſcarried? or with what peculiar force does he ſuppoſe himſelf invigorated, that difficulties hitherto invincible ſhould give way before him?

Of thoſe whom Providence has qualified to make any additions to human knowledge, the number is extremely ſmall; and what can be added by each ſingle mind, even of this ſuperior claſs, is very little: the greateſt part of mankind muſt owe all their knowledge, and all muſt owe far the larger part of it, to the information of others. To underſtand the works of celebrated authors, to comprehend their ſyſtems, and retain their reaſonings, is a taſk more than equal to common intellects; and he is by no means to be accounted uſeleſs or idle, who has ſtored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occaſionally to others who have leſs leiſure or weaker abilities.

Perſius has juſtly obſerved, that knowledge is nothing to him who is not known by others to poſſeſs it: to the ſcholar himſelf it is nothing with reſpect either to honour or advantage, for the world cannot reward thoſe qualities which are concealed from it; with reſpect to others it is nothing, becauſe it affords no help to ignorance or error.

It is with juſtice, therefore, that in an accompliſhed character, Horace unites juſt ſentiments with the power of expreſſing them; and he that has once accumulated learning, is next to conſider, how he ſhall moſt widely diffuſe and moſt agreeably impart it.

A ready man is made by converſation. He that buries himſelf among his manuſcripts 'beſprent,' as Pope expreſſes it, 'with learned 'duſt,' and wears out his days and nights in perpetual reſearch and ſolitary meditation, is too apt to loſe in his elocution what he adds to his wiſdom; and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his ſpeculations, of adapting himſelf to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of converſation will preſent, but will talk to moſt unintelligibly, and to all unpleaſantly.

I was once preſent at the lectures of a profound philoſopher, a man really ſkilled in the ſcience which he profeſſed, who having occaſion to explain the terms OPACUM and PELLUCIDUM, told us, after ſome heſitation, that OPACUM was, as one might ſay, OPAKE, and that PELLUCIDUM ſignified PELLUCID. Such was the dexterity with which this learned reader facilitated to his auditors the intricacies of ſcience; and ſo true is it, that a man may know what he cannot teach.

Boerhaave complains, that the writers who have treated of chemiſtry before him, are uſeleſs to the greater part of ſtudents, becauſe they preſuppoſe their readers to have ſuch degrees of ſkill as are not often to be found. Into the ſame error are all men apt to fall, who have familiarized any ſubject to themſelves in ſolitude: they diſcourſe as if they thought every other man had been employed in the ſame inquiries; and expect that ſhort hints and obſcure alluſions will produce in others

the ſame train of ideas which they excite in themſelves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of ſtudy ſuffers from a recluſe life. When he meets with an opinion that pleaſes him, he catches it up with eagerneſs; looks only after ſuch arguments as tend to his confirmation; or ſpares himſelf the trouble of diſcuſſion, and adopts it with very little proof; indulges it long without ſuſpicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treaſures it up among inconteſtible truths; but when he comes into the world among men who, arguing upon diſſimilar principles, have been led to different concluſions, and being placed in various ſituations, view the ſame object on many ſides; he finds his darling poſition attacked, and himſelf in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the ſtate of a man who having fenced always with the ſame maſter, is perplexed and amazed by a new poſture of his antagoniſt; he is entangled in unexpected difficulties, he is haraſſed by ſudden objections, he is unprovided with ſolutions or replies, his ſurprize impedes his natural powers of reaſoning, his thoughts are ſcattered and confounded, and he gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an eaſy victory.

It is difficult to imagine with what obſtinacy truths which one mind perceives almoſt by intuition, will be rejected by another; and how many artifices muſt be practiſed, to procure admiſſion for the moſt evident propoſitions into underſtandings frighted by their novelty, or hardened againſt them by accidental prejudice; it can ſcarcely be conceived, how frequently, in theſe extemporaneous controverſies, the dull will be ſubtile, and the acute abſurd; how often ſtupidity will elude the force of argument, by involving itſelf in its own gloom; and miſtaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reaſon can ſcarcely find means to diſentangle.

In theſe encounters the learning of the recluſe uſually fails him: nothing but long habit and frequent experiments can confer the power of changing a poſition into various forms, preſenting it in different points of view, connecting it with known and granted truths, fortifying it with intelligible arguments, and illuſtrating it by apt ſimiſitudes; and he, therefore, that has collected his knowledge in ſolitude, muſt learn its application by mixing with mankind.

But while the various opportunities of converſation invite us to try every mode of argument, and every art of recommending our ſentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the uſe of ſuch as are not in themſelves ſtrictly defenſible: a man heated in talk, and eager of victory, takes advantage of the miſtakes or ignorance of his adverſary, lays hold of conceſſions to which he knows he has no right, and urges proofs likely to prevail on his opponent, though he knows himſelf that they have no force: thus the ſeverity of reaſon is relaxed, many topics are accumulated, but without juſt arrangement or diſtinction; we learn to ſatisfy ourſelves with ſuch ratiocination as ſilences others; and ſeldom recal to a cloſe examination that diſcourſe which has gratified our vanity with victory and applauſe.

Some caution, therefore, muſt be uſed, leſt copiouſneſs and facility be made leſs valuable by inaccuracy and confuſion. To fix the thoughts by writing, and ſubject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the beſt method of enabling the mind to detect its own ſophiſms, and keep it on guard againſt the fallacies which it practiſes on others; in converſation we naturally diffuſe our thoughts, and in writing we contract them; method is the excellence of writing, and unconſtraint the grace of converſation.

To read, write, and converſe in due proportions, is, therefore, the buſineſs of a man of letters. For all theſe there is not often equal opportunity; excellence, therefore, is not often attainable; and moſt men fail in one or other of the ends propoſed, and are full without readineſs, or ready without exactneſs. Some deficiency muſt be forgiven all, becauſe all are men; and more muſt be allowed to paſs uncenſured in the greater part of the world, becauſe none can confer upon himſelf abilities, and few have the choice of ſituations proper for the improvement of thoſe which nature has beſtowed: it is, however, reaſonable, to have Perfection in our eye; that we may always advance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

T

No. LXXXVI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1753.

Concubitu prohibere vago—— HOR.

The wandering wish of lawless love suppress, FRANCIS.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

TO indulge that restless impatience, which every man feels to relate incidents by which the passions have been greatly affected, and communicate ideas that have been forcibly impressed, I have given you some account of my life, which, without farther apology or introduction, may, perhaps, be favourably received in an Adventurer.

My mother died when I was very young; and my father, who was a naval commander, and had, therefore, no opportunity to superintend my conduct, placed me at a grammar school, and afterwards removed me to the university. At school the number of boys was so great, that to regulate our morals was impossible; and at the university even my learning contributed to the dissoluteness of my manners. As I was an only child, my father had always allowed me more money than I knew how to lay out, otherwise than in the gratification of my vices: I had sometimes, indeed, been restrained by a general sense of right and wrong; but I now opposed the remonstrances of conscience by the cavils of sophistry; and having learned of some celebrated philosophers, as well ancient as modern, to prove that nothing is good but pleasure, I became a rake upon principle.

My father died in the same year with Queen Anne, a few months before I became of age, and left me a very considerable fortune in the funds. I immediately quitted the university and came to London, which I considered as the great mart of pleasure; and as I could afford to deal largely, I wisely determined not to endanger my capital. I projected a scheme of life that was most agreeable to my temper, which was rather sedate than volatile, and regulated my expences with the œconomy of a philosopher. I found that my favourite appetites might be gratified with greater convenience and less scandal, in proportion as my life was more private: instead, therefore, of incumbering myself with a family, I took the first floor of a house which was let into lodgings, hired one servant, and kept a brace of geldings at a livery stable. I constantly frequented the theatres, and found my principles confirmed by almost every piece that was represented, particularly my resolution never to marry. In comedy, indeed, the action terminated in marriage; but it was generally the marriage of a rake, who gave up his liberty with reluctance, as the only expedient to recover a fortune; and the husband and wife of the drama were wretches whose example justified this reluctance, and appeared to be exhibited for no other purpose than to warn mankind, that whatever may be presumed by those whom indigence has made desperate, to marry is to forfeit the quiet, independence, and felicity of life.

In this course I had continued twenty years, without having impaired my constitution, lessened my fortune, or incumbered myself with an illegimate offspring; when a girl about eighteen, just arrived from the country, was hired as a chambermaid by the person who kept the house in which I lodged: the native beauty of health and simplicity in this young creature had such an effect upon my imagination, that I practised every art to debauch her, and at length succeeded.

I found it convenient for her to continue in the house, and therefore made no proposal of removing her into lodgings; but after a few months she found herself with child, a discovery which interrupted the indolence of my sensuality, and made me repent my indiscretion: however, as I would not incur my own censure by ingratitude or inhumanity, I provided her a lodging and attendants, and she was at length delivered of a daughter. The child I regarded as a new incumbrance; for though I did not consider myself as under parental or conjugal obliga-

tions, yet I could not think myſelf at liberty wholly to abandon either the mother or the infant. To the mother, indeed, I had ſtill ſome degree of inclination; though I ſhould have been heartily content never to have ſeen her again, if I could at once have been freed from any farther trouble about her; but as ſomething was to be done, I was willing to keep her within my reach, at leaſt till ſhe could be ſubſervient to my pleaſure no longer: the child, however, I would have ſent away; but ſhe intreated me to let her ſuckle it, with an importunity which I could not reſiſt. After much thinking, I placed her in a little ſhop in the ſuburbs, which I furniſhed, at the expence of about twenty pounds, with chandlery ware, commodities of which ſhe had ſome knowledge, as her father was a petty ſhopkeeper in the country: ſhe reported that her huſband had been killed in an engagement at ſea, and that his pay, which ſhe had been impowered to receive by his will, had purchaſed her ſtock. I now thought I had diſcharged every obligation, as I had enabled her to ſubſiſt, at leaſt as well as ſhe could have done by her labour in the ſtation in which I found her; and as often as I had an inclination to ſee her, I ſent for her to a bagnio.

But theſe interviews did not produce the pleaſure which I expected: her affection for me was too tender and delicate: ſhe often wept in ſpight of all her efforts againſt it; and could not forbear telling me ſtories of her little girl with the fond prolixity of a mother, when I wiſhed to regard her only as a miſtreſs. Theſe incidents at once touched me with compunction, and quenched the appetite which I had intended to gratify: my viſits, therefore, became leſs frequent; but ſhe never ſent after me when I was abſent, nor reproached me, otherwiſe than by tears of tenderneſs, when ſhe ſaw me again.

After the firſt year I wholly neglected her; and having heard nothing of her during the winter, I went to ſpend the ſummer in the country. When I returned, I was prompted rather by curioſity than deſire to make ſome inquiry after her; and ſoon learnt that ſhe had died ſome months before of the ſmall-pox, that the goods had been ſeized for rent, and the child taken by the pariſh. At this account, ſo ſudden and unexpected, I was ſenſibly touched; and at firſt conceived a deſign to reſcue the child from the hands of a pariſh nurſe, and make ſome little proviſion for it when it ſhould be grown up: but this was delayed from day to day, ſuch was the ſupineneſs of my diſpoſition, till the event was remembered with leſs and leſs ſenſibility; and at length I congratulated myſelf upon my deliverance from an engagement which I had always conſidered as reſembling in ſome degree the ſhackles of matrimony, I reſolved to incur the ſame embarraſſment no more, and contented myſelf with ſtrolling from one proſtitute to another, of whom I had ſeen many generations periſh; and the new faces which I once ſought among the maſks in the pit, I found with leſs trouble at Cuper's, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and innumerable other places of public entertainment, which have appeared during the laſt twenty years of my life.

A few weeks ago I celebrated my ſixtieth birth-day with ſome of my friends at a tavern; and as I was returning to my lodgings, I ſaw a hackney coach ſtop at the door of a houſe which I knew to be of ill repute, though it was private and of the firſt claſs. Juſt as I came up, a girl ſtepped out of it, who appeared, by the imperfect glimpſe I caught of her as ſhe paſſed, to be very young, and extremely beautiful. As I was warm with wine, I followed her in without heſitation, and was delighted to find her equally charming upon a nearer view. I detained the coach, and propoſed that we ſhould go to Haddock's: ſhe heſitated with ſome appearance of unwillingneſs and confuſion, but at length conſented: ſhe ſoon became more free, and I was not leſs pleaſed with her converſation than her perſon: I obſerved that ſhe had a ſoftneſs in her manner, which is quickly worn off by habitual proſtitution.

We had drank a bottle of French wine, and were preparing to go to bed, when, to my unſpeakable confuſion and aſtoniſhment, I diſcovered a mark by which I knew her to be my child: for I rememberered, that the poor girl, whom I ſo cruelly ſeduced and neglected, had once told me with tears in her eyes, that ſhe had imprinted the two letters of my name under her little Nancy's left breaſt, which, perhaps, would be the only memorial ſhe would ever have of a father. I was inſtantly ſtruck with a ſenſe of guilt with which I had not been familiar, and therefore felt all its force.

The poor wretch, whom I was about to hire for the gratification of a brutal appetite, perceived my diſorder with ſurpriſe and concern: ſhe enquired with an officious ſolicitude, what ſudden illneſs had ſeized me; ſhe took my hand, preſſed it, and looked eagerly in my face, ſtill inquiſitive what could be done to relieve me. I remained ſome time torpid; but was ſoon rouzed by the reflection, that I was receiving careſſes of my child, whom I had abandoned to the loweſt infamy, to be the ſlave of drunkenneſs and luſt, and whom I had led to the brink of inceſt. I ſuddenly ſtarted up; firſt held her at a diſtance; then catching her in my arms, ſtrove to ſpeak, but burſt into tears. I ſaw that ſhe was confounded and terrified; and as ſoon as I could recover my ſpeech, I put an end to her doubts by revealing the ſecret.

It is impoſſible to expreſs the effect it had upon her: ſhe ſtood motionleſs a few minutes; then claſped her hands together, and looked up in an agony, which not to have ſeen is not to conceive. The tears at length ſtarted from her eyes; ſhe recollected herſelf, called me Father, threw herſelf upon her knees, embracing mine, and plunging a new dagger in my heart by aſking my bleſſing.

We ſat up together the remainder of the night, which I ſpent in liſtening to a ſtory that I may, perhaps, hereafter communicate; and the next day took lodgings for her about ſix miles from town. I viſit her every day with emotions to which my heart has till now been a ſtranger, and which are every day more frequent and more ſtrong. I propoſe to retire with her into ſome remote part of the country, and to atone for the paſt by the future: but, alas! of the future a few years only can remain; and of the paſt not a moment can return. What atonement can I make to thoſe upon whoſe daughters I have contributed to perpetuate that calamity, from which by miracle I have reſcued my own! How can I bear the reflection, that though for my own child I had hitherto expreſſed leſs kindneſs than brutes for their young; yet, perhaps, every other whom I either hired or ſeduced to proſtitution, had been gazed at in the ardour of parental affection, till tears have ſtarted to the eye; had been catched to the boſom with tranſport, in the prattling ſimplicity of infancy: had been watched in ſickneſs with anxiety that ſuſpended ſleep; had been fed by the toil of induſtrious poverty, and reared to maturity with hope and fear. What a monſter is he by whom theſe fears are verified, and this hope deceived! And yet, ſo dreadful is the force of habitual guilt, I ſometimes regret the reſtraint which is come upon me; I wiſh to ſink again into the ſlumber from which I have been rouzed, and to repeat the crimes which I abhor. My heart is this moment burſting for utterance: but I want words. Farewel. AGAMUS.

No. LXXXVII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1753.

Iracundior eſt paulo; minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum; rideri poſſet, eo quod
Ruſticius tonſo toga defluit, et male laxus
In pede calceus hæret:—at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc ſub corpore——— HOR.

Your friend is paſſionate; perhaps unfit
For the briſk petulance of modern wit:
His hair ill cut, his robe that aukward flows,
Or his large ſhoes, to raillery expoſe
The man———
But underneath this rough uncouth diſguiſe,
A genius of extenſive knowledge lies. FRANCIS.

THERE are many accompliſhments, which though they are comparatively trivial, and may be acquired by ſmall abilities, are yet of great importance in our common intercourſe with men. Of this kind is that general courteſy, which is called Good Breeding; a name by which, as an artificial excellence, it is at once characteriſed and recommended.

Good-breeding, as it is generally employed in the gratification of vanity, a paſſion almoſt univerſally predominant, is more highly prized by the majority than any other; and he who wants it, though he may be preſerved from contempt by inconteſtable ſuperiority either of virtue or of parts, will yet be regarded with malevolence, and avoided as an enemy with whom it is dangerous to combat.

In ſome inſtances, indeed, the enmity of others cannot be avoided without the participation of guilt; but then it is the enmity of thoſe with whom neither virtue nor wiſdom can deſire to aſſociate: and good-breeding may generally be practiſed upon more eaſy and more honourable terms, than acquieſcence in the detraction of malice or the adulation of ſervility, the obſcenity of a letcher, or the blaſphemy of an infidel. Diſagreeable truths may be ſuppreſſed: and when they can be ſuppreſſed without guilt, they cannot innocently be uttered; the boaſt of vanity may be ſuffered without ſevere reprehenſion, and the prattle of abſurdity may be heard without expreſſions of contempt.

It happens, indeed, ſomewhat unfortunately, that the practice of good-breeding, however neceſſary, is obſtructed by the poſſeſſion of more valuable talents; and that great integrity, delicacy, ſenſibility, and ſpirit, exalted genius, and extenſive learning, frequently render men ill-bred.

Petrarch relates, that his admirable friend and cotemporary, Dante Aligheri, one of the moſt exalted and original geniuſes that ever appeared, being baniſhed his country, and having retired to the court of a prince which was then the ſanctuary of the unfortunate, was held at firſt in great eſteem; but became daily leſs acceptable to his patron, by the ſeverity of his manners and the freedom of his ſpeech. There were at the ſame court many players and buffoons, gameſters and debauchees; one of whom, diſtinguiſhed by his impudence, ribaldry, and obſcenity, was greatly careſſed by the reſt; which the prince ſuſpecting Dante not to be pleaſed with, ordered the man to be brought before him; and, having highly extolled him, turned to Dante, and ſaid—'I wonder that 'this perſon, who is by ſome deemed a fool, 'and by others a madman, ſhould yet be ſo 'generally pleaſing, and ſo generally beloved; 'when you, who are celebrated for wiſdom, 'are yet heard without pleaſure, and commended without friendſhip.'—'You would 'ceaſe to wonder,' replied Dante, 'if you 'conſidered, that a conformity of character is 'the ſource of friendſhip.' This ſarcaſm, which had all the force of truth, and all the keenneſs of wit, was intolerable, and Dante was immediately diſgraced and baniſhed.

But by this anſwer, though the indignation which produced it was founded on virtue, Dante probably gratified his own vanity, as much as he mortified that of others: it was the petulant reproach of reſentment and pride, which is always retorted with rage; and not the ſtill voice of Reaſon, which is heard with complacency and reverence. If Dante intended reformation, his anſwer was not wiſe; if he did not intend reformation, his anſwer was not good.

Great delicacy, ſenſibility, and penetration, do not leſs obſtruct the practice of good-breeding than integrity. Perſons thus qualified, not only diſcover proportionably more faults and failing in the characters which they examine, but are more diſgurted with faults and failings which they diſcover: the common topics of converſation are too trivial to engage their attention; the various turns of fortune that have lately happened at a game at Whiſt, the hiſtory of a ball at Tunbridge or Bath, a deſcription of Lady Fanny's jewels and Lady Kitty's vapours, the journals of a horſe-race or a cock match, and diſquiſitions on the game act or the ſcarcity of partridges, are ſubjects upon which men of delicate taſte do not always chuſe to declaim, and on which they cannot patiently hear the declamation of others. But they ſhould remember, that their impatience is the impotence of reaſon and the prevalence of vanity; that if thy ſit ſilent and reſerved, wrapped up in the contemplation of their own dignity, they will in their turn be deſpiſed and hated by thoſe whom they hate and deſpiſe; and with better reaſon, for perverted power ought to be more odious than debility. To hear with patience and to anſwer with civility, ſeems to comprehend all the good-breeding of converſation; and in proportion as this is eaſy, ſilence and inattention are without excuſe.

He who does not practiſe good-breeding will not find himſelf conſidered as the object of good-breeding by others. There is, however, a ſpecies of ruſticity, which is not leſs abſurd than injurious to treat with contempt: this ſpecies of ill-breeding is become almoſt proverbially the characteriſtic of a ſcholar; nor ſhould it be expected, that he who is deeply attentive to an abſtruſe ſcience, or who employs any of the three great faculties of the ſoul, the memory, the imagination, or the judgment, in the cloſe purſuit of their ſeveral objects, ſhould have ſtudied punctilios of form and ceremony, and be equally able to ſhine at a route and in the ſchools. That the bow of a chronologer, and the compliment of an aſtronomer, ſhould be improper or uncouth, cannot be thought ſtrange to thoſe who duly conſider the narrowneſs of our faculties, and the impoſſibility of attaining univerſal excellence.

Equally excuſable, for the ſame reaſons, are that abſence of mind, and that forgetfulneſs of place and perſon, to which ſcholars are ſo frequently ſubject. When Lewis XIV. was one day lamenting the death of an old comedian whom he highly extolled—'Yes,' replied Boileau, in the preſence of Madam Maintenon, 'he performed tolerably well in the deſpicable 'pieces of Scarron, which are now deſervedly 'forgotten even in the provinces.'

As every condition of life, and every turn of mind, has ſome peculiar temptation and propenſity to evil, let not the man of uprightneſs and honeſty be moroſe and ſurly in his practice of virtue; let not him, whoſe delicacy and penetration diſcern with diſguſt thoſe imperfections in others from which he himſelf is not free, indulge perpetual peeviſhneſs and diſcontent; nor let learning and knowledge be pleaded as an excuſe for not condeſcending to the common offices and duties of civil life: for as no man ſhould be Well-bred at the expence of his Virtue, no man ſhould practiſe virtue ſo as to deter others from Imitation. Z.

No. LXXXVIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1753.

——Semperque relinqui
Sola ſibi, ſemper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam—— VIRG.

——She ſeems alone,
To wander in her ſleep, thro' ways unknown,
Guideleſs and dark.—— DRYDEN.

NEWTON, whoſe power of inveſtigating nature few will deny to have been ſuperior to their own, confeſſes, that he cannot account for gravity, the firſt principle of his ſyſtem, as a property communicable to matter; or conceive the phenomena ſuppoſed to be the effects of ſuch a principle, to be otherwiſe produced, than by the immediate and perpetual influence of the ALMIGHTY: and, perhaps, thoſe who moſt attentively conſider the phenomena of the moral and natural world, will be moſt inclined to admit the agency of inviſible beings.

In dreams, the mind appears to be wholly paſſive; for dreams are ſo far from being the effect of a voluntary effort, that we neither know of what we ſhall dream, nor whether we ſhall dream at all.

The human mind does not, indeed, appear to have any power equal to ſuch an effect; for the ideas conceived in dreams without the intervention of ſenſible objects, are much more perfect and ſtrong than can be formed at other times by the utmoſt effort of the moſt lively imagination: and it can ſcarce be ſuppoſed, that the mind is more vigorous when we ſleep, than when we are awake; eſpecially if it be true, as I have before remarked, that 'in ſleep 'the power of memory is wholly ſuſpended, 'and the underſtanding is employed only 'about ſuch objects as preſent themſelves, 'without comparing the paſt with the preſent;' except we judge of the ſoul by a maxim which ſome deep philoſophers have held concerning horſes, that when the tail is cut off, the reſt of the members become more ſtrong.

In lunacy, as in dreams, ideas are conceived which material objects do not excite; and which the force of imagination exerted by a voluntary effort, cannot form; but the mind of the lunatic, beſides being impreſſed with the images of things that do not fall under the cognizance of his ſenſes, is prevented from receiving correſponding images from thoſe that do. When the viſionary monarch looks round upon his cloaths which he has decorated with the ſpoils of his bed, his mind does not conceive the ideas of rags and ſtraw, but of velvet, embroidery, and gold; and when he gazes at the bounds of his cell, the images impreſſed upon his mind is not that of a naked wall which incloſes an area of ten feet ſquare; but of wainſcot, and painting, and tapeſtry, the bounds of a ſpacious apartment adorned with magnificent furniture, and crowded with ſplendid dependants.

Of the lunatic it is alſo univerſally true, that his underſtanding is perverted to evils, which a mere perverſion of the underſtanding does not neceſſarily imply; he either ſits torpid in deſpair, or is buſied in the contrivance or the execution of miſchief. But if lunacy is ultimately produced by mere material cauſes, it is difficult to ſhew, why miſery or malevolence ſhould always be complicated with abſurdity; why madneſs ſhould not ſometimes produce inſtances of frantic and extravagant kindneſs, of a benevolent purpoſe formed upon erroneous principles and purſued by ridiculous means, and of an honeſt and harmleſs chearfulneſs ariſing from the fancied felicity of others.

A lunatic, is, indeed, ſometimes merry; but the merry lunatic is never kind; his ſport is always miſchief; and miſchief is rather aggravated than atoned by wantonneſs; his diſpoſition is always evil in proportion to the height of his phrenzy: and upon this occaſion it may be remarked, that if every approach to madneſs is a deviation to ill, every deviation to ill may be conſidered as an approach to madneſs.

Among other unaccountable phenomena in lunacy, is the invincible abſurdity of opinion with reſpect to ſome ſingle object, while the mind operates with its full vigour upon every other: it ſometimes happens, that when this object is preſented to the mind, reaſon is thrown quite out of her ſeat, and the perverſion of the underſtanding for a time becomes general; but ſometimes it ſtill continues to be perverted but in part, and the abſurdity itſelf is defended with all the force of regular argumentation.

A moſt extraordinary inſtance of this kind may now be communicated to the public, without injury to a good man, or a good cauſe which he ſucceſsfully maintained.

Mr. Simon Browne, a diſſenting teacher of exemplary life and eminent intellectual abilities, after having been ſome time ſeized with melancholy, deſiſted from the duties of his function, and could not be perſuaded to join in any act of worſhip either public or private. His friends often urged him to account for this change in his conduct, at which they expreſſed the utmoſt grief and aſtoniſhment; and after much importunity he told them, that he had fallen under the ſenſible diſpleaſure of GOD, who had cauſed his rational ſoul gradually to periſh, and left him only an animal life in common with brutes; that it was, therefore, prophane for him to pray, and incongruous to be preſent at the prayers of others.

In this opinion, however abſurd, he was inflexible, at a time when all the powers of his mind ſubſiſted in their full vigour, when his conceptions were clear, and his reaſoning ſtrong.

Being once importuned to ſay grace at the table of a friend, he excuſed himſelf many times: but the requeſt being ſtill repeated, and the company kept ſtanding, he diſcovered evident tokens of diſtreſs, and after ſome irreſolute geſtures and heſitation, expreſſed with great fervor this ejaculation: 'Moſt merciful 'and Almighty GOD, let thy Spirit, which 'moved upon the face of the waters when there 'was no light, deſcend upon me; that from 'this darkneſs there may riſe up a man to 'praiſe thee!'

But the moſt aſtoniſhing proof both of his intellectual excellence and defect, is, 'A de'fence of the Religion of Nature and the 'Chriſtian Revelation, in anſwer to Tindal's 'Chriſtianity as old as the Creation,' and his dedication of it to the late queen. The book is univerſally allowed to be the beſt which that controverſy produced, and the dedication is as follows:

MADAM,

MADAM,

OF all the extraordinary things that have been tendered to your royal hands ſince your firſt happy arrival in Britain, it may be boldly ſaid, what now beſpeaks your majeſty's acceptance is the chief.

Not in itſelf indeed; it is a trifle unworthy your exalted rank, and what will hardly prove an entertaining amuſement to one of your majeſty's deep penetration, exact judgment, and fine taſte.

But on account of the author, who is the firſt being of the kind, and yet without a name.

He was once a man; and of ſome little name; but of no worth, as his preſent unparalleled caſe makes but too manifeſt; for by the immediate hand of an avenging GOD, his very thinking ſubſtance has for more than ſeven years been continually waſting away, till it is wholly periſhed out of him, if it be not utterly come to nothing. None, no not the leaſt remembrance of its very ruins, remains, not the ſhadow of an idea is left, nor any ſenſe that, ſo much as one ſingle one, perfect or imperfect, whole or diminiſhed, ever did appear to a mind within him, or was perceived by it.

Such a preſent from ſuch a thing, however worthleſs in itſelf, may not be wholly unacceptable to your majeſty, the author being ſuch as hiſtory cannot parallel: and if the fact, which is real and no fiction, nor wrong conceit, obtains credit, it muſt be recorded as the moſt memorable, and indeed aſtoniſhing, event in the reign of George the Second, that a tract compoſed by ſuch a thing was preſented to the illuſtrious Caroline; his royal conſort needs not be added; fame, if I am not miſinformed, will tell that with pleaſure to all ſucceeding times.

He has been informed, that your majeſty's piety is as genuine and eminent, as your excellent qualities are great and conſpicuous. This can, indeed, be truly known to the great Searcher of hearts only; He alone who can look into them, can diſcern if they are ſincere, and the main intention correſponds with the appearance; and your majeſty cannot take it amiſs, if ſuch an author hints, that His ſecret approbation is of infinitely greater value than the commendation of men, who may be eaſily miſtaken, and are too apt to flatter their ſuperiors.

But if he has been told the truth, ſuch a caſe as his will certainly ſtrike your majeſty with aſtoniſhment, and may raiſe that commiſeration in your royal breaſt which he has in vain endeavoured to excite in thoſe of his friends; who, by the moſt unreaſonable and ill-founded conceit in the world, have imagined that a thinking being could for ſeven years together live a ſtranger to its own powers, exerciſes, operations and ſtate, and to what the great God has been doing in it and to it.

If your majeſty, in your moſt retired addreſs to the KING of kings, ſhould think of ſo ſingular a caſe, you may, perhaps, make it your devout requeſt, that the reign of your beloved ſovereign and conſort may be renowned to all poſterity by the recovery of a ſoul now in the utmoſt ruin, the reſtoration of one utterly loſt at preſent amongſt men.

And ſhould this caſe affect your royal breaſt, you will recommend it to the piety and prayers of all the truly devout who have the honour to be known to your majeſty: many ſuch doubtleſs there are; though courts are not uſually the places where the devout reſort, or where devotion reigns. And it is not improbable, that multitudes of the pious throughout the land may take a caſe to heart, that under your majeſty's patronage comes thus recommended.

Could ſuch a favour as this reſtoration be obtained from Heaven by the prayers of your majeſty, with what a tranſport of gratitude would the recovered being throw himſelf at your majeſty's feet; and, adoring the DIVINE POWER and GRACE, profeſs himſelf, Madam,

Your majeſty's moſt obliged
And dutiful ſervant.

This dedication, which is no where feeble or abſurd, but in the places where the object of his phrenzy was immediately before him, his friends found means to ſuppreſs; wiſely conſidering, that a book to which it ſhould be prefixed would certainly be condemned without examination; for few would have required ſtronger evidence of its inutility, than that the author, by his dedication, appeared to be mad.

The copy, however, was preſerved, and has been tranſcribed into the blank leaves before one of the books which is now in the library of a friend to this undertaking, who is not leſs diſtinguiſhed by his merit than his rank, and who recommended it as a literary curioſity, which was in danger of being loſt for want of a repoſitory in which it might be preſerved.

No. LXXXIX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1753.

Præcipua tamen ejus in commovenda miſeratione virtus, ut quidam in hac eum parte omnibus ejuſdem operis autoribus præferant.

QUINTILIAN.

His great excellence was in moving compaſſion, with reſpect to which many give him the firſt place of all the writers of that kind.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT is uſual for ſcholars to lament, with indiſcriminating regret, the devaſtations committed on ancient libraries, by accident and time, by ſuperſtition, ignorance, and gothicism: but the loſs is very far from being in all caſes equally irreparable, as the want of ſome kinds of books may be much more eaſily ſupplied than that of others. By the interruption that ſometimes happens in the ſucceſſion of philoſophical opinions, the mind is emancipated from traditionary ſyſtems, recovers its native elaſticity which had been benumbed by cuſtom, begins to examine with freedom and freſh vigour, and to follow truth inſtead of authority. The loſs of writings, therefore, in which reaſoning is concerned, is not, perhaps, ſo great an evil to mankind, as of thoſe which deſcribe characters and facts.

To be deprived of the laſt books of Livy, of the ſatires of Archilochus, and the comedies of Menander, is a greater misfortune to the republic of literature, than if the logic and phyſics of Ariſtotle had never deſcended to poſterity.

Two of your predeceſſors, Mr. Adventurer, of great judgment and genius, very juſtly thought that they ſhould adorn their lucubrations by publiſhing, one of them a fragment of Sappho, and the other an old Grecian hymn to the goddeſs Health: and, indeed, I conceive it to be a very important uſe of your paper, to bring into common light thoſe beautiful remains of ancient art, which by their preſent ſituation are deprived of that univerſal admiration they ſo juſtly deſerve, and are only the ſecret enjoyment of a few curious readers. In imitation, therefore, of the examples I have juſt mentioned, I ſhall ſend you, for the inſtruction and entertainment of your readers, a fragment of Simonides and of Menander.

Simonides was celebrated by the ancients for the ſweetneſs, correctneſs, and purity of his ſtyle, and his irreſiſtible ſkill in moving the paſſions. It is a ſufficient panegyric that Plato often mentions him with approbation. Dionyſius places him among thoſe poliſhed writers, who excel 'in a ſmooth volubility, and flow 'on, like plenteous and perennial rivers, in a 'courſe of even and uninterrupted harmony.'

It is to this excellent critic that we are indebted for the preſervation of the following paſſage, the tenderneſs and elegance of which ſcarcely need be pointed out to thoſe who have taſte and ſenſibility. Danaë, being by her mercileſs father incloſed in a cheſt and thrown into the ſea with her child, the poet proceeds thus far to relate her diſtreſs:

Ὅτε λάρνακι ἐν δαιδαλέᾳ ἄνεμος
Βρέμη πνέων, κινηθεῖσα δε λίμνα
Δείματι ἔρειπεν· ἓτ' ἀδιάνταισι
Παρειαῖς, ἀμφὶ τε Περσεῖ βάλλε
Φίλαν χέρα εἰπέν τε——Ὦ τέκνον,
Οἷον ἔχω, πόνον. σὺ δ' αὔτε γαλαθηνῷ
Ἠορι κνῶσσεις ἐνὰτερπεῖ δώματι,
Χαλκεογόμφῳ δὲ, νυκτιλαμπεῖ,
Κυανέῳ τε ὀνοφῳ. σὺ δ', αὐαλέαν
Ὑπερθε τεὰν κόμαν βαθεῖαν
Παριόντος κύματος ἐκ ἀλέγεις
Οὐδ' ἀνέμου φθόγγων, πορθυρέᾳ
Κείμενος ἐν χλανίδι, πρόσωπον καλὸν,
Εἰ δὲ τοὶ δεινὸν τὸ γε δεινον ἦν,
Καὶ κὲν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτὸν
Ὑπεῖχες ὦας. Κέλομαι, εὕδε βρέφος,
Εὐδέτω δὲ πόντος, εὐδέτω ἄμετρον κακὸν.

When the raging wind began to roar, and the waves to beat ſo violently on the cheſt as

to threaten to overſet it, ſhe threw her arm fondly around Perſeus, and ſaid, the tears trickling down her cheeks—'O my ſon, what 'ſorrows do I undergo! But thou art wrapt 'in a deep ſlumber; thou ſleepeſt ſoundly like 'a ſucking child, in this joyleſs habitation, 'in this dark and dreadful night, lighted only 'by the glimmerings of the moon! Covered 'with thy purple mantle, thou regardeſt not 'the waves that daſh around thee, nor the 'whiſtling of the winds. O thou beauteous 'babe! if thou wert ſenſible of this calamity, 'thou wouldeſt bend thy tender ears to my 'complaints. Sleep on, I beſeech thee, O 'my child! Sleep with him, O ye billows! and 'ſleep likewiſe my diſtreſs!'

Thoſe who would form a full idea of the delicacy of the Greek, ſhould attentively conſider the following happy imitation of it, which, I have reaſon to believe, is not ſo extenſively known or ſo warmly admired as it ought to be; and which, indeed, far excels the original.

The poet, having pathetically painted a great princeſs taking leave of an affectionate huſband on his death-bed, and endeavouring afterwards to comfort her inconſolable family, adds the following particular.

His conatibus occupata, ocellos
Guttis lucidulis adhuc madentes
Convertit, puerum ſopore vinctum
Quà nutrix placido ſinû fovebat:
'*Dormis,*' *inquit,* '*O miſelle, nec te*
'*Vultus exanimes, ſilentiumque*
'*Per longa atria commovent, nec ullo*
'*Fratrum tangeris, aut meo dolore;*
'*Nec ſentis patre deſtitutus illo,*
'*Qui geſtans genibuſve brachiove,*
'*Aut formans lepidam tuam loquelam,*
'*Tecum mille modis ineptiebat.*
'*Tu dormis, volitantque qui ſolebant*
'*Riſus, in roſeis tuis labellis.*———
'*Dormi, parvule! nec mali dolores*
'*Qui matrem cruciant tuæ quietus*
'*Rumpant ſomnia.—Quando, quando, tales*
'*Redibunt oculis meis ſopores!*'

The contraſt betwixt the inſenſibility of the infant and the agony of the mother: her obſerving that the child is unmoved with what was moſt likely to affect him, the ſorrows of his little brothers, the many mournful countenances, and the diſmal ſilence that reigned throughout the court; the circumſtances of the father playing with the child on his knees or in his arms, and teaching him to ſpeak; are ſuch delicate maſterſtrokes of nature and parental tenderneſs, as ſhew the author is intimately acquainted with the human heart, and with thoſe little touches of paſſion that are beſt calculated to move it. The affectionate wiſh of dormi, parvule!' is plainly imitated from the fragment of Simonides; but the ſudden exclamation that follows —'When, O when ſhall I ſleep like this in-'fant!' is entirely the property of the author, and worthy of, though not excelled by, any of the ancients. It is making the moſt artful and the moſt ſtriking uſe of the ſlumber of the child, to aggravate and heighten by compariſon the reſtleſſneſs of the mother's ſorrow; it is the fineſt and ſtrongeſt way of ſaying—'My grief will 'never ceaſe,' that has ever been uſed. I think it not exaggeration to affirm, that in this little poem are united the pathetic of Euripides and the elegance of Catullus. It affords a judicious example of the manner in which the ancients ought to be imitated; not by uſing their expreſſions and epithets, which is the common method, but by catching a portion of their ſpirit, and adapting their images and ways of thinking to new ſubjects. The generality of thoſe who have propoſed Catullus for their pattern, even the beſt of the modern Latin poets of Italy, ſeem to think they have accompliſhed their deſign, by introducing many florid diminutives, ſuch as 'tenellula,' and 'columbula:' but there is a purity and ſeverity of ſtyle, a temperate and auſtere manner in Catullus, which nearly reſembles that of his cotemporary Lucretius, and is happily copied by the author of the poem which has produced theſe reflections. Whenever, therefore, we ſit down to compoſe, we ſhould aſk ourſelves in the words of Longinus a little altered—'How would Homer or 'Plato, Demoſthenes or Thucydides, have ex-'preſſed themſelves on this occaſion; allowing 'for the alteration of our cuſtoms, and the dif-'ferent idioms of our reſpective languages? This would be following the ancients, without tamely treading in their footſteps; this would be making the ſame glorious uſe of them that Racine has done of Euripides in his Phædra and Iphigenia, and that Milton has done of the Prometheus of Eſchylus in the character of Satan.

If you ſhould happen not to lay aſide this paper among the refuſe of your correſpondence, as the offspring of pedantry and a blind fondneſs for antiquity; or rather, if your readers can endure the ſight of ſo much Greek, though ever ſo Attic; I may, perhaps, trouble you again with a few reflections on the character of Menander.

I am, Mr. Adventurer, yours,

Z PALÆOPHILUS.

No. XC. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1753.

Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit
Ætherium ſenſum, atque aurai ſimplicis ignem. VIRGIL.

——By length of time,
The ſcurf is worn away of each committed crime;
No ſpeck is left of their habitual ſtains,
But the pure æther of the ſoul remains. DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

NOTHING ſooner quells the ridiculous triumph of human vanity, than reading thoſe paſſages of the greateſt writers, in which they ſeem deprived of that noble ſpirit that inſpires them in other parts; and where, inſtead of invention and grandeur, we meet with nothing but flatneſs and inſipidity.

The pain I have felt in obſerving a lofty genius thus ſink beneath itſelf, has often made me wiſh, that theſe unworthy ſtains could be blotted from their works, and leave them perfect and immaculate.

I went to bed a few nights ago, full of theſe thoughts, and cloſed the evening, as I frequently do, with reading a few lines in Virgil. I accidentally opened that part of the ſixth book, where Anchiſes recounts to his ſon the various methods of purgation which the ſoul undergoes in the next world, to cleanſe it from the filth it has contracted by its connection with the body, and to deliver the pure etherial eſſence from the vicious tincture of mortality. This was ſo much like my evening's ſpeculation, that it inſenſibly mixed and incorporated with it, and as ſoon as I fell aſleep, formed itſelf into the following dream.

I found myſelf in an inſtant in the midſt of a temple which was built with all that magnificent ſimplicity that diſtinguiſhes the productions of the ancients. At the eaſt end was raiſed an altar, on each ſide of which ſtood a prieſt, who ſeemed preparing to ſacrifice. On the altar was kindled a fire, from which aroſe the brighteſt flame I had ever beheld. The light which it diſpenſed, though remarkably ſtrong and clear, was not quivering and dazzling, but ſteady and uniform, and diffuſed a purple radiance through the whole edifice, not unlike the firſt appearance of the morning.

While I ſtood fixed in admiration, my attention was awakened by the blaſt of a trumpet that ſhook the whole temple; but it carried a certain ſweetneſs in its ſound, which mellowed and tempered the natural ſhrillneſs of that inſtrument. After it had ſounded thrice, the being who blew it, habited according to the deſcription of Fame by the ancients, iſſued a proclamation to the following purpoſe: 'By command of Apollo and the Muſes, all who have 'ever made any pretenſions to fame by their 'writings, are enjoined to ſacrifice upon the 'altar in this temple, thoſe parts of their works 'which have hitherto been preſerved to their 'infamy, that their names may deſcend ſpotleſs 'and unſullied to poſterity. For this purpoſe 'Ariſtotle and Longinus are appointed chief 'prieſts, who are to ſee that no improper oblations are made, and no proper one conceal'ed; and for the more eaſy performance of this 'office, they are allowed to chuſe as their aſ'ſiſtants whomſoever they ſhall think worthy 'of the function.'

As ſoon as this proclamation was made, I turned my eyes with inexpreſſible delight towards the two prieſts; but was ſoon robbed of the pleaſure of looking at them by a crowd of people running up to offer their ſervice. Theſe I found to be a groupe of French critics; but their offers were rejected by both prieſts with the utmoſt indignation, and their whole works were thrown on the

altar, and reduced to aſhes in an inſtant. The two prieſts then looked round, and choſe, with a few others, Horace and Quintilian from among the Romans, and Addiſon from the Engliſh, as their principal aſſiſtants.

The firſt who came forward with his offering, by the loftineſs of his demeanor, was ſoon diſcovered to be Homer. He approached the altar with great majeſty, and delivered to Longinus thoſe parts of his Odyſſey which have been cenſured as improbable fictions and the ridiculous narratives of old age. Longinus was preparing for the ſacrifice, but obſerving that Ariſtotle did not ſeem willing to aſſiſt him in the office, he returned them to the venerable old bard with great deference, ſaying, that they were indeed the tales of old age, but it was the old age of Homer.

Virgil appeared next, and approached the altar with a modeſt dignity in his gait and countenance peculiar to himſelf; and, to the ſurpriſe of all, committed his whole Æneid to the flames. But it was immediately reſcued by two Romans, whom I found to be Tucca and Varius, who ran with precipitation to the altar, delivered the poem from deſtruction, and carried off the author between them, repeating that glorious boaſt of about forty lines at the beginning of the third Georgic—

——Tentanda via eſt; qua me quoque poſſim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora,
Primus ego in patriam mecum, &c.

After him moſt of the Greek and Roman authors proceeded to the altar, and ſurrendered with great modeſty and humility the moſt faulty part of their works. One circumſtance was obſervable, that the ſacrifice always increaſed in proportion as the author had ventured to deviate from a judicious imitation of Homer. The latter Roman authors, who ſeemed almoſt to have loſt ſight of him, made ſo large offerings, that ſome of their works, which were before very voluminous, ſhrunk into the compaſs of a primer.

It gave me the higheſt ſatisfaction to ſee Philoſophy thus cleared from erroneous principles, Hiſtory purged of falſhood, Poetry of fuſtian, and nothing left in each but Genius, Senſe, and Truth.

I marked with particular attention the ſeveral offerings of the moſt eminent Engliſh writers. Chaucer gave up his obſcenity, and then delivered his works to Dryden, to clear them from the rubbiſh that encumbered them. Dryden executed his taſk with great addreſs, 'and,' as Addiſon ſays of Virgil in his Georgics, 'toſſed about his dung with an air of grace-'fulneſs:' he not only repaired the injuries of time, but threw in a thouſand new graces. He then advanced towards the altar himſelf, and delivered up a large pacquet, which contained many plays, and ſome poems. The pacquet had a label affixed to it, which bore this inſcription—'To Poverty.'

Shakeſpeare carried to the altar a long ſtring of puns, marked 'The Taſte of the age,' a ſmall parcel of bombaſt, and a pretty large bundle of incorrectneſs. Notwithſtanding the ingenuous air with which he made this offering, ſome officiates at the altar accuſed him of concealing certain pieces, and mentioned the London Prodigal, Sir Thomas Cromwell, The Yorkſhire Tragedy, &c. The poet replied, that as thoſe pieces were unworthy to be preſerved, he ſhould ſee them conſumed to aſhes with great pleaſure; but that he was wholly innocent of their original. The two chief prieſts interpoſed in this diſpute, and diſmiſſed the poet with many compliments; Longinus obſerving, that the pieces in queſtion could not poſſibly be his, for that the failings of Shakeſpeare were like thoſe of Homer, whoſe genius, whenever it ſubſided, might be compared to the ebbing of the ocean, which left a mark upon its ſhores, to ſhew to what a height it was ſometimes carried. Ariſtotle concurred in this opinion; and added, that although Shakeſpeare was quite ignorant of that exact œconomy of the ſtage, which is ſo remarkable in the Greek writers, yet the mere ſtrength of his genius had in many points carried him infinitely beyond them.

Milton gave up a few errors in his Paradiſe Loſt, and the ſacrifice was attended with great decency by Addiſon. Otway and Rowe threw their comedies upon the altar, and Beaumont and Fletcher the two laſt acts of many of their pieces. They were followed by Tom Durfey, Etherege, Wycherley, and ſeveral other dramatic writers, who made ſuch

large contributions, that they ſet the altar in a blaze.

Among theſe I was ſurpriſed to ſee an author, with much politeneſs in his behaviour, and ſpirit in his countenance, tottering under an unwieldy burden. As he approached I diſcovered him to be Sir John Vanbrugh; and could not but ſmile, when, on his committing his heavy load to the flames, it proved to be his Skill in Architecture.

Pope advanced towards Addiſon, and delivered with great humility thoſe lines written expreſſly againſt him, ſo remarkable for their excellence and their cruelty, repeating this couplet—

Curſt be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe!

The ingenuous critic inſiſted on his taking them again: 'For,' ſaid he, 'my aſſociates 'at the altar, particularly Horace, would ne'ver permit a line of ſo excellent a ſatiriſt to 'be conſumed. The many compliments paid 'me in other parts of your works, amply com'penſate for this ſlight indignity. And be 'aſſured that no little pique or miſunderſtand'ing ſhall ever make me a foe to genius.' Pope bowed in ſome confuſion, and promiſed to ſubſtitute a fictitious name at leaſt, which was all that was left in his power. He then retired, after having made a ſacrifice of a little pacquet of Antitheſes, and ſome parts of his Tranſlation of Homer.

During the courſe of theſe oblations, I was charmed with the candour, decency, and judgment, with which all the prieſts diſcharged their different functions. They behaved with ſuch dignity, that it reminded me of thoſe ages, when the offices of king and prieſt centered in the ſame perſon. Whenever any of the aſſiſtants were at a loſs in any particular circumſtances, they applied to Ariſtotle, who ſettled the whole buſineſs in an inſtant.

But the reflections which this pleaſing ſcene produced, were ſoon interrupted by a tumultuous noiſe at the gate of the temple; when ſuddenly a rude illiterate multitude ruſhed in, led by Tindal, Morgan, Chubb, and Bolingbroke. The chiefs, whoſe countenance were impreſſed with rage which art could not conceal, forced their way to the altar, and amidſt the joyful acclamations of their followers threw a large volume into the fire. But the triumph was ſhort, and joy and acclamation gave way to ſilence and aſtoniſhment: the volume lay unhurt in the midſt of the fire; and, as the flames played innocently about it, I could diſcover written in letters of gold, the words, THE BIBLE. At that inſtant my ears were raviſhed with the ſound of more than mortal muſic accompanying a hymn ſung by inviſible beings, of which I well remember the following verſes:—

'The words of the LORD are pure words:
'even as the ſilver, which in the earth is tried,
'and purified ſeven times in the fire.

'More to be deſired are they than gold;
'yea, than much fine gold: ſweeter alſo than
'honey, and the honey-comb.'

The united melody of inſtruments and voices, which formed a concert ſo exquiſite, that, as Milton ſays, 'it might create a ſoul 'under the ribs of death,' threw me into ſuch extaſies that I was awakened by their violence.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

& CRITO.

No. XCI. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1753.

——*Facto pius et ſceleratus eodem.* OVID.

Thus was the father pious to a crime. ADDISON.

IT is contended by thoſe who reject Chriſtianity, that if revelation had been neceſſary as a rule of life to mankind, it would have been univerſal; and they are upon this principle compelled to affirm that only to be a rule of life which is univerſally known.

But no rule of life is univerſally known, except the dictates of conſcience. With reſpect to particular actions, opinion determines whether they are good or ill; and conſcience approves or diſapproves, in conſequence of this determination, whether it be in favour of truth or falſ-

hood. Nor can the errors of conſcience be always imputed to a criminal neglect of inquiry: thoſe by whom a ſyſtem of moral truths was diſcovered through the gloom of paganiſm, have been conſidered as prodigies, and regarded by ſucceſſive ages with aſtoniſhment and admiration; and that which immortalized one among many millions, can ſcarce be thought poſſible to all. Men do not uſually ſhut their eyes againſt their immediate intereſt, however they may be thought to wink againſt their duty; and ſo little does either appear to be diſcoverable by the light of nature, that where the Divine Preſcription has either been withheld or corrupted, ſuperſtition has rendered piety cruel, and error has armed virtue againſt herſelf; miſery has been cultivated by thoſe who have not incurred guilt; and though all men had been innocent they might ſtill have been wretched.

In the reign of Yamodin the Magnificent, the kingdom of Golconda was depopulated by a peſtilence; and after every other attempt to propitiate the gods had failed, it was believed, according to the ſuperſtition of the country, that they required the ſacrifice of a virgin of royal blood.

It happened that at this time there was no virgin of the royal blood, but Tamira the daughter of Yamodin, whom he had betrothed to one of the princes of his court, intending that he ſhould ſucceed to his throne; for Yamodin had no ſon, and he was not willing that his empire ſhould deſcend to a woman.

Yamodin conſidered himſelf not leſs the father of his people than of Tamira; and therefore, with whatever reluctance, determined to redeem the life of the public with that of the individual. He proſtrated himſelf in the temple, and invoked his principal idol as the fountain of life: 'From thee, ſaid he, 'I have 'derived my being, and the life which I have 'propagated is thine: when I am about to re-'ſtore it, let me remember with gratitude, 'that I poſſeſſed it by thy bounty; and let thy 'mercy accept it as a ranſom for my people.'

Orders were given for the ſacrifice on the next day, and Tamira was permitted to diſpoſe of the interval as ſhe pleaſed. She received the intimation of her father's pleaſure without much ſurprize; becauſe, as ſhe knew the cuſtom of her country, ſhe ſcarce hoped that the demand of her life would have been delayed ſo long: ſhe fortified herſelf againſt the terrors of death by anticipating the honours that would be paid to her memory; and had juſt triumphed over the deſire of life, when, upon perceiving her lover enter the apartment, ſhe loſt her fortitude in a moment, and burſt into tears.

When they were alone, after his eyes had, like her's, overflowed with ſilent ſorrow, he took her hand, and with a look of inexpreſſible anxiety and tenderneſs told her, that one expedient was yet left, by which her life might be preſerved; that he had bribed a prieſt to his intereſt, by whom the ceremonies of marriage might be immediately performed; that on the morrow, as ſhe would be no longer a virgin, the propitiation of the gods could not be effected by her death; and that her father, though for political purpoſes he might appear to be diſpleaſed, would yet ſecretly rejoice at an event, which, without his concurrence, had delivered him from the dreadful obligation of ſacrificing an only child, through whom he hoped to tranſmit dominion to his poſterity.

To this propoſal Tamira, whoſe attachment to life was now ſtrengthened by love, and in whoſe boſom the regret of precluded pleaſure had ſucceeded to the hope of glory, at length conſented; but ſhe conſented with all the timidity, reluctance, and confuſion, which are produced by a conſciouſneſs of guilt; and the prince himſelf introduced the man, who was to accompliſh the purpoſe both of his ambition and his love, with apparent tremor and heſitation.

On the morrow, when the prieſt ſtood ready at the altar to receive the victim, and the king commanded his daughter to be brought forth, the prince produced her as his wife. Yamodin ſtood ſome moments in ſuſpence; and then diſmiſſing the aſſembly, retired to his palace. After having remained about two hours in private, he ſent for the prince. 'The gods,' ſaid he, 'though they continue the peſtilence, 'have yet in mercy reſcued my people from the 'oppreſſion of a tyrant, who appears to conſi-'der the life of millions as nothing in com-'petition with the indulgence of his luſt, his 'avarice, or his ambition.' Yamodin then commanded him to be put to death, and the ſentence was executed the ſame hour.

Tamira now repented in unutterable diſtreſs of a crime, by which the pleaſures not only of poſſeſſion but hope were precluded;

her attachment to life was broken, by the very means which she had taken to preserve it; and as an atonement for the forfeit of her virginity, she determined to submit to that law of marriage, from which as a princess only she was exempted, and to throw herself on the pile by which the body of her husband was to be consumed. To this her father consented: their ashes were scattered to the winds, and their names were forbidden to be repeated.

If by these events it is evident, that Yamodin discerned no law which would have justified the preservation of his daughter; and if it is absurd to suppose his integrity to be vicious, because he had less power or opportunity to obtain knowledge than Plato; it will follow, that, by whatever rule the oblation of human sacrifice may be condemned, the conduct of Yamodin which would have produced such sacrifice was morally right, and that of the prince which prevented it was morally wrong; that the consent of Tamira to the marriage was vicious, and that her suicide was heroic virtue, though in her marriage she concurred with a general law of nature, and by her death opposed it: for moral right and wrong are terms that are wholly relative to the agent by whom the action is performed; and not to the action itself considered abstractedly, for abstractedly it can be right or wrong only in a natural sense. It appears, therefore, that Revelation is necessary to the establishment even of natural religion, and that it is more rational to suppose it has been vouchsafed in part than not at all.

It may, perhaps, be asked, of what use then is conscience as a guide of life, since in these instances it appears not to coincide with the Divine Law, but to oppose it; to condemn that which is enjoined, and approve that which is forbidden: but to this question the answer is easy.

The end which conscience approves is always good, though she sometimes mistakes the means: the end which Yamodin proposed was deliverance from a pestilence; but he did not, nor could know, that this end was not to be obtained by human sacrifice: and the end which conscience condemns is always ill; for the end proposed by the prince was private gain by public loss. By conscience, then, all men are restrained from intentional ill, and directed in their choice of the end though not of the means: it infallibly directs us to avoid guilt, but is not intended to secure us from error; it is not, therefore, either useless as a law to ourselves, nor yet sufficient to regulate our conduct with respect to others; it may sting with remorse, but it cannot chear us with hope. It is by Revelation alone, that virtue and happiness are connected: by Revelation, 'we are led 'into all truth;' conscience is directed to effect its purpose, and repentance is encouraged by a hope of pardon. If this sun is risen upon our hemisphere, let us not consider it only as the object of speculation and inquiry; let us rejoice in its influence, and walk by its light; regarding rather with contempt than indignation, those who are only solicitous to discover why its radiance is not farther diffused; and wilfully shut their eyes against it, because they see others stumble to whom it has been denied.

It is not necessary to inquire, what would be determined at the Great Tribunal, concerning a heathen who had in every instance obeyed the dictates of conscience, however erroneous; because it will readily be granted, that no such moral perfection was ever found among men: but it is easy to ascertain the fate of those, 'who 'love darkness rather than light, because their 'deeds are evil;' who violate the law that has been written upon the heart, and reject that which has been offered them from ABOVE; who though their sins are as scarlet, cavil at the terms on which they might be white as snow; and though their iniquities have been multiplied without number, revile the hand that would blot them from the Register of Heaven.

No. XCII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22. 1753.

Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti. HOR.

Bold be the critic, zealous to his truſt,
Like the firm judge inexorably juſt.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IN the papers of criticiſm which you have given to the public, I have remarked a ſpirit of candor and love of truth, equally remote from bigotry and captiouſneſs; a juſt diſtribution of praiſe amongſt the ancients and the moderns: a ſober deference to reputation long eſtabliſhed, without a blind adoration of antiquity; and a willingneſs to favour later performances, without a light or puerile fondneſs for novelty.

I ſhall, therefore, venture to lay before you ſuch obſervations as have riſen to my mind in the conſideration of Virgil's Paſtorals, without any enquiry how far my ſentiments deviate from eſtabliſhed rules of common opinions.

If we ſurvey the ten paſtorals in a general view, it will be found Virgil can derive from them very little claim to the praiſe of an inventor. To ſearch into the antiquity of this kind of poetry, is not my preſent purpoſe; that it has long ſubſiſted in the eaſt, the Sacred Writings ſufficiently inform us; and we may conjecture, with great probability, that it was ſometimes the devotion and ſometimes the entertainment of the firſt generations of mankind. Theocritus united elegance with ſimplicity: and taught his ſhepherds to ſing with ſo much eaſe and harmony, that his countrymen, deſpairing to excel, forbore to imitate him; and the Greeks, however vain or ambitious, left him in quiet poſſeſſion of the garlands which the wood-nymphs had beſtowed upon him.

Virgil, however, taking advantage of another language, ventured to copy or to rival the Sicilian Bard: he has written with greater ſplendour of diction, and elevation of ſentiment: but as the magnificence of his performances was more, the ſimplicity was leſs; and, perhaps, where he excels Theocritus, he ſometimes obtains his ſuperiority by deviating from the paſtoral character, and performing what Theocritus never attempted.

Yet, though I would willingly pay to Theocritus the honour which is always due to an original author, I am far from intending to depreciate Virgil, of whom Horace juſtly declares, that the rural muſes have appropriated to him their elegance and ſweetneſs, and who, as he copied Theocritus in his deſign, has reſembled him likewiſe in his ſucceſs; for, if we except Calphurnius, an obſcure author of the lower ages, I know not that a ſingle paſtoral was written after him by any poet, till the revival of literature.

But though his general merit has been univerſally acknowledged, I am far from thinking all the productions of his rural Thalia equally excellent: there is, indeed, in all his paſtorals a ſtrain of verſification which it is vain to ſeek in any other poet; but if we except the firſt and the tenth, they ſeem liable either wholly or in part to conſiderable objections.

The ſecond, though we ſhould forget the great charge againſt it, which I am afraid can never be refuted, might, I think, have periſhed, without any diminution of the praiſe of its author; for I know not that it contains one affecting ſentiment or pleaſing deſcription, or one paſſage that ſtrikes the imagination or awakens the paſſions.

The third contains a conteſt between two ſhepherds, begun with a quarrel of which ſome particulars might well be ſpared, carried on with ſprightlineſs and elegance, and terminated at laſt in a reconciliation: but, ſurely, whether the invectives with which they attack each other be true or falſe, they are too much degraded from the dignity of paſtoral innocence; and inſtead of rejoicing that they are both victorious, I ſhould not have grieved could they have been both defeated.

The poem to Pollio is, indeed, of another

kind: it is filled with images at once ſplendid and pleaſing, and is elevated with a grandeur of language worthy of the firſt of Roman poets; but I am not able to reconcile myſelf to the diſproportion between the performance and the occaſion that produced it: that the golden age ſhould return becauſe Pollio had a ſon, appears ſo wild a fiction, that I am ready to ſuſpect the poet of having written for ſome other purpoſe what he took this opportunity of producing to the public.

The fifth contains a celebration of Daphnis, which has ſtood to all ſucceeding ages as the model of paſtoral elegies. To deny praiſe to a performance which ſo many thouſands have laboured to imitate, would be to judge with too little deference for the opinion of mankind: yet whoever ſhall read it with impartiality, will find that moſt of the images are of the mythological kind, and, therefore, eaſily invented; and that there are few ſentiments of rational praiſe or natural lamentation.

In the Silenus he again riſes to the dignity of philoſophic ſentiments and heroic poetry. The addreſs to Varus is eminently beautiful: but ſince the compliment paid to Gallus fixed the tranſaction to his own time, the fiction of Silenus ſeems injudicious: nor has any ſufficient reaſon yet been found to juſtify his choice of thoſe fables that make the ſubject of the ſong.

The ſeventh exhibits another conteſt of the tuneful ſhepherds: and, ſurely, it is not without ſome reproach to his inventive power, that of ten paſtorals Virgil has written two upon the ſame plan. One of the ſhepherds now gains an acknowledged victory, but without any apparent ſuperiority; and the reader, when he ſees the prize adjudged, is not able to diſcover how it was deſerved.

Of the eighth paſtoral, ſo little is properly the work of Virgil, that he has no claim to other praiſe or blame than that of a tranſlator.

Of the ninth, it is ſcarce poſſible to diſcover the deſign or tendency: it is ſaid, I know not upon what authority, to have been compoſed from fragments of other poems; and except a few lines in which the author touches upon his own misfortunes; there is nothing that ſeems appropriated to any time or place, or of which any other uſe can be diſcovered than to fill up the poem.

The firſt and the tenth paſtorals, whatever be determined of the reſt, are ſufficient to place their author above the reach of rivalry. The complaint of Gallus diſappointed in his love, is full of ſuch ſentiments as love naturally produces; his wiſhes are wild, his reſentment is tender, and his purpoſes are inconſtant. In the genuine language of deſpair, he ſoothes himſelf a while with the pity that ſhall be paid him after his death:

——Tamen cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,
Montibus hæc veſtris: ſoli cantare periti
Arcades. O mihi tum quam molliter oſſa quieſcant,
Veſtra meos olim ſi fiſtula dicat amores!

——Yet, O Arcadian ſwains,
Ye beſt artificers of ſoothing ſtrains!
Tune your ſoft reeds, and teach your rocks my woes,
So ſhall my ſhade in ſweeter reſt repoſe.
O that your birth and buſineſs had been mine;
To feed the flock, and prune the ſpreading vine! WARTON.

Diſcontented with his preſent condition, and deſirous to be any thing but what he is, he wiſhes himſelf one of the ſhepherds. He then catches the idea of rural tranquillity, but ſoon diſcovers how much happier he ſhould be in theſe happy regions, with Lycoris at his ſide.

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori:
Hic nemus; hic ipſo tecum conſumerer ævo.
Nunc inſanus amor duri me Martis in armis;
Tela inter media, atque adverſos detinet hoſtes.
Tu procul a patria (nec ſit mihi credere) tantum
Alpinas, ah dura, nives, et frigore Rheni
Me ſine ſola vides. Ah te ne frigora lædant!
Ah tibi ne teneras glacies ſecet aſpera plantas!

Here cooling fountains roll thro' flow'ry meads,
Here woods, Lycoris, lift their verdant heads;
Here could I wear my careleſs life away,
And in thy arms inſenſibly decay.
Inſtead of that, me frantic love detains
'Mid foes, and dreadful darts, and bloody plains;
While you—and can my ſoul the tale believe,
Far from your country, lonely wand'ring leave—
Me, me your lover, barbarous fugitive!
Seek the rough Alps where ſnows eternal ſhine,
And joyleſs borders of the frozen Rhine.

Ah! may no cold e'er blaſt my deareſt maid,
Nor pointed ice thy tender feet invade!

WARTON.

He then turns his thought on every ſide, in queſt of ſomething that may ſolace or amuſe him: he propoſes happineſs to himſelf, firſt in one ſcene and then in another; and at laſt finds that nothing will ſatisfy:

Jam neque Hamadryades rurſum, nec carmina nobis
Ipſa placent: ipſæ rurſum concedite ſylvæ.
Non illam noſtri poſſunt mutare labores;
Nec ſi frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
Scithoniaſque nives hyemis ſubeamus aquoſæ:
Nec ſi, cum moriens alta liber aret in ulmo,
Æthiopum verſemus oves ſub ſidere Cancri,
Omnia vincit amor; et nos cedamus amori.

But now again no more the woodland maids,
Nor paſtoral ſongs, delight——Farewel, ye ſhades—
No toils of ours the cruel god can change,
Tho' loſt in frozen deſarts we ſhould range;
Tho' we ſhould drink where chilling Hebrus flows,
Endure bleak winter's blaſts, and Thracian ſnows;
Or on hot India's plains our flocks ſhould feed,
Where the parch'd elm declines his ſickening head;
Beneath fierce-glowing Cancer's fiery beams,
Far from cool breezes and refreſhing ſtreams.
Love over all maintains reſiſtleſs ſway;
And let us love's all-conquering power obey.

WARTON.

But notwithſtanding the excellence of the tenth paſtoral, I cannot forbear to give the preference to the firſt, which is equally natural and more diverſified. The complaint of the ſhepherd who ſaw his old companion at eaſe in the ſhade, while himſelf was driving his little flock he knew not whither, is ſuch as, with variation of circumſtances, miſery always utters at the ſight of proſperity:

Nos patria fines, et dulcia linquimus arva;
Nos patriam fugimus: tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra,
Formoſam reſonare doces Amaryllida ſylvas.

We leave our country's bounds, our much lov'd plains;
We from our country fly, unhappy ſwains!
You, Tit'rus, in the grove at leiſure laid,
Teach Amaryllis' name to every ſhade.

WARTON.

His account of the difficulties of his journey gives a very tender image of paſtoral diſtreſs:

——En ipſe capellas
Protenus æger ago: hanc etiam vix, Tityre, duco:
Hic inter denſas corylos modo namque gemellos,
Spem gregis, ah! ſilice in nuda connixa reliquit.

And lo! ſad partner of the general care,
Weary and faint I drive my goats afar!
While ſcarcely this my leading hand ſuſtains,
Tir'd with the way, and recent from her pains;
For 'mid yon tangled hazels as we paſt,
On the bare flints her hapleſs twin ſhe caſt,
The hopes and promiſe of my ruin'd fold!

WARTON.

The deſcription of Virgil's happineſs in his little farm, combines almoſt all the images of rural pleaſure; and he, therefore, that can read it with indifference, has no ſenſe of paſtoral poetry:

Fortunate ſenex, ergo tua rura manebunt,
Et tibi magna ſatis; quamvis lapis omnia nudus
Limoſque palus obducat paſcua junco,
Non inſueta gravis tentabunt pabula fœtas,
Nec mala vicini pecoris contagia lædent.
Fortunate ſenex, his inter flumina nota,
Et fontes ſacros, frigus captabis opacum.
Hinc tibi, quæ ſemper vicino ab limite ſepes,
Hyblæis apibus florem depaſta ſalicti,
Sæpe levi ſomnum ſuadebit inire ſuſurro.
Hinc altâ ſub rupe canet frondator ad auras;
Nec tamen interea raucæ, tua cura, palumbes,
Nec gemere aëria ceſſabit turtur ab ulmo.

Happy old man! then ſtill thy farms reſtor'd,
Enough for thee, ſhall bleſs thy frugal board.
What though rough ſtones the naked ſoil o'erſpread,
Or marſhy bulruſh rear its wat'ry head,
No foreign food thy teeming ewes ſhall fear,
No touch contagious ſpread its influence here.
Happy old man! here 'mid th' accuſtom'd ſtreams
And ſacred ſprings, you'll ſhun the ſcorching beams;
While from yon willow-fence, thy paſture's bound,
The bees that ſuck their flowr'y ſtores around,
Shall ſweetly mingle, with the whiſpering boughs,
Their lulling murmurs, and invite repoſe:
While from ſteep rocks the pruner's ſong is heard;
Nor the ſoft-cooing dove, thy fav'rite bird,
Mean while ſhall ceaſe to breathe her melting ſtrain,
Nor turtles from th' aerial elm to plain.

WARTON.

It may be obſerved, that theſe two poems were produced by events that really happened; and may, therefore, be of uſe to prove, that we can always feel more than we can imagine, and that the moſt artful fiction muſt give way to truth.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

T DUBIUS.

No. XCIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1753.

Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet
Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis. HOR.

'Tis he who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains,
Can make me feel each paſſion that he feigns;
Enrage, compoſe, with more than magic art;
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
And ſnatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where. POPE.

WRITERS of a mixed character, that abound in tranſcendent beauties and in groſs imperfections, are the moſt proper and moſt pregnant ſubjects for criticiſm. The regularity and correctneſs of Virgil or Horace, almoſt confine their commentators to perpetual panegyric, and afford them few opportunities of diverſifying their remarks by the detection of latent blemiſhes. For this reaſon, I am inclined to think, that a few obſervations on the writings of Shakeſpeare will not be deemed uſeleſs or unentertaining, becauſe he exhibits more numerous examples of excellencies and faults, of every kind, than are, perhaps, to be diſcovered in any other author. I ſhall, therefore, from time to time, examine his merit as a poet, without blind admiration, or wanton invective.

As Shakeſpeare is ſometimes blameable for the conduct of his fables, which have no unity; and ſometimes for his diction, which is obſcure and turgid; ſo his characteriſtical excellencies may poſſibly be reduced to theſe three general heads: his lively creative imagination; his ſtrokes of nature and paſſion; and his preſervation of the conſiſtency of his characters. Theſe excellencies, particularly the laſt, are of ſo much importance in the drama, that they amply compenſate for his tranſgreſſions againſt the rules of Time and Place, which being of a more mechanical nature, are often ſtrictly obſerved by a genius of the loweſt order; but to pourtray characters naturally, and to preſerve them uniformly, requires ſuch intimate knowledge of the heart of man, and is ſo rare a portion of felicity, as to have been enjoyed, perhaps, only by two writers, Homer and Shakeſpeare.

Of all the plays of Shakeſpeare, the Tempeſt is the moſt ſtriking inſtance of his creative power. He has there given the reins to his boundleſs imagination, and has carried the romantic, the wonderful and the wild, to the moſt pleaſing extravagance. The ſcene is a deſolate Iſland; and the characters the moſt new and ſingular that can be well conceived: a prince who practiſes magic, an attendant ſpirit, a monſter the ſon of a witch, and a young lady who had been brought to this ſolitude in her infancy, and never beheld a man except her father.

As I have affirmed that Shakeſpear's chief excellence is the conſiſtency of his characters, I will exemplify the truth of this remark, by pointing out ſome maſter-ſtrokes of this nature in the drama before us.

The poet artfully acquaints us that Proſpero is a magician, by the very firſt words which his daughter Miranda ſpeaks to him:

If by your art, my deareſt father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:

which intimate that the tempeſt deſcribed in the preceding ſcene was the effect of Proſpero's power. The manner in which he was driven from his dukedom of Milan, and landed afterwards on this ſolitary iſland accompanied only by his daughter, is immediately introduced in a ſhort natural narration.

The officers of his attendant ſpirit, Ariel, are enumerated with amazing wildneſs of fancy, and yet with equal propriety: his employment is ſaid to be—

——To tread the ooze
Of the ſalt deep;
To run upon the ſharp wind of the north:
To do—buſineſs in the veins o' th' earth,
When it is bak'd with froſt;
—to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds.

In deſcribing the place in which he has concealed the Neapolitan ſhip, Ariel expreſſes the ſecrecy of its ſituation by the following circumſtance, which artfully glances at another of his ſervices—

——In the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dſt me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the ſtill-vext Bermudas.

Ariel, being one of thoſe elves or ſpirits, 'whoſe paſtime is to make midnight muſh-'rooms, and who rejoice to liſten to the ſo-'lemn curfew;' by whoſe aſſiſtance Proſpero bedimm'd the ſun at noon-tide—

And' 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault,
Set roaring war—

has a ſet of ideas and images peculiar to his ſtation and office; a beauty of the ſame kind with that which is ſo juſtly admired in the Adam of Milton, whoſe manners and ſentiments are all paradiſiacal. How delightfully and how ſuitably to his character, are the habitations and paſtimes of this inviſible being pointed out in the following exquiſite ſong!

Where the bee ſucks, there ſuck I:
In a cowſlip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After ſun ſet, merrily.
Merrily merrily ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

Mr. Pope, whoſe imagination has been thought by ſome the leaſt of his excellencies, has, doubtleſs, conceived and carried on the machinery in his 'Rape of the Lock,' with vaſt exuberance of fancy. The images, cuſtoms, and employments of his Sylphs, are exactly adapted to their natures, are peculiar and appropriated, are all, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, Sylphiſh. The enumeration of the puniſhments they were to undergo, if they neglect their charge, would, on account of its poetry and propriety, and eſpecially the mixture of oblique ſatire, be ſuperior to any circumſtances in Shakeſpear's Ariel, if we could ſuppoſe Pope to have been unacquainted with the Tempeſt when he wrote this part of his accompliſhed poem.

——She did confine thee
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully remain
A dozen years: within which ſpace ſhe dy'd,
And left thee there; where thou didſt vent thy groans,
As faſt as mill-wheels ſtrike.

If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou'ſt howl'd away twelve winters.

For this, beſure, to-night thou ſhalt have cramps,
Side-ſtitches that ſhall pen thy breath up: urchins
Shall, for that vaſt of night that they may work,
All exerciſe on thee, thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more ſtinging
Than bees that made 'em.

If thou neglect'ſt or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.

SHAKESPEARE.

Whatever ſpirit, careleſs of his charge,
Forſakes his poſt or leaves the Fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp vengeance ſoon o'ertake his ſins,
Be ſtopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clog'd he beats his ſilken wings in vain;
Or allum ſtyptics with contracting pow'r,
Shrink his thin eſſence like a ſhrivell'd flow'r;
Or as Ixion fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling wheel;
In fumes of burning chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the ſea that froths below!

POPE.

The method which is taken to induce Ferdinand to believe that his father was drowned

in the late tempeſt, is exceedingly ſolemn and ſtriking. He is ſitting upon a ſolitary rock, and weeping over-againſt the place where he imagined his father was wrecked, when he ſuddenly hears with aſtoniſhment aërial muſic creep upon the waters, and the Spirit gives him the following information in words not proper for any but a Spirit to utter:

Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made:
Thoſe are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a ſea-change,
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.

And then follows a moſt lively circumſtance—

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong-bell!

This is ſo truly poetical, that one can ſcarce forbear exclaiming with Ferdinand—

There is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
That the earth owns!—

The happy verſatility of Shakeſpeare's genius enables him to excel in lyric as well as in dramatic poeſy.

But the poet riſes ſtill higher in his management of this character of Ariel, by making a moral uſe of it, that is, I think, incomparable, and the greateſt effort of his art. Ariel informs Proſpero, that he has fulfilled his orders, and puniſhed his brother and companions ſo ſeverely, that if he himſelf was now to behold their ſufferings, he would greatly compaſſionate them. To which Proſpero anſwers—

—Doſt thou think ſo, Spirit?

ARIEL. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

PROSPERO. And mine ſhall.

He then takes occaſion, with wonderful dexterity and humanity, to draw an argument from the incorporeality of Ariel, for the juſtice and neceſſity of pity and forgiveneſs:

Haſt thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions; and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

The poet is a more powerful magician than his own Proſpero. We are tranſported into fairy land; we are rapt in a delicious dream, from which it is miſery to be diſturbed; all around is enchantment!

——————The iſle is full of noiſes,
Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thouſand twanging inſtruments
Will hum about mine ears, and ſometimes voices;
That, if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
Will make me ſleep again: and then in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open and ſhew riches
Ready to drop upon me;—when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again!

Z

No. XCIV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1753.

Monſtro quod ipſe tibi poſſis dare. JUV.

——What I ſhew,
Thyſelf may freely on thyſelf beſtow. DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

YOU have ſomewhat diſcouraged the hope of idleneſs by ſhewing, that whoever compares the number of thoſe who have poſſeſſed fortuitous advantages, and of thoſe who have been diſappointed in their expectations, will have little reaſon to regiſter himſelf in the lucky catalogue.

But as we have ſeen thouſands ſubſcribe to a raffle, of which one only could obtain the prize; ſo idleneſs will ſtill preſume to hope, if the advantages, however improbable, are admitted to lie within the bounds of poſſibility. Let the drone, therefore, be told, that if by the error of fortune he obtains the ſtores of the bee, he cannot enjoy the felicity; that the honey which is not gathered by induſtry will be eaten without reliſh, if it is not waſted in

riot; and that all who become poſſeſſed of the immediate object of their hope, without any efforts of their own, will be diſappointed of enjoyment.

No life can be happy but that which is ſpent in the proſecution of ſome purpoſe to which our powers are equal, and which we, therefore, proſecute with ſucceſs: for this reaſon it is abſurd to dread buſineſs, upon pretence that it will leave few intervals to pleaſure. Buſineſs is that by which induſtry is ſeldom diſappointed: he who endeavours to arrive at a certain point, which he perceives himſelf perpetually to approach, enjoys all the happineſs which nature has allotted to thoſe hours that are not ſpent in the immediate gratification of appetites by which our wants are indicated, or of affections by which we are prompted to ſupply the wants of others. The end propoſed by the buſy, is various as their temper, conſtitution, habits, and circumſtances: but in the labour itſelf is the enjoyment, whether it be purſued to ſupply the neceſſaries or the conveniencies of life, whether to cultivate a farm or decorate a palace; for when the palace is decorated, and the barn filled, the pleaſure is at an end, till the object of deſire is again placed at a diſtance, and our powers are again employed to obtain it with apparent ſucceſs. Nor is the value of life leſs, than if our enjoyment did not thus conſiſt in anticipation; for by anticipation the pleaſure which would otherwiſe be contracted within an hour is diffuſed through a week; and if the dread which exaggerates future evil is confeſſed to be an increaſe of miſery, the hope which magnifies future good cannot be denied to be an acceſſion of happineſs.

The moſt numerous claſs of thoſe who preſume to hope for miraculous advantages, is that of gameſters. But by gameſters I do not mean the gentlemen who ſtake an eſtate againſt the cunning of thoſe who have none; for I leave the cure of lunatics to the profeſſors of phyſic: I mean the diſſolute and indigent, who in the common phraſe put themſelves in fortune's way, and expect from her bounty that which they eagerly deſire, and yet believe to be too dearly purchaſed by diligence and induſtry; tradeſmen who neglect their buſineſs, to ſquander in faſhionable follies more than it can produce; and ſwaggerers who rank themſelves with gentlemen, merely becauſe they have no buſineſs to purſue.

The gameſter of this claſs will appear to be equally wretched, whether his hope be fulfilled or diſappointed; the object of it depends upon a contingency, over which he has no influence; he purſues no purpoſe with gradual and perceptible ſucceſs, and therefore cannot enjoy the pleaſure which ariſes from the anticipation of its accompliſhment; his mind is perpetually on the rack; he is anxious in proportion to the eagerneſs of his deſire, and his inability to effect it; to the pangs of ſuſpence ſucceed thoſe of diſappointment; and a momentary gain only imbitters the loſs that follows. Such is the life of him who ſhuns buſineſs becauſe he would ſecure leiſure for enjoyment; except it happens, againſt the odds of a million to one, that a run of ſucceſs puts him into the poſſeſſion of a ſum ſufficient to ſubſiſt him in idleneſs the remainder of his life: and in this caſe, the idleneſs which made him wretched while he waited for the bounty of fortune, will neceſſarily keep him wretched after it is beſtowed: he will find, that in the gratification of his appetites he can fill but a ſmall portion of his time, and that theſe appetites themſelves are weakened by every attempt to increaſe the enjoyment which they were intended to ſupply; he will, therefore, either doze away life in a kind of liſtleſs indolence, which he deſpairs to exalt into felicity, or he will imagine that the good he wants is to be obtained by an increaſe of his wealth, by a larger houſe, and a more numerous retinue. If with this notion he has again recourſe to the altar of fortune, he will either be undeceived by a new ſeries of ſucceſs, or he will be reduced to original indigence by the loſs of that which he knew not how to enjoy: if this happens, of which there is the higheſt degree of probability, he will inſtantly become more wretched in proportion as he was rich; though, while he was rich, he was not more happy in proportion as he had been poor. Whatever is won, is reduced by experiment to its intrinſic value; whatever is loſt, is heightened by imagination to more. Wealth is no ſooner diſſipated, than its inanity is forgotten, and it is regretted as the means of happineſs which it was not found to afford. The gameſter, therefore, of whatever

claſs, plays againſt manifeſt odds; ſince that which he wins he diſcovers to be braſs, and that which he loſes he values as gold. And it ſhould alſo be remarked, that in this eſtimate of his life, I have not ſuppoſed him to loſe a ſingle ſtake which he had not firſt won.

But though gaming in general is wiſely prohibited by the legiſlature, as productive not only of private but of public evil; yet there is one ſpecies to which all are ſometimes invited; which equally encourages the hope of idleneſs, and relaxes the vigour of induſtry.

Ned Froth, who had been ſeveral years butler in a family of diſtinction, having ſaved about four hundred pounds, took a little houſe in the ſuburbs, and laid in a ſtock of liquors for which he paid ready-money, and which were, therefore, the beſt of the kind. Ned perceived his trade increaſe; he purſued it with freſh alacrity, he exulted in his ſucceſs, and the joy of his heart ſparkled in his countenance: but it happened that Ned, in the midſt of his happineſs and proſperity, was prevailed upon to buy a lottery-ticket. The moment his hope was fixed upon an object which induſtry could not obtain, he determined to be induſtrious no longer; to draw drink for a dirty and boiſterous rabble, was a ſlavery to which he now ſubmitted with reluctance, and he longed for the moment in which he ſhould be free: inſtead of telling his ſtory, and cracking his joke for the entertainment of his cuſtomers, he received them with indifference, was obſerved to be ſilent and ſullen, and amuſed himſelf by going three or four times a day to ſearch the regiſter of fortune for the ſucceſs of his ticket.

In this diſpoſition Ned was ſitting one morning in the corner of a bench by his fire-ſide, wholly abſtracted in the contemplation of his future fortune; indulging this moment the hope of a mere poſſibility, and the next ſhuddering with the dread of loſing the felicity which his fancy had combined with the poſſeſſion of ten thouſand pounds. A man well dreſſed entered haſtily, and enquired for him of his gueſts, who many times called him aloud by his name, and curſed him for his deafneſs and ſtupidity, before Ned ſtarted up as from a dream, and aſked with a fretful impatience what they wanted. An affected confidence of being well received, and an air of forced jocularity in the ſtranger, gave Ned ſome offence; but the next moment he catched him in his arms in a tranſport of joy, upon receiving his congratulation as proprietor of the fortunate ticket, which had that morning been drawn a prize of the firſt claſs.

It was not, however, long before Ned diſcovered that ten thouſand pounds did not bring the felicity which he expected; a diſcovery which generally produces the diſſipation of ſudden affluence by prodigality. Ned drank, and whored, and hired fiddlers, and bought fine cloaths; he bred riots at Vauxhall, treated flatterers, and damned plays. But ſomething was ſtill wanting; and he reſolved to ſtrike a bold ſtroke, and attempt to double the remainder of his prize at play, that he might live in a palace and keep an equipage; but in the execution of his project, he loſt the produce of his lottery ticket, except five hundred pounds in bank-notes, which when he would have ſtaked he could not find. This ſum was more than that which had eſtabliſhed him in the trade he had left; and yet, with the power of returning to a ſtation that was once the utmoſt of his ambition, and of renewing that purſuit which alone had made him happy, ſuch was the pungency of his regret, that in the deſpair of recovering the money which he knew had produced nothing but riot, diſeaſe, and vexation, he threw himſelf from the Bridge into the Thames.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

CAUTUS.

No. XCV. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1753.

——Dulcique animos novitate tenebo. OVID.

And with ſweet novelty your ſoul detain.

IT is often charged upon writers, that with all their pretenſions to genius and diſcoveries, they do little more than copy one another; and that compoſitions obtruded upon the world with the pomp of novelty, contain only tedious repetitions of common ſentiments, or at beſt exhibit a tranſpoſition of known images, and give a new appearance to truth only by ſome ſlight difference of dreſs and decoration.

The allegation of reſemblance between authors, is indiſputably true; but the charge of plagiariſm, which is raiſed upon it, is not to be allowed with equal readineſs. A coincidence of ſentiment may eaſily happen without any communication, ſince there are many occaſions in which all reaſonable men will nearly think alike. Writers of all ages have had the ſame ſentiments, becauſe they have in all ages had the ſame objects of ſpeculation; the intereſts and paſſions, the virtues and vices of mankind, have been diverſified in different times, only by uneſſential and caſual varieties; and we muſt, therefore, expect in the works of all thoſe who attempt to deſcribe them, ſuch a likeneſs as we find in the pictures of the ſame perſon drawn in different periods of his life.

It is neceſſary therefore, that before an author be charged with plagiariſm, one of the moſt reproachful, though perhaps not the moſt atrocious, of literary crimes, the ſubject on which he treats ſhould be carefully conſidered. We do not wonder, that hiſtorians, relating the ſame facts, agree in their narration; or that authors, delivering the elements of ſcience, advance the ſame theorems, and lay down the ſame definitions: yet it is not wholly without uſe to mankind, that books are multiplied, and that different authors lay out their labours on the ſame ſubject; for there will always be ſome reaſon why one ſhould on particular occaſions, or to particular perſons, be preferable to another; ſome will be clear, where others are obſcure; ſome will pleaſe by their ſtile, and others by their method; ſome by their embelliſhments, and others by their ſimplicity; ſome by cloſeneſs, and others by diffuſion.

The ſame indulgence is to be ſhewn to the writers of morality: right and wrong are immutable; and thoſe, therefore, who teach us to diſtinguiſh them, if they all teach us right, muſt agree with one another. The relations of ſocial life, and the duties reſulting from them, muſt be the ſame at all times and in all nations: ſome petty differences may be, indeed, produced, by forms of government or arbitrary cuſtoms; the general doctrine can receive no alteration.

Yet it is not to be deſired, that morality ſhould be conſidered as interdicted to all future writers: men will always be tempted to deviate from their duty, and will, therefore, always want a monitor to recall them; and a new book often ſeizes the attention of the public, without any other claim than that it is new. There is likewiſe in compoſition, as in other things, a perpetual viciſſitude of faſhion; and truth is recommended at one time to regard, by appearances which at another would expoſe it to neglect; the author, therefore, who has judgment to diſcern the taſte of his cotemporaries, and ſkill to gratify it, will have always an opportunity to deſerve well of mankind, by conveying inſtruction to them in a grateful vehicle.

There are likewiſe many modes of compoſition, by which a moraliſt may deſerve the name of an original writer: he may familiariſe his ſyſtem by dialogues after the manner of the ancients, or ſubtilize it into a ſeries of ſyllogiſtic arguments: he may enforce his doctrine by ſerioufneſs and ſolemnity, or enliven it by ſprightlineſs and gaiety; he may deliver his ſentiments in naked precepts, or illuſtrate them by hiſtorical examples; he may detain the ſtudious by the artful concatenation of a continued diſcourſe, or relieve the buſy by ſhort ſtrictures, and unconnected eſſays.

To excel in any of these forms of writing, will require a particular cultivation of the genius; whoever can attain to excellence, will be certain to engage a set of readers, whom no other method would have equally allured; and he that communicates truth with success, must be numbered among the first benefactors to mankind.

The same observation may be extended likewise to the passions: their influence is uniform, and their effects nearly the same in every human breast: a man loves and hates, desires and avoids, exactly like his neighbour; resentment and ambition, avarice and indolence, discover themselves by the same symptoms, in minds distant a thousand years from one another.

Nothing, therefore, can be more unjust, than to charge an author with plagiarism, merely because he assigns to every cause its natural effect; and makes his personage act, as others in like circumstances have always done. There are conceptions in which all men will agree, though each derives them from his own observation: whoever has been in love, will represent a lover impatient of every idea that interrupts his meditations on his mistress, retiring to shades and solitude, that he may muse without disturbance on his approaching happiness, or associating himself with some friend that flatters his passion, and talking away the hours of absence upon his darling subject. Whoever has been so unhappy as to have felt the miseries of long-continued hatred, will, without assistance from ancient volumes, be able to relate how the passions are kept in perpetual agitation, by the recollection of injury and meditations of revenge; how the blood boils at the name of the enemy, and life is worn away in the contrivances of mischief.

Every other passion is alike simple and limited, if it be considered only with regard to the breast which it inhabits; the anatomy of the mind, as that of the body, must perpetually exhibit the same appearances; and though by the continued industry of successive inquirers, new movements will be from time to time discovered, they can affect only the minuter parts, and are commonly of more curiosity than importance.

It will now be natural to inquire, by what arts are the writers of the present and future ages to attract the notice and favour of mankind. They are to observe the alterations which time is always making in the modes of life, that they may gratify every generation with a picture of themselves. Thus love is uniform, but courtship is perpetually varying: the different arts of gallantry, which beauty has inspired, would of themselves be sufficient to fill a volume; sometimes balls and serenades, sometimes tournaments and adventures have been employed to melt the hearts of ladies, who in another century have been sensible of scarce any other merit than that of riches, and listened only to jointures and pin-money. Thus the ambitious man has at all times been eager of wealth and power; but these hopes have been gratified in some countries, by supplicating the people, and in others by flattering the prince: honour in some states has been only the reward of military atchievements, in others it has been gained by noisy turbulence and popular clamours. Avarice has worn a different form, as she actuated the usurer of Rome, and the stock-jobber of England; and idleness itself, how little soever inclined to the trouble of invention, has been forced from time to time to change its amusements, and contrive different methods of wearing out the day.

Here then is the fund, from which those who study mankind may fill their compositions with an inexhaustible variety of images and allusions: and he must be confessed to look with little attention upon scenes thus perpetually changing, who cannot catch some of the figures before they are made vulgar by reiterated descriptions.

It has been discovered by Sir Isaac Newton, that the distinct and primogenial colours are only seven; but every eye can witness, that from various mixtures, in various proportions, infinite diversifications of tints may be produced. In like manner, the passions of the mind, which put the world in motion, and produce all the bustle and eagerness of the busy crowds that swarm upon the earth; the passions, from whence arise all the pleasures and pains that we see and hear of, if we analyse the mind of man, are very few; but those few agitated and combined, as external causes shall happen to operate, and modified by prevailing opinions and accidental caprices, make such frequent alterations on the surface of life, that the show, while we are busied in delineating

it, vaniſhes from the view, and a new ſet of objects ſucceed, doomed to the ſame ſhortneſs of duration with the former: thus curioſity may always find employment, and the buſy part of mankind will furniſh the contemplative with the materials of ſpeculation to the end of time.

The complaint, therefore, that all topics are preoccupied, is nothing more than the murmur of ignorance or idleneſs, by which ſome diſcourage others, and ſome themſelves: the mutability of mankind will always furniſh writers with new images, and the luxuriance of fancy may always embelliſh them with new decorations.

T

No. XCVI. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1753.

——*Fortunatos nimium, ſua ſi bona norint.* VIRG.

O happy, if ye knew your happy ſtate! DRYDEN.

IN proportion as the enjoyment and infelicity of life depend upon imagination, it is of importance that this power of the mind ſhould be directed in its operations by reaſon; and, perhaps, imagination is more frequently buſy when it can only imbitter diſappointment and heighten calamity; and more frequently ſlumbers when it might increaſe the triumph of ſucceſs, or animate inſenſibility to happineſs, than is generally perceived.

An eccleſiaſtical living of conſiderable value became vacant, and Evander obtained a recommendation to the patron. His friend had too much modeſty to ſpeak with confidence of the ſucceſs of an application ſupported chiefly by his intereſt, and Evander knew that others had ſolicited before him; as he was not, therefore, much elevated by hope, he believed he ſhould not be greatly depreſſed by a diſappointment. The gentleman to whom he was recommended, received him with great courteſy; but upon reading the letter, he changed countenance, and diſcovered indubitable tokens of vexation and regret; then taking Evander by the hand—'Sir,' ſaid he, 'I think it ſcarce leſs a misfortune to myſelf than you, that you was not five minutes ſooner in your application. The gentleman whoſe recommendation you bring, I wiſh more than any other to oblige; but I have juſt preſented the living to the perſon whom you ſaw take his leave when you entered the room.'

This declaration was a ſtroke, which Evander had neither ſkill to elude, nor force to reſiſt. The ſtrength of his intereſt, though it was not known time enough to increaſe his hope, and his being too late only a few minutes, though he had reaſon to believe his application had been precluded by as many days, were circumſtances which imagination immediately improved to aggravate his diſappointment: over theſe he muſed perpetually with inexpreſſible anguiſh, he related them to every friend, and lamented them with the moſt paſſionate exclamations. And yet, what happened to Evander more than he expected? Nothing that he poſſeſſed was diminiſhed, nor was any poſſibility of advantage cut off. With reſpect to theſe and every other reality, he was in the ſame ſtate as if he had never heard of the vacancy, which he had ſome chance to fill: but Evander groaned under the tyranny of imagination; and in a fit of cauſeleſs fretfulneſs caſt away peace, becauſe time was not ſtopped in its career, and a miracle did not interpoſe to ſecure him a living.

Agenor, on whom the living which Evander ſolicited was beſtowed, never conceived a ſingle doubt that he ſhould fail in his attempt: his character was unexceptionable, and his recommendation ſuch as it was believed no other could counterbalance; he, therefore, received the bounty of his patron without much emotion; he regarded his ſucceſs as an event produced, like rain and ſun-ſhine, by the common and regular operation of natural cauſes; and took poſſeſſion of his rectory with the ſame temper, that he would have reaped a field he had ſown, or received the intereſt of a ſum which he had placed in the funds. But having,

by accident heard the report which had been circulated by the friends of Evander, he was at once ſtruck with a ſenſe of his good fortune; and was ſo affected by a retroſpect on his danger, that he could ſcarce believe it to be paſt. 'How providential,' ſaid he, 'was it that I 'did not ſtay to drink another diſh of tea at 'breakfaſt, that I found a hackney-coach at 'the end of the ſtreet, and that I met with no 'ſtop by the way!' What an alteration was produced in Agenor's conception of the advantage of his ſituation, and the means by which it was obtained! and yet at laſt he gained nothing more than he expected; his danger was not known time enough to alarm his fear; the value of his acquiſition was not increaſed; nor had Providence interpoſed farther than to exclude chance from the government of the world. But Agenor did not before reflect that any gratitude was due to Providence but for a miracle; he did not enjoy his preferment as a gift, nor eſtimate his gain but by the probability of loſs.

As ſucceſs and diſappointment are under the influence of imagination, ſo are eaſe and health; each of which may be conſidered as a kind of negative good, that may either degenerate into weariſomneſs and diſcontent, or be improved into complacency and enjoyment.

About three weeks ago I paid an afternoon viſit to Curio. Curio is the proprietor of an eſtate which produces three thouſand pounds a year, and the huſband of a lady remarkable for her beauty and her wit; his age is that in which manhood is ſaid to be compleat, his conſtitution is vigorous, his perſon graceful, and his underſtanding ſtrong. I found him in full health, lolling in an eaſy chair; his countenance was florid, he was gayly dreſſed, and ſurrounded with all the means of happineſs which wealth well uſed could beſtow. After the firſt ceremonies had paſſed, he threw himſelf again back in his chair upon my having refuſed it, looked wiſtfully at his fingers end, croſſed his legs, enquired the news of the day, and in the midſt of all poſſible advantages ſeemed to poſſeſs life with a liſtleſs indifference, which, if he could have preſerved in contrary circumſtances, would have inveſted him with the dignity of a ſtoic.

It happened that yeſterday I paid Curio another viſit. I found him in his chamber; his head was ſwathed in flannel, and his countenance was pale. I was alarmed at theſe appearances of diſeaſes; and enquired with an honeſt ſolicitude how he did. The moment he heard my queſtion, he ſtarted from his ſeat, ſprang towards me, caught me by the hand, and told me, in an extaſy, that he was in Heaven.

What difference in Curio's circumſtances produced this difference in his ſenſations and behaviour? What prodigious advantage had now accrued to the man, who before had eaſe and health, youth, affluence, and beauty? Curio, during the ten days that preceded my laſt viſit, had been tormented with the tooth-ach, and had, within the laſt hour, been reſtored to eaſe, by having the tooth drawn.

And is human reaſon ſo impotent, and imagination ſo perverſe, that eaſe cannot be enjoyed till it has been taken away? Is it not poſſible to improve negative into poſitive happineſs, by reflection? Can he who poſſeſſes eaſe and health, whoſe food is taſteful, and whoſe ſleep is ſweet, remember, without exultation and delight, the ſeaſons in which he has pined in the languor of inappetence, and counted the watches of the night with reſtleſs anxiety.

Is an acquieſcence in the diſpenſations of Unerring Wiſdom, by which ſome advantage appears to be denied, without recalling trivial and accidental circumſtances that can only aggravate diſappointment, impoſſible to reaſonable beings? And is a ſenſe of the Divine Bounty neceſſarily languid, in proportion as that bounty appears to be leſs doubtful and interrupted?

Every man, ſurely, would bluſh to admit theſe ſuppoſitions; let every man, therefore, deny them by his life. He who brings imagination under the dominion of reaſon, will be able to diminiſh the evil of life, and to increaſe the good; he will learn to reſign with complacency, to receive with gratitude, and poſſeſs with chearfulneſs: and as in this conduct there is not only wiſdom but virtue, he will under every calamity be able to rejoice in hope, and to anticipate the felicity of that ſtate, in which, the Spirits of the Juſt ſhall be made PERFECT.

No. XCVIII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1753.

Χρὴ δὲ καὶ ἐν τοῖς ἤθεσιν ὥσπερ καὶ ἐν τῇ τῶν πραγμάτων συστάσει, ἀεὶ ζητεῖν, ἢ τὸ ἀναγ. καῖον, ἢ τὸ εἰκὸς. ARIST. POET.

As well in the conduct of the manners as in the conſtitution of the fable, we muſt always endeavour to produce either what is neceſſary or what is probable.

'WHOEVER ventures,' ſays Horace, 'to form a character totally original, let him endeavour to preſerve it with uniformity and conſiſtency; but the formation of an original character is a work of great difficulty and hazard.' In this arduous and uncommon taſk, however, Shakeſpeare has wonderfully ſucceeded in his Tempeſt: the monſter Calyban is the creature of his own imagination, in the formation of which he could derive no aſſiſtance from obſervation or experience.

Calyban is the ſon of a witch, begotten by a demon: the ſorceries of his mother were ſo terrible, that her countrymen baniſhed her into this deſart iſland as unfit for human ſociety; in conformity, therefore, to this diabolical propagation, he is repreſented as a prodigy of cruelty, malice, pride, ignorance, idleneſs, gluttony, and luſt. He is introduced with great propriety curſing Proſpero and Miranda whom he had endeavoured to defile; and his execrations are artfully contrived to have reference to the occupation of his mother—

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother bruſh'd
With raven's feather from unwholeſome fen,
Drop on you both!———
———All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

His kindneſs is afterwards expreſſed as much in character as his hatred, by an enumeration of offices that could be of value only in a deſolate iſland, and in the eſtimation of a ſavage?

I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow:
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt; and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmazet. I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberds; and ſometimes I'll get thee
Young ſea-malls from the rock———
I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.

Which laſt is, indeed, a circumſtance of great uſe in a place where to be defended from the cold was neither eaſy nor uſual; and it has a farther peculiar beauty, becauſe the gathering wood was the occupation to which Calyban was ſubjected by Proſpero, who, therefore, deemed it a ſervice of high importance.

The groſs ignorance of this monſter is repreſented with delicate judgment; he knew not the names of the ſun and moon, which he calls the bigger light and the leſs; and he believes that Stephano was the man in the moon, whom his miſtreſs had often ſhewn him: and when Proſpero reminds him that he firſt taught him to pronounce articulately, his anſwer is full of malevolence and rage:

You taught me language; and my profit o'nt
Is, I know how to curſe:———

the propereſt return for ſuch a fiend to make for ſuch a favour. The ſpirits whom he ſuppoſes to be employed by Proſpero perpetually to torment him, and the many forms and different methods they take for this purpoſe, are deſcribed with the utmoſt livelineſs and force of fancy:

Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: ſometimes am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiſs me into madneſs.

It is ſcarcely poſſible for any ſpeech to be more expreſſive of the manners and ſentiments, than that in which our poet has painted the brutal barbarity and unfeeling ſavageneſs of this ſon of Sycorax, by making him enumerate, with a kind of horrible delight, the various ways in which it was poſſible for the drunken ſailors to ſurprize and kill his maſter:

———There thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his ſkull; or paunch him with a ſtake:
Or cut his wezand with thy knife———

He adds, in alluſion to his own abominable attempt—'Above all, be ſure to ſecure the 'daughter, whoſe beauty,' he tells them, 'is 'incomparable.' The charms of Miranda could not be more exalted than by extorting this teſtimony from ſo inſenſible a monſter.

Shakeſpeare ſeems to be the only poet who poſſeſſes the power of uniting poetry with propriety of character; of which I know not an inſtance more ſtriking, than the image Caliban makes uſe of to expreſs ſilence, which is at once highly poetical, and exactly ſuited to the wildneſs of the ſpeaker:

Pray you tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot-fall.———

I always lament that our author has not preſerved this fierce and implacable ſpirit in Caliban, to the end of the play; inſtead of which, he has, I think, injudiciouſly put into his mouth, words that imply repentance and underſtanding:

———I'll be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeek for grace. What a thrice double aſs
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worſhip this dull fool?

It muſt not be forgotten, that Shakeſpeare has artfully taken occaſion from this extraordinary character, which is finely contraſted to the mildneſs and obedience of Ariel, obliquely to ſatirize the prevailing paſſion for new and wonderful ſights, which has rendered the Engliſh ſo ridiculous. 'Were I in England now,' ſays Trinculo, on firſt diſcovering Caliban, 'and had but this fiſh painted, not an holiday 'fool there but would give a piece of ſilver. 'When they will not give a doit to relieve a 'lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a 'dead Indian.'

Such is the inexhauſtible plenty of our poet's invention, that he has exhibited another character in this play, entirely his own: that of the lovely and innocent Miranda.

When Proſpero firſt gives her a ſight of Prince Ferdinand, ſhe eagerly exclaims—

———What is't? a ſpirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a ſpirit.

Her imagining that as he was ſo beautiful he muſt neceſſarily be one of her father's aërial agents, is a ſtroke of nature worthy of admiration: as are likewiſe her intreaties to her father not to uſe them harſhly, by the power of his art—

Why ſpeaks my father ſo ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I ſaw; the firſt
That e'er I ſigh'd for!——

Here we perceive the beginning of that paſſion, which Proſpero was deſirous ſhe ſhould feel for the prince; and which ſhe afterwards more fully expreſſes upon an occaſion which diſplays at once the tenderneſs, the innocence, and the ſimplicity of her character. She diſcovers her lover employed in the laborious taſk of carrying wood, which Proſpero had enjoined him to perform. 'Would,' ſays ſhe, 'the lightning had burnt up thoſe logs, that you are 'enjoined to pile!'

———If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that,
I'll carry't to the pile.——
——You look wearily.

It is by ſelecting ſuch little and almoſt imperceptible circumſtances that Shakeſpeare has more truly painted the paſſions than any other writer; affection is more powerfully expreſſed by this ſimple wiſh and offer of aſſiſtance, than by the unnatural eloquence and witticiſms of Dryden, or the amorous declamations of Rowe.

The reſentment of Proſpero for the matchleſs cruelty and wicked uſurpation of his brother; his paternal affection and ſolicitude for the welfare of his daughter, the heireſs of his dukedom; and the awful ſolemnity of his character, as a ſkilful magician; are all along preſerved with equal conſiſtency, dignity, and decorum. One part of his behaviour deſerves to be particularly pointed out: during the exhibition of a maſk with which he had ordered Ariel to entertain Ferdinand and Miranda, he ſtarts ſuddenly from the recollection of the conſpiracy of Caliban and his confederates againſt his life, and diſmiſſes his attendant ſpirits, who inſtantly vaniſh to a hollow and confuſed noiſe. He appears to be greatly moved; and ſuitably to this agitation of mind, which his danger has excited, he takes occaſion, from the ſudden diſappearance of the viſionary ſcene to moralize on the diſſolution of all things—

——These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits: and
Are melted into air, into thin air.
And, like the baſeleſs fabric of this viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And, like this unſubſtantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind——

To theſe noble images he adds a ſhort but comprehenſive obſervation on human life, not excelled by any paſſage of the moral and ſententious Euripides—

——We are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep!

Thus admirably is an uniformity of character, that leading beauty in dramatic poeſy, preſerved throughout the Tempeſt. And it may be farther remarked, that the unities of action, of place, and of time, are in this play, though almoſt conſtantly violated by Shakeſpeare, exactly obſerved. The action is one, great, and entire, the reſtoration of Proſpero to his dukedom; this buſineſs is tranſacted in the compaſs of a ſmall iſland, and in or near the cave of Proſpero; though, indeed, it had been more artful and regular to have confined it to this ſingle ſpot; and the time which the action takes up, is only equal to that of the repreſentation; an excellence which ought always to be aimed at in every well-conducted fable, and for the want of which a variety of the moſt entertaining incidents can ſcarcely atone. Z

No. XCVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1753.

Aude aliquid brevibus gyaris, et carcere dignum,
Si vis eſſe aliquis. JUV.

Wou'dſt thou to honours and preferments climb?
Be bold in miſchief, dare ſome mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or baniſhment, deſerves. DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

DEAR BROTHER,

THE thirſt of glory is, I think, allowed, even by the dull dogs who can ſit ſtill long enough to write books, to be a noble appetite.

My ambition is to be thought a man of life and ſpirit, who could conquer the world if he was to ſet about it, but who has too much vivacity to give the neceſſary attention to any ſcheme of length.

I am, in ſhort, one of thoſe heroic Adventurers, who have thought proper to diſtinguiſh themſelves by the titles of Buck, Blood, and Nerve. When I am in the country, I am always on horſeback, and I leap or break every hedge and gate that ſtands in my way: when I am in town, I am conſtantly to be ſeen at ſome of the public places, at the proper times for making my appearance; as at Vauxhall, or Marybone, about ten, very drunk: for though I do not love wine, I am obliged to be conſumedly drunk five or ſix nights in the week; nay ſometimes five or ſix days together, for the ſake of my character. Wherever I come, I am ſure to make all the confuſion, and do all the miſchief I can; not for the ſake of doing miſchief, but only out of frolic, you know, to ſhew my vivacity. If there are women near me, I ſwear to ſhew my courage, and talk bawdy to ſhew my wit. Under the roſe, I am a curſed favourite amongſt them; and have had 'bonne fortune,' let me tell you. I do love the little rogues helliſhly: but faith I make love for the good of the public; and the town is obliged to me for a dozen or two of the fineſt wenches that were ever brought into its ſeraglios. One, indeed, I loſt, and, poor fond ſoul! I pitied her! but it could not be helped—ſelf-preſervation obliged me to leave her—I could not tell her what was the matter with her, rot me if I could; and ſo it got to ſuch a head, that the devil himſelf could not have ſaved her.

There's one thing vexes me; I have much ado to avoid having that inſignificant character, a good-natured fellow, fixed upon me; ſo that I am obliged in my own defence to break the boy's head, and kick my whore down ſtairs every time I enter a night-houſe: I pick quarrels when I am not offended, break the windows of men I never ſaw, demoliſh lamps,

bilk hackney-coachmen, overturn wheelbarrows, and ſtorm night cellars: I beat the watchman, though he bids me good morrow, abuſe the conſtable, and inſult the juſtice: for theſe feats I am frequently kicked, beaten, pumped, proſecuted, and impriſoned; but Tim is no flincher; and if he does not get fame, blood! he will deſerve it.

I am now writing at a coffee-houſe, where I am juſt arrived, after a journey of fifty miles, which I rode in four hours. I knocked up my blockhead's horſe two hours ago. The dog whipped and ſpurred at ſuch a rate, that I dare ſay you may track him half the way by the blood: but all would not do. The devil take the hindmoſt, is always my way of travelling. The moment I diſmounted, down dropt Dido, by Jove: and here am I all alive and merry, my old boy!

I'll tell thee what; I was a helliſh aſs t'other day. I ſhot a damn'd clean mare through the head, for jumping out of the road to avoid running over an old woman. But the bitch threw me, and I got a curſed ſlice on the cheek againſt a flint, which put me in a paſſion; who could help it, you know? Rot me! I would not have loſt her for five hundred old women, with all their brats to the third generation. She was a ſweet creature! I would run her five-and-twenty miles within the hour, for five hundred pounds. But ſhe is gone!—Poor jade! I did love thee, that I did.

Now what you ſhall do for me, old boy, is this—Help to raiſe my name a little, d'ye mind: write ſomething in praiſe of us ſprightly pretty fellows. I aſſure you we take a great deal of pains for fame, and it is hard we ſhould be bilkt. I would not trouble you, my dear; but only I fear I have not much time before me to do my own buſineſs; for between you and I, both my conſtitution and my eſtate are damnably out at elbows. I intend to make them ſpin out together as evenly as poſſible; but if my purſe ſhould happen to leak faſteſt, I propoſe to go with my laſt half-crown to Ranelagh gardens, and there, if you approve the ſcheme, I'll mount one of the upper alcoves, and repeat with an heroic air—

I'll boldly venture on the world unknown;
It cannot uſe me worſe than this has done.

I'll then ſhoot myſelf through the head; and ſo good by t'ye. Yours, as you ſerve me.

TIM. WILDGOOSE.

I ſhould little deſerve the notice of a perſon ſo illuſtrious as the hero who honours me with the name of Brother, if I ſhould cavil at his principles or refuſe his requeſt. According to the moral philoſophy which is now in faſhion, and adopted by many of the 'dull dogs who 'write books,' the gratification of appetite is virtue; and appetite, therefore, I ſhall allow to be noble, notwithſtanding the objections of thoſe who pretend that, whatever be its ſubject, it can be good or ill in no other ſenſe than ſtature or complexion; and that the voluntary effort only is moral by which appetite is directed or reſtrained, by which it is brought under the government of reaſon, and rendered ſubſervient to moral purpoſes.

But with whatever efforts of heroic virtue my correſpondent may have laboured to gratify his 'thirſt of glory,' I am afraid he will be diſappointed. It is, indeed, true, that like the heroes of antiquity, whom ſucceſſive generations have honoured with ſtatues and panegyric, he has ſpent his life in doing miſchief to others, without procuring any real good to himſelf: but he has not done miſchief enough; he has not ſacked a city or fired a temple: he acts only againſt individuals in a contracted ſphere, and is loſt among a crowd of competitors, whoſe merit can only contribute to their mutual obſcurity, as the feats which are perpetually performed by innumerable adventurers muſt ſoon become too common to confer diſtinction.

In behalf of ſome among theſe candidates for fame, the legiſlature has, indeed, thought fit to interpoſe; and their atchievements are with great ſolemnity rehearſed and recorded in a temple, of which I know not the celeſtial appellation, but on earth, it is called Juſtice Hall, in the Old Bailey.

As the reſt are utterly neglected, I cannot think of any expedient to gratify the noble thirſt of my correſpondent and his compeers, but that of procuring them admiſſion into this claſs; an attempt in which I do not deſpair of ſucceſs, for I think I can demonſtrate their right, and I will not ſuppoſe it poſſible that when this is done they will be excluded.

Upon the moſt diligent examination of ancient hiſtory and modern panegyric, I find that no action has ever been held honourable in ſo high a degree, as killing men: this, indeed, is one of the

ſeats which our legiſlature has thought fit to reſcue from oblivion, and reward in Juſtice Hall: it has alſo removed an abſurd diſtinction, and, contrary to the practice of pagan antiquity, has comprehended the killers of women among thoſe who deſerve the rewards that have been decreed to homicide. Now he may fairly be conſidered as a killer, who ſeduces a young beauty from the fondneſs of a parent, with whom ſhe enjoys health and peace, the protection of the laws, and the ſmile of ſociety, to the tyranny of a bawd, and the exceſſes of a brothel, to diſeaſe and diſtraction, ſtripes, infamy, and impriſonment; calamities which cannot fail to render her days not only evil but few. It may, perhaps, be alleged, that the woman was not wholly paſſive, but that in ſome ſenſe ſhe may be conſidered as felo de ſe. This, however, is mere cavil; for the ſame may be ſaid of him who fights when he can run away; and yet it has always been deemed more honourable to kill the combatant than the fugitive.

If this claim then of the Blood be admitted, and I do not ſee how it can be ſet aſide, I propoſe that after his remains ſhall have been reſcued from duſt and worms, and conſecrated in the temple of Hygeia, called Surgeons-Hall, his bones ſhall be purified by proper luſtrations, and erected into a ſtatue; that this ſtatue ſhall be placed in a niche, with the name of the hero of which it is at once the remains and the monument written over it, among many others of the ſame rank, in the gallery of a ſpacious building, to be erected by lottery for that purpoſe: I propoſe that this gallery be called the BLOOD'S GALLERY; and, to prevent the labour and expence of emblazoning the atchievements of every individual, which would be little more than repeating the ſame words, that an inſcription be placed over the door to this effect—'This gallery is ſacred to the memory 'and the remains of the BLOODS; heroes who 'lived in perpetual hoſtility againſt themſelves 'and others; who contracted diſeaſes by exceſs 'that precluded enjoyment, and who continually perpetrated miſchief not in anger but 'ſport; who purchaſed this diſtinction at the 'expence of life; and whoſe glory would have 'been equal to Alexander's, if their power 'had not been leſs.'

No. XCIX. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1753.

——Magnis tamen excidit auſis. OVID.

But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd. ADDISON.

IT has always been the practice of mankind, to judge of actions by the event. The ſame attempts, conducted in the ſame manner, but terminated by different ſucceſs, produce different judgments: they who attain their wiſhes, never want celebrators of their wiſdom and their virtue; and they that miſcarry are quickly diſcovered to have been defective not only in mental but in moral qualities. The world will never be long without ſome good reaſon to hate the unhappy: their real faults are immediately detected; and if thoſe are not ſufficient to ſink them into infamy, an additional weight of calumny will be ſuperadded: he that fails in his endeavours after wealth or power, will not long retain either honeſty or courage.

This ſpecies of injuſtice has ſo long prevailed in univerſal practice, that it ſeems likewiſe to have infected ſpeculation: ſo few minds are able to ſeparate the ideas of greatneſs and proſperity, that even Sir William Temple has determined, that he who can deſerve the name of a hero, muſt not only be virtuous but fortunate.

By this unreaſonable diſtribution of praiſe and blame, none have ſuffered oftener than Projectors, whoſe rapidity of imagination and vaſtneſs of deſign raiſe ſuch envy in their fellow mortals, that every eye watches for their fall, and every heart exults at their diſtreſſes: yet even a Projector may gain favour by ſucceſs: and the tongue that was prepared to hiſs, then endeavours to excel others in loudneſs of applauſe.

When Coriolanus, in Shakeſpeare, deſerted to Aufidius, the Volſcian ſervants at firſt inſulted him, even while he ſtood under the protection of the houſehold gods: but when they

ſaw that the Project took effect, and the ſtranger was ſeated at the head of the table, one of them very judiciouſly obſerves, that he always thought there was more in him than he could think.

Machiavel has juſtly animadverted on the different notice taken by all ſucceeding times, of the two great projectors Catiline and Cæſar. Both formed the ſame Project, and intended to raiſe themſelves to power, by ſubverting the commonwealth: they purſued their deſign, perhaps, with equal abilities, and with equal virtue; but Catiline periſhed in the field, and Cæſar returned from Pharſalia with unlimited authority: and from that time, every monarch of the earth has thought himſelf honoured by a compariſon with Cæſar; and Catiline has been never mentioned, but that his name might be applied to traitors and incendiaries.

In an age more remote, Xerxes projected the conqueſt of Greece, and brought down the power of Aſia againſt it: but after the world had been filled with expectation and terror, his army was beaten, his fleet was deſtroyed, and Xerxes has been never mentioned without contempt.

A few years afterwards, Greece likewiſe had her turn of giving birth to a Projector; who invading Aſia with a ſmall army, went forward in ſearch of adventures, and by his eſcape from one danger, gained only more raſhneſs to ruſh into another: he ſtormed city after city, over-ran kingdom after kingdom, fought battles only for barren victory, and invaded nations only that he might make his way through them to new invaſions: but having been fortunate in the execution of his projects, he died with the name of Alexander the Great.

Theſe are, indeed, events of ancient times; but human nature is always the ſame, and every age will afford us inſtances of public cenſures influenced by events. The great buſineſs of the middle centuries was the holy war; which undoubtedly was a noble Project, and was for a long time proſecuted with a ſpirit equal to that with which it had been contrived: but the ardour of the European heroes only hurried them to deſtruction; for a long time they could not gain the territories for which they fought, and, when at laſt gained, they could not keep them: their expeditions, therefore, have been the ſcoff of idleneſs and ignorance, their underſtanding and their virtue have been equally vilified, their conduct has been ridiculed, and their cauſe has been defamed.

When Columbus had engaged King Ferdinand in the diſcovery of the other hemiſphere, the ſailors with whom he embarked in the expedition, had ſo little confidence in their commander, that after having been long at ſea, looking for coaſts which they expected never to find, they raiſed a general mutiny, and demanded to return. He found means to ſooth them into a permiſſion to continue the ſame courſe three days longer, and on the evening of the third day deſcried land. Had the impatience of his crew denied him a few hours of the time requeſted, what would have been his fate but to have come back with the infamy of a vain Projector, who had betrayed the king's credulity to uſeleſs expences, and riſked his life in ſeeking countries that had no exiſtence? How would thoſe that had rejected his propoſals, have triumphed in their acuteneſs? and when would his name have been mentioned, but with the makers of potable gold and malleable glaſs?

The laſt royal Projectors with whom the world has been troubled, were Charles of Sweden and the Czar of Muſcovy. Charles, if any judgment may be formed of his deſigns by his meaſures and his enquiries, had purpoſed firſt to dethrone the Czar, then to lead his army through the pathleſs deſarts into China, thence to make his way by the ſword through the whole circuit of Aſia, and by the conqueſt of Turkey to unite Sweden with his new dominions: but this mighty Project was cruſhed at Pultowa; and Charles has ſince been conſidered as a madman by thoſe powers, who ſent their ambaſſadors to ſolicit his friendſhip, and their generals 'to learn under him the art of war.'

The Czar found employment ſufficient in his own dominions, and amuſed himſelf in digging canals, and building cities; murdering his ſubjects with inſufferable fatigues, and tranſplanting nations from one corner of his dominions to another, without regretting the thouſands that periſhed on the way: but he attained his end, he made his people formidable, and is numbered by fame among the demi-gods.

I am far from intending to vindicate the ſanguinary projects of heroes and conquerors,

and would wiſh rather to diminiſh the reputation of their ſucceſs, than the infamy of their miſcarriages: for I cannot conceive, why he that has burnt cities, waſted nations, and filled the world with horror and deſolation, ſhould be more kindly regarded by mankind than he that died in the rudiments of wickedneſs; why he that accompliſhed miſchief ſhould be glorious, and he that only endeavoured it ſhould be criminal. I would wiſh Cæſar and Catiline, Xerxes and Alexander, Charles and Peter huddled together in obſcurity or deteſtation.

But there is another ſpecies of Projectors, to whom I would willingly conciliate mankind; whoſe ends are generally laudable, and whoſe labours are innocent; who are ſearching out new powers of nature, or contriving new works of art; but who are yet perſecuted with inceſſant obloquy, and whom the univerſal contempt with which they are treated often debars from that ſucceſs which their induſtry would obtain, if it were permitted to act without oppoſition.

They who find themſelves inclined to cenſure new undertakings, only becauſe they are new, ſhould conſider, that the folly of Projection is very ſeldom the folly of a fool; it is commonly the ebullition of a capacious mind, crouded with variety of knowledge, and heated with intenſeneſs of thought; it proceeds often from the conſciouſneſs of uncommon powers, from the confidence of thoſe who, having already done much, are caſily perſuaded that they can do more. When Rowley had compleated the Orrery, he attempted the perpetual motion; when Boyle had exhauſted the ſecrets of vulgar chemiſtry, he turned his thoughts to the work of tranſmutation.

A Projector generally unites thoſe qualities which have the faireſt claim to veneration, extent of knowledge, and greatneſs of deſign. It was ſaid of Catiline, 'immoderata, incredibi-'lia, nimis alta ſemper cupiebat.' Projectors of all kinds agree in their intellects, though they differ in their morals; they all fail by attempting things beyond their power, by deſpiſing vulgar attainments, and aſpiring to performances, to which, perhaps, nature has not proportioned the force of man: when they fail, therefore, they fail not by idleneſs or timidity, but by raſh adventure and fruitleſs diligence.

That the attempts of ſuch men will often miſcarry, we may reaſonably expect; yet from ſuch men, and ſuch only, are we to hope for the cultivation of thoſe parts of nature which lie yet waſte, and the invention of thoſe arts which are yet wanting to the felicity of life. If they are, therefore, univerſally diſcouraged, art and diſcovery can make no advances. Whatever is attempted without previous certainty of ſucceſs, may be conſidered as a Project, and amongſt narrow minds may, therefore, expoſe its author to cenſure and contempt; and if the liberty of laughing be once indulged, every man will laugh at what he does not underſtand, every Project will be conſidered as madneſs, and every great or new deſign will be cenſured as a Project. Men, unaccuſtomed to reaſon and reſearches, think every enterprize impracticable, which is extended beyond common effects, or compriſes many intermediate operations. Many that preſume to laugh at Projectors, would conſider a flight through the air in a winged chariot, and the movement of a mighty engine by the ſteam of water, as equally the dreams of mechanic lunacy; and would hear, with equal negligence, of the union of the Thames and Severn by a canal, and the ſcheme of Albuquerque, the viceroy of the Indies, who in the rage of hoſtility had contrived to make Egypt a barren deſart, by turning the Nile into the Red Sea.

Thoſe who have attempted much, have ſeldom failed to perform more than thoſe who never deviate from the common roads of action: many valuable preparations of chemiſtry are ſuppoſed to have riſen from unſucceſsful enquiries after the grand elixir: it is therefore juſt to encourage thoſe who endeavour to enlage the power of art, ſince they often ſucceed beyond expectation; and when they fail, may ſometimes benefit the world even by their miſcarriages.

No. C. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1753.

Nemo repente fuit turpiſſimus.—— JUV.

No man e'er reach'd the heights of vice at firſt. TATE.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THOUGH the characters of men have, perhaps, been eſſentially the ſame in all ages, yet their external appearance has changed with other peculiarities of time and place, and they have been diſtinguiſhed by different names, as new modes of expreſſion have prevailed: a periodical writer, therefore, who catches the picture of evaneſcent life, and ſhews the deformity of follies which in a few years will be ſo changed as not to be known, ſhould be careful to expreſs the character when he deſcribes the appearance, and to connect it with the name by which it then happens to be called. You have frequently uſed the terms Buck and Blood, and have given ſome account of the characters which are thus denominated; but you have not conſidered them as the laſt ſtages of a regular progreſſion, nor taken any notice of thoſe which precede them. Their dependance upon each other is indeed ſo little known, that many ſuppoſe them to be diſtinct and collateral claſſes, formed by perſons of oppoſite intereſts, taſtes, capacities, and diſpoſitions: the ſcale, however, conſiſts of eight degrees: Greenhorn, Jemmy, Jeſſamy, Smart, Honeſt Fellow, Joyous Spirit, Buck, and Blood. As I have myſelf paſſed through the whole ſeries, I ſhall explain each ſtation by a ſhort account of my life, remarking the periods when my character changed its denomination, and the particular incidents by which the change was produced.

My father was a wealthy farmer in Yorkſhire; and when I was near eighteen years of age, he brought me up to London, and put me apprentice to a conſiderable ſhopkeeper in the city. There was an aukward modeſt ſimplicity in my manner, and a reverence of religion and virtue in my converſation. The novelty of the ſcene that was now placed before me, in which there were innumerable objects that I never conceived to exiſt, rendered me attentive and credulous; peculiarities, which, without a provincial accent, a ſlouch in my gait, a long lank head of hair, an unfaſhionable ſuit of drab coloured cloth, would have denominated me a Greenhorn, or in other words, a country put very green.

Green, then, I continued, even in externals, near two years; and in this ſtate I was the object of univerſal contempt and deriſion: but being at length wearied with merriment and inſult, I was very ſedulous to aſſume the manners and appearance of thoſe who, in the ſame ſtation, were better treated. I had already improved greatly in my ſpeech; and my father having allowed me thirty pounds a year for apparel and pocket-money, the greater part of which I had ſaved, I beſpoke a ſuit of cloaths of an eminent city taylor, with ſeveral waiſtcoats and breeches, and two frocks for a change: I cut off my hair, and procured a brown bob perriwig of Wilding, of the ſame colour, with a ſingle row of curls juſt round the bottom, which I wore very nicely combed, and without powder; my hat, which had been cocked with great exactneſs in an equilateral triangle, I diſcarded, and purchaſed one of a more faſhionable ſize, the fore-corner of which projected near two inches farther than thoſe on each ſide, and was moulded into the ſhape of a ſpout: I alſo furniſhed myſelf with a change of white thread ſtockings, took care that my pumps were varniſhed every morning with the new German blacking-ball; and when I went out, carried in my hand a little ſwitch, which, as it has been long appendant to the character that I had juſt aſſumed, has taken the ſame name, and is called a Jemmy.

I ſoon perceived the advantage of this transformation. My manner had not, indeed, kept pace with my dreſs; I was ſtill modeſt and diffident, temperate and ſober, and conſequently ſtill ſubject to ridicule: but I was now admitted into company from which I had before been excluded by the ruſticity of my appearance; I was raillied and en-

couraged by turns; and I was inſtructed both by precept and example. Some offers were made of carrying me to a houſe of private entertainment, which then I abſolutely refuſed; but I ſoon found the way into the play-houſe, to ſee the two laſt acts and the farce: here I learned, that by breaches of chaſtity no man was thought to incur either guilt or ſhame; but that, on the contrary, they were eſſentially neceſſary to the character of a fine gentleman. I ſoon copied the original, which I found to be univerſally admired, in my morals, and made ſome farther approaches to it in my dreſs: I ſuffered my hair to grow long enough to comb back over the foretop of my wig, which, when I ſallied forth to my evening amuſement, I changed to a queüe; I tied the collar of my ſhirt with half an ell of black ribbon, which appeared under my neckcloth; the fore corner of my hat was conſiderably elevated and ſhortened, ſo that it no longer reſembled a ſpout, but the corner of a minced pye; my waiſtcoat was edged with a narrow lace, my ſtockings were ſilk, and I never appeared without a pair of clean gloves. My addreſs, from its native maſculine plainneſs, was converted to an exceſs of ſoftneſs and civility, eſpecially when I ſpoke to the ladies. I had before made ſome progreſs in learning to ſwear; I had proceeded by fegs, faith, pox, plague, 'pon my life, 'pon my ſoul, rat it, and zookers, to zauns and the divill. Now I advanced to By Jove, 'fore ged, geds curſe it, and demme: but I ſtill uttered theſe interjections in a tremulous tone, and my pronunciation was feminine and vicious. I was ſenſible of my defects, and therefore applied with great diligence to remove them. I frequently practiſed alone; but it was a long time before I could ſwear ſo much to my own ſatisfaction in company, as by myſelf. My labour, however, was not without its reward; it recommended me to the notice of the ladies, and procured me the gentle appellation of Jeſſamy.

I now learned among other Grown Gentlemen to dance, which greatly enlarged my acquaintance; I entered into a ſubſcription for country dances once a week at a tavern, where each gentleman engaged to bring a partner: at the ſame time I made conſiderable advances in ſwearing; I could pronounce Damme with a tolerable air and accent, give the vowel its full ſound, and look with confidence in the face of the perſon to whom I ſpoke. About this time my father's elder brother died, and left me an eſtate of near five hundred pounds per annum. I now bought out the remainder of my time; and this ſudden acceſſion of wealth and independence gave me immediately an air of greater confidence and freedom. I laid out near one hundred and fifty pounds in cloaths, though I was obliged to go into mourning: I employed a court-taylor to make them up; I exchanged my queüe for a bag; I put on a ſword, which, in appearance at leaſt, was a Toledo; and in proportion as I knew my dreſs to be elegant, I was leſs ſolicitous to be neat. My acquaintance now increaſed every hour; I was attended, flattered, and careſſed; was often invited to entertainments, ſupped every night at a tavern, and went home in a chair; was taken notice of in public places, and was univerſally confeſſed to be improved into a Smart.

There were ſome intervals in which I found it neceſſary to abſtain from wenching; and in theſe, at whatever riſque, I applied myſelf to the bottle: a habit of drinking came inſenſibly upon me, and I was ſoon able to walk home with a bottle and a pint. I had learned a ſufficient number of faſhionable toaſts, and got by heart ſeveral toping and ſeveral bawdy ſongs, ſome of which I ventured to roar out with a friend hanging on my arm as we ſcoured the ſtreet after our nocturnal revel. I now laboured with indefatigable induſtry to increaſe theſe acquiſitions: I enlarged my ſtock of healths; made great progreſs in ſinging, joking, and ſtory-telling; ſwore well; could make a company of ſtaunch topers drunk; always collected the reckoning, and was the laſt man that departed. My face began to be covered with red pimples, and my eyes to be weak; I became daily more negligent of my dreſs, and more blunt in my manner; I profeſſed myſelf a foe to the ſtarters and milkſops, declared that there was no enjoyment equal to that of a bottle and a friend, and ſoon gained the appellation of an Honeſt Fellow.

By this diſtinction I was animated to attempt yet greater excellence; I learned ſeveral feats of mimickry of the under players, could take off known characters, tell a ſtaring ſtory, and humbug with ſo much ſkill as ſometimes to take in a knowing one. I was ſo ſucceſsful in the practice of theſe arts, to which, indeed, I ap-

plied myſelf with unwearied diligence and aſſiduity, that I kept my company roaring with applauſe, till their voices ſunk by degrees, and they were no longer able to laugh, becauſe they were no longer able either to hear or to ſee. I had now aſcended another ſcale in the climax; and was acknowledged, by all who knew me, to be a Joyous Spirit.

After all theſe topics of merriment were exhauſted, and I had repeated my tricks, my ſtories, my jokes, and my ſongs, till they grew inſipid, I became miſchievous; and was continually deviſing and executing Frolics, to the unſpeakable delight of my companions, and the injury of others. For many of them I was proſecuted, and frequently obliged to pay large damages: but I bore all theſe loſſes with an air of jovial indifference, I puſhed on in my career, I was more deſperate in proportion as I had leſs to loſe; and being deterred from no miſchief by the dread of its conſequences, I was ſaid to run at all, and complimented with the name of Buck.

My eſtate was at length mortgaged for more than it was worth; my creditors were importunate; I became negligent of myſelf and of others; I made a deſperate effort at the gaming-table, and loſt the laſt ſum that I could raiſe; my eſtate was ſeized by the mortgagee; I learned to pack cards and to cog a die; became a bully to whores; paſſed my nights in a brothel, the ſtreet, or the watch-houſe; was utterly inſenſible of ſhame, and lived upon the town as a beaſt of prey in a foreſt. Thus I reached the ſummit of modern glory, and had juſt acquired the diſtinction of a Blood, when I was arreſted for an old debt of three hundred pounds, and thrown into the King's Bench priſon.

Theſe characters, Sir, though they are diſtinct, yet do not all differ, otherwiſe than as ſhades of the ſame colour. And though they are ſtages of a regular progreſſion, yet the whole progreſs is not made by every individual: ſome are ſo ſoon initiated into the myſteries of the town, that they are never publicly known in their Greenhorn ſtate; others fix long in their Jemmyhood, others are Jeſſamies at fourſcore, and ſome ſtagnate in each of the higher ſtages for life. But I requeſt that they may never be confounded either by you or your correſpondents. Of the Blood, your brother Adventurer, Mr. Wildgooſe, though he aſſumes the character, does not ſeem to have a juſt and preciſe idea as diſtinct from the Buck, in which claſs he ſhould be placed, and will probably die; for he ſeems determined to ſhoot himſelf, juſt at the time when his circumſtances will enable him to aſſume the higher diſtinction.

But the retroſpect upon life, which this letter has made neceſſary, covers me with confuſion, and aggravates deſpair. I cannot but reflect, that among all theſe characters I have never aſſumed that of a Man. Man is a reaſonable Being, which he ceaſes to be, who diſguiſes his body with ridiculous fopperies, or degrades his mind by deteſtable brutality. Theſe thoughts would have been of great uſe to me, if they had occurred ſeven years ago. If they are of uſe to you, I hope you will ſend me a ſmall gratuity for my labour, to alleviate the miſery of hunger and nakedneſs! but, dear Sir, let your bounty be ſpeedy, leſt I periſh before it arrives.

I am your humble ſervant,

NOMENTANUS.

COMMON-SIDE, KING'S BENCH,
OCT. 18, 1753.

No. CI. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1753.

———*Eſt ubi peccat.* HOR.

———*Yet ſometimes he miſtakes.*

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IF we conſider the high rank which Milton has deſervedly obtained among our few Engliſh claſſics, we cannot wonder at the multitude of commentaries and criticiſms of which he has been the ſubject. To theſe I have added ſome miſcellaneous remarks; and if you ſhould at firſt be inclined to reject them as trifling, you may, perhaps, determine to admit them, when you reflect that they are new.

The deſcription of Eden in the fourth book of the Paradiſe Loſt, and the battle of the angels in the ſixth, are uſually ſelected as the moſt ſtriking examples of a florid and vigorous imagination: but it requires much greater ſtrength of mind to form an aſſemblage of natural objects, and range them with propriety and beauty, than to bring together the greateſt variety of the moſt ſplendid images, without any regard to their uſe or congruity; as in painting, he who, by the force of his imagination, can delineate a landſcape, is deemed a greater maſter than he who, by heaping rocks of coral upon teſſelated pavements, can only make abſurdity ſplendid, and diſpoſe gaudy colours ſo as beſt to ſet off each other.

'Sapphire fountains that rolling over orient 'Pearl run Nectar, roſes without thorns, trees 'that bear fruit of Vegetable Gold, and that 'weep odorous gums and balms,' are eaſily feigned; but having no relative beauty as pictures of nature, nor any abſolute excellence as derived from truth, they can only pleaſe thoſe who, when they read, exerciſe no faculty but fancy, and admire becauſe they do not think.

If I ſhall not be thought to digreſs wholly from my ſubject, I would illuſtrate this remark, by comparing two paſſages, written by Milton and Fletcher, on nearly the ſame ſubject. The ſpirit in Comus thus pays his addreſs of thanks to the water-nymph Sabrina:

May thy brimmed waves for this,
Their full tribute never miſs,
From a thouſand petty rills,
That tumble down the ſnowy hills:
Summer drought, or ſinged air,
Never ſcorch thy treſſes fair;
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten cryſtal fill with mud.

Thus far the wiſhes are moſt proper for the welfare of a river goddeſs: the circumſtance of ſummer not ſcorching her treſſes, is highly poetical and elegant; but what follows, though it is pompous and majeſtic, is unnatural and far fetched—

May thy billows roll aſhore
The beryl and the golden ore:
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tow'r and terras round;
And here and there, thy banks upon,
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon!

The circumſtance in the third and fourth lines is happily fancied; but what idea can the reader have of an Engliſh River rolling Gold and the Beryl aſhore, or of groves of Cinnamon growing on its banks? The images in the following paſſage of Fletcher are very ſimple and real, all appropriated and ſtrictly natural:

For thy kindneſs to me ſhown,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Croſs thy ſtream to ſtop thy courſe;
May no beaſt that comes to drink,
With his horns caſt down thy brink;
May none that for thy fiſh do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook;
Barefoot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool ſtreams, wife or maid,
When the ſpawn on ſtones do lie,
To waſh their hemp, and ſpoil the fry.

The glaring picture of Paradiſe is not, in my opinion, ſo ſtrong an evidence of Milton's force of imagination, as his repreſentation of Adam and Eve when they left it, and of the paſſions with which they were agitated on that event.

Againſt his battle of the Angels, I have the ſame objections as againſt his garden of Eden. He has endeavoured to elevate his combatants, by giving the enormous ſtature of giants in romances, books of which he was known to be fond; and the proweſs and behaviour of Michael as much reſemble the feats of Arioſto's knight, as his two-handed ſword does the weapons of chivalry: I think the ſublimity of his genius much more viſible in the firſt appearance of the fallen angels; the debates of the infernal peers; the paſſage of Satan through the dominions of chaos, and his adventure with Sin and Death; the miſſion of Raphael to Adam; the converſations between Adam and his wife; the creation; the account which Adam gives of his firſt ſenſations, and of the approach of Eve from the hand of her CREATOR; the whole behaviour of Adam and Eve after the firſt tranſgreſſion; and the proſpect of the various ſtates of the world, and hiſtory of man exhibited in a viſion to Adam.

In this viſion, Milton judiciouſly repreſents Adam as ignorant of what diſaſter had befallen Abel, when he was murdered by his brother; but during his converſation with Ra-

phael, the poet ſeems to have forgotten this neceſſary and natural ignorance of the firſt man. How was it poſſible for Adam to diſcern what the Angel meant by 'cubic phalanxes, by planets of aſpect malign, by encamping on the foughten field, by van and rear, by ſtandards and gonfalons and glittering tiſſues, by the girding ſword, by embattled ſquadrons, chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery ſteeds?' And although Adam poſſeſſed a ſuperior degree of knowledge, yet doubtleſs he had not ſkill enough in chemiſtry to underſtand Raphael, who informed him, that—

——Sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with ſubtile art,
Concocted and Aduſted, they reduc'd
To blackeſt grain, and into ſtore convey'd.

And, ſurely, the nature of cannon was not much explained to Adam, who neither knew or wanted the uſe of iron tools, by telling him, that they reſembled the hollow bodies of oak or fir—

With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd.

He that never beheld the brute creation but in its paſtimes and ſports, muſt have greatly wondered, when the Angel expreſſed the flight of the Satanic hoſt, by ſaying that they fled—

——As a herd
Of goats, or Timorous flock, together throng'd.

But as there are many exuberances in this poem, there appear to be alſo ſome defects. As the ſerpent was the inſtrument of the temptation, Milton minutely deſcribes its beauty and allurements: and I have frequently wondered, that he did not, for the ſame reaſon, give a more elaborate deſcription of the tree of life; eſpecially as he was remarkable for his knowledge and imitation of the Sacred Writings, and as the following paſſage in the Revelations afforded him a hint, from which his creative fancy might have worked up a ſtriking picture: 'In the midſt of the ſtreet of it, and 'of either ſide of the river, was there the tree 'of life; which bare twelve manner of fruits, 'and yielded her fruit every month; and the 'leaves of the tree were for the healing of the 'nations.'

At the end of the fourth book, ſuſpenſe and attention are excited to the utmoſt; a combat between Satan and the guardians of Eden is eagerly expected, and curioſity is impatient for the action and the cataſtrophe: but this horrid fray is prevented, expectation is cut off, and curioſity is diſappointed, by an expedient which, though applauded by Addiſon and Pope, and imitated from Homer and Virgil, will be deemed frigid and inartificial by all who judge from their own ſenſations, and are not content to echo the deciſions of others. The golden balances are held forth, 'which,' ſays the poet, 'are yet ſeen between Aſtrea and the 'Scorpion;' Satan looks up, and perceiving that his ſcale mounted aloft, departs with the ſhades of night. To make ſuch a uſe, at ſo critical a time, of Libra, a mere imaginary ſign of the Zodiac, is ſcarcely juſtifiable in a poem founded on religious truth.

Among innumerable beauties in the Paradiſe Loſt, I think the moſt tranſcendent is the ſpeech of Satan at the beginning of the ninth book: in which his unextinguiſhable pride and fierce indignation againſt GOD, and his envy towards Man, are ſo blended with an involuntary approbation of goodneſs, and diſdain of the meanneſs and baſeneſs of his preſent undertaking, as to render it, on account of the propriety of its ſentiments and its turns of paſſion, the moſt natural, moſt ſpirited, and truly dramatic ſpeech, that is, perhaps, to be found in any writer whether ancient or modern: and yet Mr. Addiſon has paſſed it over unpraiſed and unnoticed.

If an apology ſhould be deemed neceſſary for the freedom here uſed with our inimitable bard, let me conclude in the words of Longinus: 'Whoever was carefully to collect 'the blemiſhes of Homer, Demoſthenes, Plato, and of other celebrated writers of the 'ſame rank, would find they bore not the leaſt 'proportion to the ſublimities and excellencies 'with which their works abound.'

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant

Z PALÆOPHILUS.

No. CII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1753.

——Quid tam dextro pede concipis ut te
Conatus non poeniteat votique peracti? JUV.

What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun;
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone. DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I HAVE been for many years a trader in London. My beginning was narrow, and my ſtock ſmall; I was, therefore, a long time brow-beaten and deſpiſed by thoſe, who having more money, thought they had more merit than myſelf. I did not however, ſuffer my reſentment to inſtigate me to any mean arts of ſupplantation, nor my eagerneſs of riches to betray me to any indirect methods of gain; I purſued my buſineſs with inceſſant aſſiduity, ſupported by the hope of being richer than thoſe who contemned me; and had, upon every annual review of my books, the ſatisfaction of finding my fortune increaſed beyond my expectation.

In a few years my induſtry and probity were fully recompenſed, my wealth was really great, and my reputation for wealth ſtill greater. I had large warehouſes crouded with goods, and conſiderable ſums in the public funds; I was careſſed upon the Exchange by the moſt eminent merchants; became the oracle of the common-council; was ſolicited to engage in all commercial undertakings; was flattered with the hopes of becoming in a ſhort time one of the directors of a wealthy company; and, to compleat my mercantile honours, enjoyed the expenſive happineſs of fining for ſheriff.

Riches, you know, eaſily produce riches: when I had arrived to this degree of wealth, I had no longer any oppoſition to fear; new acquiſitions were hourly brought within my reach, and I continued for ſome years longer to heap thouſands upon thouſands.

At laſt I reſolved to compleat the circle of a citizen's proſperity by the purchaſe of an eſtate in the country, and to cloſe my life in retirement. From the hour that this deſign entered my imagination, I found the fatigues of my employment every day more oppreſſive, and perſuaded myſelf that I was no longer equal to perpetual attention, and that my health would ſoon be deſtroyed by the torment and diſtraction of extenſive buſineſs. I could imagine to myſelf no happineſs, but in vacant jollity, and uninterrupted leiſure; nor entertain my friends with any other topic, than the vexation and uncertainty of trade, and the happineſs of rural privacy.

But, notwithſtanding theſe declarations, I could not at once reconcile myſelf to the thoughts of ceaſing to get money; and though I was every day enquiring for a purchaſe, I found ſome reaſon for rejecting all that were offered me: and, indeed, had accumulated ſo many beauties and conveniences in my idea of the ſpot, where I was finally to be happy, that, perhaps, the world might be travelled over, without diſcovery of a place which would not have been defective in ſome particular.

Thus I went on ſtill talking of retirement, and ſtill refuſing to retire; my friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew aſhamed to trifle longer with my own inclinations; an eſtate was at length purchaſed, I transferred my ſtock to a prudent young man who had married my daughter, went down into the country, and commenced lord of a ſpacious manor.

Here for ſome time I found happineſs equal to my expectation. I reformed the old houſe according to the advice of the beſt architects, I threw down the walls of the garden, and incloſed it with paliſades, planted long avenues of trees, filled a green-houſe with exotic plants, dug a new canal, and threw the earth into the old moat.

The fame of theſe expenſive improvements brought in all the country to ſee the ſhew. I entertained my viſitors with great liberality, led them round my gardens, ſhewed them my

apartment, laid before before them plans for new decorations, and was gratified by the wonder of ſome and the envy of others.

I was envied: but how little can one man judge of the condition of another? The time was now coming, in which affluence and ſplendor could no longer make me pleaſed with myſelf. I had built till the imagination of the architect was exhauſted; I had added one convenience to another, till I knew not what more to wiſh or to deſign; I had laid out my gardens, planted my park, and compleated my waterworks; and what now remained to be done? what, but to look up to turrets, of which, when they were once raiſed, I had no farther uſe, to range over apartments where time was tarniſhing the furniture, to ſtand by the caſcade of which I ſcarcely now perceived the ſound, and to watch the growth of woods that muſt give their ſhade to a diſtant generation.

In this gloomy inactivity is every day begun and ended: the happineſs that I have been ſo long procuring is now at an end, becauſe it has been procured; I wander from room to room till I am weary of myſelf; I ride out to a neighbouring hill in the centre of my eſtate, from whence all my lands lie in proſpect round me; I ſee nothing that I have not ſeen before, and return home diſappointed, though I knew that I had nothing to expect.

In my happy days of buſineſs I had been accuſtomed to riſe early in the morning; and remember the time when I grieved that the night came ſo ſoon upon me, and obliged me for a few hours to ſhut out affluence and proſperity. I now ſeldom ſee the riſing ſun, but to 'tell him,' with the fallen angel, 'how I 'hate his beams.' I awake from ſleep as to languor or impriſonment, and have no employment for the firſt hour but to conſider by what art to rid myſelf of the ſecond. I protract the breakfaſt as long as I can, becauſe when it is ended I have no call for my attention, till I can in ſome degree of decency grow impatient for my dinner. If I could dine all my life, I ſhould be happy; I eat not becauſe I am hungry, but becauſe I am idle: but, alas! the time quickly comes when I can eat no longer; and ſo ill does my conſtitution ſecond my inclination, that I cannot bear ſtrong liquors; ſeven hours muſt then be endured before I ſhall ſup; but ſupper comes the more welcome as it is in a ſhort time ſucceeded by ſleep.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the happineſs, the hope of which ſeduced me from the duties and pleaſures of a mercantile life. I ſhall be told by thoſe who read my narrative, that there are many means of innocent amuſement, and many ſchemes of uſeful employment, which I do not appear ever to have known; and that nature and art have provided pleaſures, by which, without the drudgery of ſettled buſineſs, the active may be engaged, the ſolitary ſoothed, and the ſocial entertained.

Theſe arts, Sir, I have tried. When firſt I took poſſeſſion of my eſtate, in conformity to the taſte of my neighbours, I bought guns and nets, filled my kennel with dogs, and my ſtable with horſes; but a little experience ſhewed me, that theſe inſtruments of rural felicity would afford me few gratifications. I never ſhot but to miſs the mark; and, to confeſs the truth, was afraid of the fire of my own gun. I conld diſcover no muſick in the cry of the dogs, nor could diveſt myſelf of pity for the animal whoſe peaceful and inoffenſive life was ſacrificed to our ſport. I was not, indeed, always at leiſure to reflect upon her danger; for my horſe, who had been uſed to the chace, did not always regard my choice either of ſpeed or way, but leapt hedges and ditches at his own diſcretion, and hurried me along with the dogs, to the great diverſion of my brother ſportſmen. His eagerneſs of purſuit once incited him to ſwim a river; I had leiſure to reſolve in the water, that I would never hazard my life again for the deſtruction of a hare.

I then ordered books to be procured, and by the direction of the vicar had in a few weeks a cloſet elegantly furniſhed. You will, perhaps, be ſurprized when I ſhall tell you, that when once I had ranged them according to their ſizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleaſure which they could give me. I am not able to excite in myſelf any curioſity after events which have been long paſſed, and in which I can, therefore, have no intereſt: I am utterly unconcerned to know whether Tully or Demoſthenes excelled in oratory, whether Hannibal loſt Italy by his own negligence or the corruption of his countrymen. I have no ſkill in controverſial learning, nor can conceive why ſo many volumes

ſhould have been written upon queſtions which I have lived ſo long and ſo happily without underſtanding. I once reſolved to go through the volumes relating to the office of juſtice of the peace, but found them ſo crabbed and intricate, that in leſs than a month I deſiſted in deſpair, and reſolved to ſupply my deficiences by paying a competent ſalary to a ſkilful clerk.

I am naturally inclined to hoſpitality, and for ſome kept up a conſtant intercourſe of viſits with the neighbouring gentlemen: but though they are eaſily brought about me by better wine than they can find at any other houſe, I am not much relieved by their converſation; they have no ſkill in commerce or the ſtocks, and I have no knowledge of the hiſtory of families, or the factions of the country; ſo that when the firſt civilities are over, they uſually talk to one another, and I am left alone in the midſt of company. Though I cannot drink myſelf, I am obliged to encourage the circulation of the glaſs; their mirth grows more turbulent and obſtreperous; and before their merriment is at an end, I am ſick with diſguſt, and, perhaps, reproached with my ſobriety, or by ſome ſly inſinuations inſulted as a cit.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the life to which I am condemned by a fooliſh endeavour to be happy by imitation; ſuch is the happineſs to which I pleaſed myſelf with approaching, and which I conſidered as the chief end of my cares and my labours, I toiled year after year with chearfulneſs, in expectation of the happy hour in which I might be idle; the privilege of idleneſs is attained, but has not brought with it the bleſſing of tranquillity. I am, yours, &c.

MERCATOR.

T

No. CIII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1753.

——Quid enim ratione timemus,
Aut cupimus?—— JUV.

How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears! DRYDEN.

IN thoſe remote times when, by the intervention of Fairies, men received good and evil, which ſucceeding generations could expect only from natural cauſes, Soliman, a mighty prince, reigned over a thouſand provinces in the diſtant regions of the eaſt. It is recorded of Soliman, that he had no favourite; but among the principal nobles of his court was Omaraddin.

Omaraddin had two daughters, Almerine and Shelimah. At the birth of Almerine, the fairy Elfarina had preſided; and, in compliance with the importunate and reiterated requeſt of the parents, had endowed her with every natural excellence both of body and mind, and decreed that ſhe ſhould be ſought in marriage by a ſovereign prince.

When the wife of Omaraddin was pregnant with Shelimah, the fairy Elfarina was again invoked; at which Farimina, another of the aërial kingdom, was offended. Farimina was inexorable and cruel; the number of her votaries, therefore, was few. Elfarina was placable and benevolent; and Fairies of this character were obſerved to be ſuperior in power, whether becauſe it is the nature of vice to defeat its own purpoſe, or whether the calm and equal tenor of a virtuous mind prevents thoſe miſtakes which are committed in the tumult and precipitation of outrageous malevolence. But Farimina, from whatever cauſe, reſolved that her influence ſhould not be wanting; ſhe therefore, as far as ſhe was able, precluded the influence of Elfarina, by firſt pronouncing the incantation which determined the fortune of the infant, whom ſhe diſcovered by divination to be a girl. Farimina, that the innocent object of her malice might be deſpiſed by others, and perpetually employed in tormenting herſelf, decreed, that her perſon ſhould be rendered hideous by every ſpecies of deformity, and that all her wiſhes ſhould ſpontaneouſly produce an oppoſite effect.

The parents dreaded the birth of the infant under this malediction, with which Elfarina had acquainted them, and which ſhe could not reverſe. The moment they beheld it, they were ſolicitous only to conceal it from

the world; they conſidered the complicated deformity of unhappy Shelimah, as ſome reproach to themſelves; and as they could not hope to change her appearance, they did not find themſelves intereſted in her felicity. They made no requeſt to Elfarina, that ſhe would by any intellectual endowments alleviate miſeries which they ſhould not participate, but ſeemed content that a being ſo hideous ſhould ſuffer perpetual diſappointment; and, indeed, they concurred to injure an infant which they could not behold with complacency, by ſending her with only one attendant to a remote caſtle which ſtood on the confines of a wood.

Elfarina, however, did not thus forſake innocence in diſtreſs; but to counterbalance the evils of obſcurity, neglect, and uglineſs, ſhe decreed, that to the taſte of Shelimah the coarſeſt food ſhould be the moſt exquiſite dainty: that the rags which covered her, ſhould in her eſtimation be equal to cloth of gold; that ſhe ſhould prize a palace leſs than a cottage; and that in theſe circumſtances love ſhould be a ſtranger to her breaſt. To prevent the vexation which would ariſe from the continual diſappointment of her wiſhes, appeared at firſt to be more difficult: but this was at length perfectly effected by endowing her with Content.

While Shelimah was immured in a remote caſtle, neglected and forgotten, every city in the dominions of Soliman contributed to decorate the perſon, or cultivate the mind, of Almerine. The houſe of her father was the reſort of all who excelled in learning of whatever claſs: and as the wit of Almerine was equal to her beauty, her knowledge was ſoon equal to her wit.

Thus accompliſhed, ſhe became the object of univerſal admiration; every heart throbbed at her approach, every tongue was ſilent when ſhe ſpoke; at the glance of her eye every cheek was covered with bluſhes of diffidence or deſire, and at her command every foot became ſwift as that of the roe. But Almerine, whom ambition was thus jealous to obey, who was reverenced by hoary wiſdom, and beloved by youthful beauty, was perhaps the moſt wretched of her ſex. Perpetual adulation had made her haughty and fierce; her penetration and delicacy rendered almoſt every object offenſive; ſhe was diſguſted with imperfections which others could not diſcover; her breaſt was corroded by deteſtation, when others were ſoftened by pity; ſhe loſt the ſweetneſs of ſleep by the want of exerciſe, and the reliſh of food by continual luxury: but her life became yet more wretched, by her ſenſibility of that paſſion on which the happineſs of life is believed chiefly to depend.

Nouraſſin, the phyſician of Soliman, was of noble birth, and celebrated for his ſkill through all the eaſt. He had juſt attained the meridian of life; his perſon was graceful, and his manner ſoft and inſinuating. Among many others, by whom Almerine had been taught to inveſtigate nature, Nouraſſin had acquainted her with the qualities of trees and herbs. Of him ſhe learned, how an innumerable progeny are contained in the parent plant; how they expand and quicken by degrees; how from the ſame ſoil each imbibes a different juice, which riſing from the root hardens into branches above, ſwells into leaves, and flowers, and fruits, infinitely various in colour, and taſte, and ſmell: of power to repel diſeaſes, or precipitate the ſtroke of death.

Whether by the caprice which is common to violent paſſions, or whether by ſome potion Nouraſſin found means to adminiſter to his ſcholar, is not known; but of Nouraſſin ſhe became enamoured to the moſt romantic exceſs. The pleaſure with which ſhe had before reflected on the decree of the Fairy, that ſhe ſhould be ſought in marriage by a ſovereign prince, was now at an end. It was the cuſtom of the nobles to preſent their daughters to the king, when they entered their eighteenth year; an event which Almerine had often anticipated with impatience and hope, but now wiſhed to prevent with ſolicitude and terror. The period urged forward, like every thing future, with ſilent and irreſiſtible rapidity, at length arrived. The curioſity of Soliman had been raiſed, as well by accidental encomiums, as by the artifices of Omaraddin, who now haſted to gratify it with the utmoſt anxiety and perturbation: he diſcovered the confuſion of his daughter, and imagined that it was produced like his own, by the uncertainty and importance of an event, which would be determined before the day ſhould be paſſed. He endeavoured to give her a peaceful confi-

dence in the promiſe of the Fairy, which he wanted himſelf; and perceived with regret, that her diſtreſs rather increaſed than diminiſhed: this incident, however, as he had no ſuſpicion of the cauſe, only rendered him more impatient of delay; and Almerine, covered with ornaments by which art and nature were exhauſted, was, however reluctant, introduced to the king.

Soliman was now in his thirtieth year. He had ſat ten years upon the throne, and for the ſteadineſs of his virtue had been ſurnamed the Juſt. He had hitherto conſidered the gratification of appetite as a low enjoyment, allotted to weakneſs and obſcurity; and the exerciſe of heroic virtue, as the ſuperior felicity of eminence and power. He had as yet taken no wife; nor had he immured in his palace a multitude of unhappy beauties, in whom deſire had no choice, and affection no object, to be ſucceſſively forſaken after unreſiſted violation, and at laſt ſink into the grave without having anſwered any nobler purpoſe, than ſometimes to have gratified the caprice of a tyrant, whom they ſaw at no other ſeaſon, and whoſe preſence could raiſe no paſſion more remote from deteſtation than fear.

Such was Soliman; who, having gazed ſome moments upon Almerine with ſilent admiration, roſe up, and turning to the princes who ſtood round him—'To morrow,' ſaid he, 'I 'will grant the requeſt which you have ſo 'often repeated, and place a beauty upon my 'throne, by whom I may tranſmit my dominion to poſterity: to-morrow, the daughter 'of Omaraddin ſhall be my wife.'

The joy with which Omaraddin heard this declaration, was abated by the effect which it produced upon Almerine: who, after ſome ineffectual ſtruggles with the paſſions which agitated her mind, threw herſelf into the arms of her women, and burſt into tears. Soliman immediately diſmiſſed his attendants; and taking her in his arms, enquired the cauſe of her diſtreſs: this, however, was a ſecret, which neither her pride nor her fear would ſuffer her to reveal. She continued ſilent and inconſolable; and Soliman, though he ſecretly ſuſpected ſome other attachment, yet appeared to be ſatisfied with the ſuggeſtions of her father, that her emotion was only ſuch as is common to the ſex upon any great and unexpected event. He deſiſted from farther importunity, and commanded that her women ſhould remove her to a private apartment of the palace, and that ſhe ſhould be attended by his phyſician Nouraſſin.

No. CIV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1753.

——————ſemita certe
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ. JUV.

But only virtue ſhews the paths of peace.

NOURASSIN, who had already learned what had happened, found his deſpair relieved by this opportunity of another interview. The lovers, however, were reſtrained from condolence and conſultation, by the preſence of the women, who could not be diſmiſſed: but Nouraſſin put a ſmall vial into the hand of Almerine as he departed, and told her, that it contained a cordial, which, if adminiſtered in time, would infallibly reſtore the chearfulneſs and vigour that ſhe had loſt. Theſe words were heard by the attendants, though they were underſtood only by Almerine; ſhe readily comprehended, that the potion ſhe had received was poiſon, which would relieve her from languor and melancholy by removing the cauſe, if it could be given to the king before her marriage was compleated. After Nouraſſin was gone, ſhe ſat ruminating on the infelicity of her ſituation and the dreadful events of the morrow, till the night was far ſpent; and then exhauſted with perturbation and watching, ſhe ſunk down on the ſofa, and fell into a deep ſleep.

The king, whoſe reſt had been interrupted by the effects which the beauty of Almerine had produced upon his mind, roſe at the dawn of the day; and ſending for her principal attendant who had been ordered to watch in her chamber, eagerly enquired what had been her be-

haviour, and whether ſhe had recovered from her ſurprize. He was acquainted, that ſhe had lately fallen aſleep; and that a cordial had been left by Nouraſſin, which he affirmed would, if not too long delayed, ſuddenly recover her from languor and dejection, and which, notwithſtanding, ſhe had neglected to take. Soliman derived new hopes from this intelligence; and that ſhe might meet him at the hour of marriage, with the chearful vivacity which the cordial of Nouraſſin would inſpire, he ordered that it ſhould, without aſking her any queſtion, be mixed with whatever ſhe firſt drank in the morning.

Almerine, in whoſe blood the long continued tumult of her mind had produced a feveriſh heat, awaked parched with thirſt, and called eagerly for ſherbet: her attendant, having firſt emptied the vial into the bowl, as ſhe had been commanded by the king, preſented it to her, and ſhe drank it off. As ſoon as ſhe had recollected the horrid buſineſs of the day, ſhe miſſed the vial, and in a few moments ſhe learned how it had been applied. The ſudden terror which now ſeized her, haſtened the effect of the poiſon; and ſhe felt already the fire kindled in her veins, by which in a few hours ſhe would be deſtroyed. Her diſorder was now apparent, though the cauſe was not ſuſpected: Nouraſſin was again introduced, and acquainted with the miſtake; an antidote was immediately prepared and adminiſtered; and Almerine waited the event in agonies of body and mind which are not to be deſcribed. The internal commotion every inſtant increaſed; ſudden and intolerable heat and cold ſucceeded each other; and in leſs than an hour, ſhe was covered with a leproſy; her hair fell, her head ſwelled, and every feature in her countenance was diſtorted. Nouraſſin, who was doubtful of the event, had withdrawn to conceal his confuſion; and Almerine, not knowing that theſe dreadful appearances were the preſages of recovery, and ſhewed that the fatal effects of the poiſon were expelled from the citadel of life, conceived her diſſolution to be near, and in the agony of remorſe and terror, earneſtly requeſted to ſee the king. Soliman haſtily entered her apartment, and beheld the ruins of her beauty with aſtoniſhment, which every moment increaſed, while ſhe diſcovered the miſchief which had been intended againſt him, and which had now fallen upon her own head.

Soliman, after he had recovered from his aſtoniſhment, retired to his own apartment; and in this interval of recollection, he ſoon diſcovered that the deſire of beauty had ſeduced him from the path of juſtice, and that he ought to have diſmiſſed the perſon whoſe affections he believed to have another object. He did not, therefore, take away the life of Nouraſſin for a crime, to which he himſelf had furniſhed the temptation; but as ſome puniſhment was neceſſary as a ſanction to the laws, he condemned him to perpetual baniſhment. He commanded that Almerine ſhould be ſent back to her father, that her life might be a memorial of his folly; and he determined, if poſſible, to atone by a ſecond marriage for the errors of the firſt. He conſidered, how he might enforce and illuſtrate ſome general precept; which would contribute more to the felicity of his people, than his leaving them a ſovereign of his own blood; and at length he determined to publiſh this proclamation, throughout all the provinces of his empire: 'Soliman, whoſe judgment has 'been perverted, and whoſe life endangered, 'by the influence and the treachery of unrivalled beauty, is now reſolved to place equal deformity upon his throne; that, when this 'event is recorded, the world may know, that 'by Vice beauty became yet more odious than 'uglineſs; and learn, like Soliman, to deſpiſe 'that excellence, which, without Virtue, is 'only a ſpecious evil, the reproach of the poſſeſſor, and the ſnare of others.'

Shelimah, during theſe events, experienced a very different fortune. She remained, till ſhe was thirteen years of age, in the caſtle; and it happened that, about this time, the perſon to whoſe care ſhe had been committed, after a ſhort ſickneſs, died. Shelimah imagined that ſhe ſlept; but perceiving that all attempts to awaken her were ineffectual, and her ſtock of proviſions being exhauſted, ſhe found means to open the wicket, and wander alone into the wood. She ſatisfied her hunger with ſuch berries and wild fruits as ſhe found; and at night not being able to find her way back, ſhe lay down under a thicket and ſlept. Here ſhe was awaked early in the morning by a peaſant, whoſe compaſſion happened to be proof againſt

deformity. The man aſked her many queſtions; but her anſwers rather increaſing than gratifying his curioſity, he ſet her before him on his beaſt, and carried her to his houſe in the next village, at the diſtance of about ſix leagues. In his family ſhe was the jeſt of ſome, and the pity of others; ſhe was employed in the meaneſt offices; and her figure procured her the name of Goblin. But amidſt all the diiſadvantages of her ſituation, ſhe enjoyed the utmoſt felicity of food and reſt; as ſhe formed no wiſhes, ſhe ſuffered no diſappointment; her body was healthful, and her mind at peace.

In this ſtation ſhe had continued four years, when the heralds appeared in the village with the proclamation of Soliman. Shelimah ran out with others to gaze at the parade: ſhe liſtened to the proclamation with great attention; and, when it was ended, ſhe perceived that the eyes of the multitude were fixed upon her. One of the horſemen at the ſame time alighted, and with great ceremony intreated her to enter a chariot which was in the retinue, telling her, that ſhe was without doubt the perſon whom Nature and Soliman had deſtined to be their queen. Shelimah replied with a ſmile, that ſhe had no deſire to be great; 'But,' ſaid ſhe, 'if 'your proclamation be true, I ſhould rejoice 'to be the inſtrument of ſuch admonition to 'mankind; and, upon this condition, I wiſh 'that I were indeed the moſt deformed of my 'ſpecies.' The moment this wiſh was uttered, the ſpell of Farimina produced the contrary effect: her ſkin, which was ſcaly and yellow, became ſmooth and white, her ſtature was perceived gradually to increaſe, her neck roſe like a pillar of ivory, her boſom expanded, and her waiſt became leſs; her hair, which before was thin and of a dirty red, was now black as the feathers of the raven, and flowed in large ringlets on her ſhoulders; the moſt exquiſite ſenſibility now ſparkled in her eye, her cheeks were tinged with the bluſhes of the morning, and her lips moiſtened with the dew; every limb was perfect, and every motion was graceful. A white robe was thrown over her by an inviſible hand: the crowd fell back in aſtoniſhment, and gazed with inſatiable curioſity upon ſuch beauty as before they had never ſeen. Shelimah was not leſs aſtoniſhed than the crowd: ſhe ſtood a while with her eyes fixed upon the ground; and finding her confuſion increaſe, would have retired in ſilence; but ſhe was prevented by the heralds, who having with much importunity prevailed upon her to enter the chariot, returned with her to the metropolis, preſented her to Soliman, and related the prodigy.

Soliman looked round upon the aſſembly, in doubt whether to proſecute or relinquiſh his purpoſe; when Abbaran, a hoary ſage, who had preſided in the council of his father, came forward, and placing his forehead on the foot-ſtool of the throne—'Let the king,' ſaid he, 'accept the reward of virtue, and take Shelimah to his bed. In what age, and in what 'nation, ſhall not the beauty of Shelimah be 'honoured? To whom will it be tranſmitted 'alone? Will not the ſtory of the wife of Soliman deſcend with her name? Will it not be 'known, that thy deſire of beauty was not 'gratified, till it had been ſubdued? That by 'an iniquitous purpoſe beauty became hideous, 'and by a virtuous wiſh deformity became fair?'

Soliman, who had fixed his eyes upon Shelimah, diſcovered a mixture of joy and confuſion in her countenance, which determined his choice, and was an earneſt of his felicity; for at that moment, Love, who, during her ſtate of deformity, had been excluded by the fairy Elfarina's interdiction, took poſſeſſion of her breaſt.

The nuptial ceremony was not long delayed, and Elfarina honoured it with her preſence. When ſhe departed, ſhe beſtowed on both her benediction; and put into the hand of Shelimah a ſcroll of vellum, on which was this inſcription in letters of gold:

'Remember, Shelimah, the fate of Almerine, who ſtill lives the reproach of parental 'folly, of degraded beauty, and perverted 'ſenſe. Remember Almerine; and let her 'example and thy own experience teach thee, 'that wit and beauty, learning, affluence, and 'honour, are not eſſential to human felicity; 'with theſe ſhe was wretched, and without 'them thou waſt happy. The advantages 'which I have hitherto beſtowed, muſt now 'be obtained by an effort of thy own: that 'which gives reliſh to the coarſeſt food, is 'Temperance; the apparel and the dwelling of 'a peaſant and a prince, are equal in the eſtimation of Humility; and the torment of ineffectual deſires is prevented, by the reſignation of Piety to the will of Heaven; ad-

'vantages which are in the power of every 'wretch who repines at the unequal diſtribu-'tion of good and evil, and imputes to Nature 'the effects of his own folly.'

The king, to whom Shelimah communicated theſe precepts of the fairy, cauſed them to be tranſcribed, and with an account of the events which had produced them diſtributed over all his dominions. Precepts which were thus enforced, had an immediate and an extenſive influence; and the happineſs of Soliman and of Shelimah was thus communicated to the multitudes whom they governed.

No. CV. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1753.

Novam comicam Menandrus, æqualeſque ejus ætatis magis quam operis, Philemon ac Diphilus, et invenere intra pauciſſimos annos, neque imitandam reliquere. VELL. PATERCUL.

Menander, together with Philemon and Diphilus, who muſt be named with him rather as his contemporaries than his equals, invented within the compaſs of a few years a new kind of comedy, and left it beyond the reach of imitation.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

MORALITY, taſte, and literature, ſcarcely ever ſuffered more irreparably, than by the loſs of the comedies of Menander; ſome of whoſe fragments, agreeable to my promiſe, I am now going to lay before you, which I ſhould imagine would be as highly prized by the curious, as was the Coan Venus which Apelles left imperfect and unfiniſhed.

Menander was celebrated for the ſweetneſs, brevity, and ſententiouſneſs of his ſtyle. 'He 'was fond of Euripides,' ſays Quintilian, 'and 'nearly imitated the manner of this tragic 'writer, though in a different kind of work. 'He is a complete pattern of oratorial excel-'lence: ità omnem vitæ imaginem expreſſit, 'tanta in eo inveniendi copia, et eloquendi fa-'cultas; ità eſt omnibus rebus, perſonis, af-'fectibus, accommodatus: ſo various and ſo juſt 'are all his pictures of life; ſo copious is his in-'vention, ſo maſterly his elocution: ſo won-'derfully is he adapted to all kinds of ſubjects, 'perſons, and paſſions.' This panegyric reflects equal honour on the critic, and on the comedian. Quintilian has here painted Menander with as lively and expreſſive ſtrokes, as Menander had characterized the Athenians.

Boileau, in his celebrated eighth ſatire, has not repreſented the miſery and folly of man, ſo forcibly or humorouſly as Menander:

Ἅπαντα τὰ ζῷ' ἐστι μακαριώτερα,
Καὶ νοῦν ἔχοντα μᾶλλον ἀνθρώπου πολύ.
Τον ὄνον ὁρᾶν ἔξεστι πρῶτα τυτονί,
Οὗτος κακοδαίμων ἐστιν ὁμολογουμένως.
Τούτῳ κακὸν δὶ αὐτὸν οὐ δέν γίγνεται,
Ἃ δὲ φύσις δέδωκεν αὐτῷ ταυτ' ἔχει.
Ἡμεῖς δὲ χωρὶς τῶν ἀναγκαίων κακῶν,
Αὐτοὶ παρ' αὐτῶν ἕτερα προσπορίζομεν.
Λυπούμεθ', ὧν πλούσιός τις. ἂν εἴπῃ κακῶς,
Ὀργιζόμεθ'. ἂν ἰδή τις ἐνυπνιον, σφόδρα
Φοβούμεθ'. ἂν γλαὺξ ἀνακράγῃ δεδοίκαμεν·
Ἀγωνίαι, δόξαι, φιλοτιμίαι, νόμοι,
Ἅπαντα ταῦτ' ἐπίθετα τῇ φύσει κακά.

All animals are more happy, and have more underſtanding, than man. Look, for inſtance, on yonder aſs; all allow him to be miſerable: his evils, however, are not brought on him by himſelf and his own fault; he feels only thoſe which nature has inflicted. We, on the contrary, beſides our neceſſary ills, draw upon ourſelves a multitude of others. We are melancholy, if any perſon happen to ſneeze; we are angry, if any ſpeak reproachfully of us; one man is affrighted with an unlucky dream, another at the hooting of an owl. Our contentions, our anxieties, our opinions, our ambition, our laws, are all evils, which we ourſelves have ſuperadded to nature.

Compariſons betwixt the conditions of the brutal and human ſpecies have been frequently drawn; but this of Menander, as it probably was the firſt, ſo it is the beſt I have ever ſeen.

If this paſſage is admirable for the vivacity and ſeverity of its ſatire, the following cer-

tainly deſerves deeper attention for weight of ſentiment, and ſublimity and purity of moral.

Εἴ τις δὲ θυσίαν προσφέρον, ὦ Πάμφιλε,
Ταύρων τε πληθὼν ἢ ἐρίφων, ἤ, νη Δια,
Ἑτέρων τοιούτων, ἢ κατασκευάσματα
Χρυσας ποιήσας χλαμύδων ἤτοι πορφυρᾶς,
Ἢ δὶ ἐλέφαντος, ἢ σμαράγδου ζώδια,
Εὔνουν νομίζει τὸν Θεὸν καθιστάναι,
Πλανατ' ἐκεῖνος, καὶ φρένας κόφας ἔχει.
Δεῖ γὰρ τὸν ἄνδρα χρήσιμον πεφυκέναι,
Μὴ παρθένους φθείροντα, μὴ μοιχώμενον,
Κλέπτοντα, καὶ σφάλλοντα χρημάτων χάριν.
Μηδὲ βελόνης ἔναμμ' ἐπιθυμεῖ Πάμφιλε,
Ὁ γαρ Θεος βλέπει σὲ πλησίον παρών.

He that offers in ſacrifice, O Pamphilus, a multitude of bulls and of goats, of golden veſtments, or purple garments, of figures of ivory, or precious gems; and imagines by this to conciliate the favour of GOD, is groſſly miſtaken, and has no ſolid underſtanding. For he that would ſacrifice with ſucceſs, ought to be chaſte and charitable, no corrupter of virgins, no adulterer, no robber or murderer for the ſake of lucre. Covet not, O Pamphilus, even the thread of another man's needle; for GOD, who is near thee, perpetually beholds thy actions.

Temperance, and juſtice, and purity, are here inculcated in the ſtrongeſt manner, and upon the moſt powerful motive, the Omniſcience of the DEITY; at the ſame time ſuperſtition and the idolatry of the heathen are artfully ridiculed. I know not among the ancients any paſſage that contains ſuch exalted and ſpiritualized thoughts of religion. Yet if theſe refined ſentiments were to be inſerted in a modern comedy, I fear they would be rejected with diſdain and diſapprobation. The Athenians could endure to hear GOD and Virtue mentioned in the theatre; while an Engliſh and a Chriſtian audience can laugh at adultery as a jeſt, think obſcenity wit, and debauchery amiable. The murderer, if a duelliſt, is a man of honour, the gameſter underſtands the art of living, the knave has penetration and knows mankind, the ſpendthrift is a fellow of fine ſpirit, the rake has only robbed a freſh country girl of her innocence and honour, the jilt and the coquet have a great deal of vivacity and fire; but a faithful huſband is a dupe and a cuckold, and a plain country gentleman a novice and a fool. The wretch that dared to ridicule Socrates abounds not in ſo much falſe ſatire, ribaldry, obſcenity, and blaſphemy, as our witty and wicked triumvirate, Wycherly, Congreve, and Vanbrugh.

Menander has another very remarkable reflection, worthy even that divine religion, which the laſt-mentioned writers ſo impotently endeavoured to deride. It relates to the forgiveneſs of enemies, a precept not totally unknown to the ancient ſages, as hath raſhly been affirmed; though never inculcated with ſuch frequency, fervor and cogency, and on motives ſo weighty and efficacious, as by the founder of the Chriſtian Syſtem.

Οὗτος κράτιστος ἐς' ἀνὴρ, ὦ Γοργία,
Ὅστις ἀδικεῖσθαι πλεῖς' ἐπίσταται βροτῶν.

He, O Gorgias, is the moſt virtuous man, who beſt knows among mortals how to bear injuries with patience.

It may not be improper to alleviate the ſeriouſneſs of theſe moral reflections by the addition of a paſſage of a more light and ſprightly turn.

Ὁ μεν Ἐπιχάρμος τὰς Θεὰς εἶναι λέγει,
Ἀνέμους, ὕδωρ, γῆν, πῦρ, ἥλιον, ἄστρας
Ἐγὼ δ' ὑπέλαβον χρησίμους εἶναι Θεὰς
Τ' ἀργύριον ἡμῖν καὶ τὸ χρυσίον μόνον.
Ἰδρυσάμενος τάυτα, γαρ εἰς τὴν οἰκιαν
Εὖξαι τι βυλει, πάντα σοὶ γενησεται,
Ἄγρος, οἰκιαι, θεράποντες, ἀργυρώματα,
Φίλοι, δικασαὶ, μάρτυρες——

Epicharmus, indeed, calls the winds, the water, the earth, the ſun, the fire, and the ſtars, gods. But I am of opinion, that gold and ſilver are our only powerful and propitious deities. For when once you have introduced theſe into your houſe, wiſh for what you will, you ſhall quickly obtain it; an eſtate, a habitation, ſervants, plate, friends, judges, witneſſes.

From theſe ſhort ſpecimens, we may in ſome meaſure be enabled to judge of Menander's way of thinking and of writing; remembering always how much his elegance is injured by a plain proſaic tranſlation, and by conſidering

the paſſages ſingly and ſeparately, without knowing the characters of the perſonages that ſpoke them, and the aptneſs and propriety with which they were introduced.

The delicacy and decorum obſerved conſtantly by Menander, rendered him the darling writer of the Athenians, at a time when the Athenians were arrived at the height of proſperity and politeneſs, and could no longer reliſh the coarſe railleries, the brutal mirth, and illiberal wit, of an indecent Ariſtophanes. 'Menander,' ſays Plutarch, 'abounds in a precious 'Attic ſalt, which ſeems to have been taken 'from the ſame ſea whence Venus herſelf aroſe. 'But the ſalt of Ariſtophanes is bitter, diſ'guſting, and corroſive.'

There are two circumſtances that may juſtly give us a mean opinion of the taſte of the Romans for comic entertainments: that in the Auguſtan age itſelf, notwithſtanding the cenſure of Horace, they preferred the low buffoonery and drollery of Plautus to the delicacy and civility of Terence, the faithful copier of Menander; and that Terence, to gratify an audience unacquainted with the real excellencies of the drama, found himſelf obliged to violate the ſimplicity of Menander's plots, and work up two ſtories into one in each of his comedies, except the excellent and exact Hecyra. But this duplicity of fable abounding in various turns of fortune, neceſſarily draws off the attention from what ought to be its chief object in a legitimate comedy, Character and Humour. I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

Z PALÆOPHILUS.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

THE

ADVENTURER.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

No. CVI. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1753.

Quo moriture ruis?—— VIRG.

Why wilt thou ruſh to death?—— DRYDEN.

I HAVE before remarked that human wit has never been able to render courage contemptible by ridicule: though courage, as it is ſometimes a proof of exalted virtue, is alſo frequently an indication of enormous vice; for if he who effects a good purpoſe at the riſque of life, is allowed to have the ſtrongeſt propenſity to good, it muſt be granted, that he who at the riſque of life effects an evil purpoſe, has an equal propenſity to evil. But as ridicule has not diſtinguiſhed courage into virtue and vice, neither has it yet diſtinguiſhed inſenſibility from courage.

Every paſſion becomes weak in proportion as it is familiar with its object. Evil muſt be conſidered as the object of fear; but the paſſion is excited only when the evil becomes probable, or, in other words, when we are in danger. As the ſame evil may become probable many ways, there are ſeveral ſpecies of danger: that danger to which men are continually expoſed, ſoon becomes familiar, and fear is no longer excited. This, however, muſt not be conſidered as an example of courage; for equal danger of any other kind will ſtill produce the ſame degree of fear in the ſame mind.

Mechanical cauſes therefore may produce inſenſibility of danger; but it is abſurd to ſuppoſe that they can produce courage, for courage is an effort of the mind, by which a ſenſe of danger is ſurmounted; and it cannot be ſaid, without the utmoſt perverſion of language, that a man is courageous, merely becauſe he diſcovers no fear when he is ſenſible of no danger.

It is, indeed, true, that inſenſibility and courage produce the ſame effect; and when we ſee another unconcerned and chearful in a ſituation which would make us tremble, it is not ſtrange that we ſhould impute his tranquility to the ſtrength of his mind, and honour his want of fear with the name of courage. And yet when a maſon whiſtles at his work on a plank of a foot broad and an inch thick, which is ſuſpended by a rafter and a cord over a precipice, from which if he would fall he would inevitably periſh, he is only reconciled by habit to a ſituation, in which more danger is generally apprehended than exiſts; he has acquired no ſtrength of mind, by which a ſenſe of danger is ſurmounted; nor has he with reſpect to courage any advantage over him who, though he would tremble on the ſcaffold, would yet ſtand under it without apprehenſion; for the danger in both ſituations is nearly equal, and depends upon the ſame incidents.

But the ſame inſenſibility is often ſubſtituted for courage by habit, even when the danger is real, and in thoſe minds which every other occaſion would ſhew to be deſtitute of fortitude. The inhabitants of Sicily live without terror upon the declivity of a volcano, which the ſtranger aſcends with an interrupted pace, looking round at every ſtep, doubting whether

to go forward or retire, and dreading the caprice of the flames which he hears roar beneath him, and ſees iſſue at the ſummit: but let a woman, who is thus become inſenſible to the terrors of an earthquake, be carried to the mouth of the mines in Sweden, ſhe will look down into the abyſs with terror, ſhe will ſhudder at the thought of deſcending it, and tremble leſt the brink ſhould give way.

Againſt inſenſibility of real danger we ſhould not be leſs watchful than againſt unreaſonable fear. Fear, when it is juſtly proportioned to its object, and not too ſtrong to be governed by reaſon, is not only blameleſs but honourable; it is eſſential to the perfection of human nature, and the mind would be as defective without it as the body without a limb. Man is a being expoſed to perpetual evil; every moment liable to deſtruction by innumerable accidents, which yet, if he foreſees, he cannot frequently prevent: fear, therefore, was implanted in his breaſt for his preſervation; to warn him when danger approaches, and to prevent his being precipitated upon it either by wantonneſs or inattention. But thoſe evils which, without fear, we ſhould not have foreſeen, when fear becomes exceſſive we are unable to ſhun; for cowardice and preſumption are equally fatal, and are frequently found in the ſame mind.

A peaſant in the north of England had two ſons, Thomas and John. Tom was taken to ſea when he was very young, by the maſter of a ſmall veſſel who lived at Hull; and Jack continued to work with his father till he was near thirty. Tom, who was now become maſter of a ſmack himſelf, took his brother on board for London, and promiſed to procure him ſome employment among the ſhipping on the waterſide. After they had been ſome hours under ſail, the wind became contrary, and blew very freſh; the waves began immediately to ſwell, daſhing with violence againſt the prow, whitened into foam. The veſſel, which now plied to windward, lay ſo much on one ſide, that the edge was frequently under water; and Jack, who expected it to overſet every moment, was ſeized with terror which he could not conceal. He earneſtly requeſted of Tom, that the ſails might be taken in; and lamented the folly that had expoſed him to the violence of a tempeſt, from which he could not without a miracle eſcape. Tom, with a ſovereign contempt of his puſillanimity, derided his diſtreſs; and Jack on the contrary, admired the bravery of Tom and his crew, from whoſe countenances and behaviour he at length derived ſome hope; he believed he had deſerved the reproach which he ſuffered, and deſpiſed himſelf for the fear which he could not ſhake off. In the mean time the gale increaſed, and in leſs than an hour it blew a ſtorm. Jack, who watched every countenance with the utmoſt attention and ſolicitude, thought that his fears were now juſtified by the looks of the ſailors: he therefore renewed his complaint, and perceiving his brother ſtill unconcerned, again intreated him to take every poſſible precaution, and not increaſe their danger by preſumption. In anſwer to theſe remonſtrances he received ſuch conſolation as one lord of the creation frequently adminiſters to another in the depth of his diſtreſs; 'Pſhaw, 'damme, you fool,' ſays Tom, 'don't be 'dead hearted: the more ſail we carry, the 'ſooner we ſhall be out of the weather.' Jack's fear had indeed been alarmed before he was in danger; but Tom was inſenſible of the danger when it arrived: he, therefore continued his courſe exulting in the ſuperiority of his courage, and anticipating in the triumph of his vanity when they ſhould come on ſhore. But the ſails being ſtill ſpread, a ſudden guſt bore away the maſt, which in its fall ſo much injured the helm, that it became impoſſible to ſteer, and in a very ſhort time afterwards the veſſel ſtruck. The firſt moment in which Tom became ſenſible of danger, he was ſeen to be totally deſtitute of courage. When the veſſel ſtruck, Jack, who had been ordered under hatches, came up, and found the hero, whom he had ſo lately regarded with humility and admiration, ſitting on the quarter deck, wringing his hands, and uttering incoherent and clamorous exclamations. Jack now appeared more calm than before, and aſked, if any thing could yet be done to ſave their lives. Tom replied in a frantic tone, that they might poſſibly float to land on ſome parts of the wreck; and catching up an axe, inſtead of attempting to diſengage the maſt, he began to ſtave the boat. Jack, whoſe reaſon was ſtill predominant, though he had been afraid too ſoon, ſaw that Tom in his frenzy was about to cut off their laſt hope; he therefore

caught hold of his arm, took away the axe by force, aſſiſted the ſailors in getting the boat into the water, perſuaded his brother to quit the veſſel, and in about four hours they got ſafe on ſhore.

If the veſſel had weathered the ſtorm, Tom would have been deemed a hero, and Jack a coward: but I hope that none, whom I have led into this train of thought, will, for the future, regard inſenſibility of danger as an indication of courage; or impute cowardice to thoſe whoſe fear is not inadequate to its object, or too violent to anſwer its purpoſe.

There is one evil of which multitudes are in perpetual danger; an evil, to which, every other is as the drop of the bucket, and the duſt of the balance; and yet of this danger the greater part appear to be totally inſenſible.

Every man who waſtes in negligence the day of ſalvation, ſtands on the brink not only of the grave but of hell. That the danger of all is imminent, appears by the terms that Infinite Wiſdom has choſen to expreſs the conduct by which alone it can be eſcaped; it is called 'a 'race, a watch, a work to be wrought with 'fear and trembling, a ſtrife unto blood, and 'a combat with whatever can ſeduce or terrify, 'with the pleaſures of ſenſe and the power of 'angels.' The moment in which we ſhall be ſnatched from the brink of this gulph, or plunged to the bottom, no power can either avert or retard; it approaches ſilent, indeed, as the flight of time, but rapid and irreſiſtible as the courſe of a comet. That dreadful evil, which, with equal force is called the Second Death, ſhould not, ſurely, be diſregarded, merely becauſe it has been long impending; and as there is no equivalent for which a man can reaſonably determine to ſuffer, it cannot be conſidered as the object of courage. How it may be borne, ſhould not be the enquiry, but how it may be ſhunned. And if in this daring age it is impoſſible to prepare for eternity, without giving up the character of a hero, no reaſonable being, ſurely, will be deterred by this conſideration from the attempt; for who but an infant, or an ideot, would give up his paternal inheritance for a feather, or renounce the acclamations of a triumph for the tinkling of a rattle?

No. CVII. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1753.

——*Sub judice lis eſt.* HOR.

And of their vain diſputings find no end. FRANCIS.

IT has been ſometimes aſked by thoſe who find the appearance of wiſdom more eaſily attained by queſtions than ſolutions, how it comes to paſs that the world is divided by ſuch difference of opinion; and why men, equally reaſonable, and equally lovers of truth, do not always think in the ſame manner?

With regard to ſimple propoſitions, where the terms are underſtood, and the whole ſubject is comprehended at once, there is ſuch an uniformity of ſentiment among all human beings, that, for many ages, a very numerous ſet of notions were ſuppoſed to be innate, or neceſſarily co-exiſtent with the faculty of reaſon; it being imagined, that univerſal agreement could proceed only from the invariable dictates of the univerſal parent.

In queſtions diffuſe and compounded, this ſimilarity of determination is no longer to be expected. At our firſt ſally into the intellectual world, we all march together along one ſtraight and open road; but as we proceed, further and wider proſpects open to our view, every eye fixes upon a different ſcene; we divide into various paths, and, as we move forward, are ſtill at a greater diſtance from each other. As a queſtion becomes more complicated and involved, and extends to a greater number of relations, diſagreement of opinion will always be multiplied; not becauſe we are irrational, but becauſe we are finite beings, furniſhed with different kinds of knowledge, exerting different degrees of attention, one diſcovering conſequences which eſcape another, none taking in the whole concatenation of cauſes and effects, and moſt comprehending but a very ſmall part,

each comparing what he obſerves with a different criterion, and each referring it to a different purpoſe.

Where then is the wonder, that they who ſee only a ſmall part, ſhould judge erroneouſly of the whole? or that they who ſee different and diſſimilar parts, ſhould judge differently from each other?

Whatever has various reſpects, muſt have various appearances of good and evil, beauty or deformity; thus the gardener tears up as a weed the plant which the phyſician gathers as a medicine; and 'a general,' ſays Sir Kenelm Digby, 'will look with pleaſure over a plain, 'as a fit place on which the fate of empires 'might be decided in battle, which the farmer 'will deſpiſe as bleak and barren, neither 'fruitful of paſturage, nor fit for tillage.'

Two men examining the ſame queſtion, proceed commonly like the phyſician and gardener in ſelecting herbs, or the farmer and hero looking on the plain: they bring minds impreſſed with different notions, and direct their inquiries to different ends; they form, therefore, contrary concluſions, and each wonders at the other's abſurdity.

We have leſs reaſon to be ſurprized or offended when we find others differ from us in opinion, becauſe we very often differ from ourſelves. How often we alter our minds, we do not always remark; becauſe the change is ſometimes made imperceptibly and gradually, and the laſt conviction effaces all memory of the former: yet every man, accuſtomed from time to time to take a ſurvey of his own notions, will, by a ſlight retroſpection, be able to diſcover that his mind has ſuffered many revolutions; that the ſame things have in the ſeveral parts of his life been condemned and approved, purſued and ſhunned; and that on many occaſions, even when his practice has been ſteady, his mind has been wavering, and he has perſiſted in a ſcheme of action, rather becauſe he feared the cenſure of inconſtancy, than becauſe he was always pleaſed with his own choice.

Of the different faces ſhewn by the ſame objects as they are viewed on oppoſite ſides, and of the different inclinations which they muſt conſtantly raiſe in him that contemplates them, a more ſtriking example cannot eaſily be found than two Greek epigrammatiſts will afford us in their accounts of human life, which I ſhall lay before the reader in Engliſh proſe.

Poſidippus, a comic poet, utters this complaint: 'Through which of the paths of life 'is it eligible to paſs? In public aſſemblies 'are debates and troubleſome affairs; domeſtic privacies are haunted with anxieties; in 'the country is labour; on the ſea is terror: 'in a foreign country he that has money muſt 'live in fear, he that wants it muſt pine in 'diſtreſs. Are you married? you are troubled 'with ſuſpicions. Are you ſingle? you languiſh in ſolitude. Children occaſion toil, 'and a childleſs life is a ſtate of deſtitution; 'the time of youth is a time of folly; and 'grey hairs are loaded with infirmity. This 'choice only, therefore, can be made, either 'never to receive being, or immediately to 'loſe it.'

Such and ſo gloomy is the proſpect which Poſidippus has laid before us. But we are not to acquieſce too haſtily in his determination againſt the value of exiſtence: for Metrodorus, a philoſopher of Athens, has ſhewn, that life has pleaſures as well as pains; and having exhibited the preſent ſtate of man in brighter colours, draws, with equal appearance of reaſon, a contrary concluſion.

'You may paſs well through any of the 'paths of life. In public aſſemblies are ho'nours and tranſactions of wiſdom; in domeſtic 'privacy is ſtillneſs and quiet; in the country 'are the beauties of nature; on the ſea is the 'hope of gain; in a foreign land, he that is 'rich is honoured, he that is poor may keep his 'poverty ſecret. Are you married? you have 'a cheerful houſe. Are you ſingle? you are 'unincumbered: children are objects of affec'tion; to be without children is to be without 'care; the time of youth is the time of vigour, 'and gray hairs are made venerable by piety. 'It will, therefore, never be a wiſe man's 'choice, either not to obtain exiſtence, or to 'loſe it; for every ſtate of life has its felicity.'

In theſe epigrams are included moſt of the queſtions which have engaged the ſpeculations of the enquirers after happineſs; and though they will not much aſſiſt our determinations, they may, perhaps, equally promote our quiet, by ſhewing that no abſolute determination ever can be formed.

Whether a public ſtation, or private life, be deſirable, has always been debated. We

ſee here both the allurements and diſcouragements of civil employments: on one ſide there is trouble, on the other honour: the management of affairs is vexatious and difficult, but it is the only duty in which wiſdom can be conſpicuouſly diſplayed: it muſt then ſtill be left to every man to chuſe either eaſe or glory; nor can any general precept be given, ſince no man can be happy by the preſcription of another.

Thus, what is ſaid of children by Poſſidippus, 'that they are occaſions of fatigue;' and by Metrodorus, 'that they are objects of affection;' is equally certain; but whether they will give moſt pain or pleaſure, muſt depend on their future conduct and diſpoſitions, on many cauſes over which the parent can have little influence: there is, therefore, room for all the caprices of imagination, and deſire muſt be proportioned to the hope or fear that ſhall happen to predominate.

Such is the uncertainty in which we are always likely to remain with regard to queſtions wherein we have moſt intereſt, and which every day affords us freſh opportunity to examine: we may examine, indeed, but we never can decide, becauſe our faculties are unequal to the ſubject: we ſee a little, and form an opinion; we ſee more, and change it.

This inconſtancy and unſteadineſs, to which we muſt ſo often find ourſelves liable, ought certainly to teach us moderation and forbearance towards thoſe who cannot accommodate themſelves to our ſentiments: if they are deceived, we have no right to attribute their miſtake to obſtinacy or negligence, becauſe we likewiſe have been miſtaken; we may, perhaps, again change our own opinion; and what excuſe ſhall we be able to find for averſion and malignity conceived againſt him, whom we ſhall then find to have committed no fault, and who offended us only by refuſing to follow us into error?

It may likewiſe contribute to ſoften that reſentment which pride naturally raiſes againſt oppoſition, if we conſider, that he who differs from us, does not always contradict us; he has one view of an object, and we have another; each deſcribes what he ſees with equal fidelity, and each regulates his ſteps by his own eyes: one man with Poſidippus, looks on celibacy as a ſtate of gloomy ſolitude, without a partner in joy or a comforter in ſorrow; the other conſiders it, with Metrodorus, as a ſtate free from incumbrances, in which a man is at liberty to chuſe his own gratifications, to remove from place to place in queſt of pleaſure, and to think of nothing but merriment and diverſion: full of theſe notions one haſtens to chuſe a wife, and the other laughs at his raſhneſs, or pities his ignorance: yet it is poſſible that each is right, but that each is right only for himſelf.

Life is not the object of ſcience: we ſee a little, very little; and what is beyond we only can conjecture. If we enquire of thoſe who have gone before us, we receive ſmall ſatisfaction; ſome have travelled life without obſervation, and ſome willingly miſlead us. The only thought, therefore, on which we can repoſe with comfort, is that which preſents to us the care of Providence, whoſe eye takes in the whole of things, and under whoſe direction all involuntary errors will terminate in happineſs.

T

No. CVIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1753.

Nobis, cum ſimul occidit brevis lux,
Nox eſt perpetuo una dormienda. CATULLUS.

When once the ſhort-liv'd mortal dies,
A night eternal ſeals his eyes. ADDISON.

IT may have been obſerved by every reader, that there are certain topics which never are exhauſted. Of ſome images and ſentiments the mind of man may be ſaid to be enamoured; it meets them, however often they occur, with the ſame ardour which a lover feels at the ſight of his miſtreſs, and parts from them with the ſame regret when they can no longer be enjoyed.

Of this kind are many deſcriptions which the poets have tranſcribed from each other, and their ſucceſſors will probably copy to the end of time; which will continue to engage, or, as the French term it, to flatter the imagination,

tion, as long as human nature ſhall remain the ſame.

When a poet mentions the ſpring, we know that the zephyrs are about to whiſper, that the groves are to recover their verdure, the linnets to warble forth their notes of love, and the flocks and herds to friſk over vales painted with flowers: yet who is there ſo inſenſible of the beauties of nature, ſo little delighted with the renovation of the world, as not to feel his heart bound at the mention of the ſpring?

When night overſhadows a romantic ſcene, all is ſtillneſs, ſilence, and quiet; the poets of the grove ceaſe their melody, the moon towers over the world in gentle majeſty, men forget their labours and their cares, and every paſſion and purſuit is for a while ſuſpended. All this we know already, yet we hear it repeated without wearineſs; becauſe ſuch is generally the life of man, that he is pleaſed to think on the time when he ſhall pauſe from a ſenſe of his condition.

When a poetical grove invites us to its covert, we know that we ſhall find what we have already ſeen, a limpid brook murmuring over pebbles, a bank diverſified with flowers, a green arch that excludes the ſun, and a natural grot ſhaded with myrtles; yet who can forbear to enter the pleaſing gloom, to enjoy coolneſs and privacy, and gratify himſelf once more by ſcenes with which nature has formed him to be delighted?

Many moral ſentiments likewiſe are ſo adapted to our ſtate, that we find approbation whenever they ſolicit it, and are ſeldom read without exciting a gentle emotion in the mind: ſuch is the compariſon of the life of man with the duration of a flower, a thought which, perhaps, every nation has heard warbled in its own language, from the Inſpired Poets of the Hebrews to our own times; yet this compariſon muſt always pleaſe, becauſe every heart feels its juſtneſs, and every hour confirms it by example.

Such likewiſe is the precept that directs us to uſe the preſent hour, and refer nothing to a diſtant time, which we are uncertain whether we ſhall reach: this every moraliſt may venture to inculcate, becauſe it will always be approved, and becauſe it is always forgotten.

This rule is, indeed, every day enforced, by arguments more powerful than the diſſertations of moraliſts: we ſee men pleaſing themſelves with future happineſs, fixing a certain hour for the completion of their wiſhes, and periſhing ſome at a greater and ſome at a leſs diſtance from the happy time; all complaining of their diſappointment, and lamenting that they had ſuffered the years which Heaven allowed them to paſs without improvement, and deferred the principal purpoſe of their lives to the time when life itſelf was to forſake them.

It is not only uncertain whether through all the caſualties and dangers which beſet the life of man, we ſhall be able to reach the time appointed for happineſs or wiſdom; but it is likely, that whatever now hinders us from doing that which our reaſon and conſcience declare neceſſary to be done, will equally obſtruct us in times to come. It is eaſy for the imagination, operating on things not yet exiſting, to pleaſe itſelf with ſcenes of unmingled felicity, or plan out courſes of uniform virtue: but good and evil are in real life inſeparably united; habits grow ſtronger by indulgence; and reaſon loſes her dignity, in proportion as ſhe has oftner yielded to temptation: 'He that 'cannot live well to-day,' ſays Marſhal, 'will 'be leſs qualified to live well to-morrow.'

Of the uncertainty of every human good, every human being ſeems to be convinced; yet this uncertainty is voluntarily increaſed by unneceſſary delay, whether we reſpect external cauſes, or conſider the nature of our own minds. He that now feels a deſire to do right, and wiſhes to regulate his life according to his reaſon, is not ſure that, at any future time aſſignable, he ſhall be able to rekindle the ſame ardour; he that has now an opportunity offered him of breaking looſe from vice and folly, cannot know but that he ſhall hereafter be more entangled, and ſtruggle for freedom without obtaining it.

We are ſo unwilling to believe any thing to our own diſadvantage, that we will always imagine the perſpicacity of our judgment and the ſtrength of our reſolution more likely to increaſe than to grow leſs by time; and therefore conclude, that the will to purſue laudable purpoſes will be always ſeconded by the power.

But however we may be deceived in calculating the ſtrength of our faculties, we cannot doubt the uncertainty of that life in which they muſt be employed: we ſee every day the

unexpected death of our friends and our enemies, we see new graves hourly opened for men older and younger than ourselves, for the cautious and the careless, the dissolute and the temperate, for men who like us were providing to enjoy or improve hours now irreversibly cut off; we see all this, and yet, instead of living, let year glide after year in preparations to live.

Men are so frequently cut off in the midst of their projects, that sudden death causes little emotion in them that behold it, unless it be impressed upon the attention by uncommon circumstances. I, like every other man, have seen ambition sink in its triumphs, and beauty perish in its bloom; but have been seldom so much affected as by the fate of Euryalus, whom I lately lost as I began to love him.

Euryalus had for some time flourished in a lucrative profession; but having suffered his imagination to be fired by an unextinguishable curiosity, he grew weary of the same dull round of life, resolved to harass himself no longer with the drudgery of getting money, but to quit his business and his profit, and enjoy for a few years the pleasures of travel. His friends heard him proclaim his resolution without suspecting that he intended to pursue it; but he was constant to his purpose, and with great expedition closed his accounts and sold his moveables, passed a few days in bidding farewel to his companions, and, with all the eagerness of romantic chivalry, crossed the sea in search of happiness. Whatever place was renowned in ancient or modern history, whatever art or nature had distinguished, he determined to visit: full of design and hope, he landed on the continent; his friends expected accounts from him of the new scenes that opened in his progress, but were informed in a few days that Euryalus was dead.

Such was the end of Euryalus. He is entered that state, whence none ever shall return; and can now only benefit his friends, by remaining in their memories a permanent and efficacious instance of the blindness of desire, and the uncertainty of all terrestrial good. But, perhaps, every man has like me lost an Euryalus, has known a friend die with happiness in his grasp; and yet every man continues to think himself secure of life, and defers to some future time of leisure what he knows it will be fatal to have finally omitted.

It is, indeed, with this as with other frailties inherent in our nature; the desire of deferring to another time, what cannot be done without endurance of some pain, or forbearance of some pleasure, will, perhaps, never be totally overcome or suppressed; there will always be something that we shall wish to have finished, and be nevertheless unwilling to begin: but against this unwillingness it is our duty to struggle, and every conquest over our passions will make way for an easier conquest; custom is equally forcible to bad and good; nature will always be at variance with reason, but will rebel more feebly as she is oftner subdued.

The common neglect of the present hour is shameful and criminal, as no man is betrayed to it by error, but admits it by negligence. Of the instability of life, the weakest understanding never thinks wrong, though the strongest often omits to think justly: reason and experience are always ready to inform us of our real state; but we refuse to listen to their suggestions, because we feel our hearts unwilling to obey them: but surely nothing is more unworthy of a reasonable being, than to shut his eyes, when he sees the road which he is commanded to travel, that he may deviate with fewer reproaches from himself; nor could any motive to tenderness, except the consciousness that we have all been guilty of the same fault, dispose us to pity those who thus consign themselves to voluntary ruin.

T

No. CIX. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1753.

Insanire putas solennia me, neque rides. HOR.

You think me but as mad as all mankind.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

MONTESQUIEU wittily observes, that by building professed mad-houses men tacitly insinuate, that all who are out of their senses are to be found only in those places. This remark having made some impression on my mind, produced last night the following vision.

I imagined that Bedlam had been ordered to be rebuilt upon a more extensive plan by act of parliament; and that Dean Swift, calling at my lodgings, offered to accompany me to see the new erected edifice, which, he observed, was not half capacious enough before to contain the various species of madness that are to be found in this kingdom. As we walked through the galleries, he gave me the following account of the several inhabitants.

The lady in the first apartment had prevailed upon her husband, a man of study and œconomy, to indulge her with a route twice a week at her own house. This soon multiplied her obligations to the company she kept, and in a fortnight she insisted upon two more. His lordship venturing to oppose her demand with steady resolution, but with equal tenderness, the lady complained, that the rights of quality and fortune were invaded; that her credit was lost with the fashionable world, and that ignorance and brutality had robbed her of the pleasures of a reasonable being, and rendered her the most unhappy wife in Great Britain. The cause of her complaints, however, still subsisted, and by perpetually brooding over it she at length turned her brain.

Next to her is a dramatic writer, whose comedy having been justly damned, he began to vent his spleen against the public, by weekly abuses of the present age; but as neither the play nor his defences of it were read, his imagination continually increased, till at length it terminated in madness.

He on the right-hand is a philosopher, who has lost his reason in a fruitless atempt to discover the cause of electricity.

He on the left is a celebrated jockey of noble birth, whose favourite mare, that had enjoyed three triumphs in former seasons, was distanced a few days ago at Newmarket.

Yonder meagre man has bewildered his understanding by closely studying the doctrine of chances, in order to qualify himself for a professorship, which will be shortly established and amply endowed at an eminent chocolate-house, where lectures on this important subject are constantly to be read.

An unforeseen accident turned the head of the next unfortunate prisoner. She had for a long time passed for fifteen years younger than she was, and her lively behaviour and airy dress concurred to help forward the imposition; till one evening, being animated with an extraordinary flow of spirits, she danced out seven of her artificial teeth, which were immediately picked up, and delivered to her with great ceremony by her partner.

The merchant in the neighbouring cell had resolved to gain a plumb. He was possessed of seventy thousand pounds, and eagerly expected a ship that was to compleat his wishes. But the ship was cast away in the channel, and the merchant is distracted for his loss.

That disconsolate lady had for many years assiduously attended an old gouty uncle, had assented to all his absurdities, and humoured all his follies, in full expectation of being made his executrix; when happening one day to affirm that his gruel had sack enough in it, contrary to his opinion, he altered his will immediately, and left all to her brother; which affords her no consolation, for avarice is able to subdue the tenderness of nature.

Behold the beautiful and virtuous Theodora! Her fondness for an ungrateful husband was unparalleled. She detected him in the arms of a disagreeable and affected prostitute, and was driven to distraction.

Is my old friend the commentator here likewiſe? Alas! he has loſt his wits in enquiring whether or no the ancients wore perukes: as did his neighbour Cynthio, by receiving a frown from his patron at the laſt levee.

The fat lady, upon whom you look ſo earneſtly, is a grocer's wife in the city. Her diſorder was occaſioned by her ſeeing at court, laſt Twelfth-night, the daughter of Mr. Alderman Squeeze, oil-man, in a ſacque far richer and more elegant than her own.

The next chamber contains an adventurer who purchaſed thirty tickets in the laſt lottery. As he was a perſon of a ſanguine complexion and lively, he was ſure of gaining the ten thouſand pounds by the number of his chances. He ſpent a month in ſurveying the counties that lie in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, before he could find out an agreeable ſite for the fine houſe he intended to build. He next fixed his eye on a moſt blooming and beautiful girl, whom he deſigned to honour as his bride. He beſpoke a magnificent coach, and the ornaments of his harneſs were to be of his own invention. Mr. Degagée, the taylor, was ordered to ſend to Paris for the lace with which his wedding cloaths were to be adorned. But in the midſt of theſe preparations for proſperity, all his tickets were drawn blanks; and inſtead of his villa on the banks of the Thames, you now ſee him in theſe melancholy lodgings.

His neighbour in the next apartment was an honeſt footman, who was perſuaded likewiſe to try his fortune in the ſame lottery; and who, obtaining a very large and unexpected ſum, could not ſtand the ſhock of ſuch ſudden good fortune, but grew mad with exceſs of joy.

You wonder to ſee that cell beautified with Chineſe vaſes and urns. It is inhabited by that famous virtuoſo lady Harriet Brittle, whoſe opinion was formerly deciſive at all auctions, where ſhe was uſually appealed to about the genuineneſs of porcelain. She purchaſed at an exorbitant price a Mandarin and a Jos, that were the envy of all the female connoiſſeurs, and were allowed to be ineſtimable. They were to be placed at the upper end of a little rock-work temple of Chineſe architecture, in which neither propriety, proportion, nor true beauty, were conſidered, and were carefully packed up in different boxes; but the brutiſh waggoner happening to overturn his carriage, they were cruſhed to pieces. The poor lady's underſtanding could not ſurvive ſo irreparable a loſs; and her relations, to ſoothe her paſſion, had provided thoſe Chelſea urns with which ſhe has decorated her chamber, and which ſhe believes to be the true Nanquin.

Yonder miſerable youth, being engaged in a hot contention at a faſhionable brothel, about a celebrated courtezan, killed a ſea officer with whoſe face he was not acquainted; but who proved upon enquiry to be his own brother, who had been ten years abſent in the Indies.

Look attentively into the next cell; you will there diſcover a lady of great worth and fine accompliſhments, whoſe father condemned her to the arms of a right honourable debauchee, when he knew ſhe had fixed her affections irrevocably on another, who poſſeſſed an unincumbered eſtate, but wanted the ornament of a title. She ſubmitted to the order of a ſtern father with patience, obedience, and a breaking heart. Her huſband treated her with that contempt which he thought due to a citizen's daughter; and beſides communicated to her an infamous diſtemper, which her natural modeſty forbad her to diſcover in time; and the violent medicines which were afterwards adminiſtered by an unſkilful ſurgeon, threw her into a delirious fever, from which ſhe could never be recovered.

Here the Dean pauſed; and looking upon me with great earneſtneſs, and graſping my hand cloſely, ſpoke with an emphaſis that awaked me—'Think me not ſo inſenſible a 'monſter, as to deride the lamentable lot of the 'wretches we have now ſurveyed. If we 'laugh at the follies, let us at the ſame time 'pity the manifold miſeries of man.'

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

No. CX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1753.

Mens immota manet, lachrymæ volvuntur inanes. VIRG.

Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward pains;
But the firm purpose of his heart remains. DRYDEN.

PITY has been generally conſidered as the paſſion of gentle, benevolent, and virtuous minds; although it is acknowledged to produce only ſuch a participation of the calamity of others, as upon the whole is pleaſing to ourſelves.

As a tender participation of foreign diſtreſs, it has been urged to prove, that man is endowed with ſocial affections, which, however forcible, are wholly diſintereſted; and as a pleaſing ſenſation, it has been deemed an example of unmixed ſelfiſhneſs and malignity. It has been reſolved into that power of imagination, by which we apply the misfortunes of others to ourſelves: we have been ſaid to pity no longer than we fancy ourſelves to ſuffer, and to be pleaſed only by reflecting that our ſufferings are not real; thus indulging a dream of diſtreſs, from which we can awake whenever we pleaſe, to exult in our ſecurity, and enjoy the compariſon of the fiction with truth.

I ſhall not perplex my readers with the ſubtilties of a debate, in which human nature has, with equal zeal and plauſibility, been exalted and degraded. It is ſufficient for my purpoſe to remark, that Pity is generally underſtood to be that paſſion, which is excited by the ſufferings of perſons with whom we have no tender connection, and with whoſe welfare the ſtronger paſſions have not united our felicity; for no man would call the anguiſh of a mother, whoſe infant was torn from her breaſt and left to be devoured in a deſert, by the name of Pity; although the ſentiment of a ſtranger, who ſhould drop a ſilent tear at the relation, which yet might the next hour be forgotten, could not otherwiſe be juſtly denominated.

If Pity, therefore, is abſorbed in another paſſion, when our love of thoſe that ſuffer is ſtrong; Pity is rather an evidence of the weakneſs than the ſtrength of that general philanthropy, for which ſome have ſo eagerly contended, with which they have flattered the pride and veiled the vices of mankind, and which they have affirmed to be alone ſufficient to recommend them to the favour of Heaven, to atone for the indulgence of every appetite and the neglect of every duty.

If human benevolence was abſolutely pure and ſocial, it would not be neceſſary to relate the ravages of a peſtilence or a famine with minute and diſcriminating circumſtances to rouze our ſenſibility: we ſhould certainly deplore irremediable calamity, and participate temporary diſtreſs, without any mixture of delight: that deceitful ſorrow, in which pleaſure is ſo well known to be predominant, that invention has been buſied for ages in contriving tales of fictitious ſufferance for no other end than to excite it, would be changed into honeſt commiſeration, in which pain would be unmixed, and which therefore we ſhould wiſh to loſe.

Soon after the fatal battle of Fontenoy, a young gentleman, who came over with the officer that brought the expreſs, being expected at the houſe of a friend, a numerous company of gentlemen and ladies were aſſembled to hear an account of the action from an eye-witneſs.

The gentleman, as every man is flattered by commanding attention, was eaſily prevailed upon to gratify the company, as ſoon as they were ſeated, and the firſt ceremonies paſt. He deſcribed the march of many thouſands of their countrymen into a field, where batteries had been concealed on each ſide, which in a moment ſtrewed the ground with mangled limbs, and carcaſſes that almoſt floated in blood, and obſtructed the path of thoſe who followed to the ſlaughter. He related, how often the decreaſing multitude returned to the mouth of the cannon; how ſuddenly they were rallied, and how ſuddenly

broken; he repeated the liſt of officers who had fallen undiſtinguiſhed in the carnage, men whoſe eminence rendered their names univerſally known, their influence extenſive, and their attachments numerous; and he hinted the fatal effects which this defeat might produce to the nation, by turning the ſucceſs of the war againſt us. But the company, however amuſed by the relation, appeared not to be affected by the event: they were ſtill attentive to every trifling punctilio of ceremony, uſual among well-bred perſons; they bowed with a graceful ſimper to a lady who ſneezed, mutually preſented each other with ſnuff, ſhook their heads and changed their poſture at proper intervals, aſked ſome queſtions which tended to produce a more minute detail of ſuch circumſtances of horror as had been lightly touched; and having at laſt remarked that the Roman patriot regretted the brave could die but once, the converſation ſoon became general, and a motion was made to divide into parties at whiſt. But juſt as they were about to comply, the gentleman again engaged their attention.

I FORGOT, ſaid he, to relate one particular, which, however, deſerves to be remembered. The captain of a company, whoſe name I cannot now recollect, had, juſt before his corps was ordered to embark, married a young lady to whom he had been long tenderly attached, and who, contrary to the advice of all her friends, and the expoſtulations, perſuaſion, and entreaty of her huſband, inſiſted to go abroad with him, and ſhare his fortune at all events. If he ſhould be wounded, ſhe ſaid that ſhe might haſten his recovery, and alleviate his pain, by ſuch attendance as ſtrangers cannot be hired to pay; if he ſhould be taken priſoner, ſhe might, perhaps, be permitted to ſhorten the tedious hours of captivity which ſolitude would protract; and if he ſhould die, that it would be better for her to know it with certainty and ſpeed, than to wait at a diſtance with anxiety and ſuſpence, tormented by doubtful and contradictory reports, and at laſt believing it poſſible, that if ſhe had been preſent, her aſſiduity and tenderneſs might have preſerved his life. The captain, though he was not convinced by her reaſoning, was yet overcome by the importunate eloquence of her love; he conſented to her requeſt, and they embarked together.

The head-quarters of the Duke of Cumberland were at Bruffoel, from whence they removed the evening before the battle to Monbray, a village within muſquet-ſhot of the enemy's lines, where the captain who commanded in the left wing, was encamped.

Their parting in the morning was ſhort. She looked after him, till he could no longer be diſtinguiſhed from others; and as ſoon as the firing began, ſhe went back pale and trembling, and ſat down expecting the event in an agony of impatience, anxiety, and terror. She ſoon learned from ſtragglers and fugitives, that the ſlaughter was dreadful, and the victory hopeleſs. She did not, however, yet deſpair; ſhe hoped, that the captain might return among the few that might remain: but ſoon after the retreat this hope was cut off, and ſhe was informed that he fell in the firſt charge, and was left among the dead. She was reſtrained by thoſe about her from ruſhing in the phrenzy of deſperation to the field of battle, of which the enemy was ſtill poſſeſſed: but the tumult of her mind having abated, and her grief become more calm during the night, ſhe ordered the ſervant to attend her at break of day; and as leave had been given to bury the dead, ſhe went herſelf to ſeek the remains of her huſband, that ſhe might honour them with the laſt rites, and pour the tears of conjugal affection upon his grave. They wandered about the dying and the dead, gazing on every diſtorted countenance, and looking round with irreſolution and amazement on a ſcene, which thoſe who ſtripped had left tenfold more a ſight of horror than thoſe who had ſlain. From this ſight ſhe was at laſt turning with confuſion and deſpair; but was ſtopped by the cries of a favourite ſpaniel, who had followed her without being perceived. He was ſtanding at ſome diſtance in the field; and the moment ſhe ſaw him, ſhe conceived the ſtrongeſt aſſurance that he had found his maſter. She haſted inſtantly to the place without regarding any other object; and ſtopping over the corpſe by which he ſtood, ſhe found it ſo disfigured with wounds, and beſmeared with blood, that the features were not to be known: but as ſhe was weeping in the anguiſh of ſuſ-

pence, ſhe diſcovered hanging on the wriſt the remains of a ruffle, round which there was a ſlight border of her own work. Thus ſuddenly to have diſcovered, and in ſuch dreadful circumſtances, that which ſhe had ſought, quite overwhelmed her, and ſhe ſunk down on the body. By the aſſiſtance of the ſervant ſhe was recovered to ſenſibility, but not to reaſon; ſhe was ſeized at once with convulſions and madneſs; and a few hours after ſhe was carried back to the village ſhe expired.

Thoſe, who had heard the fate of whole battalions without pity, and the loſs of a battle, by which their country would probably ſuffer irreparable damage, without concern, liſtened to a tale of private diſtreſs with uninterrupted attention. All regard to each other was for a while ſuſpended; tears by degrees overflowed every eye, and every boſom became ſuſceptible of Pity: but the whole circle pauſed with evident regret, when the narrative was at an end; and would have been glad, that ſuch another could have been told to continue their entertainment. Such was the Benevolence of Pity! But a lady who had taken the opportunity of a very ſlight acquaintance to ſatisfy her curioſity, was touched with much deeper diſtreſs; and fainting in the ſtruggle to conceal the emotions of her mind, fell back in her chair: an accident which was not ſooner diſcovered, becauſe every eye had been fixed upon the ſpeaker, and all attention monopolized by the ſtory. Every one, however, was ready to afford her aſſiſtance; and it was ſoon diſcovered, that ſhe was mother to the lady whoſe diſtreſs had afforded ſo much virtuous pleaſure to the company. It was not poſſible to tell another ſtory, which would revive the ſame ſenſations: and if it had, the world could not have bribed her to have heard it. Her affection to the ſufferer was too ſtrong to permit her, on this occaſion, to enjoy the luxury of Pity, and applaud her benevolence for ſenſations which ſhewed its defects. It would, indeed, be happy for us, if we were to exiſt only in this ſtate of imperfection, that a greater ſhare of ſenſibility is not allowed us: but if the mole in the kindneſs of Unerring Wiſdom, is permitted ſcarce to diſtinguiſh light from darkneſs, the mole ſhould not, ſurely, be praiſed for the perſpicacity of its ſight.

Let us diſtinguiſh the malignity, which others confound with Benevolence, and applaud as Virtue; let that imperfection of nature, which is adapted to an imperfect ſtate, teach us humility; and fix our dependence upon Him, who has promiſed to 'create in us 'a new heart and a right ſpirit;' and to receive us to that place, where love of others, however ardent, can only increaſe our felicity; becauſe in that place there will be no object, but ſuch as Perfect Benevolence can contemplate with delight.

No. CXI. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER, 27, 1753.

——Quæ non fecimus ipſi,
Vix ea noſtra voco. OVID.

The deeds of long deſcended anceſtors
Are but by grace of imputation ours. DRYDEN.

THE evils inſeparably annexed to the preſent condition of man, are ſo numerous and afflictive, that it has been, from age to age, the taſk of ſome to bewail, and of others to ſolace them; and he, therefore, will be in danger of ſeeing a common enemy, who ſhall attempt to depreciate the few pleaſures and felicities which nature has allowed us.

Yet I will confeſs, that I have ſometimes employed my thoughts in examining the pretenſions that are made to happineſs, by the ſplendid and envied condition of life; and have not thought the hour unprofitably ſpent, when I have detected the impoſture of counterfeit advantages, and found diſquiet lurking under falſe appearances of gaiety and greatneſs.

It is aſſerted by a tragical poet, that 'eſt 'miſer nemo niſi comparatus—No man is mi-'ſerable, but as he is compared with others

'happier than himſelf.' This poſition is not ſtrictly and philoſophically true. He might have ſaid, with rigorous propriety, that no man is happy but as he is compared with the miſerable; for ſuch is the ſtate of this world, that we find in it abſolute miſery, but happineſs only comparative; we may incur as much pain as we can poſſibly endure, though we can never obtain as much happineſs as we might poſſibly enjoy.

Yet it is certain likewiſe, that many of our miſeries are merely comparative: we are often made unhappy, not by the preſence of any real evil, but by the abſence of ſome fictitious good; of ſomething which is not required by any real want of nature, which has not in itſelf any power of gratification, and which neither reaſon nor fancy would have prompted us to wiſh, did we not ſee it in the poſſeſſion of others.

For a mind diſeaſed with vain longings after unattainable advantages, no medicine can be preſcribed, but an impartial enquiry into the real worth of that which is ſo ardently deſired. It is well known how much the mind, as well as the eye, is deceived by diſtance; and, perhaps, it will be found, that of many imagined bleſſings it may be doubted, whether he that wants or poſſeſſes them has more reaſon to be ſatisfied with his lot.

The dignity of high birth and long extraction, no man to whom nature has denied it, can confer upon himſelf; and therefore it deſerves to be conſidered, whether the want of that which can never be gained, may not eaſily be endured. It is true, that if we conſider the triumph and delight with which moſt of thoſe recount their anceſtors who have anceſtors to recount, and the artifices by which ſome who have riſen to unexpected fortune endeavour to inſert themſelves into an honourable ſtem, we ſhall be inclined to fancy that wiſdom or virtue may be had by inheritance, or that all the excellencies of a line of progenitors are accumulated on their deſcendant Reaſon, indeed, will ſoon inform us, that our eſtimation of birth is arbitrary and capricious, and that dead anceſtors can have no influence but upon imagination: let it then be examined, whether one dream may not operate in the place of another; whether he that owes nothing to fore-fathers, may not receive equal pleaſure from the conſciouſneſs of owing all to himſelf; whether he may not, with a little meditation, find it more honourable to found than to continue a family, and to gain dignity than tranſmit it: whether, if he receives no dignity from the virtues of his family, he does not likewiſe eſcape the danger of being diſgraced by their crimes; and whether he that brings a new name into the world, has not the convenience of playing the game of life without a ſtake, an opportunity of winning much though he has nothing to loſe.

There is another opinion concerning happineſs, which approaches much more nearly to univerſality, but which may, perhaps, with equal reaſon be diſputed. The pretenſions to anceſtral honours many of the ſons of earth eaſily ſee to be ill-grounded; but all agree to celebrate the advantage of hereditary riches, and to conſider thoſe of the minions of fortune, who are wealthy from their cradles, whoſe eſtate is 'res non parta labore ſed relicta—The 'acquiſition of another, not of themſelves;' and whom a father's induſtry has diſpenſed from a laborious attention to arts or commerce, and left at liberty to diſpoſe of life as fancy ſhall direct them.

If every man were wiſe and virtuous, capable to diſcern the beſt uſe of time, and reſolute to practiſe it; it might be granted, I think, without heſitation, that total liberty would be a bleſſing; and that it would be deſirable to be left at large to the exerciſe of religious and ſocial duties, without the interruption of importunate avocations.

But ſince felicity is relative, and that which is the means of happineſs to one man may be to another the cauſe of miſery, we are to conſider, what ſtate is beſt adapted to human nature in its preſent degeneracy and frailty. And, ſurely, to the far greater number it is highly expedient, that they ſhould by ſome ſettled ſcheme of duties be reſcued from the tyranny of caprice, that they ſhould be driven on by neceſſity through the paths of life with their attention confined to a ſtated taſk, that they may be leſs at leiſure to deviate into miſchief at the call of folly.

When we obſerve the lives of thoſe whom an ample inheritance has let looſe to their own direction, what do we diſcover that can excite our envy? Their time ſeems not to paſs with

much applauſe from others, or ſatisfaction to themſelves: many ſquander their exuberance of fortune in luxury and debauchery, and have no other uſe of money than to inflame their paſſions, and riot in a wider range of licentiouſneſs; others, leſs criminal indeed, but, ſurely, not much to be praiſed, lie down to ſleep, and riſe up to trifle, are employed every morning in finding expedients to rid themſelves of the day; chaſe pleaſure through all the places of public reſort, fly from London to Bath and from Bath to London, without any other reaſon for changing place, but that they go in queſt of company as idle and as vagrant as themſelves, always endeavouring to raiſe ſome new deſire that they may have ſomething to purſue, to rekindle ſome hope which they know will be diſappointed, changing one amuſement for another which a few months will make equally inſipid, or ſinking into languor and diſeaſe for want of ſomething to actuate their bodies or exhilarate their minds.

Whoever has frequented thoſe places, where idlers aſſemble to eſcape from ſolitude, knows that this is generally the ſtate of the wealthy: and from this ſtate it is no great hardſhip to be debarred. No man can be happy in total idleneſs: he that ſhould be condemned to lie torpid and motionleſs, 'would fly for recrea-'tion,' ſays South, 'to the mines and the gal-'lies;' and it is well, when nature or fortune find employment for thoſe who would not have known how to procure it for themſelves.

He, whoſe mind is engaged by the acquiſition or improvement of a fortune, not only eſcapes the inſipidity of indifference, and the tedioufneſs of inactivity, but gains enjoyments wholly unknown to thoſe who live lazily on the toil of others; for life affords no higher pleaſure, than that of ſurmounting difficulties, paſſing from one ſtep of ſucceſs to another, forming new wiſhes, and ſeeing them gratified. He that labours in any great or laudable undertaking, has his fatigues firſt ſupported by hope, and afterwards rewarded by joy; he is always moving to a certain end, and when he has attained it, an end more diſtant invites him to a new purſuit.

It does not, indeed, always happen, that diligence is fortunate; the wiſeſt ſchemes are broken by unexpected accidents; the moſt conſtant perſeverance ſometimes toils through life without a recompence: but labour, though unſucceſsful, is ſtill more eligible than idleneſs; he that proſecutes a lawful purpoſe by lawful means, acts always with the approbation of his own reaſon; he is animated through the courſe of his endeavours by an expectation which, though not certain, he knows to be juſt; and is at laſt comforted in his diſappointment, by the conſciouſneſs that he has not failed by his own fault.

That kind of life is moſt happy which affords us moſt opportunities of gaining our own eſteem; and what can any man infer in his own favour from a condition to which, however proſperous, he contributed nothing, and which the vileſt and weakeſt of the ſpecies would have obtained by the ſame right, had he happened to be the ſon of the ſame father?

To ſtrive with difficulties, and to conquer them, is the higheſt human felicity; the next, is to ſtrive, and deſerve to conquer: but he whoſe life has paſſed without a conteſt, and who can boaſt neither ſucceſs nor merit, can ſurvey himſelf only as a uſeleſs filler of exiſtence; and if he is content with his own character, muſt owe his ſatisfaction to inſenſibility.

Thus it appears that the ſatiriſt adviſed rightly, when he directed us to reſign ourſelves to the hands of Heaven, and to leave to ſuperior powers the determination of our lot:

Permittes ipſis expendere Numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebuſque ſit utile noſtris:
Carior eſt illis homo quam ſibi.

Intruſt thy fortune to the pow'rs above:
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want,
In goodneſs as in greatneſs they excel:
Ah! that we lov'd ourſelves but half ſo well.

DRYDEN.

What ſtate of life admits moſt happineſs, is uncertain; but that uncertainty ought to repreſs the petulance of compariſon, and ſilence the murmurs of diſcontent.

T

No. CXII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1753.

——*Has poenas garrula lingua dedit.* OVID.

Such was the fate of vain loquacity.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

TO be courteous to all, but familiar with few, is a maxim which I once deſpiſed, as originally proceeding from a mean and contracted mind, the frigid caution of weakneſs and timidity. A tame and indiſcriminate civility I imputed to a dread of the contempt or the petulance of others, to fears from which the wit and the gentleman are exempted by a conſciouſneſs of their own dignity, by their power to repreſs inſolence and ſilence ridicule; and a general ſhyneſs and reſerve I conſidered as the reproach of our country, as the effect of an illiberal education, by which neither a polite addreſs, an eaſy confidence, or a general acquaintance with public life, is to be acquired. This opinion, which continued to flatter the levity and pride that produced it, was ſtrengthened by the example of thoſe whoſe manner in the diffidence of youth I wiſhed to imitate, who entered a mixed company with an air of ſerene familiarity, accoſted every man like an old acquaintance, and thought only of making ſport for the reſt of any with whom their caprice ſhould happen to be offended, without regard to their age, character, or condition.

But I now wiſh, that I had regulated my conduct by the maxim which I deſpiſed, for I ſhould then have eſcaped a misfortune which I can never retrieve; and the ſenſe of which I am now endeavouring to ſuſpend, by relating it to you as a leſſon to others, and conſidering my loſs of happineſs as an acquiſition of wiſdom.

While I was in France with a travelling tutor, I received a letter which acquainted me that my father, who had been long declining, was dead; and that it was neceſſary I ſhould immediately return to England to take poſſeſſion of his eſtate, which was not inconſiderable, though there were mortgages upon it to near half its value.

When I arrived, I found a letter which the old gentleman had written and directed to me with his own hand. It contained ſome general rules for my conduct, and ſome animadverſions upon his own. He took notice of the incumbrance under which he left me the paternal inheritance, which had deſcended through many generations, and expreſſed the moſt earneſt deſire, that it might be tranſmitted intire to poſterity: with this view, he ſaid he had negotiated a marriage between me and the only daughter of his old friend, Sir George Homeſtead of the North, an amiable young lady, whoſe alliance would be an honour to my family, and whoſe fortune would much more than redeem my eſtate.

He had given the knight a faithful account of his affairs, who, after having taken ſome time to conſider the propoſal and conſult his friends, had conſented to the match, upon condition that his daughter and I ſhould be agreeable to each other, and my behaviour ſhould confirm the character which had been given of me. My father added, that he hoped to have lived till this alliance had taken place; but as Providence had otherwiſe determined, he intreated, as his laſt requeſt, that as ſoon as my affairs ſhould be ſettled, and decency would permit, I would make Sir George a viſit, and neglect nothing to accompliſh his purpoſe.

I was touched with the zeal and tenderneſs of parental affection, which was then directing me to happineſs, after the heart that felt it had ceaſed to beat, and the hand that expreſſed it was mouldering in the duſt. I had alſo ſeen the lady, not indeed ſince we were children; but I remember that her perſon was agreeable, and her temper ſweet: I did not therefore heſitate a moment, whether my father's injunction ſhould be obeyed. I proceeded to ſettle his affairs; I took an account of his debts and credits, viſited the tenants, recovered my uſual gaiety, and at the end of about nine months ſet out for Sir George's ſeat in the north; having before opened an epiſtolary correſpondence,

and expreſſed my impatience to poſſeſs the happineſs which my father had ſo kindly ſecured.

I was better pleaſed to be well mounted, than to loll in a chariot, or be jumbled in a poſt-chaiſe; and I knew that Sir George was an old ſportſman, a plain hearty blade, who would like me better in a pair of buckſkin breeches on the back of a good hunter, than in a trimmed ſuit and a gaudy equipage: I therefore ſet out on horſeback with only one ſervant, and reached Stilton the firſt night.

In the morning, as I was mounting, a gentleman, who had juſt got on horſeback before me, ordered his ſervant to make ſome enquiry about the road, which I happened to overhear, and told him with great familiarity, that I was going the ſame way, and if he pleaſed we would travel together: to this he conſented, with as much frankneſs, and as little ceremony; and I ſet forward, greatly delighted that chance had afforded me a companion.

We immediately entered into converſation, and I ſoon found that he had been abroad: we extolled the roads and the policy of France, the cities, the palaces, and the villas; entered into a critical examination of the moſt celebrated ſeats in England, the peculiarities of the building and ſituation, croſs ways, and market towns, the impoſition of innkeepers, and the ſports of the field; topics by which we mutually recommended ourſelves to each other, as we had both opportunities to diſcover equal knowledge, and to diſplay truth with ſuch evidence as prevented diverſity of opinions.

After we had rode about two hours, we overtook another gentleman, whom we accoſted with the ſame familiarity that we had uſed to each other; we aſked him how far he was going and which way, at what rate he travelled, where he put up, and many other queſtions of the ſame kind. The gentleman, who appeared to be near fifty, received our addreſs with great coolneſs, returned ſhort and indirect anſwers to our enquiries, and, often looking with great attention on us both, ſometimes put forward that he might get before us, and ſometimes checked his horſe that he might remain behind. But we were reſolved to diſappoint him; and, finding that his reſerve encreaſed, and he was viſibly diſpleaſed, we winked at each other, and determined the old put ſhould afford us ſome ſport. After we had rode together upon very ill terms more than half an hour, my companion, with an air of ceremonious gravity, aſked him if he knew any houſe upon the road where he might be accommodated with a wench. The gentleman, who was, I believe, afraid of giving us a pretence to quarrel, did not reſent this inſult any otherwiſe than by making no reply. I then began to talk to my companion as if we had been old acquaintance, reminding him that the gentleman extremely reſembled a perſon, from whom we had taken a girl that he was carrying to a bagnio, and, indeed, that his preſent reſerve made me ſuſpect him to be the ſame: but that as we were willing to aſk his pardon, we hoped it would be forgot, and that we ſhould ſtill have the pleaſure of dining together at the next inn. The gentleman was ſtill ſilent; but as his perplexity and reſentment viſibly increaſed, he proportionably increaſed our entertainment, which did not however laſt long, for he ſuddenly turned down a lane; upon which we ſet up a horſe laugh, that continued till he was out of hearing, and then purſuing our journey, we talked of our adventure, which afforded us converſation and merriment for the reſt of the day.

The next morning we parted, and in the evening I arrived at Homeſtead Hall. The old knight received me with great affection, and immediately introduced me to his daughter, whom I now thought the fineſt woman I had ever ſeen. I could eaſily diſcover, that I was not welcome merely upon her father's recommendation, and I enjoyed by anticipation the felicity which I conſidered as within my graſp. But the pleaſing ſcene in which I had ſuffered my imagination to wander, ſuddenly diſappeared as by the power of enchantment; without any viſible motive, the behaviour of the whole family was changed, my aſſiduities to the lady were repreſſed, ſhe was never to be found alone, the knight treated me with a cold civility, I was no longer a party in their viſits, nor was I willingly attended even by their ſervants. I made many attempts to diſcover the cauſe of this misfortune, but without ſucceſs; and one morning, when I had drawn Sir George into the garden by himſelf, and was about to urge him upon the ſubject, he prevented me by ſaying, that his promiſe to

my father, for whom he had the higheſt regard, as I well knew, was conditional; that he had always reſolved to leave his daughter a free choice, and that ſhe had requeſted him to acquaint me, that her affections were otherwiſe engaged, and to intreat that I would therefore diſcontinue my addreſſes. My ſurprize and concern at this declaration were ſuch as left me no power to reply; and I ſaw Sir George turn from me and go into the houſe, without making any attempt to ſtop him, or to obtain a further explanation. Afterwards, indeed, I frequently expoſtulated, intreated, and complained; but perceiving that all was ineffectual, I took my leave, and determined that I would ſtill ſolicit by letter; for the lady had taken ſuch poſſeſſion of my heart, that I would joyfully have married her, though I had been ſure that her father would immediately have left all his fortune to a ſtranger.

I meditated on my epiſtolary project all the way to London, and before I had been three days in town, I wrote a long letter to Sir George, in which I conjured him, in the ſtrongeſt terms, to account for the change in his behaviour; and inſiſted, that, on this occaſion, to conceal the truth, was in the higheſt degree diſhonourable to himſelf, and injurious to me.

To this letter, after about ten days, I received the following anſwer;

SIR,

IT is with great reluctance that I reveal the motives of my conduct, becauſe they are much to your diſadvantage. The incloſed is a letter which I received from a worthy gentleman in this county, and contains a full anſwer to your enquiries; which I had rather you ſhould receive in any hand than in mine.

I am your humble ſervant,

GEO. HOMESTEAD.

I immediately opened the paper incloſed, in which, with the utmoſt impatience, I read as follows:

SIR,

I SAW a perſon with your family yeſterday at the races, to whom, as I was ſoon after informed, you intended to give your daughter. Upon this occaſion, it is my indiſpenſable duty to acquaint you, that if his character is to be determined by his company, will be inevitably entail diſeaſes and beggary upon his poſterity, whatever be the merit of his wife, or the affluence of his fortune. He overtook me on the road from London a few weeks ago, in company with a wretch, who by their diſcourſe appeared to be his old and familiar acquaintance, and whom I well remember to have been brought before my friend Juſtice Worthy, when I was accidentally at his houſe, as the keeper of a brothel in Covent Garden. He ſince won a conſiderable ſum with falſe dice at the maſquerade, for which he was obliged to leave the kingdom, and is ſtill liable to a proſecution. Be aſſured that I have perfect knowledge of both; for ſome incidents, which it is not neceſſary to mention, kept me near them ſo long on the road, that it is impoſſible I ſhould be miſtaken.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

JAMES TRUEMAN.

The moment I had read this letter, the riddle was ſolved. I knew Mr. Trueman to be the gentleman whom I had concurred with a ſtranger, picked up by accident, to inſult without provocation on the road. I was in a moment covered with confuſion; and though I was alone, could not help hiding my face with my hands. I abhorred my folly, which appeared yet more erroneous every time it was reviewed.

I courted the ſociety of a ſtranger, and a ſtranger I perſecuted with inſult; thus I aſſociated with infamy, and thus my aſſociate became known. I hoped, however, to convince Sir George, that I had no knowledge of the wretch whoſe infamy I had ſhared, except that which I acquired from the letter of his friend. But before I had taken proper meaſures for my juſtification, I had the mortification to hear that the lady was married to a neighbouring gentleman, who had long made his addreſſes, and whom Sir George had before rejected, in the ardour of his friendſhip for my father.

How narrow, Mr. Adventurer, is the path of rectitude, and how much may be loſt by the ſlighteſt deviation!

I am your humble ſervant,

ABULUS.

No. CXIII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1753.

Ad humum moerore gravit deducit et angit. HOR.

Wrings the ſad ſoul, and bends it down to earth. FRANCIS.

ONE of the moſt remarkable differences betwixt ancient and modern tragedy, ariſes from the prevailing cuſtom of deſcribing only thoſe diſtreſſes that are occaſioned by the paſſion of love; a paſſion which, from the univerſality of its dominion, may doubtleſs juſtly claim a large ſhare in repreſentations of human life; but which, by totally engroſſing the theatre, had contributed to degrade that noble ſchool of virtue into an academy of effeminacy.

When Racine perſuaded the celebrated Arnauld to read his Phædra—'Why,' ſaid that ſevere critic to his friend, 'have you falſified the manners of Hippolitus, and repreſented him in love?'--'Alas?' replied the poet, 'without that circumſtance, how would the ladies and the beaux have received my piece?' And it may well be imagined, that to gratify ſo conſiderable and important a part of his audience, was the powerful motive that induced Corneille to enervate even the matchleſs and affecting ſtory of Oedipus, by the frigid and impertinent epiſode of Theſeus's paſſion for Dirce.

Shakeſpeare has ſhewn us, by his Hamlet, Macbeth, and Cæſar, and, above all, by his Lear, that very intereſting tragedies may be written, that are not founded on gallantry and love; and that Boileau was miſtaken, when he affirmed—

———de l'amour la ſenſible peinture,
Eſt pour aller au cœur la route la plus ſûre.

Thoſe tender ſcenes that pictur'd love impart,
Inſure ſucceſs and beſt engage the heart.

The diſtreſſes in this tragedy are of a very uncommon nature, and are not touched upon by any other dramatic author. They are occaſioned by a raſh reſolution of an aged monarch, of ſtrong paſſions and quick ſenſibility, to reſign his crown, and to divide his kingdom among his three daughters; the youngeſt of whom, who was his favourite, not anſwering his ſanguine expectations in expreſſions of affection to him, he for ever baniſhes, and endows her ſiſters with her allotted ſhare. Their unnatural ingratitude, the intolerable affronts, indignities, and cruelties, he ſuffers from them, and the remorſe he feels from his imprudent reſignation of his power, at firſt inflame him with the moſt violent rage, and by degrees drive him to madneſs and death. This is the outline of the fable.

I ſhall confine myſelf at preſent to conſider ſingly the judgment and art of the poet, in deſcribing the origin and progreſs of the diſtraction of Lear; in which, I think, he has ſucceeded better than any other writer; even than Euripides himſelf, whom Longinus ſo highly commends for his repreſentation of the madneſs of Oreſtes.

It is well contrived, that the firſt affront that is offered to Lear, ſhould be a propoſal from Gonerill, his eldeſt daughter, to leſſen the number of his knights, which muſt needs affect and irritate a perſon ſo jealous of his rank and the reſpect due to it. He is at firſt aſtoniſhed at the complicated impudence and ingratitude of this deſign; but quickly kindles into rage, and reſolves to depart inſtantly.

———Darkneſs and devils!——
Saddle my horſes, call my train together—
Degen'rate baſtard! I'll not trouble thee.

This is followed by a ſevere reflection upon his own folly for reſigning his crown; and a ſolemn invocation to Nature to heap the moſt horrible curſes on the head of Gonerill, that her own offſpring may prove equally cruel and unnatural—

———that ſhe may feel,
How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankleſs child!

When Albany demands the cauſe of this paſſion, Lear anſwers—'I'll tell thee!' but immediately cries out to Gonerill—

——Life and death! I am aſhamed
That thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus.

——Blaſts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curſe
Pierce every ſenſe about thee!

He ſtops a little and reflects:

Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be ſo! I have another daughter,
Who, I am ſure, is kind and comfortable.
When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolfiſh viſage———

He was, however, miſtaken; for the firſt object he encounters in the caſtle of the Earl of Glouceſter, whither he fled to meet his other daughter, was his ſervant in the ſtocks; from whence he may eaſily conjecture what reception he is to meet with:

——Death on my ſtate! Wherefore
Should he ſit here?

He adds immediately afterwards—

O me, my heart! my riſing heart!—but down.

By which ſingle line, the inexpreſſible anguiſh of his mind, and the dreadful conflict of oppoſite paſſions with which it is agitated, are more forcibly expreſſed, than by the long and laboured ſpeech, enumerating the cauſes of his anguiſh, that Rowe and other modern tragic writers would certainly have put into his mouth. But Nature, Sophocles, and Shakeſpeare, repreſent the feelings of the heart in a different manner; by a broken hint, a ſhort exclamation, a word, or a look:

They mingle not, 'mid deep-felt ſighs and groans,
Deſcriptions gay, or quaint compariſons,
No flowery far-fetch'd thoughts their ſcenes admit;
Ill ſuits conceit with paſſion, woe with wit.
Here paſſion prompts each ſhort, expreſſive ſpeech;
Or ſilence paints what words can never reach.

J. W.

When Jocaſta, in Sophocles, has diſcovered that Oedipus was the murderer of her huſband, ſhe immediately leaves the ſtage; but in Corneille and Dryden ſhe continues on it during a whole ſcene, to bewail her deſtiny in ſet ſpeeches. I ſhould be guilty of inſenſibility and injuſtice, if I did not take this occaſion to acknowledge, that I have been more moved and delighted, by hearing this ſingle line ſpoken by the only actor of the age who underſtands and reliſhes theſe little touches of nature, and therefore the only one qualified to perſonate this moſt difficult character of Lear, than by the moſt pompous declaimer of the moſt pompous ſpeeches in Cato or Tamerlane.

In the next ſcene the old king appears in a very diſtreſsful ſituation. He informs Regan, whom he believes to be ſtill actuated by filial tenderneſs, of the cruelties he had ſuffered from her ſiſter Gonerill, in very pathetic terms:

———Beloved Regan,
Thy ſiſter's naught—O Regan! ſhe hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs, like a vulture, here.
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thee—thou'lt not believe
With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

It is a ſtroke of wonderful art in the poet to repreſent him incapable of ſpecifying the particular ill uſage he has received, and breaking off thus abruptly as if his voice was choaked by tenderneſs and reſentment.

When Regan counſels him to aſk her ſiſter forgiveneſs, he falls on his knees with a very ſtriking kind of irony, and aſks her how ſuch ſupplicating language as this becometh him:

Dear daughter, I confeſs that I am old;
Age is unneceſſary: on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchſafe me raiment, bed, and food.

But being again exhorted to ſue for reconciliation, the advice wounds him to the quick, and forces him into execrations againſt Gonerill, which, though they chill the ſoul with horror, are yet well ſuited to the impetuoſity of his temper:

She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; ſtruck me with her tongue,
Moſt ſerpent like, upon the very heart——
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones,
Ye taking airs, with lameneſs!——
Ye nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornful eyes!——

The wretched king, little imagining that he is to be outcaſt from Regan alſo, adds very movingly—

———'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my train,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes.——

———Thou better know'ſt
The offices of nature, bond of childhood—
Thy half o' th' kingdom thou haſt not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd——

That the hopes he had conceived of tender uſage from Regan ſhould be deceived, heightens his diſtreſs to a great degree. Yet it is ſtill aggravated and increaſed by the ſudden appearance of Gonerill; upon the unexpected ſight of whom he exclaims—

———Who comes here? O heavens!
If you do love old men, if your ſweet ſway
Allow obedience, if yourſelves are old,
Make it your cauſe; ſend down and take my part.

This addreſs is ſurely pathetic beyond expreſſion; it is ſcarce enough to ſpeak of it in the cold terms of criticiſm. There follows a queſtion to Gonerill, that I have never read without tears:

Ar't not aſham'd to look upon this beard?

This ſcene abounds with many noble turns of paſſion, or rather conflicts of very different paſſions. The inhuman daughters urge him in vain, by all the ſophiſtical and unfilial arguments they were miſtreſſes of, to diminiſh the number of his train. He anſwers them by onlyfour poignant words:

I gave you all!

When Regan at laſt conſents to receive him, but without any attendants, for that he might be ſerved by her own domeſtics, he can no longer contain his diſappointment and rage. Firſt he appeals to the heavens, and points out to them a ſpectacle that is indeed inimitably affecting—

You ſee me here, ye Gods! a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both:
If it be you that ſtir theſe daughters hearts
Againſt their father, fool me not ſo much
To bear it tamely!

Then ſuddenly he addreſſes Gonerill and Regan in the ſevereſt terms and with the bittereſt threats:

——No, you unnatural hags!
I will have ſuch revenges on you both—
That all the word ſhall———I will do ſuch
things——
What they are yet, I know not——

Nothing occurs to his mind ſevere enough for them to ſuffer, or him to inflict. His paſſion riſes to a height that deprives him of articulation. He tells them that he will ſubdue his ſorrow, though almoſt irreſiſtible; and that they ſhall not triumph over his weakneſs:

——You think I'll weep!
No! I'll not weep; I have full cauſe of weeping;
But this heart ſhall break into a thouſand flaws,
Or e'er I'll weep!

He concludes—

O fool—I ſhall go mad!

which is an artful anticipation, that judiciouſly prepares us for the dreadful event that is to follow in the ſucceeding acts.

Z

No. CXIV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1753.

Sperat infeſtis, metuit ſecundis,
Alteram ſortem bene præparatum
Pectus. HOR.

Whoe'er enjoys th' untroubled breaſt,
With virtue's tranquil wiſdom bleſt;
With hope the gloomy hour can cheer,
And temper happineſs with fear. FRANCIS.

ALMET, the Derviſe, who watched the ſacred lamp in the ſepulchre of the Prophet, as he one day roſe up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple with his body turned towards the eaſt, and his forehead on the earth, ſaw before him a man in ſplendid apparel, attended by a long retinue, who gazed ſtedfaſtly at him with a look of mournful complacence, and ſeemed deſirous to ſpeak, but unwilling to offend.

The Derviſe, after a ſhort ſilence, advanced, and ſaluting him with the calm dignity which independence confers upon humility, requeſted that he would reveal his purpoſe.

'Almet, ſaid the ſtranger, 'thou ſeeſt before thee a man, whom the hand of proſperity has overwhelmed with wretchedneſs. 'Whatever I once deſired as the means of happineſs, I now poſſeſs; but I am not yet happy, and therefore I deſpair. I regret the 'lapſe of time, becauſe it glides away without enjoyment; and as I expect nothing in 'the future but the vanities of the paſt, I do 'not wiſh that the future ſhould arrive. Yet 'I tremble leſt it ſhould be cut off; and my 'heart ſinks when I anticipate the moment, 'in which eternity ſhall cloſe over the vacuity 'of my life like the ſea upon the path of a 'ſhip, and leave no traces of my exiſtence 'more durable than the furrow which remains 'after the waves have united. If in the treaſures of thy wiſdom there is any precept to 'obtain felicity, vouchſafe it to me: for this 'purpoſe am I come; a purpoſe which yet I feared 'to reveal, leſt, like all the former, it ſhould be 'diſappointed.' Almet liſtened, with looks of aſtoniſhment and pity, to this complaint of a being, in whom reaſon was known to be a pledge of immortality; but the ſerenity of his countenance ſoon returned; and, ſtretching out his hand towards Heaven—

STRANGER, ſaid he, the knowledge which I have received from the Prophet, I will communicate to thee.

As I was ſitting one evening at the porch of the temple penſive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was ſcattered before me; and while I remarked the wearineſs and ſolicitude which was viſible in every countenance, I was ſuddenly ſtruck with a ſenſe of their condition. 'Wretched mortals,' ſaid I, 'to what purpoſe are you buſy? If to produce 'happineſs, by whom is it enjoyed? Do the linens of Egypt, and the ſilks of Perſia, beſtow 'felicity on thoſe who wear them, equal to the 'wretchedneſs of yonder ſlaves whom I ſee 'leading the camels that bring them? Is the 'fineneſs of the texture, or the ſplendor of the 'tints, regarded with delight by thoſe to whom 'cuſtom has rendered them familiar? or can 'the power of habit render others inſenſible of 'pain, who live only to traverſe the deſart; 'a ſcene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon; 'where no change of proſpect, or variety of 'images, relieves the traveller from a ſenſe of 'toil and danger, of whirlwinds which in a 'moment may bury him in the ſand, and of 'thirſt which the wealthy have given half their 'poſſeſſions to allay? Do thoſe on whom hereditary diamonds ſparkle with unregarded luſtre, gain from the poſſeſſion what is loſt by 'the wretch who ſeeks them in the mine; who 'lives excluded from the common bounties of 'nature; to whom even the viciſſitude of day 'and night is not known; who ſighs in perpetual darkneſs, and whoſe life is one mournful alternative of inſenſibility and labour? 'If thoſe are not happy who poſſeſs, in proportion as thoſe are wretched who beſtow, 'how vain a dream is the life of man! And if 'there is, indeed, ſuch difference in the value of 'exiſtence, how ſhall we acquit of partiality the 'hand by which this difference has been made?'

While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became ſenſible of a ſudden influence from above. The ſtreets and the crowds of Mecca diſappeared; I found myſelf ſitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right-hand an angel, whom I knew to be Azoran, the miniſter of reproof. When I ſaw him I was afraid. I caſt mine eye upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be ſilent, 'Almet,' ſaid he, 'thou haſt devoted 'thy life to meditation, that thy counſel might 'deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, 'and deter preſumption from the precipice of 'guilt: but the book of nature thou haſt read 'without underſtanding; it is again open before thee; look up, conſider it and be wiſe.'

I looked up, and beheld an incloſure, beautiful as the gardens of Paradiſe, but of a ſmall extent. Through the middle, there was a green walk; at the end, a wild deſart; and beyond, impenetrable darkneſs. The walk was ſhaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with bloſſoms and fruit; innumerable birds were ſinging in the branches;

the graſs was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty: on one ſide flowed a gentle tranſparent ſtream, which was juſt heard to murmur over the golden ſands that ſparkled at the bottom; and on the other were walks and bowers, fountains, grottoes, and caſcades, which diverſified the ſcene with endleſs variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

While I was gazing in a tranſport of delight and wonder on this enchanting ſpot, I perceived a man ſtealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace: his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms croſſed on his boſom; he ſometimes ſtarted, as if a ſudden pang had ſeized him; his countenance expreſſed ſolicitude and terror; he looked round with a ſigh, and having gazed a moment on the deſart that lay before him, he ſeemed as if he wiſhed to ſtop, but was impelled forwards by ſome inviſible power: his features, however, ſoon ſettled again into a calm melancholy; his eye was again fixed on the ground; and he went on, as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was ſtruck with this appearance; and turning haſtily to the Angel, was about to enquire what could produce ſuch infelicity in a being, ſurrounded with every object that could gratify every ſenſe; but he prevented my requeſt: 'The book of 'nature,' ſaid he, 'is before thee; look up, 'conſider it, and be wiſe.' I looked, and beheld a valley btween two mountains that were craggy and barren; on the path there was no verdure, and the mountain afforded no ſhade; the ſun burned in the zenith, and every ſpring was dried up; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleaſant and fertile, ſhaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a ſecond view, I diſcovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was chearful, and his deportment active: he kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was reſtrained, as the other had been impelled, by ſome ſecret influence: ſometimes, indeed, I perceived a ſudden expreſſion of pain, and ſome times he ſtepped ſhort as if his foot was pierced by the aſperities of the way; but the ſprightlineſs of his countenance inſtantly returned, and he preſſed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

I turned again toward the Angel, impatient to enquire from what ſecret ſource happineſs was derived, in a ſituation ſo different from that in which it might have been expected: but he again prevented my requeſt; 'Almet,' ſaid he, 'remember what thou haſt ſeen, and 'let this memorial be written upon the tablets 'of thy heart. Remember, Almet, that the 'world in which thou art placed, is but the 'road to another; and that happineſs depends 'not upon the path, but the end: the value 'of this period of thy exiſtence is fixed by 'hope and fear. The wretch who wiſhed to 'linger in the garden, who looked round upon 'its limits with terror, was deſtitute of en-'joyment, becauſe he was deſtitute of hope, 'and was perpetually tormented by the dread 'of loſing that which yet he did not enjoy: 'the ſong of the birds had been repeated till 'it was not heard, and the flowers had ſo often recurred, that their beauty was not ſeen; 'the river glided by unnoticed; and he feared 'to lift his eye to the proſpect, leſt he ſhould 'behold the waſte that circumſcribed it. But 'he that toiled through the valley was happy, 'becauſe he looked forward with hope. Thus, 'to the ſojourner upon earth, it is of little 'moment, whether the path he treads be ſtrewed 'with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives 'himſelf to approach thoſe regions, in compariſon of which the thorns and the flowers 'of this wilderneſs loſe their diſtinction, and 'are both alike impotent to give pleaſure or pain.

'What then, has Eternal Wiſdom unequally 'diſtributed? That which can make every ſtation happy, and without which every ſtation 'muſt be wretched, is acquired by Virtue, and 'Virtue is poſſible to all. Remember, Almet, 'the viſion which thou haſt ſeen; and let my 'words be written on the tablet of thy heart, 'that thou mayeſt direct the wanderer to happineſs, and juſtify GOD to men.'

While the voice of Azoran was yet ſounding in my ear, the proſpect vaniſhed from before me, and I found myſelf again

again ſitting at the porch of the temple The ſun was gone down, the multitude was retired to reſt, and the ſolemn quiet of midnight concurred with the reſolution of my doubts to compleat the tranquility of my mind.

Such, my ſon, was the viſion which the Prophet vouchſafed me, not for my ſake only, but for thine. Thou haſt ſought felicity in temporal things; and, therefore, thou art diſappointed. Let not inſtruction be loſt upon thee, as the ſeal of Mahomet in the well of Aris: but go thy way, let thy flock cloath the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppreſſion, and let thy converſation be Above. Thus ſhalt thou 'rejoice in Hope,' and look forward to the end of life as the conſummation of thy felicity.

Almet, in whoſe breaſt devotion kindled as he ſpake, returned into the temple, and the ſtranger departed in peace.

No. CXV. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1753.

Scribimus indocti doctique. HOR.

All dare to write, who can or cannot read.

THEY who have attentively conſidered the hiſtory of mankind, know that every age has its peculiar character. At one time, no deſire is felt but for military honours; every ſummer affords battles and ſieges, and the world is filled with ravage, bloodſhed, and devaſtation: this ſanguinary fury at length ſubſides, and nations are divided into factions, by controverſies about points that will never be decided. Men then grow weary of debate and altercation, and apply themſelves to the arts of profit; trading companies are formed, manufacturers improved, and navigation extended; and nothing is any longer thought on, but the increaſe and preſervation of property, the artifices of getting money, and the pleaſures of ſpending it.

The preſent age, if we conſider chiefly the ſtate of our own country, may be ſtiled with great propriety, The Age of Authors; for, perhaps, there never was a time, in which men of all degrees of ability, of every kind of education, of every profeſſion and employment, were poſting with ardour ſo general to the preſs. The province of writing was formerly left to thoſe who, by ſtudy, or appearance of ſtudy, were ſuppoſed to have gained knowledge unattainable by the buſy part of mankind; but in theſe enlightened days, every man is qualified to inſtruct every other man: and he that beats the anvil, or guides the plough, not content with ſupplying corporal neceſſities, amuſes himſelf in the hours of leiſure with providing intellectual pleaſures for his countrymen.

It may be obſerved, that of this, as of other evils, complaints have been made by every generation: but though it may perhaps be true, that at all times more have been willing than have been able to write, yet there is no reaſon for believing, that the dogmatical legions of the preſent race were ever equalled in number by any former period; for ſo widely is ſpread the itch of literary praiſe, that almoſt every man is an author, either in act or in purpoſe; has either beſtowed his favours on the public, or withholds them, that they may be more ſeaſonably offered, or made more worthy of acceptance.

In former times, the pen, like the ſword, was conſidered as conſigned by nature to the hands of men; the ladies contented themſelves with private virtues and domeſtic excellence; and a female writer, like a female warrior, was conſidered as a kind of eccentric being, that deviated, however illuſtriouſly, from her due ſphere of motion, and was therefore rather to be gazed at with wonder, than countenanced by imitation. But as the times paſt are ſaid to have been a nation of Amazons, who drew the bow and wielded the battle-axe, formed encampments and waſted nations; the revolution of years has now produced a generation of Amazons of the pen, who with the ſpirit of their predeceſſors have ſet their maſculine tyranny at defiance, aſſerted their claim to the regi-

ons of ſcience, and ſeemed to conteſt the uſurpations of virility.

Some, indeed, there are of both ſexes, who are authors only in deſire, but have not yet attained the power of executing their intentions; whoſe performances have not arrived at bulk ſufficient to form a volume, or who have not the confidence, however impatient of nameleſs obſcurity, to ſolicit openly the aſſiſtance of the printer. Among theſe are the innumerable correſpondents of public papers, who are always offering aſſiſtance which no man will receive, and ſuggeſting hints that are never taken, and who complain loudly of the perverſeneſs and arrogance of authors, lament their inſenſibility of their own intereſt, and fill the coffee-houſes with dark ſtories of performances by eminent hands, which have been offered and rejected.

To what cauſe this univerſal eagerneſs of writing can be properly aſcribed, I have not yet been able to diſcover. It is ſaid, that every art is propagated in proportion to the rewards conferred upon it; a poſition from which a ſtranger would naturally infer, that literature was now bleſſed with patronage far tranſcending the candour or munificence of the Auguſtan age, that the road to greatneſs was open to none but authors, and that by writing alone riches and honour were to be obtained.

But ſince it is true, that writers, like other competitors, are very little diſpoſed to favour one another, it is not to be expected, that at a time when every man writes, any man will patronize; and, accordingly, there is not one that I can recollect at preſent, who profeſſes the leaſt regard for the votaries of ſcience, invites the addreſſes of learned men, or ſeems to hope from reputation from any pen but his own.

The cauſe therefore, of this epidemical conſpiracy for the deſtruction of paper, muſt remain a ſecret: nor can I diſcover, whether we owe it to the influences of the conſtellations, or the intemperature of ſeaſons; whether the long continuance of the wind at any ſingle point, or intoxicating vapours exhaled from the earth, have turned our nobles and our peaſants, our ſoldiers and traders, our men and women, all into wits, philoſophers, and writers.

It is, indeed, of more importance to ſearch out the cure than the cauſe of this intellectual malady; and he would deſerve well of his country, who, inſtead of amuſing himſelf with conjectural ſpeculations, ſhould find means of perſuading the peer to inſpect the ſteward's accounts, or repair the rural manſion of his anceſtors, who could replace the tradeſman behind his counter, and ſend back the farmer to the mattock and the flail.

General irregularities are known in time to remedy themſelves. By the conſtitution of ancient Egypt, the prieſtſtood was continually increaſing, till at length there was no people beſide themſelves; the eſtabliſhment was then diſſolved, and the number of prieſts was reduced and limited. Thus, among us, writers will perhaps be multiplied, till no readers will be found, and then the ambition of writing muſt neceſſarily ceaſe.

But as it will be long before the cure is thus gradually effected, and the evil ſhould be ſtopped, if it be poſſible, before it riſes to ſo great a height, I could wiſh that both ſexes would fix their thoughts upon ſome ſalutary conſiderations, which might repreſs their ardour for that reputation which not one of many thouſands is fated to obtain.

Let it be deeply impreſſed and frequently recollected, that he who has not obtained the proper qualifications of an author, can have no excuſe for the arrogance of writing, but the power of imparting to mankind ſomething neceſſary to be known. A man uneducated or unlettered may ſometimes ſtart a uſeful thought, or make a lucky diſcovery, or obtain by chance ſome ſecret of nature, or ſome intelligence of facts, of which the moſt enlightened mind may be ignorant, and which it is better to reveal, though by a rude and unſkilful communication, than to loſe for ever by ſuppreſſing it.

But few will be juſtified by this plea; for of the innumerable books and pamphlets that have overflowed the nation, ſcarce one has made any addition to real knowledge, or contained more than a tranſpoſition of common ſentiments and a repetition of common phraſes.

It will be naturally inquired, when the man who feels an inclination to write, may venture to ſuppoſe himſelf properly qualified; and, ſince every man is inclined to think well of his own intellect, by what teſt he may

try his abilities, without hazarding the contempt or reſentment of the public.

The firſt qualification of a writer, is a perfect knowledge of the ſubject which he undertakes to treat; ſince we cannot teach what we do not know, nor can properly undertake to inſtruct others while we are ourſelves in wane of inſtruction. The next requiſite is, that he be maſter of the language in which he delivers his ſentiments; if he treats of ſcience and demonſtration, that he has attained a ſtyle clear, pure, nervous, and expreſſive; if his topics be probable and perſuaſory, that he be able to recommend them by the ſupperaddition of elegance in imagery, to diſplay the colours of varied diction, and pour forth the muſic of modulated periods.

If it be again enquired, upon what principles any man ſhall conclude that he wants theſe powers, it may be readily anſwered, that no end is attained but by the proper means; he only can rationally preſume that he underſtands a ſubject, who has read and compared the writers that have hitherto diſcuſſed it, familiarized their arguments to himſelf by long meditation, conſulted the foundations of different ſyſtems, and ſeparated truth from error by a rigorous examination.

In like manner, he only has a right to ſuppoſe that he can expreſs his thoughts, whatever they are, with perſpicuity or elegance, who has carefully peruſed the beſt authors, accurately noted the diverſities of ſtyle, diligently ſelected the beſt modes of diction, and familiarized them by long habits of attentive practice.

No man is a rhetorician or philoſopher by chance. He who knows that he undertakes to write on queſtions which he has never ſtudied, may without heſitation determine, that he is about to waſte his own time and that of his reader, and expoſe himſelf to the deriſion of thoſe whom he aſpires to inſtruct: he that without forming his ſtyle by the ſtudy of the beſt models, haſtens to obtrude his compoſitions on the public, may be certain, that whatever hope or flattery may ſuggeſt, he ſhall ſhock the learned ear with barbariſm,, and contribute, wherever his work ſhall be received, to the depravation of taſte and the corruption of language.

T

No. CXVI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1753.

——Æſtuat ingens
Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque inſania luctu,
Et furiis agitatus amor, et conſcia virtus. VIRG.

Rage boiling from the bottom of his breaſt,
And ſorrow mix'd with ſhame his ſoul oppreſt;
And conſcious worth lay lab'ring in his thought;
And love by jealouſy to madneſs wrought. DRYDEN.

THUNDER and a ghoſt have been frequently introduced into tragedy by barren and mechanical play-wrights, as proper objects to impreſs terror and aſtoniſhment, where the diſtreſs has not been important enough to render it probable that nature would interpoſe for the ſake of the ſufferers, and where theſe objects themſelves have not been ſupported by ſuitable ſentiments. Thunder has, however, been made uſe of with great judgment and good effect by Shakeſpeare, to heighten and impreſs the diſtreſſes of Lear.

The venerable and wretched old king is driven out by both his daughters, without neceſſaries and without attendants, not only in the night, but in the midſt of a moſt dreadful ſtorm, and on a bleak and barren heath. On his firſt appearance in this ſituation, he draws an artful and pathetic compariſon betwixt the ſeverity of the tempeſt and of his daughters:

Rumble thy belly full! ſpit, fire! ſpout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.

I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindneſs;
I never gave you kingdom, called you children;
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure. Here I ſtand your ſlave;
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man!

The ſtorm continuing with equal violence, he drops for a moment the conſideration of his own miſeries, and takes occaſion to moralize on the terrors which ſuch commotions of nature ſhould raiſe in the breaſt of ſecret and unpuniſhed villainy:

——Tremble, thou wretch!
That haſt within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipt of juſtice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou ſimular of virtue
That art inceſtuous!—
——Cloſe pent-up guilts
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace!—

He adds, with reference to his own caſe——

——I am a man
More ſinn'd againſt, than ſinning.

Kent moſt earneſtly intreats him to enter a hovel which he had diſcovered on the heath; and on preſſing him again and again to take ſhelter there, Lear exclaims—

Wilt break my heart?

Much is contained in theſe four words; as if he had ſaid—'The kindneſs and the gratitude 'of this ſervant exceeds that of my own chil-'dren. Though I have given them a king-'dom, yet have they baſely diſcarded 'me, and ſuffered a head ſo old and white 'as mine to be expoſed to this terrible tempeſt, 'while this fellow pities and would protect me 'from its rage. I cannot bear this kindneſs 'from a ſtranger; it breaks my heart.' All this ſeems to be included in that ſhort exclamation, which another writer, leſs acquainted with nature, would have diſplayed at large: ſuch a ſuppreſſion of ſentiments plainly implied, is judicious and affecting. The reflections that follow are drawn likewiſe from an intimate knowledge of man:

When the mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there——

Here the remembrance of his daughters behaviour ruſhes upon him, and he exclaims, full of the idea of its unparalleled cruelty—

——Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as this mouth ſhould tear this hand
For lifting food to it!

He then changes his ſtile, and vows with impotent menaces, as if ſtill in poſſeſſion of the power he had reſigned, to revenge himſelf on his oppreſſors, and to ſteel his breaſt with fortitude:

——But I'll puniſh home.
No, I will weep no more!——

But the ſenſe of his ſufferings returns again, he forgets the reſolution he had formed the moment before:

In ſuch a night,
To ſhut me out?—Pour on, I will endure—
In ſuch a night as this——

At which, with a beautiful apoſtrophe, he ſuddenly addreſſes himſelf to his abſent daughters, tenderly reminding them of the favours he had ſo lately and ſo liberally conferred upon them:

——O Regan—Gonerill—
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all!
O that way madneſs lies; let me ſhun that;
No more of that!

The turns of paſſion in theſe few lines are ſo quick and ſo various, that I thought they merited to be minutely pointed out by a kind of perpetual commentary.

The mind is never ſo ſenſibly diſpoſed to pity the misfortunes of others, as when it is itſelf ſubdued and ſoftened by calamity. Adverſity diffuſes a kind of ſacred calm over the breaſt, that is the parent of thoughtfulneſs and meditation. The following reflections of Lear in his next ſpeech, when his paſſion has ſubſided for a ſhort interval, are equally proper and ſtriking:

Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er ye are,
That bide the pelting of this pityleſs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe!

He concludes with a ſentiment finely ſuited to his condition, and worthy to be written in characters of gold in the cloſet of every monarch upon earth:

O! I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take phyſic, pomp!
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the Heav'ns more juſt!——

Lear being at laſt perſuaded to take ſhelter in the hovel, the poet has artfully contrived to lodge there Edgar, the diſcarded ſon of Glouceſter, who counterfeits the character and habit of a mad beggar, haunted by an evil demon, and whoſe ſuppoſed ſufferings are enumerated with an inimitable wildneſs of fancy; 'Whom the foul fiend hath led through fire, 'and through flame, through ford and whirl-'pool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid 'knives under his pillow, and halters in his 'pew; ſet ratſbane by his porridge; made him 'proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting 'horſe over four-inched bridges, to courſe his 'own ſhadow for a traitor.——Bleſs thy five 'wits, Tom's a cold!' The aſſumed madneſs of Edgar, and the real diſtraction of Lear, form a judicious contraſt.

Upon perceiving the nakedneſs and wretchedneſs of this figure, the poor king aſks a queſtion that I never could read without ſtrong emotions of pity and admiration:

What! have his daughters brought him to this paſs?
Couldſt thou ſave nothing? Didſt thou give them all?

And when Kent aſſures him, that the beggar hath no daughters, he haſtily anſwers—

Death, traitor, nothing could have ſubdued nature
To ſuch a lowneſs, but his unkind daughters.

Afterwards, upon the calm contemplation of the miſery of Edgar, he breaks out into the following ſerious and pathetic reflection: Thou 'wert better in thy grave, than to anſwer with 'thy uncovered body this extremity of the 'ſkies. Is man no more than this? Conſider 'him well. Thou oweſt the worm no ſilk, the 'beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wool, the cat 'no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are ſo-'phiſticated. Thou art the thing itſelf: un-'accommodated man is no more than ſuch a 'poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. 'Off, off, you lendings! Come, unbutton 'here.'

Shakeſpeare has no where exhibited more inimitable ſtrokes of his art, than in this uncommon ſcene; where he has ſo well conducted even the natural jargon of the beggar, and the jeſtings of the fool, which in other hands muſt have ſunk into burleſque, that they contribute to heighten the pathetic to a very high degree.

The heart of Lear having been agitated and torn by a conflict of ſuch oppoſition and tumultuous paſſions, it is not wonderful that his 'wits ſhould now begin to unſettle.' The firſt plain indication of the loſs of his reaſon, is his calling Edgar a 'learned Theban:' and telling Kent, that 'he will keep ſtill with his 'philoſopher.' When he next appears, he imagines he is puniſhing his daughters. The imagery is extremely ſtrong, and chills one with horror to read it—

To have a thouſand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in upon them!——

As the fancies of lunatics have an extraordinary force and livelineſs, and render the objects of their frenzy as it were preſent to their eyes, Lear actually thinks himſelf ſuddenly reſtored to his kingdom, and ſeated in judgment to try his daughters for their cruelties:

I'll ſee their trial firſt; bring in the evidence.
Thou robed man of juſtice, take thy place;
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his ſide. You are of the commiſſion,
Sit you too. Arraign her firſt, 'tis Goneril——
And here's another, whoſe warpt looks proclaim
What ſtore her heart is made of.——

Here he imagines that Regan escapes out of his hands, and he eagerly exclaims—

——Stop her there.
Arms, arms, sword, fire——Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

A circumstance follows that is strangely moving indeed: for he fancies that his favourite domestic creatures, that used to fawn upon and caress him, and of which he was eminently fond, have now their tempers changed, and join to insult him:

——The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see! they bark at me.

He again resumes his imaginary power, and orders them to anatomize Regan; 'See what 'breeds about her heart—Is there any cause in 'nature that makes these hard hearts! You, 'Sir,' speaking to Edgar, 'I entertain for 'one of my Hundred; a circumstance most artfully introduced to remind us of the first affront he received, and to fix our thought on the causes of his distraction.

General criticism is on all subjects useless and unentertaining; but is more than commonly absurd with respect to Shakespeare, who must be accompanied step by step, and scene by scene, in his gradual developements of characters and passions, and whose finer features must be singly pointed out, if we would do compleat justice to his genuine beauties. It would have been easy to have declared, in general terms, 'that the madness of Lear was very natural 'and pathetic;' and the reader might then have escaped, what he may, perhaps, call a multitude of well-known quotations: but then it had been impossible to exhibit a perfect picture of the secret workings and changes of Lear's mind, which vary in each succeeding passage, and which render an allegation of each particular sentiment absolutely necessary.

Z

No. CXVII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1753.

Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes.

VIRG.

Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid.

DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I WILL not anticipate the subject of this letter, by relating the motives from which I have written it; nor shall I expect it to be published, if, when you have read it, you do not think that it contains more than one topick of instruction.

My mother has been dead so long that I do not remember her; and when I was in my eighteenth year, I was left a fortune of twenty thousand pounds at my own disposal. I have been often told, that I am handsome; and I have some reasons to believe it to be true, which are very far from gratifying my vanity or conferring happiness.

I was soon addressed by many lovers, from among whom I selected Hilario, the elder brother of a good family, whose paternal estate was something more than equivalent to my fortune.

Hilario was universally admired as a man of sense; and, to confess the truth, not much less as a man of pleasure. His character appeared to rise in proportion as it was thought to endanger those about him; he derived new dignity, not only from the silence of the men, but the blushes of the ladies; and those whose wit or virtue did not suffer by the admission of such a guest, were honoured as persons who could treat upon equal terms with a hero, who was become formidable by the number of conquests: his company, therefore, was courted by all whom their fears did not restrain; the rest considered him as moving in a sphere above them, and in proportion as they were able to imitate him, they became vicious and petulant in their own circle.

I was myſelf captivated with his manner and converſation; I hoped that upon Underſtanding I ſhould be able to engraft Virtue; I was rather encouraged than cautioned by my friends; and after a few months courtſhip I became his wife.

During a ſhort time all my expectations were gratified, and I exulted in my choice. Hilario was at once tender and polite; preſent pleaſures were heightened by the anticipation of future: my imagination was perpetually wandering among the ſcenes of poetry and romance; I appropriated every luxurious deſcription of happy lovers; and believed, that whatever time ſhould take from deſire, would be added to complacency; and that in old age we ſhould only exchange the tumultuous extaſy of love, for the calm, rational, and exalted delights of friendſhip, which every year would increaſe by new reciprocations of kindneſs, more tired fidelity, and implicit confidence.

But from this pleaſing dream it was not long before I awaked. Although it was the whole ſtudy of my life to unite my pleaſures with thoſe of Hilario, to regulate my conduct by his will, and thus prolong the felicity which was reflected from his boſom to mine; yet his viſits abroad in which I was not a party became more frequent, and his general behaviour leſs kind. I perceived that when we were alone his mind was often abſent, and that my prattle became irkſome: my aſſiduities to recover his attention, and excite him to cheerfulneſs, were ſometimes ſuffered with a cold civility, ſometimes wholly neglected, and ſometimes peeviſhly repreſſed as ill-timed officiouſneſs, by which he was rather diſturbed than obliged. I was, indeed, at length convinced, with whatever reluctance, that neither my perſon nor my mind had any charm that could ſtand in competition with variety; and though, as I remember, I never in my looks upbraided him, yet I frequently lamented myſelf, and ſpent thoſe hours in which I was forſaken by Hilario in ſolitude and tears.

But my diſtreſs ſtill increaſed, and one injury made way for another. Hilario, almoſt as ſoon as he ceaſed to be kind, became jealous; he knew that diſappointed wiſhes and the reſentment which they produce, concur to render beauty leſs ſolicitous to avoid temptation, and leſs able to reſiſt it; and as I did not complain of that which he knew I could not but diſcover, he thought he had great reaſon to ſuſpect that I made repriſals: thus his ſagacity multiplied his vices, and my virtue defeated its own purpoſe.

Some maxims, however, which I had gathered from novels and plays, were ſtill uppermoſt in my mind. I reflected often upon the arts of Amanda, and the perſevering tenderneſs and diſcretion of Lady Eaſy: and I believed, as I had been taught by the ſequel of every ſtory, that they could not be practiſed without ſucceſs, but againſt ſordid ſtupidity and obdurate ill-nature; againſt the Brutes and the Sullens, whom, on the contrary, it was ſcarce a crime to puniſh, by admitting a rake of parts to pleaſures of which they were unworthy.

From ſuch maxims, and ſuch examples, I therefore derived ſome hope. I wiſhed earneſtly to detect Hilario in his infidelity; that in the moment of conviction I might rouſe his ſenſibility of my wrongs, and exalt his opinion of my merit; that I might cover him with confuſion, melt him with tenderneſs, and double his obligations by generoſity.

The opportunity for which I had ſo often wiſhed, but never dared to hope, at length arrived. I learned by accident one morning, that he intended to go in the evening to a maſquerade; and I immediately conceived a deſign to diſcover his dreſs, and follow him to the theatre; to ſingle him out, make ſome advances, and if poſſible bring on an aſſignation, where in the ardour of his firſt addreſs I might ſtrike him with aſtoniſhment by taking off my maſk, reprove him without parade, mingling with the ſoft diſtreſs of violated affection the calm dignity of injured virtue.

My imagination was fired with theſe images, which I was impatient to realize. My pride, which had hitherto ſuſtained me above complaint, and thrown a veil of cheerfulneſs over my diſtreſs, would not ſuffer me to employ an aſſiſtant in the project I had undertaken; becauſe this could not be done without revealing my ſuſpicions, and confiding my peace to the breaſt of another, by whoſe malice or caprice it might be deſtroyed, and to whom I ſhould, therefore, be brought into the moſt ſlaviſh ſub-

jection, without inſuring the ſecrecy of which my dependence would be the price. I therefore reſolved, at whatever riſque of diſappointment or detection, to trace him to the warehouſe where his habit was to be hired, and diſcover that which he ſhould chuſe myſelf.

He had ordered his chariot at eleven: I, therefore, wrapped myſelf up in an undreſs, and ſat alone in my room till I ſaw him drive from the door. I then came down, and as ſoon as he had turned into St. James's Street, which was not more than twenty yards, I went after him, and meeting with a hackney coach at the end of the ſtreet, I got haſtily into it, and ordered the driver to follow the chariot at ſome diſtance, and ſtop when it ſtopped.

I pulled up both the windows; and after half an hour ſpent in the moſt tormenting ſuſpenſe and anxiety, it ſtopped at the end of Taviſtock Street. I looked haſtily out of the window, hiding my face with my handkerchief; and ſaw Hilario alight at the diſtance of about forty yards, and go into a warehouſe of which I could eaſily diſtinguiſh the ſign. I waited till he came out, and as ſoon as the chariot was out of ſight, I diſcharged the coach, and going immediately to the warehouſe that Hilario had left, I pretended to want a habit for myſelf. I ſaw many lying upon the counter, which I ſuppoſed had been brought out for Hilario's choice; about theſe, therefore, I was very inquiſitive, and took particular notice of a very rich Turkiſh dreſs, which one of the ſervants took up to put away. When I ſaw he was about to remove it, I aſked haſtily whether it was hired, and learned with unſpeakable ſatisfaction, that it had been choſen by the gentleman who was juſt gone. Thus far I ſucceeded to the utmoſt of my hopes, not only by diſcovering Hilario's dreſs, but by his choice of one ſo very remarkable; for if he had choſen a domino, my ſcheme would have been rendered impracticable, becauſe in a domino I could not certainly have diſtinguiſhed him from others.

As I had now gained the intelligence I wanted, I was impatient to leave the ſhop; which it was not difficult to do, as it was juſt filled with ladies from two coaches; and the people were in a hurry to accommodate them. My dreſs did not attract much notice, nor promiſe much advantage; I was, therefore, willingly ſuffered to depart, upon ſlightly leaving my word that I would call again.

When I got into the ſtreet, I conſidered that it would not have been prudent to have hired a habit, where Hilario would come to dreſs, or ſend for himſelf: I, therefore, took another coach at the end of Southampton Street, and went to a ſhop near the Hay-market, where I had before purchaſed a capuchin and ſome other trifles, and where I knew habits were to be hired, though not in ſo public a manner as at other places.

I now returned home; and ſuch was the joy and expectation which my ſucceſs inſpired, that I had forgot I had ſucceeded only in an attempt, for which I could find neither motive nor apology but in wretchedneſs.

During the interval between my return and the time when the doors of the theatre were to be opened, I ſuffered the utmoſt inquietude and impatience. I looked every moment at my watch, could ſcarce believe that it did not by ſome accident go too ſlow, and was continually liſtening to diſcover whether it had not ſtopped: but the lingering hour at length arrived; and though I was among the firſt that entered, yet it was not long before I ſingled out my victim, and found means to attract his regard.

I had, when I was at ſchool, learned a way of expreſſing the alphabet with my fingers, which I have ſince diſcovered to be more generally known than at that time I imagined. Hilario, during his courtſhip, had once obſerved me uſing it to a lady who had been my ſchool-fellow, and would never let me reſt till I taught it him. In this manner I ſaw my Turk converſing with a Nun, from whom he ſuddenly turned with an air of vexation and diſappointment. I thought this a favourable opportunity to accoſt him; and, therefore, as he paſſed by me, I pulled him gently by the ſleeve, and ſpelt with my fingers the words—'I underſtand.' At firſt I was afraid of being diſcovered by ſhewing my art; but I reflected, that it would effectually ſecure me from being diſcovered by my voice, which I conſidered as the more formidable danger. I perceived that he was greatly pleaſed; and after a ſhort converſation, which he ſeemed to make a point

of continuing in the manner I had begun, an aſſignation was made, in conſequence of which we proceeded in chairs to a bagnio near Covent Garden. During this journey my mind was in great agitation; and it is difficult to determine whether pleaſure or pain was predominant. I did not, however, fail to anticipate my triumph in the confuſion of Hilario; I conceived the manner and terms in which I would addreſs him, and exult in the ſuperiority which I ſhould acquire by this oppoſition of his character to mine.

No. CXVIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1753.

——————Animorum
Impulſum, et cæca magnaque cupidine ducit. JUV.

By blind impulſe of eager paſſion driven.

HE was ready to receive me when my chair was brought into the entry; and, giving me his hand led me haſtily up ſtairs. As ſoon as we entered the room he ſhut the door, and, taking off his maſk, ran to me with the utmoſt impatience to take off mine. This was the important moment; but at this moment I diſcovered, with inexpreſſible aſtoniſhment and terror, that the perſon with whom I was alone in a brothel was not Hilario, but Caprinus, a wretch whom I well remember to have ſeen among the rakes that he frequently brought to his table.

At this ſight, ſo unexpected, and ſo dreadful, I ſhrieked aloud, and threw myſelf from him into an eaſy-chair that ſtood by the bedſide. Caprinus, probably believing I had fainted, haſtily tore away my maſk to give me air. At the firſt view of my face, he ſtarted back, and gazed at me with the ſame wonder that had fixed my eyes upon him. But our amazement was the next moment increaſed; for Hilario, who had ſucceeded in his intrigue, with whatever lady, happened to be in the next room, and either alarmed by the voice of diſtreſs, or knowing it to be mine, ruſhed in at the door which flew open before him; but, at the next ſtep, ſtood fixed in the ſame ſtupor of aſtoniſhment which had ſeized us. After a moment's recollection, he came up to me; and dragging me to the candle, gazed ſtedfaſtly in my face with a look ſo frightful never to be forgotten; it was the pale countenance of rage, which contempt had diſtorted with a ſmile; his lips quivered, and he told me in a voice ſcarce articulate, that though I might well be frighted at having ſtumbled upon an acquaintance whom I doubted whether I could truſt, yet I ſhould not have ſcreamed ſo loud. After this inſult he quitted me with as much negligence as he could aſſume; and bowing obſequiouſly to Caprinus, told him, he would leave me to his care. Caprinus had not ſufficient preſence of mind to reply, nor had I power to make any attempt, either to pacify or retain Hilario.

When he was gone I burſt into tears, but was ſtill unable to ſpeak. From this agony Caprinus laboured to relieve me; and I began to hope, that he ſincerely participated my diſtreſs: Caprinus, however, ſoon appeared to be chiefly ſolicitous to improve what, with reſpect to himſelf, he began to think a fortunate miſtake. He had no conception, that I intended an aſſignation with my huſband; but believed, like Hilario, that I had miſtaken the perſon for whom my favours were intended: while he lamented my diſtreſs and diſappointment, therefore, he preſſed my hand with great ardor, wiſhed that he had been thought worthy of my confidence and my love; and to facilitate his deſign upon the wife of his friend, declared himſelf a man of honour, and that he would maintain the character at the hazard of his life.

To ſuch an addreſs, in ſuch circumſtances, what could I reply? Grief had diſarmed my reſentment, and the pride of ſuſpected virtue had forſaken me. I expreſſed myſelf, not in reproaches but complaints; and abruptly diſengaging myſelf from him, adjured him to tell me, how he had procured his habit, and whether it had not been hired by Hilario. He ſeemed to be ſtruck with the queſtion, and the manner in which I urged it: 'I hired it,' ſaid he, 'myſelf, at a warehouſe in Taviſtock 'Street; but when I came to demand it,

'was told it had been the ſubject of much 'confuſion and diſpute. When I made my 'agreement the maſter was abſent; and the 'ſervant neglecting to acquaint him with it 'at his return, he afterwards, in the abſence 'of the ſervant, made the ſame agreement 'with another, but I know not with 'whom; and it was with great difficulty 'that he was obliged to relinquiſh his claim, 'after he had been convinced of the miſtake.'

I now clearly diſcovered the ſnare in which I had been taken, and could only lament that it was impoſſible to eſcape. Whether Caprinus began to conceive my deſign, or whether he was indeed touched at my diſtreſs, which all his attempts to alleviate increaſed, I know not; but he deſiſted from further proteſtations and importunity, and at my earneſt requeſt procured me a chair, and left me to my fortune.

I now reflected, with inconceivable anguiſh, upon the change which a few hours had made in my condition. I had left my houſe in the height of expectation, that in a few hours I ſhould add to the dignity of an untainted reputation the felicity of conjugal endearments. I returned diſappointed and degraded; detected in all the circumſtances of guilt, to which I had not approached even in thought; having juſtified the jealouſy which I ſought to remove, and forfeited the eſteem which I hoped to improve to veneration. With theſe thoughts I once more entered my dreſſing-room, which was on the ſame floor with my chamber, and in leſs than half an hour I heard Hilario come in.

He went immediately to his chamber; and being told that I was in the next room, he locked the door, but did not go to bed, for I could hear him walk backward and forward all the night.

Early the next morning I ſet a ſealed billet to him by his valet; for I had not made a confidante even of my woman: it contained only a preſſing intreaty to be heard, and a ſolemn aſſeveration of my innocence, which I hoped it would not be impoſſible to prove. He ſent me a verbal anſwer, that I might come to him: to him therefore I went, not as a judge but a criminal; not to accuſe him whom I knew to be guilty, but to juſtify myſelf whom I knew to be innocent; and, at this moment, I would have given the world to be reſtored to that ſtate, which the day before I had thought intolerable.

I found him in great agitation; which yet he laboured to conceal. I therefore haſted to relate my project, the motives from which it was undertaken, and means by which it had been diſappointed. He heard me with calmneſs and attention, till I related the particular of the habit: this threw him into a new fit of jealouſy; and, ſtarting from his ſeat—'What,' ſaid he, 'have you paid for this intelligence? 'Of whom could you learn it, but the wretch 'with whom I left you? Did he not when he 'found you were diſappointed of another, ſolicit 'for himſelf?' Here he pauſed for my reply; and as I could not deny the fact, I was ſilent: my inviolable regard for truth was miſtaken for the confuſion of guilt, and equally prevented my juſtification. His paſſion returned with yet greater violence. 'I know,' ſaid he, 'that Caprinus related this incident only that 'you might be enabled to impoſe upon my 'credulity, and that he might obtain a parti-'cipation of the favours which you laviſhed 'upon others: but I am not thus to be deceiv-'ed by the concurrence of accident with cun-'ning, nor reconciled to the infamy which 'you have brought upon my name.' With injurious reproach he would have left me; but I caught hold of him, and intreated that he would go with me to the warehouſe, where the teſtimony of perſons, wholly diſintereſted, might convince him that I was there immediately after him, and enquired which dreſs he had choſen. To this requeſt he replied, by aſking me, in a peremptory tone, whether Caprinus had not told me where the habit was hired? As I was ſtruck with the ſuddenneſs and the deſign of the queſtion, I had not the fortitude to confeſs a truth which yet I diſdained to deny. Hilario again triumphed in the ſucceſsful detection of my artifices; and told me, with a ſneer of inſupportable contempt and deriſion, that he, who had ſo kindly directed me to find my witneſſes, was too able a ſolicitor not to acquaint them what teſtimony they were to give.

Expoſtulation was now at an end, and I diſdained to intreat any mercy under the imputation of guilt. All that remained, therefore, was ſtill to hide my wretchedneſs in my boſom; and, if poſſible, to preſerve that character abroad, which I had loſt at home. But this I ſoon found to be a vain attempt; it was

immediately whiſpered, as a ſecret, that Hilario, who had long ſuſpected me of a criminal correſpondence, had at length traced me from the maſquerade to a bagnio, and ſurprized me with a fellow. It was in vain for me to attempt the recovery of my character by giving another turn to this report, for the principal facts I could not deny; and thoſe who appeared to be moſt my friends, after they had attended to what they call nice diſtinctions and minute circumſtances, could only ſay, that it was a dark affair, and they hoped I was not ſo guilty as was generally believed. I was avoided by my female acquaintance as infamous: if I went abroad, I was pointed out with a whiſper, and a nod; and if I ſtaid at home, I ſaw no face but my ſervant's. Thoſe whoſe levity I had ſilently cenſured by declining to practiſe it, now revenged themſelves of the virtue by which they were condemned, and thanked GOD they had never yet picked up fellows, though they were not ſo ſqueamiſh as to refuſe going to a ball. But this was not the worſt; every libertine, whoſe fortune authorized the inſolence, was now making me offers of protection in nameleſs ſcrawls, and feared not to ſolicit me to adultery; they dared to hope I ſhould accept their propoſal by directing to A B, who declares, like Caprinus, that he is a man of honour, and will not ſcruple to run my huſband through the body, who now, indeed, thought himſelf authorized to treat me with every ſpecies of cruelty but blows, at the ſame time that his houſe was a perpetual ſcene of lewdneſs and debauchery.

Reiterated provocation and inſult ſoon became intolerable: I therefore applied to a diſtant relation, who ſo far intereſted himſelf in my behalf as to obtain me a ſeparate maintenance, with which I retired into the country, and in this world have no hope but to perpetuate my obſcurity.

In this obſcurity, however, your paper is known; and I have communicated an adventure to the Adventurer, not merely to indulge complaint, or gratify curioſity, but becauſe I think it confirms ſome principles which you have before illuſtrated.

Thoſe who doubt of a future retribution, may reflect, that I have been involved in all the miſeries of guilt, except the reproach of conſcience and the fear of hell, by an attempt which was intended to reclaim another from vice, and obtain the reward of my own virtue.

My example may deter others from venturing to the verge of rectitude, and aſſuming the appearance of evil. On the other hand, thoſe who judge of mere appearances without charity, may remark, that no conduct was ever condemned with leſs ſhew of injurious ſeverity, nor yet with leſs juſtice than mine. Whether my narrative will be believed indeed I cannot determine; but where innocence is poſſible, it is dangerous to impute guilt, becauſe 'with whatſoever judgment men judge 'they ſhall be judged;' a truth which, if it was remembered and believed by all who profeſs to receive it upon Divine Authority, would impoſe ſilence upon the cenſorious and extort candour from the ſelfiſh. And I hope that the ladies who read my ſtory, will never hear, but with indignation, that the underſtanding of a Libertine is a pledge of reformation; for his life cannot be known without abhorrence, nor ſhared without ruin.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

DESDEMONA.

No. CXIX. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1753.

Latius regneis, avidum domando
Spiritum, quam ſi Lybiam remotis
Gadibus jungas, et uterque Poenus
Serviat uni. HOR.

By virtue's precepts to controul
The thirſty cravings of the ſoul,
Is over wider realms to reign
Unenvied monarch, than if Spain
You could to diſtant Lybia join,
And both the Carthages were thine. FRANCIS.

WHEN Socrates was aſked, which of mortal men was to be accounted neareſt to the GODS in happineſs, he anſwered, 'that man who is in want of the feweſt things.'

In this anſwer, Socrates left it to be gueſſed by his auditors, whether, by the exemption from want which was to conſtitute happineſs, he meant amplitude of poſſeſſions or contraction of deſire. And indeed, there is ſo little difference between them, that Alexander the Great confeſſed the inhabitant of a tub the next man to the maſter of the world; and left a declaration to future ages, that if he was not Alexander he ſhould wiſh to be Diogenes.

Theſe two ſtates, however, though they reſemble each other in their conſequence, differ widely with reſpect to the facility with which they may be attained. To make great acquiſitions can happen to very few; and in the uncertainty of human affairs, to many it will be incident to labour without reward, and to loſe what they already poſſeſs by endeavours to make it more; ſome will always want abilities, and others opportunities to accumulate wealth. It is therefore happy, that nature has allowed us a more certain and eaſy road to plenty; every man may grow rich by contracting his wiſhes, and by quiet acquieſcence in what has been given him ſupply the abſence of more.

Yet ſo far is almoſt every man from emulating the happineſs of the gods, by any other means than graſping at their power, that it ſeems to be the great buſineſs of human life to create wants as faſt as they are ſatisfied. It has been long obſerved by moraliſts, that every man ſquanders or loſes a great part of that life, of which every man knows and deplores the ſhortneſs; and it may be remarked with equal juſtneſs, that though every man laments his own inſufficiency to his happineſs, and knows himſelf a neceſſitous and precarious being, inceſſantly ſoliciting the aſſiſtance of others, and feeling wants which his own art or ſtrength cannot ſupply; yet there is no man, who does not, by the ſuperaddition of unnatural cares, render himſelf ſtill more dependent: who does not create an artificial poverty, and ſuffer himſelf to feel pain for the want of that of which, when it is gained, he can have no enjoyment.

It muſt, indeed, be allowed, that as we loſe part of our time becauſe it ſteals away ſilent and inviſible, and many an hour is paſſed before we recollect that it is paſſing; ſo unnatural deſires inſinuate themſelves unobſerved into the mind, and we do not perceive that they are gaining upon us, till the pain which they give us awakens us to notice. No man is ſufficiently vigilant to take account of every motion of his heart. Much of our time likewiſe is ſacrificed to cuſtom; we trifle, becauſe we ſee others trifle: in the ſame manner we catch from example the contagion of deſire; we ſee all about us buſied in purſuit of imaginary good, and begin to buſtle in the ſame chace, leſt greater activity ſhould triumph over us.

It is true, that to man, as a member of ſociety, many things become neceſſary, which, perhaps, in a ſtate of nature are ſuperfluous; and that many things, not abſolutely neceſſary, are yet ſo uſeful and convenient, that they cannot eaſily be ſpared. I will make yet

a more ample and liberal conceſſion. In opulent ſtates and regular governments, the temptations of wealth and rank, and to the diſtinctions that follow them, are ſuch as no force of underſtanding finds it eaſy to reſiſt.

If, therefore, I ſaw the quiet of life diſturbed only by endeavours after wealth and honour; by ſolicitude, which the world, whether juſtly or not, conſidered as important; I ſhould ſcarcely have had courage to inculcate any precepts of moderation and forbearance. He that is engaged in a purſuit, in which all mankind profeſs to be his rivals, is ſupported by the authority of all mankind in the proſecution of his deſign, and will therefore ſcarcely ſtop to hear the lectures of a ſolitary philoſopher. Nor am I certain, that the accumulation of honeſt gain ought to be hindered, or the ambition of juſt honours always to be repreſſed. Whatever can enable the poſſeſſor to confer any benefit upon others, may be deſired upon virtuous principles; and we ought not too raſhly to accuſe any man of intending to confine the influence of his acquiſitions to himſelf.

But if we look round upon mankind, whom ſhall we find among thoſe that fortune permits to form their own manners, that is not tormenting himſelf with a wiſh for ſomething, of which all the pleaſure and all the benefit will ceaſe at the moment of attainment? One man is beggaring his poſterity to build a houſe, which when finiſhed he never will inhabit; another is levelling mountains, to open a proſpect, which, when he has once enjoyed it, he can enjoy no more; another is painting cielings, carving wainſcot, and filling his apartments with coſtly furniture, only that ſome neighbouring houſe may not be richer or finer than his own.

That ſplendor and elegance are not deſirable, I am not ſo abſtracted from life as to inculcate: but if we inquire cloſely into the reaſon for which they are eſteemed, we ſhall find them valued principally as evidences of wealth. Nothing therefore can ſhew greater depravity of underſtanding, than to delight in the ſhew when the reality is wanting; or voluntarily to become poor, that ſtrangers may for a time imagine us to be rich.

But there are yet minuter objects and more trifling anxieties. Men may be found, who are kept from ſleep by the want of a ſhell properly variegated; who are waſting their lives in ſtratagems to obtain a book in a language which they do not underſtand; and who pine with envy at the flowers of another man's parterre; who hover like vultures round the owner of a foſſil, in hopes to plunder his cabinet at his death; and who would not much regret to ſee a ſtreet in flames, if a box of medals might be ſcattered in the tumult.

He that imagines me to ſpeak of theſe ſages in terms exaggerated and hyperbolical, has converſed but little with the race of virtuoſos. A ſlight acquaintance with their ſtudies, and a few viſits to their aſſemblies, would inform him, that nothing is ſo worthleſs, but that prejudice and caprice can give it value; nor any thing of ſo little uſe, but that, by indulging an idle competition or unreaſonable pride, a man may make it to himſelf one of the neceſſaries of life.

Deſires like theſe, I may ſurely, without incurring the cenſure of moroſeneſs, adviſe every man to repel when they invade his mind; or if he admits them, never to allow them any greater influence than is neceſſary to give petty employments the power of pleaſing, and diverſify the day with ſlight amuſements.

An ardent wiſh, whatever be its object, will always be able to interrupt tranquility. What we believe ourſelves to want, torments us not in proportion to its real value, but according to the eſtimation by which we have rated it in our own minds: in ſome diſeaſes, the patient has been obſerved to long for food, which ſcarce any extremity of hunger would in health have compelled him to ſwallow; but while his organs were thus depraved, the craving was irreſiſtible, nor could any reſt be obtained till it was appeaſed by compliance. Of the ſame nature are the irregular appetites of the mind: though they are often excited by trifles, they are equally diſquieting with real wants: the Roman, who wept at the death of his lamprey, felt the ſame degree of ſorrow that extorts tears on other occaſions.

Inordinate deſires, of whatever kind, ought to be repreſſed upon yet a higher conſideration; they muſt be conſidered as enemies not only to Happineſs but to Virtue. There are men among thoſe commonly reckoned the learned

and the wife, who ſpare no ſtratagems to remove a competitor at an auction, who will ſink the price of a rarity at the expence of truth, and whom it is not ſafe to truſt alone in a library or cabinet. Theſe are faults which the fraternity ſeem to look upon as jocular miſchiefs, or to think excuſed by the violence of the temptation: but I ſhall always fear that he who accuſtoms himſelf to fraud in little things, wants only opportunity to practiſe it in greater: 'He that has hardened himſelf by killing a ſheep,' ſays Pythagoras, 'will with leſs reluctance ſhed the blood of 'a man.'

To prize every thing according to its real uſe, ought to be the aim of a rational being. There are few things which can much conduce to Happineſs, and therefore few things to be ardently deſired. He that looks upon the buſineſs and buſtle of the world, with the philoſophy with which Socrates ſurveyed the fair at Athens, will turn away at laſt with this exclamation——'How many things are here 'which I do not want!

T

No. CXX. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1753.

——————Ultima ſemper
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus,
Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debet. OVID.

But no frail man, however great and high,
Can be concluded bleſt before he die. ADDISON.

THE numerous miſeries of human life have extorted in all ages an univerſal complaint. The wiſeſt of men terminated all his experiments in ſearch of happineſs, by the mournful confeſſion, that 'all is vanity:' and the ancient patriarchs lamented, that 'the days 'of their pilgrimage were few and evil.'

There is, indeed, no topic on which it is more ſuperfluous to accumulate authorities, nor any aſſertion of which our own eyes will more eaſily diſcover, or our ſenſations more frequently impreſs the truth, than that miſery is the lot of man, and that our preſent ſtate is a ſtate of danger and infelicity.

When we take the moſt diſtant proſpect of life, what does it preſent us but a chaos of unhappineſs, a confuſed and tumultuous ſcene of labour and conteſt, diſappointment and defeat? If we view paſt ages in the reflection of hiſtory, what do they offer to our meditation but crimes and calamities? One year is diſtinguiſhed by a famine, another by an earthquake; kingdoms are made deſolate, ſometimes by wars, and ſometimes by peſtilence; the peace of the world is interrupted at one time by the caprices of a tyrant, at another by the rage of a conqueror. The memory is ſtored only with viciſſitudes of evil; and the happineſs, ſuch as it is, of one part of mankind, is found to ariſe commonly from ſanguinary ſucceſs, from victories which confer upon them the power, not ſo much of improving life by any new enjoyment, as of inflicting miſery on others, and gratifying their own pride by comparative greatneſs.

But by him that examines life with a more cloſe attention, the happineſs of the world will be found ſtill leſs than it appears. In ſome intervals of public proſperity, or, to uſe terms more proper, in ſome intermiſſions of calamity, a general diffuſion of happineſs may ſeem to overſpread a people; all is triumph and exultation, jollity and plenty; there are no public fears and dangers, and no 'complainings in 'the ſtreets.' But the condition of individuals is very little mended by this general calm: pain and malice and diſcontent ſtill continue their havock; the ſilent depredation goes inceſſantly forward; and the grave continues to be filled by the victims of ſorrow.

He that enters a gay aſſembly, beholds the cheerfulneſs diſplayed in every countenance, and finds all ſitting vacant and diſengaged, with no other attention than to give or receive pleaſure: would naturally imagine that he had reached at laſt the metropolis of felicity, the place ſacred to gladneſs of heart, from whence all fear and anxiety were irreverſibly excluded. Such, indeed, we may often find to be the opinion of thoſe who from a lower ſtation look up to the pomp and gaiety which they cannot

reach: but who is there of thoſe who frequent theſe luxurious aſſemblies, that will not confeſs his own uneaſineſs, or cannot recount the vexations and diſtreſſes that prey upon the lives of his gay companions?

The world, in its beſt ſtate, is nothing more than a large aſſembly of beings, combining to counterfeit happineſs which they do not feel, employing every art and contrivance to embelliſh life, and to hide their real condition from the eyes of one another.

The ſpecies of happineſs moſt obvious to the obſervation of others is that which depends upon the goods of fortune; yet even this is often fictitious. There is in the world more poverty than is generally imagined; not only becauſe many whoſe poſſeſſions are large have deſires ſtill larger, and many meaſure their wants by their gratifications which others enjoy; but great numbers are preſſed by real neceſſities which it is their chief ambition to conceal, and are forced to purchaſe the appearance of competence and cheerfulneſs at the expence of many comforts and conveniencies of life.

Many, however, are confeſſedly rich, and many more are ſufficiently removed from all danger of real poverty: but it has been long ago remarked, that money cannot purchaſe quiet; the higheſt of mankind can promiſe themſelves no exemption from that diſcord or ſuſpicion, by which the ſweetneſs of domeſtic retirement is deſtroyed; and muſt always be even more expoſed, in the ſame degree as they are elevated above others, to the treachery of dependants, the calumny of defamers, and the violence of opponents.

Affliction is inſeparable from our preſent ſtate; it adheres to all the inhabitants of this world, in different proportions indeed, but with an allotment which ſeems very little regulated by our own conduct. It has been the boaſt of ſome ſwelling moraliſts, that every man's fortune was in his own power, that Prudence ſupplied the place of all other divinities, and that happineſs is the unfailing conſequence of virtue. But ſurely the quiver of Omnipotence is ſtored with arrows, againſt which the ſhield of human virtue, however adamantine it has been boaſted, is held up in vain: we do not always ſuffer by our crimes; we are not always protected by our innocence.

A good man is by no means exempt from the danger of ſuffering by the crimes of others: even his goodneſs may raiſe him enemies of implacable malice and reſtleſs perſeverance: the Good Man has never been warranted by Heaven from the treachery of friends, the diſobedience of children, or the diſhoneſty of a wife; he may ſee his cares made uſeleſs by profuſion, his inſtructions defeated by perverſeneſs, and his kindneſs rejected by ingratitude; he may languiſh under the infamy of falſe accuſations, or periſh reproachfully by an unjuſt ſentence.

A Good Man is ſubject, like other mortals, to all the influences of natural evil; his harveſt is not ſpared by the tempeſt, nor his cattle by the murrain; his houſe flames like others in a conflagration; nor have his ſhips any peculiar power of reſiſting hurricanes: his mind, however elevated, inhabits a body ſubject to innumerable caſualties, of which he muſt always ſhare the dangers and pains; he bears about him the ſeeds of diſeaſe, and may linger away a great part of his life under the tortures of the gout or ſtone; atone time groaning with inſufferable anguiſh, at another diſſolved in liſtleſſneſs and languor.

From this general and indiſcriminate diſtribution of miſery, the moraliſts have always derived one of their ſtrongeſt moral arguments for a Future State; for ſince the common events of the preſent life happen alike to good and bad, it follows from the Juſtice of the SUPREME BEING, that there muſt be another ſtate of exiſtence, in which a juſt retribution ſhall be made, and every man ſhall be happy and miſerable according to his works.

The miſeries of life may, perhaps, afford ſome proof of a future ſtate, compared as well with the Mercy as the Juſtice of GOD. It is ſcarcely to be imagined, that Infinite Benevolence would create a being capable of enjoying ſo much more than is here to be enjoyed, and qualified by nature to prolong pain by remembrance, and anticipate it by terror, if he was not deſigned for ſomething nobler and better than a ſtate, in which many of the faculties can ſerve only for a torment; in which he is to be importuned by deſires that never can be ſatisfied, to feel many evils which he has no power to avoid, and to fear many which he ſhall never feel: there will ſurely come a time, when every

capacity of happineſs ſhall be filled, and none ſhall be wretched but by his own fault.

In the mean time, it is by affliction chiefly that the heart of man is purified, and that the thoughts are fixed upon a better ſtate. Proſperity, allayed and imperfect as it is, has power to intoxicate the imagination, to fix the mind upon the preſent ſcene, to produce confidence and elation, and to make him who enjoys affluence and honours forget the hand by which they were beſtowed. It is ſeldom that we are otherwiſe, than by affliction, awakened to a ſenſe of our own imbecillity, or taught to know how little all our acquiſitions can conduce to ſafety or to quiet; and how juſtly we may aſcribe to the ſuperintendence of a Higher Power, thoſe bleſſings which in the wantonneſs of ſucceſs we conſidered as the attainments of our policy or courage.

Nothing confers ſo much ability to reſiſt the temptations that perpetually ſurround us, as an habitual conſideration of the ſhortneſs of life, and the uncertainty of thoſe pleaſures that ſolicit our purſuit; and this conſideration can be inculcated only by affliction. 'O 'Death! how bitter is the remembrance of 'thee to a man that lives at eaſe in his poſſeſ-'ſions.' If our preſent ſtate were one continued ſucceſſion of delights, or one uniform flow of calmneſs and tranquility, we ſhould never willingly think upon its end; death would then ſurely ſurprize us 'as a thief in the 'night;' and our taſk of duty would remain unfiniſhed, till 'the night came when no man 'can work.'

While affliction thus prepares us for felicity, we may conſole ourſelves under its preſſures, by remembering, that they are no particular marks of Divine Diſpleaſure; ſince all the diſtreſſes of perſecution have been ſuffered by thoſe, 'of whom the world was not worthy;' and the REDEEMER of MANKIND himſelf was 'a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief.'

T

No. CXXI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1754.

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Littora. Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto;

Multa quoque et bello paſſus. VIRG.

Arms and the man I ſing, who forc'd by fate,

Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan ſhore.
Long labours, both by ſea and land, he bore,
And in the doubtful war. DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

A FEW nights ago, after I came home from the tavern, I took up the firſt volume of your papers, which at preſent is depoſited near the elbow-chair in my chamber, and happened to read the fifth number, which contains the narrative of a Flea. After I fell aſleep, I imagined the book ſtill to lie open before me, and that at the bottom of the page I ſaw not a Flea but a Louſe, who addreſſed me with ſuch ſolemnity of accent, that it brought to my mind ſome orations which I had formerly heard in St. Stephen's chapel.

SIR, ſaid he, it has been remarked by thoſe who have enriched themſelves from the mines of knowledge by deep reſearches and laborious ſtudy, that ſublunary beings are all mortal, and that life is a ſtate of perpetual peril and inquietude: ſuch, indeed, hitherto, has been my experience; and yet I do not remember that I have brought calamity upon myſelf by any uncommon deviations either from virtue or prudence.

I was hatched in the head of a boy about eight years old, who was placed under the care of a pariſh nurſe, and educated at the charity-ſchool. In this place, as in a populous city, I ſoon obtained a ſettlement; and as our ſtate of

adoleſcence is ſhort, had in a few months a numerous family. This indeed was the happieſt period of my life; I ſuffered little apprehenſion from the comb or the razor, and foreſaw no misfortune, except that our country ſhould be overſtocked, and we ſhould be compelled to wander, like the barbarians of the north, in ſearch of another. But it happened that the lord of our ſoil, in an evil hour, went with ſome of his companions to Highgate. Juſt at the top of the hill was a ſtage and a mountebank, where ſeveral feats of wit and humour were performed by a gentleman with a gridiron upon his back, who aſſiſted the doctor in his vocation. We were preſently in the midſt of the crowd, and ſoon after upon the ſtage; which the boy was perſuaded to aſcend, that by a ſudden ſtroke of conjuration, a great quantity of gold might be conveyed under his hat. Under his hat, however, the dextrous but miſchievous operator, having imperceptibly conveyed a rotten egg, clapped his hand ſmartly upon it, and ſhewed the aurum potabile running down on each ſide, to the unſpeakable delight of the beholders, but to the great diſappointment of the boy, and the total ruin of our community.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the confuſion and diſtreſs which this accident inſtantly produced among us: we were at once buried in a quag, intolerably noiſome, and inſuperably viſcid: thoſe who had been overturned in its paſſage, found it impoſſible to recover their ſituation; and the few, who happening to lie near the borders of the ſuffuſion, had with the utmoſt efforts of their ſtrength, crawled to thoſe parts which it had not reached, laboured in vain to free themſelves from ſhackles, which every moment became more ſtrong, as the ſubſtance which formed them grew more hard, and threatened in a ſhort time totally to deprive them of all power of motion. I was myſelf among this number, and cannot even now recollect my ſituation, without ſhuddering at my danger. In the mean time, the candidate for enchanted gold, who in the ſearch of pleaſure had found only dirt and hunger, wearineſs and diſappointment, reflecting that his ſtolen holiday was at an end, returned forlorn and diſconſolate to his nurſe. The noſe of this good woman was ſoon offended by an unſavoury ſmell, and it was not long before ſhe diſcovered whence it proceeded. A few queſtions, and a good thump on the back, brought the whole ſecret to light; and the delinquent, that he might be at once purified and puniſhed, was carried to the next pump, where his head was held under the ſpout till he had received the diſcipline of a pickpocket. He was indeed very near being drowned; but his ſufferings were nothing in compariſon of ours. We were overwhelmed with a ſecond inundation; the cataracts, which burſt upon us with a noiſe tenfold more dreadful than thunder, ſwept us by hundreds before them, and the few that remained would not have had ſtrength to keep their hold againſt the impetuoſity of the torrent, if it had continued a few minutes longer. I was ſtill among thoſe that eſcaped; and after we had a little recovered from our fright, we found that if we had loſt our friends, we were releaſed from the viſcous durance which our own ſtrength could never have broken. We were alſo delivered from the dread of an emigration and a famine; and taking comfort in theſe reflections, we were enabled to reconcile ourſelves, without murmuring, to the fate of thoſe who had periſhed.

But the ſeries of misfortunes which I have been doomed to ſuffer, without reſpite, was now begun. The next day was Holy Thurſday; and the ſtupendous being, who, without labour, carried the ruins of our ſtate in proceſſion to the bounds of his pariſh, thought fit to break his wand into a cudgel as ſoon as he came home. This he was impatient to uſe; and in an engagement with an adverſary, who had armed himſelf with the like weapon, he received a ſtroke upon his head, by which my favourite wife and three children, the whole remains of my family, were cruſhed to atoms in a moment. I was myſelf ſo near as to be thrown down by the concuſſion of the blow; and the boy immediately ſcratching his head to alleviate the ſmart, was within a hair of deſtroying me with his nail.

I was ſo terrified at this accident, that I crept down to the nape of his neck, where I continued all the reſt of the day; and at night, when he retired to eat his cruſt of bread in the chimney-corner, I concluded that I ſhould at leaſt be ſafe till the morning, and therefore began my repaſt, which the dangers and misfortunes of the day had prevented. Whe-

ther, having long faſted, my bite was more keen than uſual, or whether I had made my attack in a more ſenſible part, I cannot tell; but the boy ſuddenly thruſt up his fingers with ſo much ſpeed and dexterity, that he laid hold of me, and aimed with all his force to throw me into the fire: in this ſavage attempt he would certainly have ſucceeded, if I had not ſtuck between his finger and his nail, and fell ſhort upon ſome linen that was hanging to dry.

The woman, who took in waſhing, was employed by a laundreſs of ſome diſtinction; and it happened that I had fallen on the ſhift-ſleeve of a celebrated toaſt, who frequently made her appearance at court. I concealed myſelf with great caution in the plaits, and the next night had the honour to accompany her into the drawing-room, where ſhe was ſurrounded by rival beauties, from whom ſhe attracted every eye, and ſtood with the utmoſt compoſure of mind and countenance in the centre of admiration and deſire. In this ſituation I became impatient of confinement, and after ſeveral efforts made my way out by her tucker, hoping to have paſſed on under her handkerchief to her head; but in this hope I was diſappointed, for handkerchief ſhe had none. I was not, however, willing to go back, and as my ſtation was the principal object of the whole circle, I was ſoon diſcovered by thoſe who ſtood near. They gazed at me with eager attention, and ſometimes turned towards each other with very intelligent looks; but of this the lady took no notice, as it was the common effect of that profuſion of beauty which ſhe had been uſed to pour upon every eye: the emotion, however, at length increaſed till ſhe obſerved it, and glancing her eye downward with a ſecret exultation, ſhe diſcovered the cauſe. Pride inſtantly covered thoſe cheeks with bluſhes which modeſty had forſaken; and as I was now become ſenſible of my danger, I was haſting to retreat. At this inſtant a young nobleman, who perceived that the lady was become ſenſible of her diſgrace, and who, perhaps, thought that it might be deemed an indecorum to approach the place where I ſtood with his hand in a public aſſembly, ſtooped down, and holding up his hat to his face, directed ſo violent a blaſt towards me from his mouth, that I vaniſhed before it like an atom in a whirlwind; and the next moment found myſelf in the toupee of a battered beau, whoſe attention was engroſſed by the widow of a rich citizen, with whoſe plumb he hoped to pay his debts and procure a new miſtreſs.

In this place the hair was ſo thin that it ſcarce afforded me ſhelter, except a ſingle row of curls on each ſide, where the powder and greaſe were inſuperable obſtacles to my progreſs: here, however, I continued near a week, but it was in every reſpect a dreadful ſituation. I lived in perpetual ſolicitude and danger, ſecluded from my ſpecies, and expoſed to the curſed claws of the valet, who perſecuted me every morning and every night. In the morning, it was with the utmoſt difficulty that I eſcaped from being kneaded up in a lump of pomatum, or ſqueezed to death between the forceps of a criſping-iron; and at night, after I had with the utmoſt vigilance and dexterity evaded the comb, I was ſtill liable to be thruſt through the body with a pin.

I frequently meditated my eſcape, and formed many projects to effect it, which I afterwards abandoned either as dangerous or impracticable. I obſerved that the valet had a much better head of hair than his maſter, and that he ſometimes wore the ſame bag; into the bag, therefore, one evening I deſcended with great circumſpection, and was removed with it: nor was it long before my utmoſt expectations were anſwered, for the valet tied on my dormitory to his own hair the very next morning, and I gained a new ſetttlement.

But the bag was not the only part of the maſter's dreſs which was occaſionally appropriated by the ſervant, who being ſoon after my exploit detected in wearing a laced frock before it had been left off, was turned away at a minute's warning; and, deſpairing to obtain a character, returned to the occupation in which he had been bred, and became journeyman to a barber in the city, who upon ſeeing a ſpecimen of his ſkill to dreſs hair a-la-mode de la cour, was willing to receive him without a ſcrupulous examination of his morals.

This change in the ſituation of my patron was a great advantage to me; for I began to have more company and leſs diſturbance. But among other perſons whom he attended every morning to ſhave, was an elderly gentleman of great repute for natural knowledge, a fellow

of many foreign ſocieties, and a profound adept in experimental philoſophy. This gentleman, having conceived a deſign to repeat Leuenhock's experiments upon the increaſe of our ſpecies, enquired of the proprietor of my dwelling if he could help him to a ſubject. The man was at firſt ſtartled at the queſtion; but it was no ſooner comprehended than he pulled out an ivory comb, and produced myſelf and two aſſociates, one of whom died ſoon after of the hurt he received.

The ſage received us with thanks, and very carefully conveyed us into his ſtocking, where, though it was not a ſituation perfectly agreeable to our nature, we produced a numerous progeny. Here, however, I ſuffered new calamity, and was expoſed to new danger. The philoſopher, whom a ſedentary and a recluſe life had rendered extremely ſuſceptible of cold, would often ſit with his ſhins ſo near the fire, that we were almoſt ſcorched to death before we could get round to the calf for ſhelter. He was alſo ſubject to frequent abſtractions of mind; and at theſe times many of us have been miſerably deſtroyed by his broth or his tea, which he would hold ſo much on one ſide that it would run over the veſſel, and overflow with a ſcalding deluge from his knee to his ancle: nor was this all; for when he felt the ſmart he would rub the part with his hand, without reflecting upon his nurſery, till he had cruſhed great part of thoſe who had eſcaped. Still, however, it was my fortune to ſurvive for new adventures.

The philoſopher, among other viſitants whoſe curioſity he was pleaſed to gratify, was ſometimes favoured with the company of ladies: for the entertainment of a lady it was my misfortune to be one morning taken from my family when I leaſt ſuſpected it, and ſecured in the apparatus of a ſolar microſcope. After I had contributed to their aſtoniſhment and diverſion near an hour, I was left with the utmoſt inhumanity and ingratitude to periſh of hunger, immured between the two pieces of iſinglaſs through which I had been exhibited. In this condition I remained three days and three nights; and ſhould certainly have periſhed in the fourth, if a boy about ſeven years old, who was careleſsly left alone in the room, had not poked his finger through the hole in which I was confined, and once more ſet me at liberty. I was, however, extremely weak; and the window being open, I was blown into the ſtreet, and fell on the uncovered periwig of a doctor of phyſic, who had juſt alighted to viſit a patient. This was the firſt time I had ever entered a periwig, a ſituation which I ſcarce leſs deprecate than the microſcope: I found it a deſolate wilderneſs, without inhabitants and without bounds. I continued to traverſe it with incredible labour, but I knew not in what direction, and deſpaired of being ever reſtored either to food or reſt. My ſpirits were at length exhauſted, my gripe relaxed, and I fell almoſt in a ſtate of inſenſibility from the verge of the labyrinth in which I had been bewildered, into the head of a patient in the hoſpital, over whom, after my fall, I could juſt perceive the doctor leaning to look at his tongue.

By the warmth and nouriſhment which this place afforded me I ſoon revived. I rejoiced at my deliverance, and thought I had nothing to fear but the death of the patient in whoſe head I had taken ſhelter.

I was, however, ſoon convinced of my miſtake; for among other patients in the ſame ward was a child about ſix years old, who having been put in for a rupture, had fallen into the jaundice, for this diſeaſe the nurſe, in the abſence of the phyſician, preſcribed a certain number of my ſpecies to be adminiſtered alive in a ſpoonful of milk. A collection was immediately made, and I was numbered among the unhappy victims which ignorance and inhumanity had thus devoted to deſtruction: I was immerged in the potion, and ſaw myſelf approach the horrid jaws that I expected would the next moment cloſe over me; not but that, in this dreadful moment, I had ſome languid hope of paſſing the gulph unhurt, and finding a ſettlement at the bottom. My fate, however, was otherwiſe determined: for the child, in a fit of frowardneſs and anger, daſhed the ſpoon out of the hand of the nurſe; and after incredible fatigue, I recovered the ſtation to which I had deſcended from the doctor's wig.

I was once more congratulating myſelf on an eſcape almoſt miraculous, when I was alarmed by the appearance of a barber, with all the dreadful apparatus of his trade. I ſoon found that the perſon whoſe head I had choſen for an aſylum was become delirious, and that the hair was by the phyſician's order to be removed for a bliſter.

Here my courage totally failed, and all my hopes forſook me. It happened, however, that though I was entangled in the ſuds, yet I was depoſited unhurt upon the operator's ſhaving cloth; from whence, as he was ſhaving you this night, I gained your ſhoulder, and have this moment crawled out from the plaits of your ſtock, which you have juſt taken off and laid upon this table. Whether this event be fortunate or unfortunate, time only can diſcover: but I ſtill hope to find ſome dwelling, where no comb ſhall ever enter, and no nails ſhall ever ſcratch; which neither pincers nor razor ſhall approach; where I ſhall paſs the remainder of life in perfect ſecurity and repoſe, amidſt the ſmiles of ſociety and the profuſion of plenty.

At this hope ſo extravagant and ridiculous, uttered with ſuch ſolemnity of diction and manner, I burſt into a fit of immoderate laughter that awaked me: but my mirth was inſtantly repreſſed by reflecting, that The Life of Man is not leſs expoſed to Evil; and that all his expectations of ſecurity and happineſs in Temporal Poſſeſſions are equally chimerical and abſurd.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

DORMITOR.

No. CXXII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1754.

Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas, et ſeſquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor ſpectantis tetigiſſe querela. HOR.

Tragedians too lay by their ſtate to grieve:
Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,
Forget their ſwelling and gigantic words.
He that wou'd have ſpectators ſhare his grief,
Muſt write not only well but movingly. ROSCOMMON.

MADNESS being occaſioned by a cloſe and continued attention of the mind to a ſingle object, Shakeſpeare judiciouſly repreſents the reſignation of his crown to daughters ſo cruel and unnatural, as the particular idea which has brought on the diſtraction of Lear, and which perpetually recurs to his imagination, and mixes itſelf with all his ramblings. Full of this idea, therefore, he breaks out abruptly in the fourth act—'No, they cannot touch me 'for coining: I am the king himſelf.' He believes himſelf to be raiſing recruits, and cenſures the inability and unſkilfulneſs of ſome of his ſoldiers: 'There's your preſs money. That 'fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: 'draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a 'mouſe! Peace, peace: this piece of toaſted 'cheeſe will do it.' The art of our poet is tranſcendent in thus making a paſſage that even borders on burleſque, ſtrongly expreſſive of the madneſs he is painting. Lear ſuddenly thinks himſelf in the field; 'There's my gauntlet—'I'll prove it on a giant:' and that he has ſhot his arrow ſucceſsfully! 'O well flown 'barb! i' th' clout, i' th' clout: hewgh! 'give the word.' He then recollects the falſhood and cruelty of his daughters, and breaks out in ſome pathetic reflections on his old age, and on the tempeſt to which he was ſo lately expoſed: 'Ha! Gonerill!—Ha! Regan!—'They flattered me like a dog, and told me 'I had white hairs on my beard, ere the black 'ones were there. They ſay, Ay, and No, 'to every thing that I ſaid—Ay and No too, 'was no good divinity. When the rain came 'to wet me once, and the wind to make me 'chatter; when the thunder would not peace 'at my bidding; there I found 'em; there I 'ſmelt 'em out. Go to, they're not men 'of their words; they told me I was every 'thing: 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.' The impotence of royalty to exempt its poſſeſſor, more than the meaneſt ſubject, from ſuffering natural evils, is here finely hinted at.

His friend and adherent Glo'ſter, having been lately deprived of ſight, enquires if the voice he hears is not the voice of the king;

Lear inſtantly catches the word, and replies with great quickneſs—

——Ay, every inch a king:
When I do ſtare, ſee how the ſubject quakes?
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cauſe?
Adultery? no, thou ſhalt not die: die for adultery!

He then make ſome very ſevere reflections on the hypocriſy of lewd and abandoned women; and adds—'Fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me 'an ounce of civit, good apothecary, to ſweeten 'my imagination.' And as every object ſeems to be preſent to the eyes of the lunatic, he thinks he pays for the drug: 'There's mo-'ney for thee!' Very ſtrong and lively alſo is the imagery in a ſucceeding ſpeech, where he thinks himſelf viewing his ſubjects puniſhed by the proper officer:

Thou raſcal bedel, hold thy bloody hand:
Why doſt thou laſh that whore? ſtrip thy own back;
Thou hotly luſt'ſt to uſe her in that kind
For which thou whip'ſt her!

This circumſtance leads him to reflect on the efficacy of rank and power, to conceal and palliate profligacy and injuſtice; and this fine ſatire is couched in two different metaphors, that are carried on with much propriety and elegance:

Through tatter'd cloaths ſmall vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate ſin with gold,
And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy ſtraw doth pierce it.

We are moved to find that Lear has ſome faint knowledge of his old and faithful courtier.

If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Glo'ſter.

The advice he then gives him is very affecting:

Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the air,
We wawle and cry——
When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great ſtage of fools!

This tender complaint of the miſeries of human life bears ſo exact a reſemblance with the following paſſage of Lucretius, that I cannot forbear tranſcribing it:

Vagitûque locum lugubri complet, ut equum eſt,
Cui tantum in vitâ reſtet tranſire malorum.
Then with diſtreſsful cries he fills the room,
Too ſure preſages of his future doom.
DRYDEN.

It is not to be imagined that our author copied from the Roman; on ſuch a ſubject it is almoſt impoſſible but that two perſons of genius and ſenſibility muſt feel and think alike. Lear drops his moralities and meditates revenge:

It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhoe
A troop of horſe with felt. I'll put't in proof:
And when I've ſtol'n upon theſe ſons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

The expedient is well ſuited to the character of a lunatic, and the frequent repetitions of the word Kill forcibly repreſent his rage and deſire of revenge, and muſt affect an intelligent audience at once with pity and terror. At this inſtant Cordelia ſends one of her attendants to protect her father from the danger with which he is threatened by her ſiſters: the wretched king is ſo accuſtomed to miſery, and ſo hopeleſs of ſuccour, that when the meſſenger offers to lead him out, he imagines himſelf taken captive and mortally wounded:

No reſcue! What! a priſoner? I am e'en
The nat'ral fool of fortune: uſe me well,
You ſhall have ranſom. Let me have ſurgeons;
I am cut to the brain.

Cordelia at length arrives; an opiate is adminiſtered to the king, to calm the agonies and agitations of his mind; and a moſt intereſting interview enſues between this daughter that was ſo unjuſtly ſuſpected of diſaffection, and the raſh miſtaken father. Lear, during his ſlumber, has been arrayed in regal apparel, and is brought upon the ſtage in a chair, not recovered from his trance. I know not a ſpeech more truly pathetic than that of Cordelia when ſhe firſt ſees him:

Had you not been their father, theſe white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be expoſed againſt the warring winds?

The dreadfulneſs of that night is expreſſed by a circumſtance of great humanity; for which

kind of ſtrokes Shakeſpeare is as eminent as for his poetry:

My very enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, ſhould have ſtood that night
Againſt my fire. And waſt thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with ſwine, and rogues forlorn,
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw.———

Lear begins to awake; but his imagination is ſtill diſtempered, and his pain exquiſite:

You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave.
Thou art a ſoul in bliſs; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do ſcald like molten lead——

When Cordelia in great affliction aſks him, if he knows her, he replies—

You are a ſpirit, I know: when did you die?

This reply heightens her diſtreſs; but his ſenſibility beginning to return, ſhe kneels to him, and begs his benediction. I hope I have no readers that can peruſe his anſwer without tears:

———Pray do not mock me:
I am a very fooliſh, fond old man,
Fourſcore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I ſhould know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant
What place this is.—Do not laugh at me;
For as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

The humility, calmneſs, and ſedateneſs of this ſpeech, oppoſed to the former rage and indignation of Lear, is finely calculated to excite commiſeration. Struck with the remembrance of the injurious ſuſpicion he had cheriſhed againſt this favourite and fond daughter, the poor old man intreats her not to weep, and tells her that if ſhe has prepared poiſon for him, he is ready to drink it; 'For I know,' ſays he, 'you do not, you cannot love me, after my cruel uſage of you. Your ſiſters have done me much wrong, of which I have ſome faint remembrance: you have ſome cauſe to hate me, they have none.' Being told that he is not in France, but in his own kingdom, he anſwers haſtily, and in connection with that leading idea which I have before inſiſted on ——'Do not abuſe me;' and adds, with a meekneſs and contrition that are very pathetic —'Pray now forget and forgive; I am old and fooliſh.'

Cordelia is at laſt ſlain: the lamentations of Lear are extremely tender and affecting; and this accident is ſo ſevere and intolerable, that it again deprived him of his intellect, which ſeemed to be returning.

His laſt ſpeech, as he ſurveys the body, conſiſts of ſuch ſimple reflections as nature and ſorrow dictate:

Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more;
Never, never, never, never, never!

The heaving and ſwelling of his heart is deſcribed by a moſt expreſſive circumſtance:

Pray you undo this button. Thank you, Sir;
Do you ſee this? Look on her, look on her lips:
Look there, look there——— [*Dies.*

I ſhall tranſiently obſerve, in concluſion of the remarks, that this drama is chargeable with conſiderable imperfections. The plot of Edmund againſt his brother, which diſtracts the attention, and deſtroys the unity of the fable; the cruel and horrid extinction of Glo'ſter's eyes, which ought not to be exhibited on the ſtage; the utter improbability of Glo'ſter's imagining, though blind, that he had leaped down Dover cliff; and ſome paſſages that are too turgid and full of ſtrained metaphors; are faults which the warmeſt admirers of Shakeſpeare will find it difficult to excuſe. I know not, alſo, whether the cruelty of the daughters is not painted with circumſtances too ſavage and unnatural; for it is not ſufficient to ſay, that this monſtrous barbarity is founded on hiſtorical truth, if we recollect the juſt obſervation of Boileau—

Le vray peut quelquefois n'etre pas vraiſemblable.

Some truths may be too ſtrong to be believed.

SOMES.

No. CXXIII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1754.

———Jam proterva
Fronte petit Lalage maritum. HOR.

The maid whom now you court in vain,
Will quickly run in queſt of man.

I HAVE before remarked, that to abſtain from the appearance of evil, is a precept in that law, which has every characteriſtic of Divinity; and I have in more than one of theſe papers endeavoured to enforce the practice of it, by an illuſtration of its excellence and importance.

Circumſtances have been admitted as evidences of guilt, even when death has been the conſequence of conviction; and a conduct by which evil is ſtrongly implied, is little leſs pernicious than that by which it is expreſſed. With reſpect to ſociety, as far as it can be influenced by example, the effect of both is the ſame; for every man encourages the practice of that vice which he commits in appearance, though he avoids it in fact: and with reſpect to the individual, as the eſteem of the world is a motive to virtue only leſs powerful than the approbation of conſcience, he who knows that he is already degraded by the imputation of guilt, will find himſelf half diſarmed when he is aſſailed by temptation: and as he will have leſs to loſe, he will, indeed, be leſs diſpoſed to reſiſt. Of the ſex, whoſe levity is moſt likely to provoke cenſure, it is eminently true, that the loſs of character by imprudence frequently induces the loſs of virtue: the ladies, therefore, ſhould be proportionably circumſpect; as to thoſe, in whom folly is moſt likely to terminate in guilt, it is certainly of moſt importance to be wiſe.

This ſubject has irreſiſtibly obtruded itſelf upon my mind in the ſilent hour of meditation, becauſe, as often as I have mixed among the buſy and the gay, I have obſerved that a depravity of manners, a licentious extravagance of dreſs and behaviour, are become almoſt univerſal; virtue ſeems ambitious of a reſemblance to vice, as vice glories in the deformities which ſhe has been uſed to hide.

A decent timidity and modeſt reſerve have been always conſidered as auxiliaries to beauty; but an air of diſſolute boldneſs is now affected by all who would be thought graceful or polite: chaſtity, which uſed to be diſcovered in every geſture and every look, is now retired to the breaſt, and is found only by thoſe who intend its deſtruction; as a general, when the town is ſurrendered, retreats to the citadel, which is always leſs capable of defence, when the outworks are poſſeſſed by the enemy.

There is now little apparent difference between the virgin and the proſtitute: if they are not otherwiſe known, they may ſhare the box and the drawing-room without diſtinction. The ſame faſhion which takes away the veil of modeſty, will neceſſarily conceal lewdneſs; and honour and ſhame will loſe their influence, becauſe they will no longer diſtinguiſh virtue from vice. General cuſtom, perhaps, may be thought an effectual ſecurity againſt general cenſure; but it will not always lull the ſuſpicions of jealouſy; nor can it familiariſe any beauty without deſtroying its influence, or diminiſh the perogatives of a huſband without weakening his attachment to his wife.

The exceſs of every mode may be declined without remarkable ſingularity; and the ladies, who ſhould even dare to be ſingular in the preſent defection of taſte, would proportionably increaſe their power and ſecure their happineſs.

I know that in the vanity and the preſumption of youth, it is common to alledge the conſciouſneſs of innocence, as a reaſon for the contempt of cenſure; and a licence, not only for every freedom, but for every favour except the laſt. This confidence can, perhaps, only be repreſſed by a ſenſe of danger: and as the perſons whom I wiſh to warn, are moſt impatient of declamation, and moſt ſuſceptible of pity, I will addreſs them in a ſtory; and I hope the events will not only illuſtrate, but impreſs the precept which they contain.

Flavilla, juſt as ſhe had entered her fourteenth year, was left an orphan to the care of

her mother, in ſuch circumſtances as diſappointed all the hopes which her education had encouraged. Her father, who lived in great elegance upon the ſalary of a place at court, died ſuddenly, without having made any proviſion for his family, except an annuity of one hundred pounds, which he had purchaſed for his wife with part of her marriage portion; nor was he poſſeſſed of any property, except the furniture of a large houſe in one of the new ſquares, an equipage, a few jewels, and ſome plate.

The greater part of the furniture and the equipage were ſold to pay his debts: the jewels, which were not of great value, and ſome uſeful pieces of the plate, were reſerved; and Flavilla removed with her mother into lodgings.

But notwithſtanding this change in their circumſtances, they did not immediately loſe their rank. They were ſtill viſited by a numerous and polite acquaintance; and though ſome gratified their pride by aſſuming the appearance of pity, and rather inſulted than alleviated their diſtreſs by the whine of condolence, and minute compariſon of what they had loſt with what they poſſeſſed; yet from others they were continually receiving preſents, which ſtill enabled them to live with a genteel frugality; they were ſtill conſidered as people of faſhion, and treated by thoſe of a lower claſs with diſtant reſpect.

Flavilla thus continued to move in a ſphere to which ſhe had no claim; ſhe was perpetually ſurrounded with elegance and ſplendor, which the caprice of others, like the rod of an enchanter, could diſſipate in a moment, and leave her to regret the loſs of enjoyments, which ſhe could neither hope to obtain nor ceaſe to deſire. Of this, however, Flavilla had no dread. She was remarkably tall for her age, and was celebrated not only for her beauty but her wit: theſe qualifications ſhe conſidered, not only as ſecuring whatever ſhe enjoyed by the favour of others, but as a pledge of poſſeſſing them in her own right by an advantageous marriage. Thus the viſion that danced before her, derived ſtability from the very vanity which it flattered: and ſhe had as little apprehenſion of diſtreſs, as diffidence of her own power to pleaſe.

There was a faſhionable levity in her carriage and diſcourſe, which her mother, who knew the danger of her ſituation, laboured to reſtrain, ſometimes with anger, ſometimes with tears, but always without ſucceſs. Flavilla was ever ready to anſwer, that ſhe neither did or ſaid any thing of which ſhe had reaſon to be aſhamed; and therefore did not know why ſhe ſhould be reſtrained, except in mere courteſy to envy, whom it was an honour to provoke, or to ſlander, whom it was a diſgrace to fear. In proportion as Flavilla was more flattered and careſſed, the influence of her mother became leſs: and though ſhe always treated her with reſpect from a point of good breeding, yet ſhe ſecretly deſpiſed her maxims, and applauded her own conduct.

Flavilla at eighteen was a celebrated toaſt: and among other gay viſitants who frequented her tea-table, was Clodio, a young baronet, who had juſt taken poſſeſſion of his title and eſtate. There were many particulars in Clodio's behaviour, which encouraged Flavilla to hope that ſhe ſhould obtain him for a huſband: but ſhe ſuffered his aſſiduities with ſuch apparent pleaſure, and his familiarities with ſo little reſerve, that he ſoon ventured to diſcloſe his intention, and make her what he thought a very genteel propoſal of another kind. But whatever were the artifices with which it was introduced, or the terms in which it was made, Flavilla rejected it with the utmoſt indignation and diſdain. Clodio, who, notwithſtanding his youth, had long known and often practiſed the art of ſeduction, gave way to the ſtorm, threw himſelf at her feet, imputed his offence to the phrenzy of his paſſion, flattered her pride by the moſt abject ſubmiſſion and extravagant praiſe, intreated her pardon, aggravated his crime, but made no mention of atonement by marriage. This particular, which Flavilla did not fail to remark, ought to have determined her to admit him no more: but her vanity and her ambition were ſtill predominant; ſhe ſtill hoped to ſucceed in her project; Clodio's offence was tacitly forgotten, his viſits were permitted, his familiarities were again ſuffered, and his hopes revived. He had long entertained an opinion that ſhe loved him; in which, however, it is probable, that his own vanity and her indiſcretion concurred to deceive him; but this opinion, though it implied the ſtrongeſt obligation to treat her with ge-

neroſity and tenderneſs, only determined him again to attempt her ruin, as it encouraged him with a probability of ſucceſs. Having, therefore, reſolved to obtain her as a miſtreſs, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do, than to convince her that he had taken ſuch a reſolution, juſtify it by ſome plauſible ſophiſtry, and give her ſome time to deliberate upon a final determination. With this view, he went a ſhort journey into the country; having put a letter into her hand at parting, in which he acquainted her, that he had often reflected, with inexpreſſible regret, upon her reſentment of his conduct in a late inſtance; but that the delicacy and ardour of his affection were inſuperable obſtacles to his marriage; that where there was no liberty, there could be no happineſs: that he ſhould become indifferent to the endearments of love, when they could no longer be diſtinguiſhed from the officiouſneſs of duty: that while they were happy in the poſſeſſion of each other, it would be abſurd to ſuppoſe they would part; and that if this happineſs ſhould ceaſe, it would not only enſure but aggravate their miſery to be inſeparably united: that this event was leſs probable, in proportion as their cohabitation was voluntary; but that he would make ſuch proviſion for her upon the contingency, as a wife would expect upon his death. He conjured her not to determine under the influence of prejudice and cuſtom, but according to the laws of reaſon and nature. 'After mature deliberation,' ſaid he, 'remember that the whole value of 'my life depends upon your will. I do not re-'queſt an explicit conſent, with whatever tranſ-'port I might behold the lovely confuſion which 'it might produce. I ſhall attend you in a few 'days, with the anxiety, though not with the 'guilt, of a criminal who waits for the deciſion of 'his judge. If my viſit is admitted, we will never 'part; if it is rejected, I can never ſee you more.'

No. CXXIV. SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1754.

——————Incedis per ignes
Suppoſitos cineri doloſo. HOR.

With heedleſs feet on fires you go;
That, hid in treacherous aſhes, glow.

FLAVILLA had too much underſtanding as well as virtue, to deliberate a moment upon this propoſal. She gave immediate orders that Clodio ſhould be admitted no more. But his letter was a temptation to gratify her vanity, which ſhe could not reſiſt; ſhe ſhewed it firſt to her mother, and then to the whole circle of her female acquaintance, with all the exultation of a hero who expoſes a vanquiſhed enemy at the wheels of his chariot in a triumph; ſhe conſidered it as an indiſputable evidence of her virtue, as a reproof of all who had dared to cenſure the levity of her conduct, and a licence to continue it without apology or reſtraint.

It happened that Flavilla, ſoon after this accident, was ſeen in one of the boxes at the play-houſe by Mercator, a young gentleman who had juſt returned from his firſt voyage as captain of a large ſhip in the Levant trade, which had been purchaſed for him by his father, whoſe fortune enabled him to make a genteel proviſion for five ſons, of whom Mercator was the youngeſt, and who expected to ſhare his eſtate, which was perſonal, in equal proportions at his death.

Mercator was captivated with her beauty, but diſcouraged by the ſplendor of her appearance, and the rank of her company. He was urged rather by curioſity than hope, to enquire who ſhe was; and he ſoon gained ſuch a knowledge of her circumſtances, as relieved him from deſpair.

As he knew not how to get admiſſion to her company, and had no deſign upon her virtue, he wrote in the firſt ardour of his paſſion to her mother; giving a faithful account of his fortune and dependence, and intreating that he might be permitted to viſit Flavilla as a candidate for her affection. The old lady, after having made ſome enquiries, by which the account that Mer-

cator had given her was confirmed, ſent him an invitation, and received his firſt viſit alone. She told him, that as Flavilla had no fortune, and as a conſiderable part of his own was dependent upon his father's will, it would be extremely imprudent to endanger the diſappointment of his expectations, by a marriage which would make it more neceſſary that they ſhould be fulfilled; that he ought therefore to obtain his father's conſent, before any other ſtep was taken, leſt he ſhould be embarraſſed by engagements which young perſons almoſt inſenſibly contract, whoſe complacency in each other is continually gaining ſtrength by frequent viſits and converſation. To this counſel, ſo ſalutary and perplexing, Mercator was heſitating what to reply, when Flavilla came in, an accident which he was now only ſolicitous to improve. Flavilla was not diſpleaſed either with his perſon or his addreſs; the frankneſs and gaiety of her diſpoſition ſoon made him forget that he was a ſtranger: a converſation commenced, during which they became yet more pleaſed with each other; and having thus ſurmounted the difficulty of a firſt viſit, he thought no more of the old lady, as he believed her auſpices were not neceſſary to his ſucceſs.

His viſits were often repeated, and he became every hour more impatient of delay: he preſſed his ſuit with that contagious ardour, which is caught at every glance, and produces the conſent which it ſolicits. At the ſame time, indeed, a thought of his father would intervene; but being determined to gratify his wiſhes at all events, he concluded with a ſagacity almoſt univerſal on theſe occaſions, that of two evils, to marry without his conſent was leſs, than to marry againſt it; and one evening, after the lovers had ſpent the afternoon by themſelves, they went out in a kind of frolic, which Mercator had propoſed in the vehemence of his paſſion, and to which Flavilla had conſented in the giddineſs of her indiſcretion, and were married at May Fair.

In the firſt interval of recollection after this precipitate ſtep, Mercator conſidered, that he ought to be the firſt who acquainted his father of the new alliance which had been made in his family: but as he had not fortitude enough to do it in perſon, he expreſſed it in the beſt terms he could conceive by a letter; and after ſuch an apology for his conduct as he had been uſed to make to himſelf, he requeſted that he might be permitted to preſent his wife for the parental benediction, which alone was wanting to compleat his felicity.

The old gentleman, whoſe character I cannot better expreſs than in the faſhionable phraſe which has been contrived to palliate falſe principles and diſſolute manners, had been a gay man, and was well acquainted with the town. He had often heard Flavilla toaſted by rakes of quality, and had often ſeen her at public places. Her beauty and her dependence, the gaiety of her dreſs, the multitude of her admirers, the levity of her conduct, and all the circumſtances of her ſituation, had concurred to render her character ſuſpected; and he was diſpoſed to judge of it with yet leſs charity, when ſhe had offended him by marrying his ſon, whom he conſidered as diſgraced and impoveriſhed, and whoſe misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he reſolved not to alleviate, but increaſe; a reſolution, by which fathers, who have fooliſh and diſobedient ſons, uſually diſplay their own kindneſs and wiſdom. As ſoon as he had read Mercator's letter, he curſed him for a fool, who had been gulled by the artifices of a ſtrumpet to ſcreen her from public infamy by fathering her children, and ſecure her from a priſon by appropriating her debts. In anſwer to his letter, which he wrote only to gratify his reſentment, he told him, that if he had taken Flavilla into keeping, he would have overlooked it; and if her extravagance had diſtreſſed him, he would have ſatisfied his creditors; but that his marriage was not to be forgiven; that he ſhould never have another ſhilling of his money; and that he was determined to ſee him no more. Mercator, who was more provoked by this outrage than grieved at his loſs, diſdained to reply; and believing that he had now moſt reaſon to be offended, could not be perſuaded to ſolicit a reconciliation.

He hired a genteel apartment for his wife of an upholſterer, who, with a view to let lodgings, had taken and furniſhed a large houſe near Leiceſter Fields, and in about two months left her to make another voyage.

He had received viſits of congratulation from her numerous acquaintance, and had returned them as a pledge of his deſire that they ſhould

be repeated. But a remembrance of the gay multitude, which while he was at home had flattered his vanity, as ſoon as he was abſent, alarmed his ſuſpicion: he had, indeed, no particular cauſe of jealouſy; but his anxiety aroſe merely from a ſenſe of the temptation to which ſhe was expoſed, and the impoſſibility of his ſuperintending her conduct.

In the mean time, Flavilla continued to flutter round the ſame giddy circle, in which ſhe had ſhone ſo long; the number of her viſitants was rather increaſed than diminiſhed, the gentlemen attended with yet greater aſſiduity, and ſhe continued to encourage their civilities by the ſame indiſcreet familiarity: ſhe was one night at the maſquerade, and another at an opera; ſometimes at a rout, and ſometimes rambling with a party of pleaſure in ſhort excurſions from town; ſhe came home ſometimes at midnight, ſometimes in the morning, and ſometimes ſhe was abſent ſeveral nights together.

This conduct was the cauſe of much ſpeculation and uneaſineſs to the good man and woman of the houſe. At firſt they ſuſpected that Flavilla was no better than a woman of pleaſure; and that the perſon who had hired the lodging for her as his wife, and had diſappeared upon pretence of a voyage to ſea, had been employed to impoſe upon them, by concealing her character, in order to obtain ſuch accommodation for her as ſhe could not ſo eaſily have procured if it had been known: but as theſe ſuſpicions made them watchful and inquiſitive, they ſoon diſcovered, that many ladies by whom ſhe was viſited were of good character and faſhion. Her conduct, however, ſuppoſing her to be a wife, was ſtill inexcuſable, and ſtill endangered their credit and ſubſiſtence; hints were often dropped by the neighbours to the diſadvantage of her character; and an elderly maiden lady, who lodged in the ſecond floor, had given warning; the family was diſturbed at all hours in the night, and the door was crouded all day with meſſages and viſitants to Flavilla.

One day, therefore, the good woman took an opportunity to remonſtrate, though in the moſt diſtant and reſpectful terms, and with the utmoſt diffidence and caution. She told Flavilla, that ſhe was a fine young lady, that her huſband was abroad, that ſhe kept a great deal of company, and that the world was cenſorious; ſhe wiſhed that leſs occaſion for ſcandal was given; and hoped to be excuſed the liberty ſhe had taken, as ſhe might be ruined by thoſe ſlanders, which could have no influence upon the great, and which therefore they were not ſolicitous to avoid. This addreſs, however ambiguous, and however gentle, was eaſily underſtood, and fiercely reſented. Flavilla, proud of her virtue, and impatient of controul, would have deſpiſed the counſel of a philoſopher, if it had implied an impeachment of her conduct; before a perſon ſo much her inferior, therefore, ſhe was under no reſtraint; ſhe anſwered with a mixture of contempt and indignation, that thoſe only who did not know her would dare to take any liberty with her character; and warned her to propagate no ſcandalous report at her peril. Flavilla immediately roſe from her ſeat, and the woman departed without reply, though ſhe was ſcarce leſs offended than her lodger, and from that moment ſhe determined when Mercator returned to give him warning.

Mercator's voyage was proſperous; and after an abſence of about ten months he came back. The woman, to whom her huſband left the whole management of her lodgings, and who perſiſted in her purpoſe, ſoon found an opportunity to put it in execution. Mercator, as his part of the contract had been punctually fulfilled, thought he had ſome cauſe to be offended, and inſiſted to know her reaſons for compelling him to leave her houſe. Theſe his hoſteſs, who was indeed a friendly woman, was very unwilling to give; and as he perceived that ſhe evaded his queſtion, he became more ſolicitous to obtain an anſwer. After much heſitation, which perhaps had a worſe effect than any tale which malice could have invented, ſhe told him, that madam kept a great deal of company, and often ſtaid out very late; that ſhe had always been uſed to quiet and regularity; and was determined to let her apartment to ſome perſon in a more private ſtation.

At this account Mercator changed countenance; for he inferred from it juſt as much more than truth, as he believed it to be leſs. After ſome moments of ſuſpence, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an emotion which convinced her that ſhe had al-

ready ſaid too much. She then aſſured him, that he had no reaſon to be alarmed; for that ſhe had no exception to his lady, but thoſe gaieties which her ſtation and the faſhion ſufficiently authorized. Mercator's ſuſpicions, however, were not wholly removed; and he began to think he had found a confidante in whom it would be his intereſt to truſt: he therefore, in the folly of his jealouſy, confeſſed that he had ſome doubts concerning his wife, which it was of the utmoſt importance to his honour and his peace to reſolve; he intreated that he might continue in the apartment another year; that, as he ſhould again leave the kingdom in a ſhort time, ſhe would ſuffer no incident, which might confirm either his hopes or his fears, to eſcape her notice in his abſence; and that at his return ſhe would give him ſuch an account as would at leaſt deliver him from the torment of ſuſpence, and determine his future conduct.

There is no ſophiſtry more general than that by which we juſtify a buſy and ſcrupulous enquiry after ſecrets, which to diſcover is to be wretched without hope of redreſs; and no ſervice to which others are ſo eaſily engaged as to aſſiſt in the ſearch. To communicate ſuſpicions of matrimonial infidelity, eſpecially to a huſband, is, by a ſtrange mixture of folly and malignity, deemed not only an act of juſtice but of friendſhip; though it is too late to prevent an evil, which, whatever be its guilt, can diffuſe wretchedneſs only in proportion as it is known. It is no wonder, therefore, that the general kindneſs of Mercator's confidante was on this occaſion overborne; ſhe was flattered by the truſt that had been placed in her, and the power with which ſhe was inveſted; ſhe conſented to Mercator's propoſal, and promiſed that ſhe would with the utmoſt fidelity execute her commiſſion.

Mercator, however, concealed his ſuſpicions from his wife; and, indeed, in her preſence they were forgotten. Her manner of life he began ſeriouſly to diſapprove; but being well acquainted with her temper, in which great ſweetneſs was blended with a high ſpirit, he would not embitter the pleaſure of a ſhort ſtay by altercation, chiding, and tears: but when her mind was melted into tenderneſs at his departure, he claſped her in an extaſy of fondneſs to his boſom, and intreated her to behave with reſerve and circumſpection; 'Becauſe,' ſaid he, 'I know that my father keeps a watchful 'eye upon your conduct, which may, there-'fore, confirm or remove his diſpleaſure, and 'either intercept or beſtow ſuch an increaſe of my 'fortune as will prevent the pangs of ſeparation 'which muſt otherwiſe ſo often return, and in a 'ſhort time unite us to part no more.' To this caution ſhe had then no power to reply; and they parted with mutual proteſtations of unalterable love.

No. CXXV. TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1754.

——Uxorem, Poſtume, ducis?
Dic qua Tiſiphone, quibus exagitare colubris? JUV.

A ſober man, like thee, to change his life!
What fury could poſſeſs thee with a wife? DRYDEN.

FLAVILLA, ſoon after ſhe was thus left in a kind of widowhood a ſecond time, found herſelf with child; and within ſomewhat leſs than eight months after Mercator's return from his firſt voyage, ſhe happened to ſtumble as ſhe was going up ſtairs, and being immediately taken ill, was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, though its birth had been precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably ſmall, nor had any infirmity which endangered its life.

It was now neceſſary that the vigils of whiſt, and the tumults of balls and viſits, ſhould, for a while, be ſuſpended; and in this interval of languor and retirement Flavilla firſt became thoughtful. She often reflected upon Mercator's caution when they laſt parted, which had made an indelible impreſſion upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration in her conduct: notwithſtanding the manner in which it was expreſſed, and the reaſon upon which it was founded, ſhe began to fear that it might

have been ſecretly prompted by jealouſy. The birth, therefore, of her firſt child in his abſence, at a time when, if it had not been premature, it could not poſſibly have been his, was an accident which greatly alarmed her: but there was yet another, for which it was ſtill leſs in her power to account, and which, therefore, alarmed her ſtill more.

It happened that ſome civilities which ſhe received from a lady who ſat next her at an opera, and whom ſhe had never ſeen before, introduced a converſation, which ſo much delighted her, that ſhe gave her a preſſing invitation to viſit her: this invitation was accepted, and in a few days the viſit was paid. Flavilla was not leſs pleaſed at the ſecond interview, than ſhe had been at the firſt; and without making any other enquiry concerning the lady than where ſhe lived, took the firſt opportunity to wait on her. The apartment in which ſhe was received was the ground-floor of an elegant houſe, at a ſmall diſtance, from St. James's. It happened that Flavilla was placed near the window; and a party of the horſe-guards riding through the ſtreet, ſhe expected to ſee ſome of the royal family, and haſtily threw up the ſaſh. A gentleman who was paſſing by at the ſame inſtant, turned about at the noiſe of the window, and Flavilla no ſooner ſaw his face than ſhe knew him to be the father of Mercator. After looking firſt ſtedfaſtly at her, and then glancing his eye at the lady whom ſhe was viſiting, he affected a contemptuous ſneer, and went on. Flavilla, who had been thrown into ſome confuſion by the ſudden and unexpected ſight of a perſon, whom ſhe knew conſidered her as the diſgrace of his family and the ruin of his child, now changed countenance, and haſtily retired to another part of the room: ſhe was touched both with grief and anger at this ſilent inſult, of which, however, ſhe did not then ſuſpect the cauſe. It is, indeed, probable, that the father of Mercator would no where have looked upon her with complacency; but as ſoon as he ſaw her companion, he recollected that ſhe was the favourite miſtreſs of an old courtier, and that this was the houſe in which he kept her in great ſplendor, though ſhe had been by turns a proſtitute to many others. It happened that Flavilla, ſoon after this accident, diſcovered the character of her new acquaintance; and never remembered by whom ſhe had been ſeen in her company, without the utmoſt regret and apprehenſion.

She now reſolved to move in a leſs circle, and with more circumſpection. In the mean time, her little boy, whom ſhe ſuckled, grew very faſt; and it could no longer be known by his appearance that he had been born too ſoon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears; and though her pleaſures were now become domeſtic, yet ſhe feared leſt that which had produced ſhould deſtroy them. After ſuch deliberation, ſhe determined that ſhe would conceal the child's age from its father; believing it prudent to prevent a ſuſpicion, which, however ill founded, it might be difficult to remove, as her juſtification would depend wholly upon the teſtimony of her dependants; and her mother's and her own would neceſſarily become doubtful, when every one would have reaſon to conclude, that it would ſtill have been the ſame ſuppoſing the contrary to have been true.

Such was the ſtate of Flavilla's mind, and her little boy was ſix months old, when Mercator returned. She received him with joy, indeed, but it was mixed with a viſible confuſion; their meeting was more tender, but on her part it was leſs cheerful; ſhe ſmiled with inexpreſſible complacency, but at the ſame time the tears guſhed from her eyes, and ſhe was ſeized with an univerſal tremor. Mercator caught the infection; and careſſed firſt his Flavilla, and then his boy, with an exceſs of fondneſs and delight that before he had never expreſſed. The ſight of the child made him more than ever wiſh a reconciliation with his father; and having heard at his firſt landing that he was dangerouſly ill, he determined to go immediately and attempt to ſee him, promiſing that he would return to ſupper. He had, in the midſt of his careſſes, more than once inquired the age of his ſon, but the queſtion had been always evaded; of which, however, he took no notice, nor did it produce any ſuſpicion.

He was now haſting to enquire after his father; but as he paſſed through the hall, he was officiouſly laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much diſpoſed to enquire how ſhe had fulfilled his charge; but perceiving by her looks that ſhe had ſomething to communicate, which was at leaſt in her own opinion of im-

portance, he ſuffered her to take him into her parlour. She immediately ſhut the door, and reminded him, that ſhe had undertaken an office with reluctance which he had preſſed upon her; and that ſhe had done nothing in it to which he had not bound her by a promiſe; that ſhe was extremely ſorry to communicate her diſcoveries; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and, indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, that the child was born within leſs than eight months after his laſt return from abroad; that it was ſaid to have come before its time, but that having preſſed to ſee it, ſhe was refuſed. This indeed was true, and confirmed the good woman in her ſuſpicion; for Flavilla, who had ſtill reſented the freedom which ſhe had taken in her remonſtrance, had kept her at a great diſtance: and the ſervants, to gratify the miſtreſs, treated her with the utmoſt inſolence and contempt.

At this relation Mercator turned pale. He now recollected, that his queſtion concerning the child's birth had been evaded; and concluded, that he had been ſhedding tears of tenderneſs and joy over a ſtrumpet and a baſtard, who had robbed him of his patrimony, his honour and his peace. He ſtarted up with the furious wildneſs of ſudden phrenzy; but ſhe with great difficulty prevailed upon him not to leave the room. He ſat down, and remained ſome time motionleſs, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands locked in each other. In proportion as he believed his wife to be guilty, his tenderneſs for his father revived; and he reſolved, with yet greater zeal, to proſecute his purpoſe of immediately attempting a reconciliation.

In this ſtate of confuſion and diſtreſs, he went to the houſe; where he learned that his father had died early in the morning, and that his relations were then aſſembled to read his will. Fulvius, a brother of Mercator's mother, with whom he had always been a favourite, happening to paſs from one room to another, heard his voice. He accoſted him with great ardour of friendſhip; and, ſoothing him with expreſſions of condolence and affection, inſiſted to introduce him to the company. Mercator tacitly conſented: he was received at leaſt with civility by his brothers, and ſitting down among them, the will was read. He ſeemed to liſten like the reſt; but was, indeed, muſing over the ſtory which he had juſt heard, and loſt in the ſpeculation of his own wretchedneſs. He waked as from a dream, when the voice of the perſon who had been reading was ſuſpended; and finding that he could no longer contain himſelf, he ſtarted up, and would have left the company.

Of the will which had been read before him, he knew nothing: but his uncle believing that he was moved with grief and reſentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequeſt only of a ſhilling, took him into another room; and, to apologize for his father's unkindneſs, told him, that the reſentment which he expreſſed at his marriage, was every day increaſed by the conduct of his wife, whoſe character was now become notoriouſly infamous; for that ſhe had been ſeen at the lodgings of a known proſtitute, with whom ſhe appeared to be well acquainted. This account threw Mercator into another agony; from which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune and ſoothe his diſtreſs, propoſed that he ſhould no more return to his lodgings, but go home with him; and that he would himſelf take ſuch meaſures with his wife, as could ſcarce fail of inducing her to accept a ſeparate maintenance, aſſume another name, and trouble him no more. Mercator, in the bitterneſs of his affliction, conſented to this propoſal, and they went away together.

Mercator, in the mean time, was expected by Flavilla with the moſt tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed, and decorated a ſmall room in which they had been uſed to ſup by themſelves, and which ſhe had ſhut up in his abſence; ſhe counted the moments as they paſſed, and liſtened to every carriage and every ſtep that ſhe heard. Supper now was ready: her impatience was increaſed; terror was at length mingled with regret, and her fondneſs was only buſied to afflict her; ſhe wiſhed, ſhe feared, ſhe accuſed, ſhe apologized, and ſhe wept. In the height of theſe eager expectations and this tender diſtreſs, ſhe received a billet which Mercator had been perſuaded by his uncle to write, in which he upbraided her in the ſtrongeſt terms with abuſing his confidence and diſhonouring his bed; of this, he ſaid, he had now obtained ſufficient proof to do juſtice

to himſelf, and that he was determined to ſee her no more.

To thoſe whoſe hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony which ſeized Flavilla upon the ſight of this billet, all attempts to deſcribe it would be not only ineffectual but abſurd. Having paſſed the night without ſleep, and all the next day without food, diſappointed in every attempt to diſcover what was become of Mercator, and doubting, if ſhe ſhould have found him, whether it would be poſſible to convince him of her innocence; the violent agitation of her mind produced a ſlow fever, which, before ſhe conſidered it as a diſeaſe, ſhe communicated to the child while ſhe cheriſhed it at her boſom, and wept over it as an orphan, whoſe life ſhe was ſuſtaining with her own.

After Mercator had been abſent about ten days, his uncle, having perſuaded him to accompany ſome friends to a country-ſeat at the diſtance of near ſixty miles, went to his lodgings in order to diſcharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with Flavilla, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of a proſecution and divorce; but when he came, he found that Flavilla was ſinking very faſt under her diſeaſe, and that the child was dead already. The woman of the houſe, into whoſe hands ſhe had juſt put her repeating-watch and ſome other ornaments as a ſecurity for her rent, was ſo touched with her diſtreſs, and ſo firmly perſuaded of her innocence by the manner in which ſhe had addreſſed her, and the calm ſolemnity with which ſhe abſolved thoſe by whom ſhe had been traduced, that as ſoon as ſhe had diſcovered Fulvius's buſineſs, ſhe threw herſelf on her knees, and intreated, that if he knew where Mercator was to be found, he would urge him to return, that if poſſible the life of Flavilla might be preſerved, and the happineſs of both be reſtored by her juſtification. Fulvius, who ſtill ſuſpected appearances, or at leaſt was in doubt of the cauſe that produced them, would not diſcover his nephew; but after much intreaty and expoſtulation at laſt engaged upon his honour for the conveyance of a letter. The woman, as ſoon as ſhe obtained this promiſe, ran up and communicated it to Flavilla; who, when ſhe had recovered from the ſurprize and tumult which it occaſioned, was ſupported in her bed, and in about half an hour, after many efforts and many intervals, wrote a ſhort billet; which was ſealed and put into the hands of Fulvius.

Fulvius immediately incloſed and diſpatched it by the poſt, reſolving that in a queſtion ſo doubtful and of ſuch importance, he would no farther interpoſe. Mercator, who the moment he caſt his eye upon the letter knew both the hand and ſeal, after pauſing a few moments in ſuſpenſe, at length tore it open, and read theſe words:

'Such has been my folly; that, perhaps, I 'ſhould not be acquitted of guilt in any cir-'cumſtances, but thoſe in which I write. I 'do not, therefore, but for your ſake, wiſh 'them other than they are. The dear infant, 'whoſe birth has undone me, now lies dead 'at my ſide, a victim to my indiſcretion and 'your reſentment. I am ſcarce able to guide 'my pen. But I moſt earneſtly intreat to ſee 'you, that you may at leaſt have the ſatisfac-'tion to hear me atteſt my innocence with the 'laſt ſigh, and ſeal our reconciliation on my 'lips while they are yet ſenſible of the im-'preſſion.'

Mercator, whom an earthquake would leſs have affected than this letter, felt all his tenderneſs revive in a moment, and reflected with unutterable anguiſh upon the raſhneſs of his reſentment. At the thought of his diſtance from London, he ſtarted as if he had felt a dagger in his heart: he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, with a look that expreſſed at once an accuſation of himſelf, and a petition for her; and then ruſhing out of the houſe, without taking leave of any, or ordering a ſervant to attend him, he took poſt horſes at a neighbouring inn, and in leſs than ſix hours was in Leiceſter Fields. But notwithſtanding his ſpeed, he arrived too late; Flavilla had ſuffered the laſt agony, and her eyes could behold him no more. Grief and diſappointment, remorſe and deſpair, now totally ſubverted his reaſon. It became neceſſary to remove him by force from the body; and after a confinement of two years in a mad-houſe, he died.

May every lady on whoſe memory compaſſion ſhall record theſe events, tremble to aſſume the levity of Flavilla; for, perhaps, it is in the power of no man in Mercator's circumſtances, to be leſs jealous than Mercator.

No. CXXVI. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1754.

——————Steriles nec legit arenas
Ut caneret paucis, merſitque hoc pulvere verum. LUCAN.

Canſt thou believe the vaſt Eternal Mind
Was e'er to Syrts and Lybian ſands confin'd?
That he would chuſe this waſte, this barren ground,
To teach the thin inhabitants around,
And leave his truth in wilds and deſarts drown'd

THERE has always prevailed among that part of mankind that addict their minds to ſpeculation, a propenſity to talk much of the delights of retirement; and ſome of the moſt pleaſing compoſitions produced in every age contain deſcriptions of the peace and happineſs of a country life.

I know not whether thoſe who thus ambitiouſly repeat the praiſes of ſolitude, have always conſidered, how much they depreciate mankind by declaring, that whatever is excellent or deſireable is to be obtained by departing from them; that the aſſiſtance which we may derive from one another, is not equivalent to the evils which we have to fear; that the kindneſs of a few is overbalanced by the malice of many; and that the protection of ſociety is too dearly purchaſed, by encountering its dangers and enduring its oppreſſions.

Theſe ſpecious repreſentations of ſolitary happineſs, however opprobrious to human nature, have ſo far ſpread their influence over the world, that almoſt every man delights his imagination with the hopes of obtaining ſome time an opportunity of retreat. Many, indeed, who enjoy retreat only in imagination, content themſelves with believing, that another year will tranſport them to rural tranquility, and die while they talk of doing what, if they had lived longer, they would never have done. But many likewiſe there are, either of greater reſolution or more credulity, who in earneſt try the ſtate which they have been taught to think thus ſecure from cares and dangers; and retire to privacy, either that they may improve their happineſs, increaſe their knowledge, or exalt their virtue.

The greater part of the admirers of ſolitude, as of all other claſſes of mankind, have no higher or remoter view, than the preſent gratification of their paſſions. Of theſe ſome, haughty and impetuous, fly from ſociety only becauſe they cannot bear to repay to others the regard which themſelves exact; and think no ſtate of life eligible, but which places them out of the reach of cenſure or controul, and affords them opportunities of living in a perpetual compliance with their own inclinations, without the neceſſity of regulating their actions by any other man's convenience or opinion.

There are others of minds more delicate and tender, eaſily offended by every deviation from rectitude, ſoon diſguſted by ignorance or impertinence, and always expecting from the converſation of mankind more elegance, purity, and truth, than the mingled maſs of life will eaſily afford. Such men are in haſte to retire from groſſneſs, falſhood, and brutality; and hope to find in private habitations at leaſt a negative felicity, an exemption from the ſhocks and perturbations with which public ſcenes are continually diſtreſſing them.

To neither of theſe votaries will ſolitude afford that content, which ſhe has been taught ſo laviſhly to promiſe. The man of arrogance will quickly diſcover, that by eſcaping from his opponents he has loſt his flatterers, that greatneſs is nothing where it is not ſeen, and power nothing where it cannot be felt: and he whoſe faculties are employed in too cloſe an obſervation of failings and defects, will find his condition very little mended by transferring his attention from others to himſelf; he will probably ſoon come back in queſt of new objects, and be glad to keep his captiouſneſs employed on any character rather than his own.

Others are ſeduced into ſolitude merely by the authority of great names, and expect to find thoſe charms in tranquility which have allured ſtateſmen and conquerors to the ſhades: theſe like-

wiſe are apt to wonder at their diſappointment, for want of conſidering, that thoſe whom they aſpire to imitate carried with them to their country ſeats minds full fraught with ſubjects of reflection, the conſciouſneſs of great merit, the memory of illuſtrious actions, the knowledge of important events, and the ſeeds of mighty deſigns to be ripened by future meditation. Solitude was to ſuch men a releaſe from fatigue, and an opportunity of uſefulneſs. But what can retirement confer upon him who, having done nothing, can receive no ſupport from his own importance, who having known nothing, can find no entertainment in reviewing the paſt; and who, intending nothing, can form no hopes from proſpects of the future: he can, ſurely, take no wiſer courſe than that of loſing himſelf again in the crowd, and filling the vacuities of his mind with the news of the day.

Others conſider ſolitude as the parent of philoſophy, and retire in expectation of greater intimacies with ſcience, as Numa repaired to the groves when he conferred with Egeria. Theſe men have not always reaſon to repent. Some ſtudies require a continued proſecution of the ſame train of thought, ſuch as is too often interrupted by the petty avocations of common life: ſometimes, likewiſe, it is neceſſary, that a multiplicity of objects be at once preſent to the mind; and every thing, therefore, muſt be kept at a diſtance, which may perplex the memory, or diſſipate the attention.

But though learning may be conferred by ſolitude, its application muſt be attained by general converſe. He has learned to no purpoſe, that is not able to teach; and he will always teach unſucceſsfully, who cannot recommend his ſentiments by his diction or addreſs.

Even the acquiſition of knowledge is often much facilitated by the advantages of ſociety: he that never compares his notions with thoſe of others, readily acquieſces in his firſt thoughts, and very ſeldom diſcovers the objections which may be raiſed againſt his opinions; he, therefore, often thinks himſelf in poſſeſſion of truth, when he is only fondling an error long ſince exploded. He that has neither companions nor rivals in his ſtudies, will always applaud his own progreſs, and think highly of his performances, becauſe he knows not that others have equalled or excelled him. And I am afraid it may be added, that the ſtudent who withdraws himſelf from the world, will ſoon feel that ardour extinguiſhed which praiſe or emulation had enkindled, and take the advantage of ſecrecy to ſleep, rather than to labour.

There remains yet another ſet of recluſes, whoſe intention entitles them to higher reſpect, and whoſe motives deſerve a more ſerious conſideration. Theſe retire from the world, not merely to baſk in eaſe or gratify curioſity; but that being diſengaged from common cares, they may employ more time in the duties of religion; that they may regulate their actions with ſtricter vigilance, and purify their thoughts by more frequent meditation.

To men thus elevated above the miſts of mortality, I am far from preſuming myſelf qualified to give directions. On him that appears to paſs through things temporary, with no other care than not to loſe finally the things eternal, I look with ſuch veneration as inclines me to approve his conduct in the whole, without a minute examination of its parts; yet I could never forbear to wiſh, that while vice is every day multiplying ſeducements, and ſtalking forth with more hardened effrontery, virtue would not withdraw the influence of her preſence, or forbear to aſſert her natural dignity by open and undaunted perſeverance in the right. Piety practiſed in ſolitude, like the flower that blooms in the deſart, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight thoſe unbodied ſpirits that ſurvey the works of GOD and the actions of men; but it beſtows no aſſiſtance upon earthly beings, and however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the ſacred ſplendor of beneficence.

Our MAKER, who, though he gave us ſuch varieties of temper and ſuch difference of powers, yet deſigned us all for happineſs, undoubtedly intended, that we ſhould obtain that happineſs by different means. Some are unable to reſiſt the temptations of importunity, or the impetuoſity of their own paſſions incited by the force of preſent temptations: of theſe it is undoubtedly the duty to fly from enemies which they cannot conquer, and to cultivate, in the calm of ſolitude, that virtue which is too tender to endure the tempeſts of public life. But there are others, whoſe paſſions grow more ſtrong and irregular in privacy; and who cannot maintain an uniform tenor of virtue, but

by expoſing their manners to the public eye, and aſſiſting the admonitions of conſcience with the fear of infamy: for ſuch it is dangerous to exclude all witneſſes of their conduct, till they have formed ſtrong habits of virtue, and weakened their paſſions by frequent victories. But there is a higher order of men ſo inſpired with ardour, and ſo fortified with reſolution, that the world paſſes before them without influence or regard: theſe ought to conſider themſelves as appointed the guardians of mankind; they are placed in an evil world, to exhibit public examples of good life; and may be ſaid, when they withdraw to ſolitude, to deſert the ſtation which Providence aſſigned them.

T

No. CXXVII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1754.

——Veteres ita miratur, laudatque!——

HOR.

The wits of old he praiſes and admires.

'IT is very remarkable,' ſays Addiſon, 'that notwithſtanding we fall ſhort at preſent of the ancients in poetry, painting, oratory, hiſtory, architecture, and all the noble arts and ſciences which depend more upon genius than experience; we exceed them as much in doggerel, humour, burleſque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule.' As this fine obſervation ſtands at preſent only in the form of a general aſſertion, it deſerves, I think, to be examined by a deduction of particulars, and confirmed by an allegation of examples, which may furniſh an agreeable entertainment to thoſe who have ability and inclination to remark the revolutions of human wit.

That Taſſo, Arioſto, and Camoens, the three moſt celebrated of modern Epic Poets, are infinitely excelled in propriety of deſign, of ſentiment and ſtyle, by Horace and Virgil, it would be ſerious trifling to attempt to prove: but Milton, perhaps, will not ſo eaſily reſign his claim to equality, if not to ſuperiority. Let it, however, be remembered, that if Milton be enabled to diſpute the prize with the great champions of antiquity, it is entirely owing to the ſublime conceptions he has copied from the Book of GOD. Theſe, therefore, muſt be taken away, before we begin to make a juſt eſtimate of his genius; and from what remains, it cannot, I preſume, be ſaid, with candour and impartiality, that he has excelled Homer, in the ſublimity and variety of his thoughts, or the ſtrength and majeſty of his diction.

Shakeſpeare, Corneille, and Racine, are the only modern writers of Tragedy, that we can venture to oppoſe to Eſchylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. The firſt is an author ſo uncommon and eccentric, that we can ſcarcely try him by dramatic rules. In ſtrokes of nature and character, he yields not to the Greeks: in all other circumſtances that conſtitute the excellence of the drama, he is vaſtly inferior. Of the three moderns, the moſt faultleſs is the tender and exact Racine: but he was ever ready to acknowledge, that his capital beauties were borrowed from his favourite Euripides; which, indeed, cannot eſcape the obſervation of thoſe who read with attention his Phædra and Andromache. The pompous and truly Roman ſentiments of Corneille are chiefly drawn from Lucan and Tacitus; the former of whom, by a ſtrange perverſion of taſte, he is known to have preferred to Virgil. His diction is not ſo pure and mellifluous, his characters not ſo various and juſt, nor his plots ſo regular, ſo intereſting and ſimple, as thoſe of his pathetic rival. It is by this ſimplicity of fable alone, when every ſingle act, and ſcene, and ſpeech, and ſentiment and word, concur to accelerate the intended event, that the Greek tragedies kept the attention of the audience immoveably fixed upon one principal object, which muſt be neceſſarily leſſened, and the ends of the drama defeated, by the mazes and intricacies of modern plots.

The aſſertion of Addiſon with reſpect to the firſt particular, regarding the higher kinds of poetry, will remain unqueſtionably true, till nature, in ſome diſtant age, for in the preſent enervated with luxury ſhe ſeems incapable of

ſuch an effort, ſhall produce ſome tranſcendent genius, of power to eclipſe the Iliad and the Edipus.

The ſuperiority of the ancient artiſts in Painting, is not perhaps ſo clearly manifeſt. They were ignorant, it will be ſaid, of light, of ſhade, and perſpective; and they had not the uſe of oil colours, which are happily calculated to blend and unite without harſhneſs and diſcordance, to give a boldneſs and relief to the figures, and to form thoſe middle Teints which render every well-wrought piece a cloſer reſemblance of nature. Judges of the trueſt taſte do, however, place the merit of colouring far below that of juſtneſs of deſign, and force of expreſſion. In theſe two higheſt and moſt important excellencies the ancient painters were eminently ſkilled, if we truſt the teſtimonies of Pliny, Quintilian, and Lucian; and to credit them we are obliged, if we would form to ourſelves any idea of theſe artiſts at all; for there is not one Grecian picture remaining: and the Romans, ſome few of whoſe works have deſcended to this age, could never boaſt of a Parrhaſius or Apelles, a Zeuxis, Timanthes, or Protogenes, of whoſe performances the two accompliſhed critics above-mentioned ſpeak in terms of rapture and admiration. The ſtatues that have eſcaped the ravages of time, as the Hercules and Laocoon for inſtance, are ſtill a ſtronger demonſtration of the power of the Grecian artiſts in expreſſing the paſſions; for what was executed in marble, we have preſumptive evidence to think, might alſo have been executed in colours. Carlo Marat, the laſt valuable painter of Italy, after copying the head of the Venus in the Medicean collection three hundred times, generouſly confeſſed, that he could not arrive at half the grace and perfection of his model. But to ſpeak my opinion freely on a very diſputable point, I muſt own, that if the moderns approach the ancients in any of the arts here in queſtion, they approach them neareſt in the art of Painting. The human mind can with difficulty conceive any thing more exalted than the Laſt Judgment of Michael Angelo, and the Transfiguration of Raphael. What can be more animated than Raphael's Paul preaching at Athens? What more tender and delicate than Mary holding the child Jeſus, in his famous Holy Family? What more graceful than the Aurora of Guido? What more deeply moving than the Maſſacre of the Innocents, by Le Brun?

But no modern Orator can dare to enter the liſts with Demoſthenes and Tully. We have diſcourſes, indeed, that may be admired for their perſpicuity, purity, and elegance; but can produce none which abound in a ſublime which whirls away the auditor like a mighty torrent, and pierces the inmoſt receſſes of his heart like a flaſh of lightning; which irreſiſtibly and inſtantaneouſly convinces, without leaving him leiſure to weigh the motives of conviction. The ſermons of Bourdaloüe, the funeral orations of Boſſuet, particularly that on the death of Henrietta, and the pleadings of Peliſſon for his diſgraced patron Fouquet, are the only pieces of eloquence I can recollect, that bear any reſemblance to the Greek or Roman orator; for in England we have been particularly unfortunate in our attempts to be eloquent, whether in parliament, in the pulpit, or at the bar. If it be urged, that the nature of modern politics and laws excludes the pathetic and the ſublime, and confines the ſpeaker to a cold argumentative method, and a dull detail of proof and dry matters of fact; yet, ſurely, the religion of the moderns abounds in topics ſo incomparably noble and exalted, as might kindle the flames of genuine oratory in the moſt frigid and barren genius: much more might this ſucceſs be reaſonably expected from ſuch geniuſes as Britain can enumerate; yet no piece of this ſort, worthy applauſe or notice, has ever yet appeared.

The few, even among profeſſed ſcholars, that are able to read the ancient Hiſtorians in their inimitable originals, are ſtartled at the paradox of Bolingbroke, who boldly prefers Guicciardini to Thucydides; that is, the moſt verboſe and tedious to the moſt comprehenſive and conciſe of writers, and a collector of facts to one who was himſelf an eye-witneſs and a principal actor in the important ſtory he relates. And, indeed, it may well be preſumed, that the ancient hiſtories exceed the modern from this ſingle conſideration, that the latter are commonly compiled by recluſe ſcholars, unpractiſed in buſineſs, war, and politics; whilſt the former are many of them written by miniſters, commanders, and princes themſelves. We have, indeed, a few flimſy memoirs, particularly in a neighbouring nation, written by perſons

deeply intereſted in the tranſactions they deſcribe; but theſe I imagine will not be compared to the Retreat of the Ten Thouſand which Xenephon himſelf conducted and related, nor to the Gallic War of Cæſar, nor the Precious Fragments of Polybius, which our modern generals and miniſters would not be diſcredited by diligently peruſing, and making them the models of their conduct as well as of their ſtyle. Are the reflections of Machiavel ſo ſubtle and refined as thoſe of Tacitus? Are the portraits of Thuanus ſo ſtrong and expreſſive as thoſe of Salluſt and Plutarch? Are the narrations of Davila ſo lively and animated, or do his ſentiments breathe ſuch a love of liberty and virtue as thoſe of Livy and Herodotus?

The ſupreme excellence of the ancient Architecture, the laſt particular to be touched, I ſhall not enlarge upon, becauſe it has never once been called in queſtion, and becauſe it is abundantly teſtified by the awful ruins of amphitheatres, aqueducts, arches and columns, that are the daily objects of veneration, though not of imitation. This art, it is obſervable, has never been improved in later ages in one ſingle inſtance; but every juſt and legitimate edifice is ſtill formed according to the five old eſtabliſhed orders, to which human wit has never been able to add a ſixth of equal ſymmetry and ſtrength.

Such, therefore, are the triumphs of the Ancients, eſpecially the Greeks, over the Moderns. They may, perhaps, be not unjuſtly aſcribed to a genial climate, that gave ſuch a happy temperament of body as was moſt proper to produce fine ſenſations; to a language moſt harmonious, copious, and forcible; to the public encouragements and honours beſtowed on the cultivators of literature; to the emulation excited among the generous youth, by exhibitions of their performances at the ſolemn games; to an inattention to the arts of lucre and commerce, which engroſs and debaſe the minds of the moderns; and above all, to an exemption from the neceſſity of overloading their natural faculties with learning and languages, with which we in theſe later times are obliged to qualify ourſelves for writers, if we expect to be read.

It is ſaid by Voltaire, with his uſual livelineſs—'We ſhall never again behold the time, 'when a Duke la Rochefoucault might go from 'the converſation of a Paſcal or Arnauld, to 'the theatre of Corneille.' This reflection may be juſtly applied to the ancients, and it may with much greater truth be ſaid—'The 'age will never again return, when a Peri-'cles, after walking with Plato in a portico 'built by Phidias, and painted by Apelles, 'might repair to hear a pleading of Demoſ-'thenes, or a tragedy of Sophocles.'

I ſhall next examine the other part of Addiſon's aſſertion, that the moderns excel the ancients in all the arts of Ridicule, and aſſign the reaſons of this ſuppoſed excellence.

Z

No. CXXVIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1754.

Ille ſiniſtrorſum, hic dextrorſum abit; unus utrique
Error, ſed variis illudit partibus. HOR.

When in a wood we leave the certain way,
One error fools us, tho' we various ſtray,
Some to the left, and ſome to t'other ſide. FRANCIS.

IT is common among all the claſſes of mankind, to charge each other with trifling away life: every man looks on the occupation or amuſement of his neighbour, as ſomething below the dignity of our nature, and unworthy of the attention of a rational being.

A man who conſiders the paucity of the wants of nature, and who, being acquainted with the various means by which all manual occupations are now facilitated, obſerves what numbers are ſupported by the labour of a few, would, indeed, be inclined to wonder, how the multitudes who are exempted from the neceſſity of working either for themſelves or others, find buſineſs to fill up the vacuities of life. The greater part

of mankind neither card the fleece, dig the mine, fell the wood, nor gather in the harveſt; they neither tend herds, nor build houſes; in what then are they employed?

This is certainly a queſtion, which a diſtant proſpect of the world will not enable us to anſwer. We find all ranks and ages mingled together in a tumultuous confuſion, with haſte in their motions, and eagerneſs in their looks; but what they have to purſue or avoid, a more minute obſervation muſt inform us.

When we analyſe the crowd into individuals, it ſoon appears that the paſſions and imaginations of men will not eaſily ſuffer them to be idle: we ſee things coveted merely becauſe they are rare, and purſued becauſe they are fugitive; we ſee men conſpire to fix an arbitrary value on that which is worthleſs in itſelf, and then contend for the poſſeſſion. One is a collector of foſſils, of which he knows no other uſe than to ſhew them; and when he has ſtocked his own repoſitory, grieves that the ſtones which he has left behind him ſhould be picked up by another. The floriſt nurſes a tulip, and repines that his rival's beds enjoy the ſame ſhowers and ſun-ſhine with his own. This man is hurrying to a concert, only leſt others ſhould have heard the new muſician before him; another burſts from his company to the play, becauſe he fancies himſelf the patron of an actreſs; ſome ſpend the morning in conſultations with their taylor, and ſome in directions to their cook; ſome are forming parties for cards, and ſome laying wagers at a horſe-race.

It cannot, I think, be denied, that ſome of theſe lives are paſſed in trifles, in occupations by which the buſy neither benefit themſelves nor others, and by which no man could be long engaged, who ſeriouſly conſidered what he was doing, or had knowledge enough to compare what he is with what he might be made. However, as people who have the ſame inclination generally flock together, every trifler is kept in countenance by the ſight of others as unprofitably active as himſelf; by kindling the heat of competition, he in time thinks himſelf important, and by having his mind intenſely engaged, he is ſecured from wearineſs of himſelf.

Some degree of ſelf-approbation is always the reward of diligence; and I cannot, therefore, but conſider the laborious cultivation of petty pleaſures, as a more happy and more virtuous diſpoſition, than that univerſal contempt and haughty negligence, which is ſometimes aſſociated with powerful faculties, but is often aſſumed by indolence when it diſowns its name, and aſpires to the appellation of greatneſs of mind.

It has been long obſerved, that drollery and ridicule is the moſt eaſy kind of wit: let it be added, that contempt and arrogance is the eaſieſt philoſophy. To find ſome objection to every thing, and to diſſolve in perpetual lazineſs under pretence that occaſions are wanting to call forth activity, to laugh at thoſe who are ridiculouſly buſy without ſetting an example of more rational induſtry, is no leſs in the power of the meaneſt than of the higheſt intellects.

Our preſent ſtate has placed us at once in ſuch different relations, that every human enployment, which is not a viſible and immediate act of goodneſs, will be in ſome reſpect or other ſubject to contempt; but it is true likewiſe, that almoſt every act, which is not directly vicious, is in ſome reſpect beneficial and laudable. 'I often,' ſays Bruyere, 'obſerve 'from my window, two beings of erect form 'and amiable countenance, endowed with the 'powers of reaſon, able to cloath their thoughts 'in language, and convey their notions to each 'other. They riſe early in the morning, and 'are every day employed in rubbing two ſmooth 'ſtones together, or, in other terms, in po-'liſhing marble.'

'If lions could paint,' ſays the fable, 'in 'the room of thoſe pictures which exhibit men 'vanquiſhing lions, we ſhould ſee lions feed-'ing upon men.' If the ſtone-cutter could have written like Bruyere, what would he have replied?

'I look up,' ſays he, 'every day from my 'ſhop, upon a man whom the idlers, who ſtand 'ſtill to gaze upon my work, often celebrate 'as a wit and a philoſopher. I often perceive 'his face clouded with care, and am told that 'his taper is ſometimes burning at midnight. 'The ſight of a man who works ſo much harder than myſelf, excited my curioſity. I 'heard no ſound of tools in his apartment, 'and, therefore, could not imagine what he 'was doing; but was told at laſt, that he was

'writing deſcriptions of mankind, who when 'he had deſcribed them would live juſt as they 'had lived before; that he ſat up whole nights 'to change a ſentence, becauſe the ſound of a let-'ter was too often repeated; that he was often 'diſquieted with doubts, about the propriety 'of a word which every body underſtood; that 'he would heſitate between two expreſſions 'equally proper, till he could not fix his choice 'but by conſulting his friends; that he will 'run from one end of Paris to the other, for 'an opportunity of reading a period to a nice 'ear; that if a ſingle line is heard with cold-'neſs and inattention, he returns home dejected 'and diſconſolate; and that by all this care 'and labour he hopes only to make a little book, 'which at laſt will teach no uſeful art, and 'which none who has it not will perceive him-'ſelf to want. I have often wondered for 'what end ſuch a being as this was ſent into 'the world; and ſhould be glad to ſee thoſe 'who live thus fooliſhly, ſeized by an order 'of the government, and obliged to labour at 'ſome uſeful occupation.'

Thus, by a partial and imperfect repreſentation, may every thing be made equally ridiculous. He that gazed with contempt on human beings rubbing ſtones together, might have prolonged the ſame amuſement by walking through the city, and ſeeing others with looks of importance heaping one brick upon another; or by rambling into the country, where he might obſerve other creatures of the ſame kind driving pieces of ſharp iron into the clay, or, in the language of men leſs enlightened, ploughing the field.

As it is thus eaſy, by a detail of minute circumſtances, to make every thing little, ſo it is not difficult by an aggregation of effects, to make every thing great. The poliſher of marble may be forming ornaments for the palaces of virtue, and the ſchools of ſcience; or providing tables, on which the actions of heroes and the diſcoveries of ſages ſhall be recorded, for the incitement and inſtruction of future generations. The maſon is exerciſing one of the principal arts by which reaſoning beings are diſtinguiſhed from the brute, the art to which life owes much of its ſafety and all its conveniences, by which we are ſecured from the inclemency of the ſeaſons, and fortified againſt the ravages of hoſtility; and the ploughman is changing the face of nature, diffuſing plenty and happineſs over kingdoms, and compelling the earth to give food to her inhabitants.

Greatneſs and littleneſs are terms merely comparative; and we err in our eſtimation of things, becauſe we meaſure them by ſome wrong ſtandard. The trifler propoſes to himſelf only to equal or excel ſome other trifler, and is happy or miſerable as he ſucceeds or miſcarries: the man of ſedentary deſire and unactive ambition ſits comparing his power with his wiſhes; and makes his inability to perform things impoſſible, an excuſe to himſelf for performing nothing. Man can only form a juſt eſtimate of his own actions, by making his power the teſt of his performance, by comparing what he does with what he can do. Whoever ſteadily perſeveres in the exertion of all his faculties, does what is great with reſpect to himſelf; and what will not be deſpiſed by Him, who has given to all created beings their different abilities: he faithfully performs the taſk of life, within whatever limits his labours may be confined, or how ſoon ſoever they may be forgotten.

We can conceive ſo much more than we can accompliſh, that whoever tries his own actions by his imagination, may appear deſpicable in his own eyes. He that deſpiſes for its littleneſs any thing really uſeful, has no pretenſions to applaud the grandeur of his conceptions; ſince nothing but narrowneſs of mind hinders him from ſeeing, that by purſuing the ſame principles every thing limited will appear contemptible.

He that neglects the care of his family, while his benevolence expands itſelf in ſcheming the happineſs of imaginary kingdoms, might with equal reaſon ſit on a throne dreaming of univerſal empire, and of the diffuſion of bleſſings over all the globe: yet even this globe is little, compared with the ſyſtem of matter within our view; and that ſyſtem barely ſomething more than non-entity, compared with the boundleſs regions of ſpace, to which neither eye nor imagination can extend.

From conceptions, therefore, of what we might have been, and from wiſhes to be what we are not, conceptions that we know to be fooliſh, and wiſhes which we feel to be vain,

we muſt neceſſarily deſcend to the conſideration of what we are. We have powers very ſcanty in their utmoſt extent, but which in different men are differently proportioned. Suitably to theſe powers we have duties preſcribed, which we muſt neither decline for the ſake of delighting ourſelves with eaſier amuſements, nor overlook in idle contemplation of greater excellence or more extenſive comprehenſion.

In order to the right conduct of our lives, we muſt remember, that we are not born to pleaſe ourſelves. He that ſtudies ſimply his own ſatisfaction, will always find the proper buſineſs of his ſtation too hard or too eaſy for him. But if we bear continually in mind our relation to The FATHER of Being, by whom we are placed in the world, and who has allotted us the part which we are to bear in the general ſyſtem of life, we ſhall be eaſily perſuaded to reſign our own inclinations to Unerring Wiſdom, and to do the work decreed for us with cheerfulneſs and diligence.

No. CXXIX. TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1754.

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia——— JUV.

Whate'er excites our hatred, love, or joy,
Or hope, or fear, theſe themes my muſe employ.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR, BATH, DEC. 29.

LEONARDO Da Vinci, one of the moſt accompliſhed maſters in the art of painting, was accuſtomed to delineate inſtantly in his pocket-book every face in which he diſcovered any ſingularity of air or feature. By this method he obtained a vaſt collection of various countenances; and eſcaped that barren uniformity and reſemblance, ſo viſible in the generality of hiſtory pieces, that the ſpectator is apt to imagine all the figures are of one family.

As a moraliſt ſhould imitate this practice, and ſketch characters from the life, at the inſtant in which they ſtrike him; I amuſed myſelf yeſterday in the Pump-room, by contemplating the different conditions and characters of the perſons who were moving before me, and particularly the various motives that influenced them to croud to this city.

Aphrodiſius, a young nobleman of great hopes and large property, fell into a courſe of early debauchery at Weſtminſter ſchool, and at the age of ſixteen privately kept an abandoned woman of the town, to whoſe lodgings he ſtole in the intervals of ſchool-hours, and who ſoon communicated to him a diſeaſe of peculiar power to poiſon the ſprings of life, and prevent the maturity of manhood. His body is enervated and emaciated, his cheek yellow and bloodleſs, his hand palſied, and his mind gloomy and dejected. It being thought, however, abſolutely neceſſary for the welfare of his family that he ſhould marry, he has been betrothed in this dreadful condition, to a lady whoſe beauty and vivacity are in their meridian: and his phyſicians have ordered him to theſe ſalutary waters to try if it be poſſible for him to recover a little health before the marriage is celebrated. Can we wonder at the diminiſhed race of half formed animals, that crawl about our ſtreets in the ſhape of men, when matches ſo unequal and ſo unnatural are not only permitted, but enjoined as a teſt of filial duty, and the condition of parental favour:

Invalidique patrum referant jejunia nati.

VIRG.

———From the faint embrace,
Unmanly ſons ariſe, a puny race!

Inertio is a plump and healthy old batchelor, a ſenior fellow of a rich ſociety in one of our univerſities, whoſe chief buſineſs in life is to ride before dinner for a good appetite, and after it for a good digeſtion. Not only his ſituation but his taſte has determined him to continue in a ſtate of celibacy; 'For,' ſays he, 'at preſent I 'can afford to drink port, and keep a couple of 'geldings; but if I ſhould raſhly encumber my-'ſelf with madam and her brats, I muſt deſcend 'to walk on foot and drink ale.' He was much alarmed at miſſing his regular annual fit of the

gout, and, on that account, having waited for it with impatience and uneaſineſs a month longer than the expected time, he hurried to this city, in hopes of acquiring it by the efficacy of the waters. I found him yeſterday extremely dejected; and, on my entering his chamber—'Life,' ſaid he, 'is full of vexations and diſ-'appointments: what a dreadful accident!' I imagined that ſome ſelected friend, ſome brother of his choice was dead, or that the college treaſury was burnt: but he immediately undeceived me by adding—'I was preſented 'with the fineſt, the fatteſt collar of brawn, 'and expected it at dinner this day: but the 'raſcally carrier has conveyed it to a wrong 'place, fifty miles off, and before I can receive 'it, it will be abſolutely unfit for eating.'

Here likewiſe is the learned and ingenious Crito. Crito is a genius of a ſuperior order, who hath long inſtructed and entertained his country by many incomparable works of literature and morality; and who, in a Grecian commonwealth, would have had a ſtatue erected, and have been maintained at the public expence; but in this kingdom he has with great difficulty gained a precarious competence, by inceſſant labour and application. Theſe uninterrupted and unrewarded ſtudies have at length impaired his health, and undermined a conſtitution naturally vigorous and happy; and as Crito has never been able to lay up a ſum ſufficient to procure the aſſiſtance which the debility of ſickneſs and age require, he was obliged to inſure his life, and borrow at exorbitant intereſt a few pounds to enable him to perform this journey to Bath, which alone could reſtore his health and ſpirits; and now, as his money and credit are exhauſted, he will be compelled to abandon this place, when his cure is only half effected; and muſt retire to languiſh in a little lodging in London, while his readers and admirers content themſelves with lamenting his diſtreſs, and wondering how it comes to paſs that nothing has been done for a man of ſuch diſtinguiſhed abilities and integrity.

Doctor Pamper is poſſeſſed of three large eccleſiaſtical preferments: his motive for coming hither is ſomewhat ſingular; it is, becauſe his pariſhes cannot furniſh him with a ſet of perſons that are equal to him in the knowledge of whiſt; he is, therefore, neceſſitated every ſeaſon to frequent this place, where alone he can meet with gameſters that are worth contending with.

Spumoſius, who is one of the livelieſt of free-thinkers, had not been three months at the Temple before he became irreſiſtibly enamoured of the beauty of virtue. He always carried a Shafteſbury in his pocket, and uſed to read and explain the ſtriking paſſages to large circles at the coffee-houſe; he was of opinion, that for purity and perſpicuity, elegance of ſtile, and force of reaſoning, the Characteriſtics were incomparable, and were models equally proper for regulating our taſte and our morals. He diſcovered a delicate artificial connection in theſe diſcourſes, which to vulgar eyes appear to be looſe and incoherent rhapſodies; nay, he clearly perceived that each treatiſe depended on the foregoing, and altogether compoſed one uniform whole, and the nobleſt ſyſtem of truth and virtue that had been imparted to mankind. He quarrelled irreconcileably with his deareſt friend, who happened to hint, that the ſtile was affected and unharmonious, the metaphors farfetched and violent, and frequently coarſe and illiberal, the arguments inconcluſive and unfair, the raillery frigid and inſipid, and totally different from the Attic irony of Socrates, which the author preſumed to propoſe for his pattern. Spumoſius always diſdained to practiſe virtue on the mean and mercenary motives of reward and puniſhment; and was convinced, that ſo excellent a creature as man might be kept in order by the ſilken cords of delicacy and decorum. He, therefore, frequently ſneered at the prieſtly notions of heaven and hell, as fit only to be entertained by vulgar and ſordid minds. But being lately attacked by a ſevere diſtemper, he betrayed fears that were not compatible with the boldneſs of his former profeſſions; and terrified at the approach of death, he had recourſe to various remedies, and is at laſt arrived here, as full of doubt as of diſeaſe, but feeling more acute pains in his mind than can poſſibly be inflicted on his body.

Mr. Gull was lately a ſoap-boiler at Cheſter; but having accumulated a vaſt fortune by trade, he is now reſolved to be polite, and enjoy his money with taſte. He has brought his numerous family of aukward girls hither, only becauſe he has heard that people of faſhion do at

this time of the year generally take a trip to Bath; and for the ſame reaſon he intends in the ſpring to make a journey to Paris, and will, I dare ſay, commence virtuoſo on his return, and be a profeſſed judge of dreſs, pictures, and furniture.

I muſt not forget to inform you that we have the company of Captain Gairiſh, a wit and a critic, who pretends he is perfectly acquainted with the beſt writers of the age, and whoſe opinion on every new work is deemed deciſive in the Pump-room. The prefaces of Dryden, and the French critics, are the ſources from which his immenſe literature is derived. Dacier's Plutarch has enabled him to talk familiarly of the moſt celebrated Greeks and Romans, and Bayle's Dictionary finiſhed him for a ſcholar. Sometimes he vouchſafes to think the Adventurer tolerable: but he generally exclaims—'How grave and ſententious! Good 'Heavens! what, more Greek! This circum-'ſtance will ruin the credit of the paper. 'They will not take my advice, for you muſt 'know I am intimate with all the authors of 'it; they are ten in number; and ſome of 'them———But as I have been entruſted 'with their ſecrets, I muſt diſcloſe no more. 'To tell you the truth, I have given them a 'few eſſays myſelf, which I have written for 'my amuſement upon guard.'

If theſe portraits, which are faithfully copied from the life, ſhould amuſe you, I may perhaps take an opportunity of adding to the collection.

I am, Mr. Adventurer, yours,

Z PHILOMEDES.

No. CXXX. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1754.

Qui non eſt hodie, cras minus aptus erit. MART.

The man will ſurely fail who dares delay,
And loſe to-morrow that has loſt to-day.

IT was ſaid by Raleigh, when ſome of his friends lamented his confinement under a ſentence of death, which he knew not how ſoon he might ſuffer, that the world itſelf was only a larger priſon, out of which ſome were every day ſelected for execution. That there is a time when every man is ſtruck with the ſenſe of this aweful truth, I do not doubt; and, perhaps, a haſty ſpeculatiſt would conclude, that its influence would be ſtronger in proportion as it more frequently occurred: but upon every mind that is become familiar with calamity, calamity loſes its force; and miſery grows leſs only by its continuance, becauſe thoſe who have long ſuffered, loſe their ſenſibility.

If he who lies down at night in the vigour and health of five-and-twenty, ſhould riſe in the morning with the infirmities of four-ſcore, it is not improbable that he would ſink under a ſenſe of his condition; regret of enjoyments which could never return, would preclude all that remained, and the laſt mournful effects of decay would be haſtened and aggravated by anticipation. But thoſe who have been enfeebled by degrees, who have been ſhaken ten years by the palſey, or crippled by the gout, frequently totter about upon their crutches with an air of waggiſh jocularity, are always ready to entertain their company with a jeſt, meet their acquaintance with a toothleſs grin, and are the firſt to toaſt a young beauty when they can ſcarce lift the glaſs to their lips. Even criminals, who knew that in the morning they were to die, have often ſlept in the night; though very few of thoſe who have been committed for a capital offence, which they knew would be eaſily proved, have ſlept the firſt night after they were confined. Danger ſo ſudden and ſo imminent alarms, confounds and terrifies; but after a time ſtupor ſupplies the want of fortitude; and as the evil approaches, it is in effect leſs terrible, except in the moment when it arrives; and then, indeed, it is common to lament that inſenſibility, which before perhaps was voluntarily increaſed by drunkenneſs or diſſipation; by ſolitary intemperance, or tumultuous company.

There is ſome reaſon to believe, that 'this 'power of the world to come,' as it is expreſſed in the ſublimity of Eaſtern metaphor, is generally felt at the ſame age. The dread of

death has ſeldom been found to intrude upon the cheerfulneſs, ſimplicity, and innocence of children; they gaze at a funeral proceſſion with as much vacant curioſity as at any other ſhew, and ſee the world change before them without the leaſt ſenſe of their own ſhare in the viciſſitude. In youth, when all the appetites are ſtrong, and every gratification is heightened by novelty, the mind reſiſts mournful impreſſions with a kind of elaſtic power, by which the ſignature that is forced upon it is immediately effaced: when this tumult firſt ſubſides, while the attachment to life is yet ſtrong, and the mind begins to look forward, and concert meaſures by which thoſe enjoyments may be ſecured which it is ſolicitous to keep, or others obtained to atone for the diſappointments that are paſt, then death ſtarts up like a ſpectre in all his terrors, the blood is chilled at his appearance, he is perceived to approach with a conſtant and irreſiſtible pace, retreat is impoſſible, and reſiſtance is vain.

The terror and anguiſh which this image produces whenever it firſt ruſhes upon the mind, are always complicated with a ſenſe of guilt and remorſe; and generally produce ſome haſty and zealous purpoſes of more uniform virtue and ardent devotion, of ſomething that may ſecure us not only from the worm that never dies and the fire that is not quenched, but from total mortality, and admit hope to the regions beyond the grave.

This purpoſe is ſeldom wholly relinquiſhed, though it is not always executed with vigour and perſeverance; the reflection which produced it often recurs, but it ſtill recurs with leſs force; deſire of immediate pleaſure becomes predominant; appetite is no longer reſtrained; and either all attempts to ſecure future happineſs are deferred 'to a more convenient ſea-'ſon,' or ſome expedients are ſought to render ſenſuality and virtue compatible, and to obtain every object of hope without leſſening the treaſures of poſſeſſion. Thus vice naturally becomes the diſciple of infidelity; and the wretch who dares not aſpire to the heroic virtue of a Chriſtian, liſtens with eagerneſs to every objection againſt the authority of that law by which he is condemned, and labours in vain to eſtabliſh another that will acquit him: he forms many arguments to juſtify natural deſires; he learns at length to impoſe upon himſelf; and aſſents to principles which yet in his heart he does not believe; he thinks himſelf convinced, that virtue muſt be happineſs, and then dreams that happineſs is virtue.

Theſe frauds, though they would have been impoſſible in the hour of conviction and terror, are yet practiſed with great eaſe when it is paſt, and contribute very much to prevent its return. It is, indeed, ſcarce poſſible, that it ſhould return with the ſame force, becauſe the power of novelty is neceſſarily exhauſted in the firſt onſet. Some incidents, however, there are, which renew the terror; and they ſeldom fail to renew the purpoſe: upon the death of friend, a parent, or a wife, the comforts and the confidence of ſophiſtry are at an end; the moment that ſuſpends the influence of temptation, reſtores the power of conſcience, and at once rectifies the underſtanding. He who has been labouring to explain away thoſe duties which he had not fortitude to practiſe, then ſees the vanity of the attempt; he regrets the time that is paſt, and reſolves to improve that which remains: but if the firſt purpoſe of reformation has been ineffectual, the ſecond is ſeldom executed; as the ſenſe of danger by which it is produced is not ſo ſtrong, the motive is leſs; and as the power of appetite is increaſed by habitual gratification, the oppoſition is more: the new conviction wears off; the duties are again neglected as unneceſſary which are found to be unpleaſant; the lethargy of the ſoul returns, and as the danger increaſes ſhe becomes leſs ſuſceptible of fear.

Thus the dreadful condition of him, 'who 'looks back after having put his hand to the 'plough,' may be reſolved into natural cauſes; and it may be affirmed, upon more philoſophical principles, that there is a call which is repeated no more, and an apoſtacy from which it is difficult to return.

Let thoſe who will ſtill delay that which yet they believe to be of eternal moment, remember, that their motives to effect it will ſtill grow weaker, and the difficulty of the work perpetually increaſe; to neglect it now, therefore, is a pledge that it will be neglected for ever: and if they are rouſed by this thought, let them inſtantly improve its influence; for even this thought, when it returns, will return with leſs power, and though it ſhould rouſe them now, will perhaps rouſe them no more.

But let them not confide in ſuch virtue as can be practiſed without a ſtruggle, and which interdicts the gratification of no paſſion but malice; nor adopts principles which could never be believed at the only time they could be uſeful; like arguments which men ſometimes form when they ſlumber, and the moment they awake diſcover to be abſurd.

Let thoſe who in the anguiſh of an awakened mind have regretted the paſt, and reſolved to redeem it in the future, perſiſt invariably to do whatever they then wiſhed to have done. Let this be eſtabliſhed as a conſtant rule of action, and oppoſed to all the cavils of ſophiſtry and ſenſe; for this wiſh will invariably return when it muſt for ever be ineffectual, at that awful moment when 'the ſhadow of 'death ſhall be ſtretched over them, and 'that night commence in which no man can 'work.'

No. CXXXI. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1754.

Miſce
Ergo aliquid noſtris de moribus. JUV.

And mingle ſomething of our times to pleaſe. DRYDEN JUN.

FONTENELLE, in his panegyric on Sir Iſaac Newton, cloſes a long enumeration of that great philoſopher's virtues and attainments, with an obſervation, that he was not diſtinguiſhed from other men by any ſingularity either natural or affected.

It is an eminent inſtance of Newton's ſuperiority to the reſt of mankind, that he was able to ſeparate knowledge from thoſe weakneſſes by which knowledge is generally diſgraced; that he was able to excel in ſcience and wiſdom, without purchaſing them by the neglect of little things; and that he ſtood alone, merely becauſe he had left the reſt of mankind behind him, not becauſe he deviated from the beaten track.

Whoever, after the example of Plutarch, ſhould compare the lives of illuſtrious men, might ſet this part of Newton's character to view with great advantage, by oppoſing it to that of Bacon, perhaps the only man of later ages who has any pretenſions to diſpute with him the palm of genius or ſcience.

Bacon, after he had added to a long and careful contemplation of almoſt every other object of knowledge a curious inſpection into common life, and, after having ſurveyed nature as a philoſopher, had examined men's buſineſs and boſoms as a ſtateſman; yet failed ſo much in the conduct of domeſtic affairs, that, in the moſt lucrative poſt to which a great and wealthy kingdom could advance him, he felt all the miſeries of diſtreſsful poverty, and committed all the crimes to which poverty incites. Such were at once his negligence and rapacity, that, as it is ſaid, he would gain by unworthy practices that money, which, when ſo acquired, his ſervants might ſteal from one end of the table, while he ſat ſtudious and abſtracted at the other.

As ſcarcely any man has reached the excellence, very few have ſunk to the weakneſs of Bacon: but almoſt all the ſtudious tribe, as they obtain any participation of his knowledge, feel likewiſe ſome contagion of his defects; and obſtruct the veneration which learning would procure, by follies greater or leſs to which only learning could betray them.

It has been formerly remarked by the Guardian, that the world puniſhes with too great ſeverity the error of thoſe who imagine that the ignorance of little things may be compenſated by the knowledge of great; for ſo it is, that as more can detect petty failings than can diſtinguiſh or eſteem great qualifications, and as mankind is in general more eaſily diſpoſed to cenſure than to admiration, contempt is often incurred by ſlight miſtakes, which real virtue or uſefulneſs cannot counterbalance.

Yet ſuch miſtakes and inadvertencies, it is not eaſy for a man deeply immerſed in ſtudy to avoid; no man can become qualified for the common intercourſes of life by private meditation: the manners of the world are not a regular ſyſtem, planned by philoſophers upon ſettled principles, in which every cauſe has a congruous effect, and one part has a

juſt reference to another. Of the faſhions prevalent in every country, a few have ariſen, perhaps, from particular temperatures of the climate; a few more from the conſtitution of the government; but the greater part have grown up by chance, been ſtarted by caprice, been contrived by affectation, or borrowed without any juſt motives of choice from other countries.

Of all theſe, the ſavage that hunts his prey upon the mountains, and the ſage that ſpeculates in his cloſet, muſt neceſſarily live in equal ignorance; yet by the obſervation of theſe trifles it is, that the ranks of mankind are kept in order, that the addreſs of one to another is regulated, and the general buſineſs of the world carried on with facility and method.

Theſe things, therefore, though ſmall in themſelves, become great by their frequency; and he very much miſtakes his own intereſt, who, to the unavoidable unſkilfulneſs of abſtraction and retirement, adds a voluntary neglect of common forms, and increaſes the diſadvantages of a ſtudious courſe of life by an arrogant contempt of thoſe practices, by which others endeavour to gain favour and multiply friendſhips.

A real and interior diſdain of faſhion and ceremony is, indeed, not very often to be found: much the greater part of thoſe who pretend to laugh at foppery and formality, ſecretly wiſh to have poſſeſſed thoſe qualifications which they pretend to deſpiſe; and becauſe they find it difficult to waſh away the tincture which they have ſo deeply imbibed, endeavour to harden themſelves in a ſullen approbation of their own colour. Neutrality is a ſtate into which the buſy paſſion of man cannot eaſily ſubſide; and he who is in danger of the pangs of envy, is generally forced to recreate his imagination with an effort of comfort.

Some, however, may be found, who, ſupported by the conſciouſneſs of great abilities, and elevated by a long courſe of reputation and applauſe, voluntarily conſign themſelves to ſingularity, affect to croſs the roads of life becauſe they know that they ſhall not be joſtled, and indulge boundleſs gratification of will becauſe they perceive that they ſhall be quietly obeyed. Men of this kind are generally known by the name of Humouriſts, an appellation by which he that has obtained it, and can be contented to keep it, is ſet free at once from the ſhackles of faſhion; and can go in or out, ſit or ſtand, be talkative or ſilent, gloomy or merry, advance abſurdities or oppoſe demonſtration, without any other reprehenſion from mankind, than that it is his way, that he is an odd fellow, and muſt be let alone.

This ſeems to many an eaſy paſſport through the various factions of mankind; and thoſe on whom it is beſtowed appear too frequently to conſider the patience with which their caprices are ſuffered as an undoubted evidence of their own importance, of a genius to which ſubmiſſion is univerſally paid, and whoſe irregularities are only conſidered as conſequences of its vigour. Theſe peculiarities, however, are always found to ſpot a character, though they may not totally obſcure it; and he who expects from mankind, that they ſhould give up eſtabliſhed cuſtoms in compliance with his ſingle will, and exacts that deference which he does not pay, may be endured, but can never be approved.

Singularity is, I think, in its own nature univerſally and invariably diſpleaſing. In whatever reſpect a man differs from others, he muſt be conſidered by them as either worſe or better: by being better, it is well known that a man gains admiration oftener than love, ſince all approbation of his practice muſt neceſſarily condemn him that gives it; and though a man often pleaſes by inferiority, there are few who deſire to give ſuch pleaſure. Yet the truth is, that ſingularity is almoſt always regarded as a brand of ſlight reproach; and where it is aſſociated with acknowledged merit, ſerves as an abatement or an allay of excellence, by which weak eyes are reconciled to its luſtre, and by which, though kindneſs is not gained, at leaſt envy is averted.

But let no man be in haſte to conclude his own merit ſo great or conſpicuous, as to require or juſtify ſingularity: it is as hazardous for a moderate underſtanding to uſurp the prerogatives of genius, as for a common form to play over the airs of unconteſted beauty. The pride of men will not patiently endure to ſee one, whoſe underſtanding or attainments are but level with their own, break the rules by which they have conſented to be bound, or forſake the direction which they ſubmiſſively follow. All

All violation of eſtabliſhed practice implies in its own nature a rejection of the common opinion, a defiance of common cenſure, and an appeal from general laws to private judgment: he, therefore, who differs from others without apparent advantage, ought not to be angry if his arrogance is puniſhed with ridicule; if thoſe, whoſe example he ſuperciliouſly overlooks, point him out to deriſion, and hoot him back again into the common road.

The pride of ſingularity is often exerted in little things, where right and wrong are indeterminable, and where, therefore, vanity is without excuſe. But there are occaſions on which it is noble to dare to ſtand alone. To be pious among infidels, to be diſintereſted in a time of general venality, to lead a life of virtue and reaſon in the midſt of ſenſualiſts, is a proof of a mind intent on nobler things than the praiſe or blame of men, of a ſoul fixed in the contemplation of the higheſt good, and ſuperior to the tyranny of cuſtom and example.

In moral and religious queſtions only, a wiſe man will hold no conſultations with faſhion, becauſe theſe duties are conſtant and immutable, and depend not on the notions of men, but the commands of Heaven: yet even of theſe the external mode is to be in ſome meaſure regulated by the prevailing taſte of the age in which we live; for he is certainly no friend to virtue, who neglects to give it any lawful attraction, or ſuffers it to deceive the eye or alienate the affections for want of innocent compliance with faſhionable decorations.

It is yet remembered of the learned and pious Nelſon, that he was remarkably elegant in his manners, and ſplendid in his dreſs. He knew, that the eminence of his character drew many eyes upon him; and he was careful not to drive the young or the gay away from religion, by repreſenting it as an enemy to any diſtinction or enjoyment in which human nature may innocently delight.

In this cenſure of ſingularity, I have, therefore, no intention to ſubject reaſon or conſcience to cuſtom or example. To comply with the notions and practices of mankind is in ſome degree the duty of a ſocial being; becauſe by compliance only he can pleaſe, and by pleaſing only he can become uſeful: but as the end is not to be loſt for the ſake of the means, we are not to give up virtue to complaiſance; for the end of complaiſance is only to gain the kindneſs of our fellow-beings, whoſe kindneſs is deſirable only as inſtrumental to happineſs, and happineſs muſt be always loſt by departure from virtue.

T

No. CXXXII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1754.

——Ferimur per opaca locorum. VIRG.

——Driv'n thro' the palpable obſcure.

CARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdat, was eminent throughout all the Eaſt for his avarice and his wealth: his origin was obſcure, as that of the ſpark which by the colliſion of ſteel and adamant is ſtruck out of darkneſs; and the patient labour of perſevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was ſtill acknowledged to be inexorably juſt. But whether in his dealings with men he diſcovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his truſt in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth he diſcovered his own importance to increaſe, Carazan prized it more as he uſed it leſs; he gradually loſt the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time ſcattered ſnow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his boſom.

But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hoſpitality, nor his hand by compaſſion, yet fear led him conſtantly to the moſque at the ſtated hours of prayer; he performed all the rites of devotion with the moſt ſcrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the Temple of the Prophet. That devotion which ariſes from the Love of GOD, and neceſſarily includes the Love of Man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodneſs, and is the object not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary,

the devotion of the ſelfiſh, whether it be thought to avert the puniſhment which every one wiſhes to be inflicted, or to inſure it by the complication of hypocriſy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turning round with a look of circumſpective ſuſpicion, proceeded to the moſque, was followed by every eye with ſilent malignity; the poor ſuſpended their ſupplication when he paſſed by; and though he was known by every man, no man ſaluted him.

Such had long been the life of Carazan, and ſuch was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the center of the city, that his table ſhould be ſpread for the public, and that the ſtranger ſhould be welcome to his bed; the multitude ſoon ruſhed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him diſtributing bread to the hungry and apparel to the naked, his eye ſoftened with compaſſion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with aſtoniſhment at the prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increaſing like the ſound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand; attention ſuſpended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curioſity which had procured him audience.

TO Him who touches the mountains and they ſmoke, The Almighty and The Moſt Merciful, be everlaſting honour! He has ordained ſleep to be the miniſter of inſtruction, and his viſions have reproved me in the night. As I was ſitting alone in my haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandize, and exulting in the increaſe of my wealth, I fell into a deep ſleep, and the hand of Him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he ſmote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the ſame moment I felt myſelf lifted from the ground, and tranſported with aſtoniſhing rapidity through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the ſtars glowed round me with a luſtre that obſcured the ſun. The gate of Paradiſe was now in ſight; and I was intercepted by a ſudden brightneſs which no human eye could behold: the irrevocable ſentence was now to be pronounced; my day of probation was paſt; and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was caſt, which not all the powers of nature could reverſe, my confidence totally forſook me; and while I ſtood trembling and ſilent, covered with confuſion and chilled with horror, I was thus addreſſed by the radiance that flamed before me.

'Carazan, thy worſhip has not ben accept-
'ed, becauſe it was not prompted by Love of
'God: neither can thy righteouſneſs be reward-
'ed, becauſe it was not produced by Love of
'Man: for thy own ſake only haſt thou ren-
'dered to every man his due; and thou haſt
'approached the ALMIGHTY only for thyſelf.
'Thou haſt not looked up with gratitude, nor
'round thee with kindneſs. Around thee,
'thou haſt indeed beheld vice and folly; but
'if vice and folly could juſtify thy parſimony,
'would they not condemn the bounty of Hea-
'ven? If not upon the fooliſh and the vicious,
'where ſhall the ſun diffuſe his light, or the
'clouds diſtil their dew? Where ſhall the lips
'of the ſpring breathe fragrance, or the hand
'of autumn diffuſe plenty? Remember, Ca-
'razan, that thou haſt ſhut compaſſion from
'thine heart, and graſped thy treaſures with
'a hand of iron: thou haſt lived for thyſelf;
'and therefore, henceforth for ever thou ſhalt
'ſubſiſt alone. From the light of heaven, and
'the ſociety of all beings, ſhalt thou be dri-
'ven; ſolitude ſhall protract the lingering
'hours of eternity, and darkneſs aggravate
'the horrors of deſpair.' At this moment I was driven by ſome ſecret and irreſiſtible power through the glowing ſyſtem of creation, and paſſed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the ſhadows of total and boundleſs vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal ſilence, ſolitude, and darkneſs! Unutterable horror ſeized me at the proſpect, and this exclamation burſt from me with all the vehemence of deſire: 'O! that I had been doomed for
'ever to the common receptacle of impenitence
'and guilt! there ſociety would have alleviated

'the torment of deſpair, and the rage of fire 'could not have excluded the comfort of light. 'Or if I had been condemned to reſide in a 'comet, that would return but once in a thou- 'ſand years to the regions of light and life; 'the hope of theſe periods, however diſtant, 'would cheer men in the dread interval of cold 'and darkneſs, and viciſſitude would divide 'eternity into time.' While this thought paſſed over my mind, I loſt ſight of the remoteſt ſtar, and the laſt glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkneſs. The agonies of deſpair every moment increaſed, as every moment augmented my diſtance from the laſt habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguiſh, that when ten thouſand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that Power who fills infinitude, I ſhould ſtill look forward into an immenſe abyſs of darkneſs, through which I ſhould ſtill drive without ſuccour and without ſociety, farther and farther ſtill, for ever and for ever. I then ſtretched out my hand towards the regions of exiſtence, with an emotion that awaked me. Thus have I been taught to eſtimate ſociety, like every other bleſſing, by its loſs. My heart is warmed to liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the happineſs which I feel, to thoſe from whom it is derived; for the ſociety of one wretch, whom in the pride of proſperity I would have ſpurned from my door, would, in the dreadful ſolitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized than the gold of Afric, or the gems of Golconda.

At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became ſuddenly ſilent, and looked upward in extaſy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were ſtruck at once with the precept and example; and the Caliph, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of poſterity.

No. CXXXIII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1754.

At noſtri proavi Plautinos et numeros et
Laudaveres ſales; nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam ſtulte, mirati; ſi modo ego et vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido ſe ponere dicto. HOR.

'And yet our ſires with joy could Plautus hear;
'Gay were his jeſts, his numbers charm'd their ear,'
Let me not ſay too laviſhly they prais'd;
But ſure their judgment was full cheaply pleas'd,
If you or I with taſte are haply bleſt,
To know a clowniſh from a courtly jeſt. FRANCIR.

THE fondneſs I have ſo frequently manifeſted for the ancients, has not ſo far blinded my judgment, as to render me unable to diſcern, or unwilling to acknowledge the ſuperiority of the moderns, in pieces of Humour and Ridicule. I ſhall, therefore, confirm the general aſſertion of Addiſon, part of which hath already been examined.

Comedy, Satire, and Burleſque, being the three chief branches of ridicule, it is neceſſary for us to compare together the moſt admired performances of the ancients and moderns in theſe three kinds of writing, to qualify us juſtly to cenſure or commend, as the beauties or blemiſhes of each party may deſerve.

As Ariſtophanes wrote to pleaſe the multitude, at a time when the licentiouſneſs of the Athenians was boundleſs, his pleaſantries are coarſe and unpolite, his characters extravagantly forced, and diſtorted with unnatural deformity, like the monſtrous caricaturas of Callot. He is full of the groſſeſt obſcenity, indecency, and inurbanity; and as the populace always delight to hear their ſuperiors abuſed and miſrepreſented, he ſcatters the rankeſt calumnies on the wiſeſt and worthieſt perſonages of his country. His ſtyle is unequal, occaſioned by a frequent introduction of parodies on Sophocles and Euripides. It is, however, certain, that he abounds in artful alluſions to the ſtate of Athens

at the time when he wrote; and, perhaps, he is more valuable, conſidered as a political ſatiriſt, than a writer of comedy.

Plautus has adulterated a rich vein of genuine wit and humour, with a mixture of the baſeſt buffoonry. No writer ſeems to have been born with a more forcible or more fertile genius for comedy. He has drawn ſome characters with incomparable ſpirit: we are indebted to him for the firſt good miſer, and for that worn-out character among the Romans, a boaſtful Thraſo. But his love degenerates into lewdneſs; and his jeſts are inſupportably low and illiberal, and fit only for 'the dregs of 'Romulus' to uſe and to hear; he has furniſhed examples of every ſpecies of true and falſe wit, even down to a quibble and a pun. Plautus lived in an age when the Romans were but juſt emerging into politeneſs; and I cannot forbear thinking, that if he had been reſerved for the age of Auguſtus, he would have produced more perfect plays than even the elegant diſciple of Menander.

Delicacy, ſweetneſs, and correctneſs, are the characteriſtics of Terence. His polite images are all repreſented in the moſt clear and perſpicuous expreſſion; but his characters are too general and uniform, nor are they marked with thoſe diſcriminating peculiarities that diſtinguiſh one man from another; there is a tedious and diſguſting ſameneſs of incidents in his plots, which, as hath been obſerved in a former paper, are too complicated and intricate. It may be added, that he ſuperabounds in ſoliloquies; and that nothing can be more inartificial or improper, than the manner in which he hath introduced them.

To theſe three celebrated ancients I venture to oppoſe ſingly the matchleſs Moliere, as the moſt conſummate maſter of comedy that former or later ages have produced. He was not content with painting obvious and common characters, but ſet himſelf cloſely to examine the numberleſs varieties of human nature: he ſoon diſcovered every difference, however minute; and by a proper management could make it ſtriking: his portraits, therefore, though they appear to be new, are yet diſcovered to be juſt. The Tartuffe and the Miſantrope are the moſt ſingular, and yet, perhaps, the moſt proper and perfect characters that comedy can repreſent; and his Miſer excels that of any other nation. He ſeems to have hit upon the true nature of comedy; which is, to exhibit one ſingular and unfamiliar character, by ſuch a ſeries of incidents as may beſt contribute to ſhew its ſingularities. All the circumſtances in the Miſantrope tend to manifeſt the peeviſh and captious diſguſt of the hero; all the circumſtances in the Tartuffe are calculated to ſhew the treachery of an accompliſhed hypocrite. I am ſorry that no Engliſh writer of comedy can be produced as a rival to Moliere: although it muſt be confeſſed, that Falſtaff and Moroſe are two admirable characters, excellently ſupported and diſplayed; for Shakeſpeare has contrived all the incidents to illuſtrate the gluttony, lewdneſs, cowardice, and boaſtfulneſs of the fat old knight: and Johnſon has with equal art diſplayed the oddity of a whimſical humouriſt, who could endure no kind of noiſe.

Will it be deemed a paradox to aſſert, that Congreve's dramatic perſons have no ſtriking and natural characteriſtic? His Fondlewife and Foreſight are but faint portraits of common characters, and Ben is a forced and unnatural caricatura. His plays appear not to be legitimate comedies, but ſtrings of repartees and ſallies of wit, the moſt poignant and polite, indeed, but unnatural and ill placed. The trite and trivial character of a fop hath ſtrangely engroſſed the Engliſh ſtage, and given an inſipid ſimilarity to our beſt comic pieces: originals can never be wanting in ſuch a kingdom as this, where each man follows his natural inclinations and propenſities, if our writers would really contemplate nature, and endeavour to open thoſe mines of humour which have been ſo long and ſo unaccountably neglected.

If we proceed to conſider the Satiriſts of antiquity, I ſhall not ſcruple to prefer Boileau and Pope to Horace and Juvenal; the arrows of whoſe ridicule are more ſharp, in proportion as they are more poliſhed. That reformers ſhould abound in obſcenities, as is the caſe of the two Roman poets, is ſurely an impropriety of the moſt extraordinary kind; the courtly Horace alſo ſometimes ſinks into mean and farcical abuſe, as in the firſt lines of the ſeventh ſatire of the firſt book; but Boi-

leau and Pope have given to their Satire the Ceſtus of Venus: their ridicule is concealed and oblique; that of the Romans direct and open. The tenth ſatire of Boileau on women is more bitter, and more decent and elegant, than the ſixth of Juvenal on the ſame ſubject; and Pope's epiſtle to Mrs. Blount far excels them both, in the artfulneſs and delicacy with which it touches female foibles. I may add, that the imitations of Horace by Pope, and of Juvenal by Johnſon, are preferable to their originals in the appoſiteneſs of their examples, and in the poignancy of their ridicule. Above all, the Lutrin, the Rape of the Lock, the Diſpenſary, and the Dunciad, cannot be paralleled by any works that the wittieſt of the ancients can boaſt of: for by aſſuming the form of the epopea, they have acquired a dignity and gracefulneſs, which all ſatires delivered merely in the poet's own perſon muſt want, and with which the ſatiriſts of antiquity were wholly unacquainted: for the Batrachomuomachia of Homer cannot be conſidered as the model of theſe admirable pieces.

Lucian is the greateſt maſter of Burleſque among the ancients; but the travels of Gulliver, though indeed evidently copied from his True Hiſtory, do as evidently excel it. Lucian ſets out with informing his readers, that he is in jeſt, and intends to ridicule ſome of the incredible ſtories in Cteſias and Herodotus: this introduction ſurely enfeebles his ſatire, and defeats his purpoſe. The true hiſtory conſiſts only of the moſt wild, monſtrous, and miraculous perſons and accidents: Gulliver has a concealed meaning, and his dwarfs and giants convey tacitly ſome moral or political inſtruction. The Charon or the Proſpect (ἐπισκουντες) one of the dialogues of Lucian, has likewiſe given occaſion to that agreeable French ſatire, entitled, 'Le Diable Boiteaux,' or 'The 'Lame Devil, which has highly improved on its original by a greater variety of characters and deſcriptions, lively remarks, and intereſting adventures. So if a parallel be drawn between Lucian and Cervantes, the ancient will ſtill appear to diſadvantage: the burleſque of Lucian principally conſiſts in making his gods and philoſophers ſpeak and act like the meaneſt of the people; that of Cervantes ariſes from the ſolemn and important air with which the moſt idle and ridiculous actions are related; and is, therefore, much more ſtriking and forcible. In a word, Don Quixote, and its copy Hudibras, the Splendid Shilling, the Adventures of Gil Blas, the Tale of a Tub, and the Rehearſal, are pieces of humour which antiquity cannot equal, much leſs excel.

Theophraſtus muſt yield to La Bruyere for his intimate knowledge of human nature; and the Athenians never produced a writer whoſe humour was ſo exquiſite as that of Addiſon, or who delineated and ſupported a character with ſo much nature and true pleaſantry as that of Sir Roger de Coverly. It ought, indeed, to be remembered, that every ſpecies of wit written in diſtant times and dead languages, appears with many diſadvantages to preſent readers, from their ignorance of the manners and cuſtoms alluded to and expoſed; but the groſſneſs, the rudeneſs, and indelicacy of the ancients will, notwithſtanding, ſufficiently appear, even from the ſentiments of ſuch critics as Cicero and Quintilian, who mentioned corporeal defects and deformities as proper objects of raillery.

It is now to be aſked, to what can we aſcribe this ſuperiority of the moderns in all the ſpecies of Ridicule? I anſwer, to the improved ſtate of converſation. The great geniuſes of Greece and Rome were formed during the times of a republican government: and though it be certain Longinus aſſerts, that democracies are the nurſeries of true ſublimity, yet monarchies and courts are more productive of politeneſs. The arts of civility, and the decencies of converſation, as they unite men more cloſely, and bring them more frequently together, multiply opportunities of obſerving thoſe incongruities and abſurdities of behaviour, on which Ridicule is founded. The ancients had more Liberty and Seriouſneſs, the moderns have more Luxury and Laughter.

No. CXXXIV. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1754.

———Virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi. JUVENAL.

Barely they riſe by virtue's aid, who lie
Plung'd in the depth of helpleſs poverty. DRYDEN.

TO THE ADVENTURER.

SIR,

AS I was informed by your bookſeller, upon whom I called a few days ago to make a ſmall purchaſe for my daughter, and your whole work would be compriſed in one hundred and forty papers, I can no longer delay to ſend you the account of her life, which I gave you ſome reaſon to expect when I related my own [No. 86.] This account ſhe gave in that dreadful night, the remembrance of which ſtill freezes me with horror; the night in which I had hired her as a proſtitute, and could not have been deterred from inceſt, but by an event ſo extraordinary that it was almoſt miraculous. I have, indeed, frequently attempted to relate a ſtory which I can never forget, but I was always diſſatisfied with my own expreſſions; nor could I ever produce in writing a narrative which appeared equal to the effect that it wrought upon my mind when I heard it. I have, therefore, prevailed upon the dear injured girl to relate it in her own words, which I ſhall faithfully tranſcribe.

THE firſt ſituation that I remember was in a cellar; where, I ſuppoſe, I had been placed by the pariſh officers with a woman who kept a little dairy. My nurſe was obliged to be often abroad, and I was then left to the care of a girl, who was juſt old enough to lug me about in her arms, and who, like other pretty creatures in office, knew not how to ſhew her authority but by the abuſe of it. Such was my dread of her power and reſentment, that I ſuffered almoſt whatever ſhe inflicted, without complaint; and when I was ſcarcely four years old, had learnt ſo far to ſurmount the ſenſe of pain and ſuppreſs my paſſions, that I have been pinched black and blue without wincing, and patiently ſuffered her to impute to me many trivial miſchiefs which her own perverſeneſs or careleſſneſs had produced.

This ſituation, however, was not without its advantages; for inſtead of a hard cruſt and ſmall beer, which would probably have been the principal part of my ſubſiſtence if I had been placed with a perſon of the ſame rank, but of a different employment, I had always plenty of milk; which, though it had been ſkimmed for cream, was not ſour, and which indeed was wholeſome food; upon which I throve very faſt, and was taken notice of by every body, for the freſhneſs of my looks, and the clearneſs of my ſkin.

Almoſt as ſoon as I could ſpeak plain, I was ſent to the pariſh-ſchool to learn to read; and thought myſelf as fine in my blue gown and badge, as a court beauty in a birth-night ſuit. The miſtreſs of the ſchool was the widow of a clergyman, whom I have often heard her mention with tears, though he had been long dead when I firſt came under her tuition, and left her in ſuch circumſtances as made her ſolicit an employment, of which before ſhe would have dreaded the labour, and ſcorned the meanneſs. She had been very genteelly educated, and had acquired a general knowledge of literature after her marriage; the communication of which enlivened their hours of retirement, and afforded ſuch a ſubject of converſation, as added to every other enjoyment the pleaſures of beneficence and gratitude.

There was ſomething in her manner, which won my affection and commanded my reverence. I found her a perſon very different from my nurſe; and I watched her looks with ſuch ardour and attention, that I was ſometimes able, young as I was, to anticipate her commands. It was natural that ſhe ſhould love the virtue which ſhe had produced, nor was it incongruous that ſhe ſhould reward it. I perceived with inexpreſſible delight, that ſhe treated me with peculiar

tenderneſs; and when I was about eight years old, ſhe offered to take my education wholly upon herſelf, without putting the pariſh to any farther charge for my maintenance. Her offer was readily accepted, my nurſe was diſcharged, and I was taken home to my miſtreſs, who called me her little maid, a name which I was ambitious to deſerve, becauſe ſhe did not, like a tyrant, exact my obedience as a ſlave, but like a parent invited me to the duty of a child. As our family conſiſted only of my miſtreſs and myſelf, except ſometimes a chair-woman, we were always alone in the intervals of buſineſs; and the good matron amuſed herſelf by inſtructing me, not only in reading, writing, and the firſt rules of arithmetic, but in various kinds of needlework; and, what was yet of more moment, in the principles of virtue and religion, which in her life appeared to be ſo amiable, that I wanted neither example nor motive. She gave me alſo ſome general notions of the decorum practiſed among perſons of a higher claſs; and I was thus acquainted, while I was yet a child, and in an obſcure ſtation, with ſome rudiments of good breeding.

Before I was fifteen, I began to aſſiſt my benefactreſs in her employment, and by ſome plain-work which ſhe had procured me, I furniſhed myſelf with decent cloaths. By an inſenſible and ſpontaneous imitation of her manner, I had acquired ſuch a carriage, as gained me more reſpect in a yard-wide ſtuff, than is often paid by ſtrangers to an upper-ſervant in a rich ſilk.

Such was now the ſimplicity and innocence of my life, that I had ſcarce a wiſh unſatisfied; and I often reflected upon my own happineſs with a ſenſe of gratitude that increaſed it. But, alas! this felicity was ſcarce ſooner enjoyed than loſt: the good matron, who was in the moſt endearing ſenſe my parent and my friend, was ſeized with a fever, which in a few days put an end to her life, and left me alone in the world without alliance or protection, overwhelmed with grief, and diſtracted with anxiety. The world, indeed, was before me; but I trembled to enter it alone. I knew no art by which I could ſubſiſt myſelf; and I was unwilling to be condemned to a ſtate of ſervitude, in which no ſuch art could be learned. I therefore applied again to the officers of the pariſh, who, as a teſtimony of reſpect to my patroneſs, condeſcended ſtill to conſider me as their charge, and with the uſual ſum bound me apprentice to a mantua-maker; whoſe buſineſs, of which indeed ſhe had but little, was among perſons that were ſomething below the middle claſs, and who, as I verily believe, had applied to the church-wardens for an apprentice, only that ſhe might ſilence the number of petty duns, and obtain new credit with the money that is given as a conſideration for neceſſary cloaths.

The dwelling of my new miſtreſs was two back rooms in a dirty ſtreet near the Seven Dials. She received me, however, with great appearance of kindneſs; we breakfaſted, dined, and ſupped together; and though I could not but regret the alteration of my condition, yet I comforted myſelf with reflecting, that in a few years I ſhould be miſtreſs of my trade by which I might become independent, and live in a manner more agreeable to my inclinations. But my indentures were no ſooner ſigned, than I ſuffered a new change of fortune. The firſt ſtep my miſtreſs took was to turn away her maid, a poor ſlave who was covered only with rags and dirt, and whoſe ill qualities I fooliſhly thought were the only cauſe of her ill treatment. I was now compelled to light fires, go of errands, waſh linen, and dreſs victuals, and, in ſhort to do every kind of houſhold drudgery, and to ſit up half the night, that the taſk of hemming and running ſeams, which had been aſſigned me might be performed.

Though I ſuffered all this without murmur or complaint, yet I became penſive and melancholy; the tears would often ſteal ſilently from my eyes, and my mind was ſometimes ſo abſtracted in the contemplation of my miſery, that I did not hear what was ſaid to me. But my ſenſibility produced reſentment, inſtead of pity; my melancholy drew upon me the reproach of ſullenneſs; I was ſtormed at for ſpoiling my work with ſniveling I knew not why, and threatened that it ſhould not long be without cauſe; a menace which was generally executed the moment it was uttered; my arms and neck continually bore the marks of the yard, and I was in every reſpect treated with the moſt brutal unkindneſs.

In the mean time, however, I applied my-

ſelf to learn the buſineſs as my laſt reſource, and the only foundation of my hope. My diligence and aſſiduity atoned for the want of inſtruction; and it might have been truly ſaid, that I ſtole the knowledge which my miſtreſs had engaged to communicate. As I had a taſte for dreſs, I recommended myſelf to the beſt cuſtomers, and frequently corrected a fault of which they complained, and which my miſtreſs was not able to diſcover. The countenance and courteſy which this gained, though it encouraged my hope of the future, yet it made the preſent leſs tolerable. My tyrant treated me with yet more inhumanity, and my ſufferings were ſo great, that I frequently meditated an eſcape, though I knew not whither to go, and though I foreſaw that the moment I became a fugitive, I ſhould forfeit all my intereſt, juſtify every complaint, and incur a diſgrace which I could never obliterate.

I had now groaned under the moſt cruel oppreſſion ſomething more than four years; the cloaths which had been the purchaſe of my own money I had worn out, and my miſtreſs thought it her intereſt not to furniſh me with any better than would juſt ſerve me to go out on her errands, and follow her with a bundle. But as ſo much of my time was paſt, I thought it highly reaſonable, and indeed neceſſary, that I ſhould make a more decent appearance, that I ſhould attend the cuſtomers, take their orders and their meaſure, at leaſt fit on the work. After much premeditation, and many attempts, I at length ſurmounted my fears; and in ſuch terms and manner as I thought leaſt likely to give offence, I entreated that I might have ſuch cloaths as would anſwer the purpoſe, and propoſed to work ſo many hours extraordinary as would produce the money they ſhould coſt. But this requeſt, however modeſt, was anſwered only with reproaches and inſult. I wanted, forſooth, to be a gentlewoman: yes, I ſhould be equipped to ſet up for myſelf. This ſhe might have expected from taking a beggar from the pariſh: but I ſhould ſee that ſhe knew how to mortify my pride, and diſappoint my cunning. I was at once grieved and angered at this treatment; and I believe, for the firſt time, expreſſed myſelf with ſome indignation and reſentment. My reſentment, however, ſhe treated with deriſion and contempt, as an impotent attempt to throw off her authority; and declaring that ſhe would ſoon ſhew me who was miſtreſs, ſhe ſtruck me ſo violent a blow, that I fell from my chair. Whether ſhe was frighted at my fall, or whether ſhe ſuſpected I ſhould alarm the houſe, ſhe did not repeat her blow, but contented herſelf with reviling the poverty and wretchedneſs which ſhe laboured to perpetuate.

I burſt into tears of anguiſh and reſentment, and made no reply; but from this moment my hatred became irreconcileable, and I ſecretly determined at all events to eſcape from a ſlavery, which I accuſed myſelf for having already endured too long.

No. CXXXV. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1754.

———*Latet anguis in herba.* VIRG.

Beneath the graſs conceal'd a ſerpent lies.

IT happened that the next morning I was ſent with ſome work as far as Chelſea: it was about the middle of May. Upon me, who had long toiled in the ſmoke and darkneſs of London, and had ſeen the ſun-ſhine only upon a chimney or a wall, the freſhneſs of the air, the verdure of the fields, and the ſongs of the birds, had the power of enchantment. I could not forbear lingering in my walk: and every moment of delay made me the leſs willing to return; not indeed by increaſing my enjoyment, but my fear: I was tenacious of the preſent, becauſe I dreaded the future; and increaſed the evil which I approached at every ſtep, by a vain attempt to retain and poſſeſs that which at every ſtep I was leaving behind. I found, that not to look forward with hope, was not to look round with pleaſure; and yet I ſtill loitered away the hours which I could not enjoy, and returned in a ſtate of anxious irreſolution, ſtill taking the way home, becauſe I knew not where elſe to go, but ſtill neglecting the ſpeed which alone

could make home leſs dreadful. My torment encreaſed as my walk became ſhorter; and when I had returned as far as the lower end of the Mall in St. James's Park, I was quite overwhelmed with regret and deſpair; and, ſitting down on one of the benches, I burſt into tears.

As my mind was wholly employed on my diſtreſs, and my apron held up to my eyes, it was ſome time before I diſcovered an elderly lady who had ſat down by me. The moment I ſaw her, ſuch is the force of habit, all thoughts of my own wretchedneſs gave way to a ſenſe of indecorum; and as ſhe appeared by her dreſs to be a perſon in whoſe company it was preſumption in me to ſit, I ſtarted up in great confuſion, and would have left the ſeat. This, however, ſhe would not ſuffer; but taking hold of my gown, and gently drawing me back, addreſſed me with an accent of tenderneſs, and ſoothed me with pity before ſhe knew my diſtreſs. It was ſo long ſince I had heard the voice of kindneſs, that my heart melted as ſhe ſpoke with gratitude and joy. I told her all my ſtory; to which ſhe liſtened with great attention, and often gazed ſtedfaſtly in my face. When my narrative was ended, ſhe told me, that the manner in which I had related it was alone ſufficient to convince her that it was true; that there was an air of ſimplicity and ſincerity about me, which had prejudiced her in my favour as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me; and that, therefore, ſhe was determined to take me home; that I ſhould live with her till ſhe had eſtabliſhed me in buſineſs, which ſhe could eaſily do by recommending me to her acquaintance; and that, in the mean time, ſhe would take care to prevent my miſtreſs from being troubleſome.

It is impoſſible to expreſs the tranſport that I felt at this unexpected deliverance. I was utterly unacquainted with the ſ[illegible]res of thoſe who are hackneyed in the wa[illegible] vice; and the remembrance of the diſintereſted kindneſs of my firſt friend, by whom I had been brought up, came freſh into my mind: I therefore indulged the hope of having found ſuch another without ſcruple; and uttering ſome incoherent expreſſions of gratitude, which was too great to be formed into compliment, I accepted the offer, and followed my conductreſs home. The houſe was ſuch as I had never entered before; the rooms were ſpacious, and the furniture elegant. I looked round with wonder; and bluſhing with a ſenſe of my own meanneſs, would have followed the ſervant who opened the door into the kitchen, but her miſtreſs prevented me. She ſaw my confuſion; and, encouraging me with a ſmile, took me up ſtairs into a kind of dreſſing-room, where ſhe immediately furniſhed me with clean ſhoes and ſtockings, a cap, handkerchief, ruffles, and apron, and a night-gown of genteel Iriſh ſtuff, which had not been much worn, though it was ſpotted and ſtained in many places: they belonged, ſhe ſaid, to her couſin, a young lady for whom ſhe intended to provide; and inſiſted upon my putting them on, that I might ſit down with her family at dinner; 'For,' ſaid ſhe, 'I have no acquaintance 'to whom I could recommend a mantua-maker 'that I kept in my kitchen.'

I perceived that ſhe watched me with great attention while I was dreſſing, and ſeemed to be greatly delighted with the alteration in my appearance when I had done. 'I ſee,' ſaid ſhe, 'that you was made for a gentlewoman; 'and a gentlewoman you ſhall be, or it ſhall 'be your own fault.' I could only curtſey in anſwer to this compliment, but notwithſtanding the appearance of diffidence and modeſty in the bluſh which I felt burn upon my cheek, yet my heart ſecretly exulted in a proud confidence that it was true. When I came down ſtairs, I was introduced by my patroneſs (who had told me that her name was Wellwood) to the young lady her couſin, and three others; to whom, ſoon after we were ſeated, ſhe related my ſtory, intermixing much invective againſt my miſtreſs, and much flattery to me; with neither of which, if the truth be confeſſed, I was much diſpleaſed.

After dinner, as I underſtood that company was expected, I entreated leave to retire, and was ſhewn up ſtairs into a ſmall chamber very neatly furniſhed, which I was deſired to conſider as my own. As the company ſtaid till it was very late, I drank tea and ſupped alone, one of the ſervants being ordered to attend me.

The next morning, when I came down ſtairs to breakfaſt, Mrs. Wellwood preſented me with a piece of printed cotton ſufficient for a ſacque and coat, and about twelve yards of ſlight ſilk for a night-gown, which, ſhe ſaid, I ſhould

make up myſelf as a ſpecimen of my ſkill. I attempted to excuſe myſelf from accepting this benefaction, with much heſitation and confuſion; but I was commanded with a kind frown, and in a peremptory tone, to be ſilent. I was told, that, when buſineſs came in, I ſhould pay all my debts; that in the mean time, I ſhould be ſolicitous only to ſet up; and that a change of genteel apparel might be conſidered as my ſtock in trade, ſince without it my buſineſs could neither be procured nor tranſacted.

To work, therefore, I went; my cloaths were made and worn; many encomiums were laviſhed upon my dexterity and my perſon; and thus I was entangled in the ſnare that had been laid for me, before I had diſcovered my danger. I had contracted debts which it was impoſſible I ſhould pay; the power of the law could now be applied to effect the purpoſes of guilt; and my creditor could urge me to her purpoſe both by hope and fear.

I had now been near a month in my new lodging; and great care had hitherto been taken to conceal whatever might ſhock my modeſty, or acquaint me with the danger of my ſituation. Some incidents, however, notwithſtanding this caution, had fallen under my notice, that might well have alarmed me; but as thoſe who are waking from a pleaſing dream ſhut their eyes againſt the light, and endeavour to prolong the deluſion by ſlumbering again, I checked my ſuſpicions the moment they roſe, as if danger that was not known would not exiſt; without conſidering that enquiry alone could confirm the good, and enable me to eſcape the evil.

The houſe was often filled with company, which divided into ſeparate rooms; the viſits were frequently continued till midnight, and ſometimes till morning; I had, however, always deſired leave to retire, which had hitherto been permitted, though not without reluctance; but at length I was preſſed to make tea, with an importunity that I could not reſiſt. The company was very gay, and ſome familiarities paſſed between the gentlemen and ladies which threw me into confuſion and covered me with bluſhes; yet I was ſtill zealous to impoſe upon myſelf, and, therefore, was contented with the ſuppoſition, that they were liberties allowed among perſons of faſhion, many of whoſe polite levities I had heard deſcribed and cenſured by the dear monitor of my youth, to whom I owed all my virtue and all my knowledge. I could not, however, reflect without ſolicitude and anxiety, that ſince the firſt week of my arrival I had heard no more of my buſineſs. I had, indeed, frequently ventured to mention it; and ſtill hoped, that when my patroneſs had procured a little ſet of cuſtomers among her friends, I ſhould be permitted to venture into a room of my own; for I could not think of carrying it on where it would degrade my benefactreſs, of whom it could not without an affront be ſaid, that ſhe let lodgings to a mantua-maker; nor could I without indecorum diſtribute directions where I was to be found, till I had removed to another houſe. But whenever I introduced this ſubject of converſation, I was either rallied for my gravity, or gently reproached with pride, as impatient of obligation; ſometimes I was told with an air of merriment, that my buſineſs ſhould be pleaſure; and ſometimes I was entertained with amorous ſtories, and excited by licentious and flattered deſcriptions, to a reliſh of luxurious idleneſs and expenſive amuſements. In ſhort, my ſuſpicions gradually increaſed; and my fears grew ſtronger, till my dream was at an end, and I could ſlumber no more. The terror that ſeized me when I could no longer doubt into what hands I had fallen, is not to be expreſſed, nor, indeed, could it be concealed: the effect which it produced in my aſpect and behaviour, afforded the wretch who attempted to ſeduce me no proſpect of ſucceſs; and as ſhe deſpaired of exciting me by love of pleaſure to voluntary guilt, ſhe determined to effect her purpoſe by ſurprize, and drive me into her toils by deſperation.

It was not leſs my misfortune than reproach, that I did not immediately quit a place, in which I knew myſelf devoted to deſtruction. This, indeed, Mrs. Wellwood was very aſſiduous to prevent: the morning after I had diſcovered her purpoſe, the talk about my buſineſs was renewed; and as ſoon as we had breakfaſted, ſhe took me out in a hackney coach, under pretence of procuring me a lodging; but ſhe had ſtill ſome plauſible objection againſt all that we ſaw. Thus ſhe contrived to buſy my mind, and keep me with her the greateſt part of

the day; at three we returned to dinner, and paſſed the afternoon without company. I drank tea with the family; and in the evening, being uncommonly drowſy, I went to bed near two hours ſooner than uſual.

No. CXXXVI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1754.

———Quis talia fando
Temperet a lachrymis? VIRG.

And who can hear this tale without a tear?

TO the tranſactions of this night I was not conſcious; but what they had been, the circumſtances of the morning left me no room to doubt. I diſcovered with aſtoniſhment, indignation, and deſpair, which for a time ſuſpended all my faculties, that I had ſuffered irreparable injury in a ſtate of inſenſibility; not ſo much to gratify the wretch by whom I had been abuſed, as that I might with leſs ſcruple admit another, and by reflecting that it was impoſſible to recover what I had loſt, become careleſs of all that remained. Many artifices were uſed to ſoothe me; and when theſe were found to be ineffectual, attempts were made to intimidate me with menaces. I knew not exactly what paſſed in the firſt fury of my diſtraction, but at length it quite exhauſted me. In the evening, being calm through mere languor and debility, and no precaution having been taken to detain me, becauſe I was not thought able to eſcape, I found means to ſteal down ſtairs, and got into the ſtreet without being miſſed. Wretched as I was, I felt ſome emotions of joy when I firſt found myſelf at liberty; though it was no better than the liberty of an exile in a deſart, where having eſcaped from the dungeon and the wheel, he muſt yet, without a miracle, be deſtroyed by ſavages or hunger. It was not long, indeed, before I reflected, that I knew no houſe that would receive me, and that I had no money in my pocket. I had not, however, the leaſt inclination to go back. I ſometimes thought of returning to my old miſtreſs, the mantua-maker; but the moment I began to anticipate the malicious inference ſhe would draw from my abſence and appearance, and her triumph in the mournful neceſſity that urged me to return, I determined rather to ſuffer any other evil that could befal me.

Thus deſtitute and forlorn, feeble and diſpirited, I continued to creep along till the ſhops were ſhut, and the deſerted ſtreets became ſilent. The buſy crowds, which had almoſt borne me before them, were now diſſipated; and every one was retired home, except a few wretched outcaſts like myſelf, who were either huddled together in a corner, or ſtrolling about not knowing whither they went. It is not eaſy to conceive the anguiſh with which I reflected on my condition; and, perhaps, it would ſcarcely have been thought poſſible, that a perſon who was not a fugitive from juſtice, nor an enemy to labour, could be thus deſtitute even of the little that is eſſential to life, and in danger of periſhing for want in the midſt of a populous city, abounding with accommodations for every rank, from the peer to the beggar. Such, however, was my lot. I found myſelf compelled by neceſſity to paſs the night in the ſtreets, without hope of paſſing the next in any other place, or, indeed, of procuring food to ſupport me till it arrived. I had now faſted the whole day; my languor increaſed every moment; I was weary and fainting; my face was covered with a cold ſweat, and my legs trembled under me: but I did not dare to ſit down, or walk twice along the ſame ſtreet, leſt I ſhould have been ſeized by the watch, or inſulted by ſome voluntary vagabond in the rage or wantonneſs of drunkenneſs or luſt. I knew not, indeed, well how to vary my walk; but imagined that, upon the whole, I ſhould be more ſafe in the city, than among the brothels in the Strand, or in ſtreets which being leſs frequented are leſs carefully watched: for though I ſcarce ventured to conſider the law as my friend, yet I was more afraid of thoſe who ſhould attempt to break the peace, than thoſe who were appointed to keep it. I went forward, therefore, as well as I was able, and

paſſed through St. Paul's Church-yard as the clock ſtruck one; but ſuch was my misfortune, that the calamity which I dreaded overtook me in the very place to which I had fled to avoid it. Juſt as I was croſſing at the corner into Cheapſide, I was laid hold on by a man not meanly dreſſed, who would have hurried me down toward the Old Change. I knew not what he ſaid, but I ſtrove to diſengage myſelf from him without making any reply: my ſtruggles, indeed, were weak; and the man ſtill keeping his hold, and perhaps miſtaking the feebleneſs of my reſiſtance for ſome inclination to comply, proceeded to indecencies, for which I ſtruck him with the ſudden force that was ſupplied by rage and indignation; but my whole ſtrength was exhauſted in the blow, which the brute inſtantly returned, and repeated till I fell. Inſtinct is ſtill ready in the defence of life, however wretched; and though the moment before I had wiſhed to die, yet in this diſtreſs I ſpontaneouſly cried out for help. My voice was heard by a watchman, who immediately ran towards me; and, finding me upon the ground, lifted up his lantern, and examined me with an attention, which made me reflect with great confuſion upon the diſorder of my dreſs, which before had not once occurred to my thoughts: my hair hung looſely about my ſhoulders, my ſtays were but half-laced, and the reſt of my cloaths were careleſsly thrown on in the tumult and diſtraction of mind, which prevented my attending to trivial circumſtances when I made my eſcape from Wellwood's. My general appearance, and the condition in which I was found, convinced the watchman that I was a ſtrolling proſtitute; and finding that I was not able to riſe without aſſiſtance, he alſo concluded that I was drunk; he, therefore, ſet down his lantern, and calling his comrade to aſſiſt him, they lifted me up. As my voice was faltering, my looks wild, and my whole frame ſo feeble that I tottered as I ſtood, the man was confirmed in his firſt opinion; and ſeeing my face bloody, and my eyes ſwelled, he told me with a ſneer, that to ſecure me from farther ill treatment, he would provide a lodging for me till the morning; and accordingly they dragged me between them to the Compter, without any regard to my entreaties or diſtreſs.

I paſſed the night in agonies, upon which even now I ſhudder to look back; and in the morning I was carried before a magiſtrate. The watchman gave an account of his having found me very drunk, crying out murder, and breeding a riot in the ſtreet at one o'clock in the morning: I was ſcarcely yet ſober, he ſaid, as his worſhip might ſee, and had been pretty handſomely beaten; but he ſuppoſed it was for an unſucceſsful attempt to pick a pocket, at which I muſt have been very dextrous indeed, to have ſucceeded in that condition.

This account, however injurious, was greatly confirmed by my appearance: I was almoſt covered with kennel dirt, my face was diſcoloured, my ſpeech was inarticulate, and I was ſo oppreſſed with faintneſs and terror, that I could not ſtand without a ſupport. The magiſtrate, however, with great kindneſs, called upon me to make my defence, which I attempted by relating the truth: but the ſtory was told with ſo much heſitation, and was in itſelf ſo wild and improbable, ſo like the inartificial tales that are haſtily formed as an apology for detected guilt, that it could not be believed; and I was told, that except I could ſupport my character by ſome credible witneſs, I ſhould be committed to Bridewell.

I was thunderſtruck at this menace; and had formed ideas ſo dreadful of the place to which I was to be ſent, that my dungeon at the mantua-maker's became a palace in the compariſon; and to return thither, with whatever diſadvantages, was now the utmoſt object of my hope. I, therefore, deſired that my miſtreſs might be ſent for, and flattered myſelf that ſhe would at leaſt take me out of the houſe of correction, if it were only for the pleaſure of tormenting me herſelf.

In about two hours the meſſenger returned, and with him my tyrant, who eyed me with ſuch malicious pleaſure, that my hopes failed me the moment I ſaw her, and I almoſt repented that ſhe was come. She was, I believe, glad of an opportunity effectually to prevent my obtaining any part of her buſineſs, which ſhe had ſome reaſon to fear; and, therefore, told the juſtice who examined her, that ſhe had taken me a beggar from the pariſh four years ago, and

taught me her trade; but that I had been always ſullen, miſchievous, and idle; that it was more than a month ſince I had clandeſtinely left her ſervice, in decent and modeſt apparel fitting my condition; and that ſhe would leave his worſhip to judge, whether I came honeſtly by the tawdry rags which I had on my back. This account, however correſpondent with my own, ſerved only to confirm thoſe facts which condemned me: it appeared inconteſtably, that I had deſerted my ſervice; and been debauched in a brothel, where I had been furniſhed with cloaths, and continued more than a month. That I had been ignorant of my ſituation, proſtituted without my conſent, and at laſt had eſcaped to avoid farther injury, appeared to be fictitious circumſtances, invented to palliate my offence: the perſon whom I had accuſed lived in another county; and it was neceſſary, for the preſent, to bring the matter to a ſhort iſſue: my miſtreſs, therefore, was aſked, whether ſhe would receive me again, upon my promiſe of good behaviour; and upon her peremptory refuſal, my mittimus was made out, and I was committed to hard labour. The clerk, however, was ordered to take a memorandum of my charge againſt Wellwood, and I was told that enquiry ſhould be made about her.

After I had been confined about a week, a note was brought me without date or name, in which I was told, that my malice againſt thoſe who would have been my benefactors was diſappointed; that if I would return to them, my diſcharge ſhould be procured, and I ſhould ſtill be kindly received; but that if I perſiſted in my ingratitude, it ſhould not be unrevenged. From this note, I conjectured, that Wellwood had found means to ſtop an enquiry into her conduct, which ſhe diſcovered to have been begun upon my information, and had thus learnt where I was to be found: I therefore returned no anſwer, but that I was contented with my ſituation, and prepared to ſuffer whatever Providence ſhould appoint.

During my confinement, I was not treated with great ſeverity; and at the next court, as no particular crime was alledged againſt me, I was ordered to be diſcharged. As my character was now irretrievably loſt, as I had no friend who would afford me ſhelter, nor any buſineſs to which I could apply, I had no proſpect but again to wander about the ſtreets, without lodging and without food. I therefore entreated, that the officers of the pariſh to which I belonged, might be ordered to receive me into the work-houſe, till they could get me a ſervice, or find me ſome employment by which my labour would procure me a ſubſiſtence. This requeſt, ſo reaſonable, and ſo uncommon, was much commended, and immediately granted; but as I was going out at the gate with my paſs in my hand, I was met by a bailiff, with an emiſſary of Wellwood's, and arreſted for a debt of twenty pounds. As it was no more in my power to procure bail, than to pay the money, I was immediately dragged to Newgate. It was ſoon known that I had not a farthing in my pocket, and that no money either for fees or accommodations could be expected; I was, therefore, turned over to a place called the Common-ſide, among the moſt profligate of human beings. In Bridewell, indeed, my aſſociates were wicked; but they were over-awed by the preſence of their taſk-maſter, and reſtrained from licentiouſneſs by perpetual labour: but my ears were now violated every moment by oaths, execrations, and obſcenity; the converſation of Mother Wellwood, her inmates, and her gueſts, was chaſte and holy to that of the inhabitants of this place: and in compariſon with their life, that to which I had been ſolicited was innocent. Thus I began inſenſibly to think of mere incontinence without horror; and, indeed, became leſs ſenſible of more complicated enormities, in proportion as they became familiar. My wretchedneſs, however, was not alleviated, though my virtue became leſs. I was without friends, and without money; and the miſery of confinement in a noiſome dungeon was aggravated by hunger and thirſt, and cold and nakedneſs. In this hour of trial, I was again aſſailed by the wretch who had produced it only to facilitate her ſucceſs. And let not thoſe before whom the path of virtue has been ſtrewed with flowers, and every thorn removed by proſperity, too ſeverely cenſure me, to whom it was a barren and a rugged road, in which I had long toiled with labour and anguiſh, if at laſt when I was benighted in a ſtorm, I turned at the firſt light, and haſted to the neareſt ſhelter: let me not be too ſeverely cenſured, if I now accepted liberty and eaſe

and plenty, upon the only terms on which they could be obtained. I conſented, with whatever reluctance and compunction, to return, and compleat my ruin in the place where it was begun. The action of debt was immediately withdrawn, my fees were paid, and I was once more removed to my lodging near Covent Garden. In a ſhort time I recovered my health and beauty; I was again dreſſed and adorned at the expence of my tyrant, whoſe power increaſed in proportion to my debt: the terms of proſtitution were preſcribed me; and out of the money which was the price not only of my body but my ſoul, I ſcarce received more than I could have earned by weeding in a field. The will of my creditor was my law, from which I knew not how to appeal. My ſlavery was moſt deplorable, and my employment moſt odious; for the principles of virtue and religion, which had been implanted in my youth, however they had been choaked by weeds, could never be plucked up by the root; nor did I ever admit a diſhonourable viſit, but my heart ſunk, my lips quivered, and my knees ſmote each other.

From this dreadful ſituation I am at length delivered. But while I lift up my heart in gratitude to Him, who alone can bring good out of evil, I deſire it may be remembered, that my deviation to ill was natural, and my recovery almoſt miraculous. My firſt ſtep to vice was the deſertion of my ſervice; and of this, all my guilt and miſery were the conſequence. Let none, therefore, quit the poſt that is aſſigned them by Providence, or venture out of the ſtrait way; the bye-path, though it may invite them by its verdure, will inevitably lead them to a precipice; nor can it, without folly and preſumption, be pronounced of any, that their firſt deviation from rectitude will produce leſs evil than mine.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the ſtory of my child, and ſuch are her reflections upon it; to which I can only add, that he who abandons his offspring, or corrupts them by his example, perpetrates greater evil than a murderer, in proportion as immortality is of more value than life. I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

AGAMUS.

No. CXXXVII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1754.

Τί δ' ἔρεξα. PYTH.

What have I been doing?

AS man is a being very ſparingly furniſhed with the power of preſcience, he can provide for the future only by conſidering the paſt; and as futurity is all in which he has any real intereſt, he ought very diligently to uſe the only means by which he can be enabled to enjoy it, and frequently to revolve the experiments which he has hitherto made upon life, that he may gain wiſdom from his miſtakes, and caution from his miſcarriages.

Though I do not ſo exactly conform to the precepts of Pythagoras, as to practiſe every night this ſolemn recollection, yet I am not ſo loſt in diſſipation as wholly to omit it; nor can I forbear ſometimes to enquire of myſelf, in what employment my life has paſſed away. Much of my time has ſunk into nothing, and left no trace by which it can be diſtinguiſhed; and of this I now only know, that it waſe once in my power, and might once have been improved.

Of other parts of life memory can give ſome account; at ſome hours I have been gay, and at others ſerious; I have ſometimes mingled in converſation, and ſometimes meditated in ſolitude; one day has been ſpent in conſulting the ancient ſages, and another in writing Adventurers.

At the concluſion of any undertaking, it is uſual to compute the loſs and profit. As I ſhall ſoon ceaſe to write Adventurers, I could not forbear lately to conſider what has been the conſequence of my labours; and whether I am to reckon the hours laid out in theſe compoſitions, as applied to a good and laudable purpoſe, or ſuffered to fume away in uſeleſs evaporations.

That I have intended well, I have the atteſtation of my own heart: but good intentions may be fruſtrated, when they are executed without ſuitable ſkill, or directed to an end unattainable in itſelf.

Some there are, who leave writers very little room for ſelf-congratulation; ſome who affirm, that books have no influence upon the public, that no age was ever made better by its authors, and that to call upon mankind to correct their manners, is like Xerxes, to ſcourge the wind or ſhackle the torrent.

This opinion they pretend to ſupport by unfailing experience. The world is full of fraud and corruption, rapine, or malignity; intereſt is the ruling motive of mankind, and every one is endeavouring to increaſe his own ſtores of happineſs by perpetual accumulation, without reflecting upon the numbers whom his ſuperfluity condemns to want: in this ſtate of things a book of morality is publiſhed, in which charity and benevolence are ſtrongly enforced; and it is proved beyond oppoſition, that men are happy in proportion as they are virtuous, and rich as they are liberal. The book is applauded, and the author is preferred; he imagines his applauſe deſerved, and receives leſs pleaſure from the acquiſition of reward than the conſciouſneſs of merit. Let us look again upon mankind: intereſt is ſtill the ruling motive, and the world is ſtill full of fraud and corruption, malevolence and rapine.

The difficulty of confuting this aſſertion ariſes merely from its generality and comprehenſion: to overthrow it by a detail of diſtinct facts, requires a wider ſurvey of the world than human eyes can take; the progreſs of reformation is gradual and ſilent, as the extenſion of evening ſhadows; we know that they were ſhort at noon, and are long at ſunſet, but our ſenſes were not able to diſcern their increaſe: we know of every civil nation, that it was once ſavage; and how was it reclaimed but by precept and admonition?

Mankind are univerſally corrupt, but corrupt in different degrees; as they are univerſally ignorant, yet with greater or leſs irradiations of knowledge. How has knowledge or virtue been increaſed and preſerved in one place beyond another, but by diligent inculcation and rational inforcement?

Books of morality are daily written, yet its influence is ſtill little in the world; ſo the ground is annually ploughed, and yet multitudes are in want of bread. But, ſurely, neither the labours of the moraliſt nor of the huſbandman are vain: let them for a while neglect their taſks, and their uſefulneſs will be known; the wickedneſs that is now frequent would become univerſal, the bread that is now ſcarce would wholly fail.

The power, indeed, of every individual is ſmall, and the conſequence of his endeavours imperceptible in a general proſpect of the world. Providence has given no man ability to do much, that ſomething might be left for every man to do. The buſineſs of life is carried on by a general co-operation; in which the part of any ſingle man can be no more diſtinguiſhed, than the effect of a particular drop when the meadows are floated by a ſummer ſhower; yet every drop increaſes the inundation, and every hand adds to the happineſs or miſery of mankind.

That a writer, however zealous or eloquent, ſeldom works a viſible effect upon cities or nations, will readily be granted. The book which is read moſt, is read by few, compared with thoſe that read it not; and of thoſe few, the greater part peruſe it with diſpoſitions that very little favour their own improvement.

It is difficult to enumerate the ſeveral motives which procure to books the honour of peruſal: ſpite, vanity, and curioſity, hope and fear, love and hatred, every paſſion which incites to any other action, ſerves at one time or other to ſtimulate a reader.

Some are fond to take a celebrated volume into their hands, becauſe they hope to diſtinguiſh their penetration, by finding faults which have eſcaped the public; others eagerly buy it in the firſt bloom of reputation, that they may join the chorus of praiſe, and not lag, as Falſtaff terms it, in 'the rearward of the faſhion.'

Some read for ſtyle, and ſome for argument: one has little care about the ſentiment, he obſerves only how it is expreſſed; another regards not the concluſion, but is diligent to mark how it is inferred: they read for other purpoſes than the attainment of practical knowledge; and are no more likely to grow wiſe by an examination of a treatiſe of moral prudence, than

an architect to inflame his devotion by conſidering attentively the proportions of a temple.

Some read that they may embelliſh their converſation, or ſhine in diſpute; ſome that they may not be detected in ignorance, or want the reputation of literary accompliſhments: but the moſt general and prevalent reaſon of ſtudy is the impoſſibility of finding another amuſement equally cheap or conſtant, equally dependent on the hour or the weather. He that wants money to follow the chace of pleaſure through her yearly circuit, and is left at home when the gay world rolls to Bath or Tunbridge; he whoſe gout compels him to hear from his chamber the rattle of chariots tranſporting happier beings to plays and aſſemblies, will be forced to ſee in books a refuge from himſelf.

The author is not wholly uſeleſs, who provides innocent amuſements for minds like theſe. There are in the preſent ſtate of things ſo many more inſtigations to evil, than incitements to good, that he who keeps me in a neutral ſtate, may be juſtly conſidered as a benefactor to life.

But, perhaps, it ſeldom happens that ſtudy terminates in mere paſtime. Books have always a ſecret influence on the underſtanding; we cannot at pleaſure obliterate ideas: he that reads books of ſcience, though without any fixed deſire of improvement, will grow more knowing; he that entertains himſelf with moral or religious treatiſes, will imperceptibly advance in goodneſs; the ideas which are often offered to the mind, will at laſt find a lucky moment when it is diſpoſed to receive them.

It is, therefore, urged without reaſon, as a diſcouragement to writers, that there are already books ſufficient in the world; that all the topics of perſuaſion have been diſcuſſed; and every important queſtion clearly ſtated and juſtly decided; and that, therefore, there is no room to hope that pigmies ſhould conquer where heroes have been defeated, or that the petty copiers of the preſent time ſhould advance the great work of reformation, which their predeceſſors were forced to leave unfiniſhed.

Whatever be the preſent extent of human knowledge, it is not only finite, and therefore in its own nature capable of increaſe; but ſo narrow, that almoſt every underſtanding may, by a diligent application of its powers, hope to enlarge it. It is, however, not neceſſary, that a man ſhould forbear to write, till he has diſcovered ſome truth unknown before; he may be ſufficiently uſeful, by only diverſifying the ſurface of knowledge, and luring the mind by a new appearance to a ſecond view of thoſe beauties which it had paſſed over inattentively before. Every writer may find intellects correſpondent to his own, to whom his expreſſions are familiar, and his thoughts congenial; and, perhaps, truth is often more ſucceſsfully propagated by men of moderate abilities, who adopting the opinions of others, have no care but to explain them clearly, than by ſubtile ſpeculatiſts and curious ſearchers, who exact from their readers powers equal to their own, and if their fabrics of ſcience be ſtrong, take no care to render them acceſſible.

For my part, I do not regret the hours which I have laid out in theſe little compoſitions. That the world has grown apparently better, ſince the publication of the Adventurer, I have not obſerved; but am willing to think, that many have been affected by ſingle ſentiments, of which it is their buſineſs to renew the impreſſion; that many have caught hints of truth, which it is now their duty to purſue; and that thoſe who have received no improvement, have wanted not opportunity but intention to improve.

T

No. CXXXVIII. SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1754.

Quid pure tranquillet? honos, an dulce lucellum.
An ſecretum iter, et fallentis ſemita vitæ? HOR.

Whether the tranquil mind and pure,
Honours or wealth our mind inſure;
Or down through life unknown to ſtray,
Where lonely leads the ſilent way. FRANCIS.

HAVING conſidered the importance of authors to the welfare of the public, I am led by a natural train of thought, to reflect on their condition with regard to themſelves; and to enquire what degree of happineſs or vexation is annexed to the difficult and laborious employment of providing inſtruction or entertainment for mankind.

In eſtimating the pain or pleaſure of any particular ſtate, every man, indeed, draws his deciſions from his own breaſt, and cannot with certainty determine, whether other minds are affected by the ſame cauſes in the ſame manner. Yet by this criterion we muſt be content to judge, becauſe no other can be obtained; and, indeed, we have no reaſon to think it very fallacious, for excepting here and there an anomalous mind, which either does not feel like others, or diſſembles its ſenſibility, we find men unanimouſly concur in attributing happineſs or miſery to particular conditions, as they agree in acknowledging the cold of winter and the heat of autumn.

If we apply to authors themſelves for an account of their ſtate, it will appear very little to deſerve envy; for they have in all ages been addicted to complaint. The neglect of learning, the ingratitude of the preſent age, and the abſurd preference by which ignorance and dullneſs often obtain favour and rewards, have been from age to age topics of invective; and few have left their names to poſterity, without ſome appeal to future candour from the perverſeneſs and malice of their own times.

I have, nevertheleſs, been often inclined to doubt, whether authors, however querulous, are in reality more miſerable than their fellow mortals. The preſent life is to all a ſtate of infelicity; every man, like an author, believes himſelf to merit more than he obtains, and ſolaces the preſent with the proſpect of the future; others, indeed, ſuffer thoſe diſappointments in ſilence, of which the writer complains, to ſhew how well he has learnt the art of lamentation.

There is at leaſt one gleam of felicity, of which few writers have miſſed the enjoyment: he whoſe hopes have ſo far overpowered his fears, that he has reſolved to ſtand forth a candidate for fame, ſeldom fails to amuſe himſelf, before his appearance, with pleaſing ſcenes of affluence or honour; while his fortune is yet under the regulation of fancy, he eaſily models it to his wiſh, ſuffers no thoughts of critics or rivals to intrude upon his mind, but counts over the bounties of patronage, or liſtens to the voice of praiſe.

Some there are, that talk very luxuriouſly of the ſecond period of an author's happineſs, and tell of the tumultuous raptures of invention, when the mind riots in imagery, and the choice ſtands ſuſpended between different ſentiments.

Theſe pleaſures, I believe, may ſometimes be indulged to thoſe who come to a ſubject of diſquiſitions with minds full of ideas, and with fancies ſo vigorous, as eaſily to excite, ſelect, and arrange them. To write is, indeed, no unpleaſant employment, when one ſentiment readily produces another, and both ideas and expreſſions preſent themſelves at the firſt ſummons: but ſuch happineſs the greateſt genius does not always obtain; and common writers know it only to ſuch a degree, as to credit its poſſibility. Compoſition is, for the moſt part, an effort of ſlow diligence and ſteady perſeverance, to which the mind is dragged by neceſſity or reſolution, and from which the attention is every moment ſtarting to more delightful amuſements.

It frequently happens, that a deſign which, when conſidered at a diſtance, gave flattering hopes of facility, mocks us in the execution with unexpected difficulties; the mind which,

while it conſidered it in the groſs, imagined itſelf amply furniſhed with materials, finds ſometimes an unexpected barrenneſs and vacuity, and wonders whither all thoſe ideas are vaniſhed, which a little before ſeemed ſtruggling for emiſſion.

Sometimes many thoughts preſent themſelves; but ſo confuſed and unconnected, that they are not without difficulty reduced to method, or concatenated in a regular and dependent ſeries: the mind falls at once into a labyrinth, of which neither the beginning nor end can be diſcovered; and toils and ſtruggles without progreſs or extrication.

It is aſſerted by Horace, that if matter be once got together, words will be found with very little difficulty; a poſition which, though ſufficiently plauſible to be inſerted in poetical precepts, is by no means ſtrictly and philoſophically true. If words were naturally and neceſſarily conſequential to ſentiments, it would always follow, that he who has moſt knowledge muſt have moſt eloquence, and that every man would clearly expreſs what he clearly underſtood: yet we find, that to think and diſcourſe are often the qualities of different perſons: and many books might ſurely be produced, where juſt and noble ſentiments are degraded and obſcured by unſuitable diction.

Words, therefore, as well as things, claim the care of an author. Indeed of many authors, and thoſe not uſeleſs or contemptible, words are almoſt the only care: many make it their ſtudy, not ſo much to ſtrike out new ſentiments, as to recommend thoſe which are already known to more favourable notice by fairer decorations; but every man, whether he copies or invents, whether he delivers his own thoughts or thoſe of another, has often found himſelf deficient in the power of expreſſion, big with ideas which he could not utter, obliged to ranſack his memory for terms adequate to his conceptions, and at laſt unable to impreſs upon his reader the image exiſting in his own mind.

It is one of the common diſtreſſes of a writer, to be within a word of a happy period, to want only a ſingle epithet to give amplification its full force, to require only a correſpondent term in order to finiſh a paragraph with elegance, and make one of its members anſwer to the other: but theſe deficiencies cannot always be ſupplied; and after a long ſtudy and vexation, the paſſage is turned anew, and the web unwoven that was ſo nearly finiſhed.

But when thoughts and words are collected and adjuſted, and the whole compoſition at laſt concluded, it ſeldom gratifies the author, when he comes coolly and deliberately to review it, with the hopes which had been excited in the fury of the performance: novelty always captivates the mind; as our thoughts riſe freſh upon us, we readily believe them juſt and original, which, when the pleaſure of production is over, we find to be mean and common, or borrowed from the works of others, and ſupplied by memory rather than invention.

But though it ſhould happen that the writer finds no ſuch faults in his performance, he is ſtill to remember, that he looks upon it with partial eyes: and when he conſiders how much men who could judge of others with great exactneſs, have often failed of judging of themſelves, he will be afraid of deciding too haſtily in his own favour, or of allowing himſelf to contemplate with too much complacence, treaſure that has not yet been brought to the teſt, nor paſſed the only trial that can ſtamp its value.

From the public, and only from the public, is he to await a confirmation of his claim, and a final juſtification of ſelf-eſteem; but the public is not eaſily perſuaded to favour an author. If mankind were left to judge for themſelves, it is reaſonable to imagine, that of ſuch writings, at leaſt, as deſcribe the movements of the human paſſions, and of which every man carries the archetype within him, a juſt opinion would be formed; but whoever has remarked the fate of books, muſt have found it governed by other cauſes than general conſent ariſing from general conviction. If a new performance happens not to fall into the hands of ſome, who have courage to tell, and authority to propagate their opinion, it often remains long in obſcurity, and pehaps periſhes unknown and unexamined. A few, a very few, commonly conſtitute the taſte of the time; the judgment which they have once pronounced, ſome are too lazy to diſcuſs, and ſome too timorous to contradict: it may, however, be, I think, obſerved, that their power is greater to depreſs than exalt, as mankind are more credulous of cenſure than of praiſe.

This perverſion of the public judgment is not to be raſhly numbered amongſt the miſe-

ries of an author; ſince it commonly ſerves, after miſcarriage, to reconcile him to himſelf. Becauſe the world has ſometimes paſſed an unjuſt ſentence, he readily concludes the ſentence unjuſt by which his performance is condemned; becauſe ſome have been exalted above their merits by partiality, he is ſure to aſcribe the ſucceſs of a rival, not to the merit of his work, but the zeal of his patrons. Upon the whole, as the author ſeems to ſhare all the common miſeries of life, he appears to partake likewiſe of its lenitives and abatements.

T

No. CXXXIX. TUESDAY, MARCH 5, 1754.

Ipſe viam tantum potui docuiſſe repertam
Aonas ad montes, longeque oſtendere muſas,
Plaudentes celſæ choreas in vertice rupis. VIDA.

I only pointed out the paths that lead
The panting youth to ſteep Parnaſſus' head,
And ſhew'd the tuneful muſes from afar,
Mix'd in a ſolemn choir and dancing there. PITT.

HE that undertakes to ſuperintend the morals and the taſte of the public, ſhould attentively conſider what are the peculiar irregularities and defects that characterize the times: for though ſome have contended, that men have always been vicious and fooliſh in the ſame degree, yet their vices and follies are known to have been not only different but oppoſite in their kind. The diſeaſe of the time has been ſometimes a fever, and ſometimes a lethargy; and he, therefore, who ſhould always preſcribe the ſame remedy, would be juſtly ſcorned as a quack, the diſpenſer of a noſtrum, which, however efficacious, muſt, if indiſcriminately applied, produce as much evil as good. There was a time, when every man, who was ambitious of religion or virtue, enliſted himſelf in a cruſade or buried himſelf in a hermitage: and he who ſhould then have declaimed againſt lukewarmneſs and ſcepticiſm, would have acted juſt as abſurdly as he who ſhould warn the preſent age againſt prieſtcraft and ſuperſtition, or ſet himſelf gravely to prove the lawfulneſs of pleaſure, to lure the hermit from his cell, and deliver the penitent from ſuicide.

But as vicious manners have not differed more than vicious taſte, there was a time when every literary character was diſgraced by an impertinent oſtentation of ſkill in abſtruſe ſcience, and an habitual familiarity with books written in the dead languages; every man, therefore, was a pedant, in proportion as he deſired to be thought a ſcholar. The preacher and the pleader ſtrung together claſſical quotations with the ſame labour, affectation, and inſignificance; truths however obvious, and opinions however indiſputable, were illuſtrated and confirmed by the teſtimonies of Tully or Horace; and Seneca and Epictetus were ſolemnly cited, to evince the certainty of death or the fickleneſs of fortune. The diſcourſes of Taylor are crouded with extracts from the writers of the porch and the academy; and it is ſcarcely poſſible to forbear ſmiling at a marginal note of Lord Coke, in which he gravely acquaints his reader with an excellence that he might otherwiſe have overlooked: 'This,' ſays he, 'is the thirty-third 'time that Virgil hath been quoted in this 'work.' The mixture, however, is ſo preposterous, that to thoſe who can read Coke with pleaſure, theſe paſſages will appear like a dancer who ſhould intrude on the ſolemnity of a ſenate; and to thoſe who have a taſte only for polite literature, like a fountain or a palm-tree in the deſerts of Arabia.

It appears by the eſſays of Montaigne and La Motte le Vayer, that this affectation extended to France; but the abſurdity was too groſs to remain long after the revival of literature. It was ridiculed here ſo early as the Silent Woman of Ben Jonſon; and afterwards more ſtrongly and profeſſedly in the character of Hudibras, who decorates his flimſy orations with gawdy patches of Latin, and ſcraps of tiſſue from the ſchoolmen. The ſame taſk was alſo undertaken in France by Balzac, in a ſatire called Barbon.

Wit is more rarely diſappointed of its purpoſe than wiſdom; and it is no wonder that this ſpecies of pedantry, in itſelf ſo ridiculous and deſpicable, was ſoon brought into contempt by theſe powers, againſt which truth and rectitude have not always maintained their dignity. The features of learning began inſenſibly to loſe their auſterity, and her air became engaging and eaſy: philoſophy was now decorated by the graces.

The abſtruſe truths of aſtronomy were explained by Fontenelle to a lady by moonlight; juſtneſs and propriety of thought and ſentiment were diſcuſſed by Bouhours amid the delicacies of a garden; and Algarotti introduced the Newtonian theory of light and colours to the toilet. Addiſon remarks, that Socrates was ſaid to have brought philoſophy down from heaven to inhabit among men: 'And I,' ſaid he, 'ſhall be ambitious to have it ſaid of me, 'that I have brought philoſophy out of cloſets 'and libraries, ſchools and colleges, to dwell 'in clubs and aſſemblies, at tea-tables, and in 'coffee-houſes.'

But this purpoſe has in ſome meaſure been defeated by its ſucceſs; and we have been driven from one extreme with ſuch precipitation, that we have not ſtopped in the medium, but gone on to the other.

Learning has been diveſted of the peculiarities of a college dreſs, that ſhe might mix in polite aſſemblies, and be admitted to domeſtic familiarity; but by this means ſhe hath been confounded with ignorance and levity. Thoſe who before could diſtinguiſh her only by the ſingularity of her garb, cannot now diſtinguiſh her at all; and whenever ſhe aſſerts the dignity of her character, ſhe has reaſon to fear that ridicule which is inſeparably connected with the remembrance of her dreſs; ſhe is, therefore, in danger of being driven back to the college, where, ſuch is her transformation, ſhe may at laſt be refuſed admittance; for, inſtead of learning's having elevated converſation, converſation has degraded learning; and the barbarous and inaccurate manner in which an extemporary ſpeaker expreſſes a haſty conception, is now contended to be the rule by which an author ſhould write. It ſeems, therefore, that to correct the taſte of the preſent generation, literary ſubjects ſhould be again introduced among the polite and gay, without labouring too much to diſguiſe them like common prattle; and that converſation ſhould be weeded of folly and impertinence, of common-place rhetoric, jingling phraſes, and trite repartee, which are echoed from one viſitor to another without the labour of thought, and have been ſuffered by better underſtandings in the dread of an imputation of pedantry. I am of opinion, that with this view Swift wrote his Polite Converſation; and where he has plucked up a weed, the writers who ſucceed him ſhould endeavour to plant a flower. With this view, Criticiſm has in this paper been intermixed with ſubjects of greater importance; and it is hoped that our faſhionable converſation will no longer be the diſgrace of rational beings; and that men of genius and literature will not give the ſanction of their example to popular folly, and ſuffer their evenings to paſs in hearing or in telling the exploits of a pointer, diſcuſſing a method to prevent wines from being pricked, or ſolving a difficult caſe in backgammon.

I would not, however, be thought ſolicitous to confine the converſation even of ſcholars to literary ſubjects, but only to prevent ſuch ſubjects from being totally excluded. And it may be remarked, that the preſent inſignificance of converſation has a very extenſive effect: excellence that is not underſtood will never be rewarded, and without hope of reward few will labour to excel; every writer will be tempted to negligence, in proportion as he deſpiſes the judgment of thoſe who are to determine his merit; and as it is no man's intereſt to write that which the public is not diſpoſed to read, the productions of the preſs will always be accommodated to popular taſte, and in proportion as the world is inclined to be ignorant, little will be taught them. Thus the Greek and Roman architecture are diſcarded for the novelties of China; the Ruins of Palmyra, and the copies of the capital pictures of Correggio, are neglected for gothic deſigns, and burleſque political prints; and the tinſel of a Burletta has more admirers than the gold of Shakeſpeare, though it now receives new ſplendor from the mint, and, like a medal, is illuſtrious, not only for intrinſic worth, but for beauty of expreſſion.

Perhaps it may be thought, that if this be indeed the ſtate of learning and taſte, an at-

tempt to improve it by a private hand is romantic, and the hope of ſucceſs chimerical; but to this I am not ſolicitous to give other anſwer, than that ſuch an attempt is conſiſtent with the character in which this paper is written; and that the Adventurer can aſſert, upon claſſical authority, that in brave attempts it is glorious even to fail.

Z

No. CXL. SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1754.

Deſine Mænalios, mea tibia, deſine cantus. VIRG.

Now ceaſe, my pipe, now ceaſe, Mænalian ſtrains. WARTON.

WHEN this work was firſt planned, it was determined that, whatever might be the ſucceſs, it ſhould not be continued as a paper, till it became unwieldy as a book; for no immediate advantage would have induced the Adventurer to write what, like a news-paper, was deſigned but for a day; and he knew, that the pieces of which it would conſiſt, might be multiplied till they were thought too numerous to collect, and too coſtly to purchaſe, even by thoſe who ſhould allow them to be excellent in their kind. It was ſoon agreed, that four volumes, when they ſhould be printed in a pocket ſize, would circulate better than more, and that ſcarce any of the purpoſes of publication could be effected by leſs; the work, therefore, was limited to four volumes, and four volumes are now compleated.

A moral writer, of whatever abilities, who labours to reclaim thoſe to whom vice is become habitual, and who are become veterans in infidelity, muſt ſurely labour to little purpoſe. Vice is a gradual and eaſy deſcent, where it firſt deviates from the level of innocence; but the declivity at every pace becomes more ſteep, and thoſe who deſcend, deſcend every moment with greater rapidity. As a moraliſt, therefore, I determined to mark the firſt inſenſible gradation to ill; to caution againſt thoſe acts which are not generally believed to incur guilt, but of which indubitable vice and hopeleſs miſery are the natural and moſt neceſſary conſequences.

As I was upon theſe principles to write for the Young and the Gay, for thoſe who are entering the path of life, I knew that it would be neceſſary to amuſe the imagination while I was approaching the heart; and that I could not hope to fix the attention, but by engaging the paſſions. I have, therefore, ſometimes led them into the regions of fancy, and ſometimes held up before them the mirror of life; I have concatenated events, rather than deduced conſequences by logical reaſoning; and have exhibited ſcenes of proſperity and diſtreſs, as more forcibly perſuaſive than the rhetoric of declamation.

In the ſtory of Meliſſa I have endeavoured to repreſs romantic hopes, by which the reward of laborious induſtry is deſpiſed; and have founded affluence and honour upon an act of generous integrity, to which few would have thought themſelves obliged. In the life of Opſinous, I have ſhewn the danger of the firſt ſpeculative defection, and endeavoured to demonſtrate the neceſſary dependence of Virtue upon Religion. Amurath's firſt advance to cruelty was ſtriking a dog. The wretchedneſs of Haſſan was produced merely by the want of poſitive virtue; and that of Mirza by the ſolitarineſs of his devotion. The diſtreſs of Lady Freeman ariſes from a common and allowed deviation from truth; and in the two papers upon marriage, the importance of minute particulars is illuſtrated and diſplayed. With this clue, the reader will be able to diſcover the ſame deſign in almoſt every paper that I have written, which may eaſily be known from the reſt, by having no ſignature * at the bottom. Among theſe, however, Number forty-four was the voluntary contribution of a ſtranger, and Number forty-two the gift of a friend; ſo were the firſt hints on which I wrote the ſtory of Eugenio, and the letter ſigned Tim. Cogdie.

I did not, however, undertake to execute this ſcheme alone; not only becauſe I wanted ſufficient leiſure, but becauſe ſome degree of

* By ſignature is meant the letter, or mark, placed on the left hand ſide of the page: not the ſubſcribed names of the aſſumed characters in which ſeveral of the papers are written.

ſameneſs is produced by the peculiarities of every writer; and it was thought that the conceptions and expreſſions of another, whoſe pieces ſhould have a general coincidence with mine, would produce variety, and by increaſing entertainment facilitate inſtruction.

With this view the pieces that appear in the beginning of the work ſigned A were procured; but this reſource ſoon failing, I was obliged to carry on the publication alone, except ſome caſual ſupplies, till I obtained from the gentlemen who have diſtinguiſhed their pieces by the letters T and Z * ſuch aſſiſtance as I moſt wiſhed. Of their views and expectations, ſome account has been already given in Number one hundred and thirty-ſeven, and Number one hundred and thirty-nine. But there is one particular, in which the critical pieces concur in the general deſign of this paper, which has not been mentioned: thoſe who can judge of literary excellence, will eaſily diſcover the Sacred Writings to have a divine origin by their manifeſt ſuperiority; he, therefore, who diſplays the beauties and defects of a claſſic author, whether ancient or modern, puts into the hands of thoſe to whom he communicates critical knowledge, a new teſtimonial of the truth of Chriſtianity.

Beſides the aſſiſtance of theſe gentlemen, I have received ſome voluntary contributions which would have done honour to any collection: the allegorical letter from Night, ſigned S; the ſtory of Fidelia, in three papers, ſigned Y; the letter ſigned Tim. Wildgooſe; Number forty-four and Number ninety marked with an &, were ſent by unknown hands.

But whatever was the deſign to which I directed my part of this work, I will not pretend, that the view with which I undertook it was wholly diſintereſted; or that I would have engaged in a periodical paper, if I had not conſidered, that though it would not require deep reſearches and abſtracted ſpeculation, yet it would admit much of that novelty which nature can now ſupply, and afford me opportunity to excel, if I poſſeſſed the power; as the pencil of a maſter is as eaſily diſtinguiſhed in ſtill-life, as in a Hercules or a Venus, a landſcape or a battle. I confeſs, that in this work I was incited, not only by a deſire to propagate virtue, but to gratify myſelf; nor has the private wiſh, which was involved in the public, been diſappointed. I have no cauſe to complain, that the Adventurer has been injuriouſly neglected; or that I have been denied that praiſe, the hope of which animated my labour and cheered my wearineſs: I have been pleaſed, in proportion as I have been known in this character; and as the fears in which I made the firſt experiment are paſt, I have ſubſcribed this paper with my name. But the hour is haſting, in which whatever praiſe or cenſure I have acquired by theſe compoſitions, if they are remembered at all, will be remembered with equal indifference and the tenour of them only will afford me comfort. Time, who is impatient to date my laſt paper, will ſhortly moulder the hand that is now writing it in the duſt, and ſtill the breaſt that now throbs at the reflection: but let not this be read as ſomething that relates only to another; for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading from the hand that has written. This awful truth, however obvious, and however reiterated, is yet frequently forgotten; for, ſurely, if we did not loſe our remembrance, or at leaſt our ſenſibility, that view would always predominate in our lives, which alone can afford us comfort when we die.

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

BROMLEY, IN KENT,
MARCH 4, 1754.

* The pieces ſigned Z are by the Rev. Mr. Warton, whoſe tranſlation of Virgil's Paſtorals and Georgics would alone ſufficiently diſtinguiſh him as a genius and a ſcholar.

FINIS.

Moore's Edition.

THE

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

—DUBLIN:—

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1793.

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—DUBLIN:—

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1795.

N

TO

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CADOGAN.

SIR,

IN the character of Guardian, it behoves me to do honour to ſuch as have deſerved well of ſociety, and laid out worthy and manly qualities in the ſervice of the public. No man has more eminently diſtinguiſhed himſelf this way, than Mr. Cadogan: with a contempt of pleaſure, reſt, and eaſe, when called to the duties of your glorious profeſſion, you have lived in a familiarity with dangers; and, with a ſtrict eye upon the final purpoſe of the attempt, have wholly diſregarded what ſhould befal yourſelf in the proſecution of it. Thus has life riſen to you as faſt as you reſigned it; and every new hour, for having ſo frankly lent the preceding moments to the cauſe of juſtice and of liberty, has come home to you improved with honour. This happy diſtinction, which is ſo very peculiar to you, with the addition of induſtry, vigilance, patience of labour, thirſt and hunger, in common with the meaneſt ſoldier, has made your preſent fortune unenvied; for the public always reap greater advantage from the example of ſuccefsful merit, than the deſerving man himſelf can poſſibly be poſſeſſed of. Your country knows how eminently you excel in the ſeveral parts of military ſkill, whether in aſſigning the encampment, accommodating the troops, leading to the charge, or purſuing the enemy: the retreat being the only part of the profeſſion which has not fallen within the experience of thoſe who learned their warfare under the Duke of Marlborough. But the true and honeſt purpoſe of this epiſtle is to deſire a place in your friendſhip, without pretending to add any thing to your reputation; who, by your own gallant actions, have acquired that your name through all ages ſhall be read with honour, wherever mention ſhall be made of that illuſtrious captain.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient,

And moſt humble Servant,

THE GUARDIAN.

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THE

GUARDIAN.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

No. I. THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1713.

———*Ille quem requiris.* MART. EPIG. 2. 1. 1. v. 1.

He, whom you ſeek.

THERE is no paſſion ſo univerſal however diverſified or diſguiſed under different forms and appearances, as the vanity of being known to the reſt of mankind, and communicating a man's parts, virtues, or qualifications, to the world. This is ſo ſtrong upon men of great genius, that they have a reſtleſs fondneſs for ſatisfying the world in the miſtakes they might poſſibly be under, with relation even to their phyſiognomy. Mr. Aires, that excellent penman, has taken care to affix his own image oppoſite to the title-page of his learned treatiſe, wherein he inſtructs the youth of this nation to arrive at a flouriſhing hand. The author of 'The Key to Intereſt, both ſimple and compound, containing practical Rules plainly expreſſed in words at length for all rates of intereſt and times of payment, for what time ſoever,' make up to us the misfortune of his living at Cheſter, by following the example of the above-mentioned Aires, and coming up to town, over-againſt his title-page, in a very becoming periwig, and a flowing robe or mantle, incloſed in a circle of foliages; below his portraiture, for our farther ſatisfaction as to the age of that uſeful writer, is ſubſcribed 'Johannes Ward de Civitat. Ceſtriæ, ætat. ſuæ 58. An. Dom. 1706.' The ſerene aſpect of theſe writers, joined with the great encouragement I obſerve is given to another, or, what is indeed to be ſuſpected, in which he indulges himſelf, confirmed me in the notion I have of the prevalence of ambition this way. The author whom I hint at ſhall be nameleſs; but his countenance is communicated to the public in ſeveral views and aſpects drawn by the moſt eminent painters, and forwarded by engravers, artiſts by way of mezzotinto, etchers, and the like. There was, I remember, ſome years ago, one John Gale, a fellow that played upon a pipe, and diverted the multitude by dancing in a ring they made about him, whoſe face became generally known, and the artiſts employed their ſkill in delineating his features, becauſe every man was a judge of the ſimilitude of them. There is little elſe than what this John Gale arrived at in the advantages men enjoy from common fame; yet do I fear it has always a part in moving us to exert ourſelves in ſuch things as ought to derive their beginnings from nobler conſiderations. But I think it is no great matter to the public what is the incentive which makes men beſtow time in their ſervice, provided there be any

thing uſeful in what they produce. I ſhall proceed, therefore, to give an account of my intended labours, not without ſome hope of having my vanity, at the end of them, indulged in the ſort above-mentioned.

I ſhould not have aſſumed the title of Guardian, had I not maturely conſidered, that the qualities neceſſary for doing the duties of that character proceeded from the integrity of the mind, more than the excellence of the underſtanding: the former of theſe qualifications it is in the power of every man to arrive at; and the more he endeavours that way, the leſs will he want the advantages of the latter. To be faithful, to be honeſt, to be juſt, is what you will demand in the choice of your Guardian; or if you find added to this, that he is pleaſant, ingenious, and agreeable, there will overflow ſatisfactions which make for the ornament, if not ſo immediately to the uſe, of your life. As to the diverting part of this paper, by what aſſiſtance I ſhall be capacitated for that, as well as what proofs I have given of my behaviour as to integrity in former life, will appear from my hiſtory to be delivered in enſuing diſcourſes. The main purpoſe of the work ſhall be to protect the modeſt, the induſtrious; to celebrate the wiſe, the valiant; to encourage the good, the pious; to confront the impudent, the idle; to contemn the vain, the cowardly; and to diſappoint the wicked and profane. The work cannot be carried on but by preſerving a ſtrict regard, not only to the duties but civilities of life, with the utmoſt impartiality towards things and perſons. The unjuſt application of the advantages of breeding and fortune is the ſource of all calamity both public and private; the correction, therefore, or rather admonition, of a guardian in all the occurrences of a various being, if given with a benevolent ſpirit, would certainly be of general ſervice.

In order to contribute as far as I am able to it, I ſhall publiſh in reſpective papers whatever I think may conduce to the advancement of the converſation of gentlemen, the improvement of ladies, the wealth of traders, and the encouragement of artificers. The circumſtance relating to thoſe who excel in mechanics, ſhall be conſidered with particular application. It is not to be immediately conceived by ſuch as have not turned themſelves to reflections of that kind, that Providence, to enforce and endear the neceſſity of ſocial life, has given one man's hands to another man's head; and the carpenter, the ſmith, the joiner, are as immediately neceſſary to the mathematician, as my amanuenſis will be to me, to write much fairer than I can myſelf. I am ſo well convinced of this truth, that I ſhall have a particular regard to mechanics; and to ſhew my honour for them, I ſhall place at their head the Painter. This gentleman is, as to the execution of his work, a mechanic; but, as to his conception, his ſpirit and deſign, he is hardly below even the poet, in liberal art. It will be from theſe conſiderations uſeful to make the world ſee the affinity between all works which are beneficial to mankind is much nearer than the illiberal arrogance of ſcholars will, at all times, allow. But I am from experience convinced of the importance of mechanic heads, and ſhall therefore take them all into my care, from Rowley, who is improving the globes of the earth and heaven in Fleet Street, to Bat. Pigeon the hair-cutter in the Strand.

But it will be objected upon what pretenſions I take upon me to put in for the *prochain ami*, or neareſt friend of all the world. How my head is accompliſhed for this employment towards the public, from the long exerciſe of it in a private capacity, will appear by reading me the two or three next days with diligence and attention. There is no other paper in being which tends to this purpoſe. They are moſt of them hiſtories, or advices of public tranſactions; but as thoſe repreſentations affect the paſſions of my readers, I ſhall ſometimes take care, the day after a foreign mail, to give them an account of what it has brought. The parties amongſt us are too violent to make it poſſible to paſs them by without obſervation. As to theſe matters, I ſhall be impartial, though I cannot be neuter: I am, with relation to the government of the church, a Tory; with regard to the ſtate, a Whig.

The charge of intelligence, the pain in compiling and digeſting my thoughts in proper ſtile, and the like, oblige me to value my paper a halfpenny above all other half-ſheets. And all perſons who have any thing to communicate to me, are deſired to direct their let-

ters (poſtage paid) to Neſtor Ironſide, Eſq. at Mr. Tonſon's in the Strand. I declare beforehand, that I will at no time be converſed with any other way than by letter: for as I am an ancient man, I ſhall find enough to do to give orders proper for their ſervice, to whom I am by will of their parents Guardian, though I take that to be too narrow a ſcene for me to paſs my whole life in. But I have got my wards ſo well off my hands, and they are ſo able to act for themſelves, that I have little to do but give an hint, and all that I deſire to be amended is altered accordingly.

My deſign, upon the whole, is not leſs than to make the pulpit, the bar, and the ſtage, all act in concert in the care of piety, juſtice, and virtue; for I am paſt all the regards of this life, and have nothing to manage with any perſon or party, but to deliver myſelf as becomes an old man, with one foot in the grave, and one who thinks he is paſſing to eternity. All ſorrows which can arrive at me are comprehended in the ſenſe of guilt and pain: if I can keep clear of theſe two evils, I ſhall not be apprehenſive of any other. Ambition, luſt, envy, and revenge, are excreſcences of the mind which I have cut off long ago: but as they are excreſcences which do not only deform, but alſo torment thoſe on whom they grow, I ſhall do all I can to perſuade all others to take the ſame meaſures for their cure which I have.

No. II. FRIDAY, MARCH 13.

THE readieſt way to proceed in my great undertaking, is to explain who I am myſelf that promiſe to give the town a daily half-ſheet: I ſhall therefore enter into my own hiſtory, without loſing any time in preamble. I was born in the year 1642, at a lone houſe within half a mile of the town of Brentford, in the county of Middleſex: my parents were of ability to beſtow upon me a liberal education, and of a humour to think that a great happineſs even in a fortune which was but juſt enough to keep me above want. In my ſixteenth year I was admitted a commoner of Magdalen Hall in Oxford. It is one great advantage, among many more, which men educated at our univerſities do uſually enjoy above all others, that they often contract friendſhips there, which are of ſervice to them in all the parts of their future life. This good fortune happened to me; for during the time of my being an under-graduate, I became intimately acquainted with Mr. Ambroſe Lizard, who was a fellow-commoner of the neighbouring college. I have the honour to be well known to Mr. Joſeph Pullen, of our hall above-mentioned; and attribute the florid old age I now enjoy, to my conſtant morning-walks up Hedington-Hill in his chearful company. If the gentleman be ſtill living, I hereby give him my humble ſervice. But, as I was going to ſay, I contracted in my early youth an intimate friendſhip with young Mr. Lizard of Northamptonſhire. He was ſent for a little before he was of batchelor's ſtanding, to be married to Mrs. Jane Lizard, an heireſs, whoſe father would have it ſo for the ſake of the name. Mr. Ambroſe knew nothing of it till he came to Lizard Hall on Saturday night, ſaw the young lady at dinner the next day, and was married by order of the father Sir Ambroſe, between eleven and twelve the Tueſday following. Some years after, when my friend came to be Sir Ambroſe himſelf, and finding upon proof of her, that he had lighted upon a good wife, he gave the curate who joined their hands the parſonage of Welt, not far off Wellingborough. My friend was married in the year 62; and every year following, for eighteen years together, I left the college, (except that year wherein I was choſen fellow of Lincoln) and ſojourned at Sir Ambroſe's for the months of June, July, and Auguſt. I remember very well, that it was on the 4th of July, in the year 1674, that I was reading in an arbour to my friend, and ſtopt of a ſudden, obſerving he did not attend. 'Lay by your book,' ſaid he, 'and let us take a turn in the graſs walk, 'for I have ſomething to ſay to you.' After a ſilence for about forty yards, walking both of us with our eyes downward, one big to hear, the other to ſpeak, a matter of great importance, Sir Ambroſe expreſſed himſelf to this effect: 'My good friend,' ſaid he, 'you may

'may have obſerved that from the firſt mo-
'ment I was in your company at Mr. Wil-
'lis's chambers at Univerſity College, I ever
'ſought and courted you: that inclination to-
'wards you has improved from ſimilitude of
'manners, if I may ſo ſay, when I tell
'you I have not obſerved in any man a greater
'candour and ſimplicity of mind than in your-
'ſelf. You are a man that are not inclined to
'launch into the world, but prefer ſecurity
'and eaſe in a collegiate or ſingle life, to go-
'ing into the cares which neceſſarily attend a
'public character, or that of a maſter of a fa-
'mily. You ſee within my ſon Marmaduke,
'my only child; I have a thouſand anxieties
'upon me concerning him; the greater part of
'which I would transfer to you; and when I
'do ſo, I would make it, in plain Engliſh,
'worth your while.' He would not let me ſpeak, but proceeded to inform me, that he had laid the whole ſcheme of his affairs upon that foundation. As ſoon as we went into the houſe, he gave me a bill upon his goldſmith in London, of two thouſand pounds, and told me with that he had purchaſed me, with all the talents I was maſter of, to be of his family, to educate his ſon, and to do all that ſhould ever lie in my power for the ſervice of him and his to my life's end, according to ſuch powers, truſts and inſtructions, as I ſhould hereafter receive.

The reader will here make many ſpeeches for me, and without doubt ſuppoſe I told my friend he had retained me with a fortune to do that which I ſhould have thought myſelf obliged to do by friendſhip: but, as he was a prudent man, and acted upon rules of life, which were leaſt liable to the variation of humour, time or ſeaſon, I was contented to be obliged by him his own way; and believed I ſhould never enter into any alliance which ſhould divert me from purſuing the intereſts of his family, of which I ſhould hereafter underſtand myſelf a member. Sir Ambroſe told me he ſhould lay no injunction upon me, which ſhould be inconſiſtent with any inclination I might have hereafter to change my condition. All he meant was, in general, to inſure his family from that peſt of great eſtates, the mercenary men of buſineſs who act for them, and in a few years become creditors to their maſters in greater ſums than half the income of their lands amounts to, though it is viſible all which gave riſe to their wealth was a ſlight ſalary, for turning all the reſt, both eſtate and credit of that eſtate, to the uſe of their principals. To this purpoſe we had a very long conference that evening, the chief point of which was, that his only child Marmaduke was from that hour under my care, and I was engaged to turn all my thoughts to the ſervice of the child in particular, and all the concerns of the family in general. My moſt excellent friend was ſo well ſatisfied with my behaviour, that he made me his executor, and guardian to his ſon. My own conduct during that time, and my manner of educating his ſon Marmaduke to manhood, and the intereſt I had in him at the time of his death alſo, with my preſent conduct towards the numerous deſcendants of my old friend, will make, poſſibly, a ſeries of hiſtory of common life, as uſeful as the relations of the more pompous paſſages in the lives of princes and ſtateſmen. The widow of Sir Ambroſe, and the no leſs worthy relict of Sir Marmaduke, are both living at this time.

I am to let the reader know, that his chief entertainment will ariſe from what paſſes at the tea-table of my Lady Lizard. The lady is now in the forty-ſixth year of her age, was married in the beginning of her ſixteenth, is bleſſed with a numerous offspring of each ſex, no leſs than four ſons and five daughters. She was the mother of this large family before ſhe arrived at her thirtieth year; about which time ſhe loſt her huſband Sir Marmaduke Lizard, a gentleman of great virtue and generoſity: he left behind him an improved paternal eſtate of ſix thouſand pounds a year to his eldeſt ſon, and one year's revenue in ready money as a portion to each younger child. My lady's chriſtian name is Aſpaſia; and as it may give a certain dignity to our ſtile to mention her by that name, we beg leave at diſcretion to ſay Lady Lizard or Aſpaſia, according to the matter we ſhall treat of: when ſhe ſhall be conſulting about her caſh, her rents, her houſhold affairs, we will uſe the more familiar name; and when ſhe is employed in the forming the minds and ſentiments of her children, exerting herſelf in acts of charity, or ſpeaking of matters of religion or piety, for the elevation of ſtile we will

uſe the word Aſpaſia. Aſpaſia is a lady of a great underſtanding and noble ſpirit. She has paſſed ſeveral years in widowhood with that abſtinent enjoyment of life, which has done honour to her deceaſed huſband, and devolved reputation upon her children. As ſhe has both ſons and daughters marriageable, ſhe is viſited by many on that account, but by many more for her own merit. As there is no circumſtance in human life, which may not directly or indirectly concern a woman thus related, there will abundant matter offer itſelf from paſſages in this family, to ſupply my readers with diverting, and perhaps uſeful, notices for their conduct in all the incidents of human life. Placing money on mortgages, in the funds, upon bottomry, and almoſt all other ways of improving the fortune of a family, are practiſed by my Lady Lizard with the beſt ſkill and advice.

The members of this family, their cares, paſſions, intereſts, and diverſions, ſhall be repreſented from time to time, as news from the tea-table of ſo accompliſhed a woman as the intelligent and diſcreet Lady Lizard.

No. III. SATURDAY, MARCH 14.

Quicquid eſt illud, quod ſentit, quod ſapit, quod vult, quod viget, coeleſte et divinum eſt, ob eamque rem æternum ſic neceſſe eſt. CICERO.

Whatever that be, which thinks, which underſtands, which wills, which acts, it is ſomething celeſtial and divine; and, upon that account, muſt neceſſarily be eternal.

I am diverted from the account I was giving the town of my particular concerns, by caſting my eye upon a treatiſe, which I could not overlook without an inexcuſable negligence, and want of concern for all the civil, as well as religious intereſts of mankind. This piece has for its title—'A Diſcourſe of Free-thinking, occaſioned by the Riſe and Growth of a Sect called Free-thinkers.' The author very methodically enters upon his argument, and ſays—'By Free-thinking I mean the uſe of 'the underſtanding in endeavouring to find 'out the meaning of any propoſition whatſo-'ever, in conſidering the nature of the evidence 'for or againſt, and in judging of it according 'to the ſeeming force or weakneſs of the evi 'dence.' As ſoon as he has delivered this definition, from which one would expect he did not deſign to ſhew a particular inclination for or againſt any thing before he had conſidered it, he gives up all title to the character of a Free-thinker, with the moſt apparent prejudice againſt a body of men, whom, of all other, a good man would be moſt careful not to violate; I mean men in holy orders. Perſons who have devoted themſelves to the ſervice of God, are venerable to all who fear him; and it is a certain characteriſtic of a diſſolute and ungoverned mind, to rail or ſpeak diſreſpectfully of them in general. It is certain, that in ſo great a crowd of men, ſome will intrude, who are of tempers very unbecoming their function: but becauſe ambition and avarice are ſometimes lodged in that boſom, which ought to be the dwelling of ſanctity and devotion, muſt this unreaſonable author vilify the whole order? He has not taken the leaſt care to diſguiſe his being an enemy to the perſons againſt whom he writes, nor any where granted that the inſtitution of religious men to ſerve at the altar, and inſtruct ſuch who are not as wiſe as himſelf, is at all neceſſary or deſirable; but proceeds, without the leaſt apology, to undermine their credit, and fruſtrate their labours. Whatever clergymen, in diſputes againſt each other, have unguardedly uttered, is here recorded in ſuch a manner as to affect religion itſelf, by wreſting conceſſions to its diſadvantage from its own teachers. If this be true, as ſure any man that reads the diſcourſe muſt allow it is; and if religion is the ſtrongeſt tie of human ſociety; in what manner are we to treat this our common enemy, who promotes the growth of ſuch a ſect as he calls Free-thinkers? He that ſhould burn a houſe, and juſtify the action by aſſerting he is a free agent, would be more excuſable

than this author in uttering what he has from the right of a Free-thinker. But there are a ſet of dry, joyleſs, dull fellows, who want capacities and talents to make a figure amongſt mankind, upon benevolent and generous principles, that think to ſurmount their own natural meanneſs, by laying offences in the way of ſuch as make it their endeavour to excel upon the received maxims and honeſt arts of life. If it were poſſible to laugh at ſo melancholy an affair as what hazards ſalvation, it would be no unpleaſant enquiry to aſk what ſatisfaction they reap, what extraordinary gratification of ſenſe, or what delicious libertiniſm this ſect of Free-thinkers enjoy, after getting looſe of the laws which confine the paſſions of other men? Would it not be a matter of mirth to find, after all, that the heads of this growing ſect are ſober wretches, who prate whole evenings over coffee, and have not themſelves fire enough to be any further debauchees, than merely in principle? Theſe ſages of iniquity are, it ſeems, themſelves only ſpeculatively wicked, and are contented that all the abandoned young men of the age are kept ſafe from reflection by dabbling in their rhapſodies, without taſting the pleaſures for which their doctrines leave them unaccountable. Thus do heavy mortals, only to gratify a dry pride of heart, give up the intereſts of another world, without enlarging their gratifications in this; but it is certain there are a ſort of men that can puzzle truth, but cannot enjoy the ſatisfaction of it. This ſame Free-thinker is a creature unacquainted with the emotions which poſſeſs great minds when they are turned for religion; and it is apparent that he is untouched with any ſuch ſenſation as the rapture of devotion. Whatever one of theſe ſcorners may think, they certainly want parts to be devout; and a ſenſe of piety towards Heaven, as well as the ſenſe of any thing elſe, is lively and warm in proportion to the faculties of the head and heart. This gentleman may be aſſured that he has not a taſte for what he pretends to decry, and the poor man is certainly more a blockhead than an atheiſt. I muſt repeat, that he wants capacity to reliſh what true piety is; and he is as capable of writing an heroic poem, as making a fervent prayer. When men are thus low and narrow in their apprehenſions of things, and at the ſame time vain, they are naturally led to think every thing they do not underſtand, not to be underſtood. Their contradiction to what is urged by others, is a neceſſary conſequence of their incapacity to receive it. The atheiſtical fellows who appeared the laſt age did not ſerve the devil for nought, but revelled in exceſſes ſuitable to their principles; while in theſe unhappy days miſchief is done for miſchief's ſake. Theſe Free-thinkers, who lead the lives of recluſe ſtudents, for no other purpoſe but to diſturb the ſentiments of other men, put me in mind of the monſtrous recreation of thoſe late wild youths, who, without provocation, had a wantonneſs in ſtabbing and defacing thoſe they met with. When ſuch writers as this, who have no ſpirit but malice, pretend to inform the age, mohocks and cut-throats may well ſet up for wits and men of pleaſure.

It will be perhaps expected, that I ſhould produce ſome inſtances of the ill intention of this Free-thinker, to ſupport the treatment I here give him. In his 52d page he ſays—

'Secondly. The prieſts throughout the 'world differ about ſcriptures, and the autho-'rity of ſcriptures. The Bramins have a 'book of Scripture called the Shaſter. The 'Perſes have their Zundavaſtaw. The Bon-'zes of China have books written by the diſ-'ciples of Fo-he, whom they call the "God "and Saviour of the world, who was born to "teach the way of Salvation, and to give ſa-"tisfaction for all mens ſins." The Tala-'poins of Siam have a book of ſcripture writ-'ten by Sommonocodom, who, the Siameſe 'ſay, was born of a virgin, and was the god 'expected by the univerſe. The Derviſes have 'their Alcoran.'

I believe there is no one will diſpute the author's great impartiality in ſetting down the accounts of theſe different religions. And I think it is pretty evident he delivers the matter with an air which betrays that the hiſtory of 'one born of a virgin' has as much authority with him from St. Sommonocodom as from St. Matthew. Thus he treats revelation. Then as to philoſophy, he tells you, p. 136—'Cicero produces this as an in-'ſtance of a probable opinion, that they 'who ſtudy philoſophy do not believe there 'are any gods;' and then, from conſideration of various notions, he affirms Tully concludes, that there can be nothing after death.

As to what he misrepresents of Tully, the short sentence on the head of this paper is enough to oppose; but who can have patience to reflect upon the assemblage of impostures among which our author places the religion of his country? As for my part, I cannot see any possible interpretation to give this work, but a design to subvert and ridicule the authority of Scripture. The peace and tranquillity of the nation, and regards even above those, are so much concerned in this matter, that it is difficult to express sufficient sorrow for the offender, or indignation against him. But if ever man deserved to be denied the common benefits of air and water, it is the author of 'A Discourse of Free-thinking.'

No. IV. MONDAY, MARCH 16.

It matters not how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head;
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at: so shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten sheep. HUDIBRAS.

THOUGH most things which are wrong in their own nature are at once confessed and absolved in that single word Custom; yet there are some, which as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the less excuse on that very account. Among these I cannot but reckon the common practice of Dedications, which is of so much the worse consequence, as it is generally used by people of politeness, and whom a learned education for the most part ought to have inspired with nobler and juster sentiments. This prostitution of praise is not only a deceit upon the gross of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the learned; but also the better sort must by this means lose some part at least of that desire of fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiscuously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving: nay, the author himself, let him be supposed to have ever so true a value for the patron, can find no terms to express it, but what have been already used, and rendered suspected by flatterers. Even truth itself in a dedication is like an honest man in a disguise, or vizor-mask, and will appear a cheat by being dressed so like one. Though the merit of the person is beyond dispute, I see no reason that because one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw praises in his face. It is just the reverse of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a person was advanced to triumph for his services; as they hired people to rail at him in that circumstance to make him as humble as they could, we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Supposing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reason obliged to thank him for his picture in a dedication, than to thank a painter for that on a sign-post; except it be a less injury to touch the most sacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I should think nothing justified me in this point, but the patron's permission before-hand, that I should draw him as like as I could; whereas most authors proceed in this affair just as a dawber I have heard of, who not being able to draw portraits after the life, was used to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might persuade to be like them. To express my notion of the thing in a word: to say more to a man than one thinks, with a prospect of interest, is dishonest; and, without it, foolish. And whoever has had success in such an undertaking, must of necessity, at once, think himself in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have ſometimes been entertained with conſidering dedications in no very common light. By obſerving what qualities our writers think it will be moſt pleaſing to others to compliment them with, one may form ſome judgment which are moſt ſo to themſelves; and, in conſequence, what ſort of people they are. Without this view, one can read very few dedications but will give us cauſe to wonder, either how ſuch things came to be ſaid at all, or how they were ſaid to ſuch perſons. I have known an hero complimented upon the decent majeſty and ſtate he aſſumed after victory, and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condeſcenſion to inferiors. This would have ſeemed very ſtrange to me, but that I happened to know the authors. He who made the firſt compliment was a lofty gentleman, whoſe air and gait diſcovered when he had publiſhed a new book; and the other tippled every night with the fellows who laboured at the preſs, while his own writings were working off. It is obſervable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that here (as elſewhere) they far exceed us in any ſtrain or rant. As beauty is the thing that ſex are piqued upon, they ſpeak of it generally in a more elevated ſtyle than is uſed by the men. They adore in the ſame manner as they would be adored. So when the authoreſs of a famous modern romance begs a young nobleman's permiſſion to pay him her kneeling adorations, I am far from cenſuring the expreſſion, as ſome critics would do, as deficient in grammar or ſenſe; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that poſture are what a lady might expect herſelf, and my wonder immediately ceaſes. Theſe, when they flatter moſt, do but as they would be done unto: for as none are ſo much concerned at being injured by calumnies, as they who are readieſt to caſt them upon their neighbours; ſo it is certain none are ſo guilty of flattery to others, as thoſe who moſt ardently deſire it themſelves.

What led me into theſe thoughts, was a dedication I happened upon this morning. The reader muſt underſtand that I treat the leaſt inſtances or remains of ingenuity with reſpect, in what places ſoever found, or under whatever circumſtances of diſadvantage. From this love to letters I have been ſo happy in my ſearches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repoſitories of learning in the lining of band-boxes. I look upon theſe paſteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the ſame veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whoſe walls preſerve divers inſcriptions and names, which are no where elſe to be found in the world. This morning, when one of Lady Lizard's daughters was looking over ſome hoods and ribbands, brought by her tire-woman, with great care and diligence, I employed no leſs in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain ſcenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by part of the title there extant) by one of the fair-ſex. What was moſt legible was the dedication; which, by reaſon of the largeneſs of the characters, was leaſt defaced by thoſe Gothick ornaments of flouriſhes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of theſe ſort of ſtructures do often induſtriouſly obſcure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any eaſe, I ſhall communicate to the reader as follows:

'* * * Though it is a kind of profanation 'to approach your grace with ſo poor an offer-'ing, yet when I reflect how acceptable a ſa-'crifice of firſt-fruits was to Heaven, in the 'earlieſt and pureſt ages of religion, that they 'were honoured with ſolemn feaſts, and con-'ſecrated to altars by a divine command, * * * 'upon that conſideration, as an argument of 'particular zeal, I dedicate * * * It is im-'poſſible to behold you without adoring; yet 'dazzled and awed by the glory that ſurrounds 'you, men feel a ſacred power, that refines 'their flames, and renders them pure as thoſe 'we ought to offer to the Deity. * * * The 'ſhrine is worthy the divinity that inhabits it. 'In your grace we ſee what woman was be-'fore ſhe fell, how nearly allied to the purity 'and perfection of angels. And WE ADORE 'AND BLESS THE GLORIOUS WORK!'

Undoubtedly theſe, and other periods of this moſt pious dedication, could not but convince the dutcheſs of what the eloquent authoreſs aſſures her at the end, that ſhe was her ſervant with moſt ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new ſort of ſtyle, not yet taken notice of by the critics, which is above the ſublime, and may be called the Celeſtial; that is, when the moſt ſacred phraſes appropriated to the honour of the Deity are applied to a mortal of

good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this lady, to be the inventor, or, at leaſt, the firſt producer, of a new kind of dedication, very different from her's and moſt others, ſince it has not a word but what the author religiouſly thinks in it. It may ſerve for almoſt any book, either proſe or verſe, that has been, is, or ſhall be publiſhed, and might run in this manner.

THE AUTHOR TO HIMSELF.

MOST HONOURED SIR,

THESE labours, upon many conſiderations, ſo properly belong to none as to you: firſt, as it was your moſt earneſt deſire alone that could prevail upon me to make them public; then as I am ſecure (from that conſtant indulgence you have ever ſhewn to all which is mine) that no man will ſo readily take them into protection, or ſo zealouſly defend them. Moreover, there is none can ſo ſoon diſcover the beauties; and there are ſome parts which, it is poſſible, few beſides yourſelf are capable of underſtanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value, I have for you, are beyond expreſſion; as great, I am ſure, or greater, than any man elſe can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to diſcover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but thoſe perſons are actuated purely by a ſpirit of malice or envy, the inſeparable attendants on ſhining merit and parts, ſuch as I have always eſteemed yours to be. It may, perhaps, be looked upon as a kind of violence to modeſty, to ſay this to you in public; but you may believe me, it is no more than I have a thouſand time thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulſe of my ſoul, there is no ſubject I could launch into with more pleaſure than your panegyric. But ſince ſomething is due to modeſty, let me conclude by telling you, that there is nothing ſo much I deſire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happineſs of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you ſome real ſervice; but till then can only aſſure you that I ſhall continue to be, as I am, more than any man alive,

Deareſt Sir, your affectionate friend,

And the greateſt of your admirers.

No. V. TUESDAY, MARCH 17.

Laudantur ſimili prole puerperæ. HOR OD. v. l. 4. v. 23.

The mother's virtues in the daughters ſhine.

I HAVE in my ſecond paper mentioned the family into which I was retained by the friend of my youth; and given the reader to underſtand, that my obligations to it are ſuch as might well naturalize me into the intereſts of it. They have, indeed, had their deſerved effect; and if it were poſſible for a man who has never entered into the ſtate of marriage to know the inſtincts of a kind father to an honourable and numerous houſe, I may ſay I have done it. I do not know but my regards, in ſome conſiderations, have been more uſeful than thoſe of a father; and as I wanted all that tenderneſs which is the bias of inclination in men towards their own offſpring, I have had a greater command of reaſon when I was to judge of what concerned my wards, and conſequently was not prompted, by my partiality and fondneſs towards their perſons, to tranſgreſs againſt their intereſts.

As the female part of a family is the more conſtant and immediate object of care and protection, and the more liable to misfortune or diſhonour, as being in themſelves more ſenſible of the former, and from cuſtom and opinion for leſs offences more expoſed to the latter; I ſhall begin with the more delicate part of my guardianſhip, the women of the family of Lizard. The ancient and religious lady, the dowager of my friend Sir Ambroſe, has for ſome time eſtranged herſelf from converſation, and admits only of the viſits of her own family. The obſervation, that old people remember beſt thoſe things which entered into their thoughts when their memories were in their full ſtrength and vigour, is very remarkably exemplified in this good lady and myſelf when we are in converſation; I chuſe indeed to go thither, to divert any anxiety or wearineſs, which at any time

I find grow upon me from any preſent buſineſs or care. It is ſaid, that a little mirth and diverſion are what recreate the ſpirits upon thoſe occaſions; but there is a kind of ſorrow from which I draw a conſolation that ſtrengthens my faculties and enlarges my mind beyond any thing that can flow from merriment. When we meet, we ſoon get over any occurrence which paſſed the day before, and are in a moment hurried back to thoſe days which only we call good ones: the paſſages of the times when we were in faſhion, with the countenances, behaviour, and jollity, ſo much, forſooth, above what any appear in now, are preſent to our imaginations, and almoſt to our very eyes. This converſation revives to us the memory of a friend, that was more than my brother to me; of a huſband, that was dearer than life to her; diſcourſes about that dear and worthy man generally ſend her to her cloſet, and me to the diſpatch of ſome neceſſary buſineſs, which regards the remains, I would ſay the numerous deſcendants, of my generous friend. I am got, I know not how, out of what I was going to ſay of this lady; which was, that ſhe is far gone towards a better world; and I mention her (only with reſpect to this) as ſhe is the object of veneration to thoſe who are derived from her; whoſe behaviour towards her may be an example to others, and make the generality of young people apprehend, that when the ancient are paſt all offices of life, it is then the young are to exert themſelves in their moſt laudable duties towards them.

The widow of Sir Marmaduke is to be conſidered in a very different view. My lady is not in the ſhining bloom of life, but at thoſe years wherein the gratifications of an ample fortune, thoſe of pomp and equipage, of being much eſteemed, much viſited, and generally admired, are uſually more ſtrongly purſued than in younger days: in this condition ſhe might very well add the pleaſures of courtſhip, and the grateful perſecution of being followed by a crowd of lovers; but ſhe is an excellent mother and great œconomiſt; which conſiderations, joined with the pleaſure of living her own way, preſerve her againſt the intruſion of love. I will not ſay that my lady has not a ſecret vanity in being ſtill a fine woman, and neglecting thoſe addreſſes to which, perhaps, we in part owe her conſtancy in that her neglect.

Her daughter Jane, her eldeſt child of that ſex, is in the twenty-third year of her age, a lady who forms herſelf after the pattern of her mother; but in my judgment, as ſhe happens to be extremely like her, ſhe ſometimes makes her court unſkilfully, in affecting that likeneſs in her very mien, which gives the mother an uneaſy ſenſe, that Mrs. Jane really is what her parent has a mind to continue to be: but it is poſſible I am too obſerving in this particular, and this might be overlooked in them both, in reſpect to greater circumſtances; for Mrs. Jane is the right-hand of her mother; it is her ſtudy and conſtant endeavour to aſſiſt her in the management of her houſhold, to keep all idle whiſpers from her, and diſcourage them before they can come at her from any other hand; to enforce every thing that makes for the merit of her brothers and ſiſters towards her, as well as the diligence and chearfulneſs of her ſervants. It is by Mrs. Jane's management, that the whole family is governed, neither by love nor fear, but a certain reverence which is compoſed of both. Mrs. Jane is what one would call a perfect good young woman; but neither ſtrict piety, diligence in domeſtic affairs, or any other avocation, have preſerved her againſt love, which ſhe bears to a young gentleman of great expectation but ſmall fortune; at the ſame time, that men of very great eſtates aſk her of her mother. My lady tells her, that paſſion muſt give way to prudence; ſo that Mrs. Jane, if I cannot accommodate the matter, muſt conquer more than one paſſion, and out of prudence baniſh the man ſhe loves, and marry the man ſhe hates.

The next daughter is Mrs. Annabella, who has a very lively wit, a great deal of good ſenſe, is very pretty, but gives me much trouble for her, from a certain diſhoneſt cunning I know in her; ſhe can ſeem blind and careleſs, and full of herſelf only, and entertain with twenty affected vanities, whilſt ſhe is obſerving all the company, laying up ſtore for ridicule; and, in a word, is ſelfiſh, and intereſted under all the agreeable qualities in the world. Alas! what ſhall I do with this girl?

Mrs. Cornelia paſſes away her time very much in reading, and that with ſo great an attention, that it gives her the air of a ſtudent, and has an ill effect upon her, as ſhe is a fine young woman: the giddy part of the ſex will

have it ſhe is in love; none will allow that ſhe affects ſo much being alone, but for want of particular company. I have railed at romances before her, for fear of her falling into thoſe deep ſtudies: ſhe has fallen in with my humour that way for the time; but I know not how, my imprudent prohibition has, it ſeems, only excited her curioſity; and I am afraid ſhe is better read than I know of, for ſhe ſaid of a glaſs of water, in which ſhe was going to waſh her hands after dinner, dipping her fingers with a pretty lovely air—'It is cryſtalline.' I ſhall examine further, and wait for clearer proofs.

Mrs. Betty is (I cannot by what means or methods imagine) grown mightily acquainted with what paſſes in the town; ſhe knows all that matter of my lord ſuch-a-one's leading my lady ſuch-a-one out from the play; ſhe is prodigiouſly acquainted, all of a ſudden, with the world; and aſked her ſiſter Jane the other day in an argument—'Dear ſiſter, how ſhould you 'know any thing, that hear nothing but what 'we do in our own family?' I do not much like her maid.

Mrs. Mary, the youngeſt daughter, whom they railly and call Mrs. Ironſide, becauſe I have named her the Sparkler, is the very quinteſſence of good-nature and generoſity; ſhe is the perfect picture of her grandfather; and if one can imagine all good qualities which adorn human life become feminine, the ſeeds, nay, the bloſſom of them, are apparent in Mrs. Mary. It is a weakneſs I cannot get over, (for how ridiculous is a regard to the bodily perfections of a man who is dead) but I cannot reſiſt my partiality to this child, for being ſo like her grandfather: how often have I turned from her, to hide the melting of my heart when ſhe has been talking to me! I am ſure the child has no ſkill in it, for artifice could not dwell under that viſage; but if I am abſent a day from the family, ſhe is ſure to be at my lodging the next morning to know what is the matter. At the head of theſe children, who have very plentiful fortunes, provided they marry with mine and their mother's conſent, is my Lady Lizard; who, you cannot doubt, is very well viſited. Sir William Oger, and his ſon almoſt at age, are frequently at our houſe on a double conſideration. The knight is willing (for ſo he very gallantly expreſſes himſelf) to marry the mother, or he will conſent, whether that be ſo or not, that his ſon Oliver ſhall take any one of the daughters Noll likes beſt.

Mr. Rigburt of the ſame county, who gives in his eſtate much larger, and his family more ancient, offers to deal with us for two daughters.

Sir Harry Pandolf has writ word from his ſeat in the country, that he alſo is much inclined to an alliance with the Lizards, which he has declared in the following letter to my lady; ſhe ſhewed it me this morning.

MADAM,

I HAVE heard your daughters very well ſpoken of: and though I have very great offers in my own neighbourhood, and heard the ſmall-pox is very rife at London, I will ſend my eldeſt ſon to ſee them, provided that by your ladyſhip's anſwer, and your liking of the rent-roll which I ſend herewith, your ladyſhip aſſures me he ſhall have one of them, for I do not think to have my ſon refuſed by any woman; and ſo, Madam, I conclude, Your moſt humble ſervant,

HENRY PANDOLF.

No. VI. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18.

I HAVE diſpatched my young women, and the town has them among them. It is neceſſary for the elucidation of my future diſcourſes, which I deſire may be denominated, as they are the precepts of a Guardian, Mr. Ironſide's Precautions: I ſay it is, after what has been already declared, in the next place neceſſary to give an account of the males of this worthy family, whoſe annals I am writing. The affairs of women being chiefly domeſtic, and not made up of ſo many circumſtances as the duties of men are, I fear I cannot diſpatch the account of the males under my care in ſo few words as I did the explanation which regarded my women.

Sir Harry Lizard, of the county of Northampton, ſon and heir of the late Sir Marmaduke, is now entered upon the twenty-ſixth year of his age, and is now at his ſeat in the country.

The eſtate at preſent in his hands is above three thouſand a year after payment of taxes,

and all neceſſary charges whatſoever. He is a man of good underſtanding, but not at all what is uſually called a man of ſhining parts. His virtues are much greater than his accompliſhments, as to his converſation. But when you come to conſider his conduct with relation to his manners and fortune, it would be a very great injury not to allow him a very fine gentleman. It has been carefully provided in his education, that he ſhould be very ready at calculations. This gives him a quick alarm inwardly upon all undertakings: and in a much ſhorter time than is uſual with men who are not verſed in buſineſs, he is maſter of the queſtion before him, and can inſtantly inform himſelf with great exactneſs in the matter of profit or loſs that ſhall ariſe from any thing propoſed to him. The ſame capacity, joined to an honeſt nature, makes him very juſt to other men, as well as to himſelf. His payments are very punctual; and I dare anſwer he never did, or ever will, undertake any piece of building, or any ornamental improvement of his houſe, garden, park, or lands, before the money is in his own pocket, wherewith he is to pay for ſuch undertaking. He is too good to purchaſe labourers or artificers (as by this means he certainly could) at an under rate; but he has by this means what I think he deſerves from his ſuperior prudence, the choice of all who are moſt knowing and able to ſerve him. With his ready-money the builder, maſon, and carpenter, are enabled to make their market of gentlemen in his neighbourhood, who inconſiderately employ them; and often pay their undertakers by ſale of ſome of their land: whereas, were the lands on which thoſe improvements are made, ſold to the artificers, the buildings would be rated as lumber in the purchaſe. Sir Harry has for ever a year's income, to extend his charity, ſerve his pleaſures, or regale his friends. His ſervants, his cattle, his goods, ſpeak their maſter a rich man. Thoſe about his perſon, as his bailiff, the groom of his chamber, and his butler, have a chearful, not a gay air; the ſervants below them ſeem to live in plenty, but not in wantonneſs. As Sir Henry is a young man, and of an active diſpoſition, his beſt figure is on horſeback. But before I ſpeak of that, I ſhould acquaint you, that during his infancy all the young gentlemen of the neighbourhood were welcome to a part of the houſe, which was called the ſchool, where, at the charge of the family, there was a grammar maſter, a plain ſober man, maintained (with a ſalary, beſides his diet, of fifty pounds a year) to inſtruct all ſuch children of gentlemen, or lower people, as would partake of his education. As they grew up, they were allowed to ride out with him upon his horſes. There were always ten or twelve for the ſaddle in readineſs to attend him and his favourites; in the choice of whom he ſhewed a good diſpoſition, and diſtributed his kindneſs among them, by turns, with great good-nature. All horſes, both for the ſaddle and ſwift draught, were very well bitted, and a ſkilful rider, with a riding-houſe, wherein he (the riding-maſter) commanded, had it in orders to teach any gentleman's ſon of the county that would pleaſe to learn that exerciſe. We found our account in this proceeding, as well in real profit, as in eſteem and power in the country; for as the whole ſhire is now poſſeſſed by gentlemen, who owe Sir Harry a part of education, which they all value themſelves upon, (their horſemanſhip) they prefer his horſes to all others, and it is 10 per cent. in the price of a ſteed, which appears to come out of his riding-houſe.

By this means it is that Sir Harry, as I was going to ſay, makes the beſt figure on horſeback, for his uſual hours of being in the field are well known, and at thoſe ſeaſons the neighbouring gentlemen, his friends and ſchool-fellows, take a pleaſure in giving him their company, with their ſervants well behaved, and horſes well commanded.

I cannot enough applaud Sir Harry for a particular care in his horſes. He not only bitts all which are ridden, but alſo all which are for the coach or ſwift draught; for grace adds mightily to the price of ſtrength; and he finds his accounts in it at all markets, more eſpecially for the coach or troop horſes, of which that county produces the moſt ſtrong and oſtentatious. To keep up a breed for any uſe whatever, he gives plates for the beſt performing-horſe in every way in which that animal can be ſerviceable. There is ſuch a prize for him that trots beſt, ſuch for the beſt walker, ſuch for the beſt galloper, ſuch for the beſt pacer; then for him who draws moſt in ſuch a time to ſuch a place; then to him that carries beſt ſuch a load on his back. He delights in this, and has an admirable fancy

fancy in the dreſs of the riders: ſome admired country girl is to hold the prize, her lovers to trot, and not to mend their pace into a gallop, when they are out-trotted by a rival; ſome known country wit to come upon the beſt pacer. Theſe and the like little joyful arts gain him the love of all who do not know his worth, and the eſteem of all who do. Sir Harry is no friend to the race-horſe; he is of opinion, it is inhumane that animals ſhould be put upon their utmoſt ſtrength and mettle for our diverſion only. However, not to be particular, he puts in for the Queen's plate every year, with orders to his rider never to win or be diſtanced; and, like a good country gentleman, ſays it is a fault in all miniſters that they encourage no kind of horſes but thoſe which are ſwift.

As I write lives, I dwell upon ſmall matters, being of opinion with Plutarch, that little circumſtances ſhew the real man better than things of greater moment. But good œconomy is the characteriſtic of the Lizards. I remember a circumſtance about ſix years ago, that gave me hopes he would one time or other make a figure in parliament; for he is a landed man, and conſiders his intereſt, though he is ſuch, to be impaired or promoted according to the ſtate of trade. When he was but twenty years old, I took an opportunity in his preſence, to aſk an intelligent woollen-draper, what he gave for his ſhop, the corner of Change-Alley. The ſhop is, I believe, fourteen feet long, and eight broad. I was anſwered——'Ninety pound a 'year.' I took no notice; but the thought deſcended into the breaſt of Sir Harry, and I ſaw on his table the next morning a computation of the value of land in an iſland, conſiſting of ſo many miles, with ſo many good ports; the value of each part of the ſaid iſland, as it lay to ſuch ports, and produced ſuch commodities. The whole of his working was to know why ſo few yards, near the 'Change, was ſo much better than ſo many acres in Northamptonſhire, would be worth, were there no trade at all in this iſland.

It makes my heart ache, when I think of this young man, and conſider upon what plain maxims, and in what ordinary methods men of eſtate may do good wherever they are ſeated; that ſo many ſhould be what they are! It is certain, that the arts which purchaſe wealth or fame will maintain them; and I attribute the ſplendor and long continuance of this family, to the felicity of having the genius of the founder of it run through all his male line. Old Sir Harry, the great grandfather of this gentleman has written in his own hand upon all the deeds which he ever ſigned, in the humour of that ſententious age, this ſentence—'There 'are four good mothers, of whom are often 'born four unhappy daughters; truth begets 'hatred, happineſs pride, ſecurity danger, and 'familiarity contempt.'

No. VII. THURSDAY, MARCH 19.

——Properat curſu
Vita citato—— SENEC. TRAG.

With ſpeedy ſtep life poſts away.

I THIS morning did myſelf the honour to viſit Lady Lizard; and took my chair at the tea-table, at the upper end of which that graceful woman, with her daughters about her, appeared to me with greater dignity than ever any figure, either of Venus attended by the Graces, Diana with her nymphs, or any other celeſtial who owes her being to poetry.

The diſcourſe we had there, none being preſent but our own family, conſiſted of private matters, which tended to the eſtabliſhment of theſe young ladies in the world. My lady, I obſerved, had a mind to make mention of the propoſal to Mrs. Jane, to which ſhe is very fond, and I as much avoided, as being equally againſt it; but it is by no means proper the young ladies ſhould obſerve we ever diſſent; therefore I turned the diſcourſe by ſaying, it was time enough to think of marrying a young lady, who was but three and twenty, ten years hence. The whole table was alarmed at the aſſertion, and the Sparkler ſcalded her fingers by leaning ſuddenly forward to look in my face; but my buſineſs at preſent was to make my court to the mother; therefore, without regarding the reſentment in the looks of the

children—'Madam,' ſaid I, 'there is a petu-
'lant and haſty manner practiſed in this age,
'in hurrying away the life of woman, and
'confining the grace and principal action of it
'to thoſe years wherein reaſon and diſcretion
'are moſt feeble, humour and paſſion moſt
'powerful. From the time a young woman of
'quality has firſt appeared in the drawing-
'room, raiſed a whiſper and curioſity of the
'men about her, had her health drank in gay
'companies, and been diſtinguiſhed at public
'aſſemblies; I ſay, Madam, if within three or
'four years of her firſt appearance in town,
'her beauty is grown familiar, her eyes are
'diſarmed, and we ſeldom after hear her men-
'tioned but with indifference. What doubles
'my grief on this occaſion is, that the more
'diſcreetly the lady behaves herſelf, the ſooner
'is her glory extinguiſhed. Now, Madam, if
'merit had a greater weight in our thoughts,
'when we form to ourſelves agreeable charac-
'ters of women, men would think, in making
'their choices, of ſuch as would take care of,
'as well as ſupply children for, the nurſery.
'It was not thus in the illuſtrious days of good
'Queen Elizabeth. I was this morning turn-
'ing over a folio, called The Complete Am-
'baſſador, conſiſting chiefly of letters from
'Lord Burleigh, Earl of Leiceſter, and Sir
'Thomas Smyth. Sir Thomas writes a let-
'ter to Sir Francis Walſingham, full of learn-
'ed gallantry, wherein you may obſerve he
'promiſes himſelf the French king's brother
'(who it ſeems was but a cold lover) would be
'quickened by ſeeing the queen in perſon, who
'was then in the thirty-ninth year of her age.
'A certain ſobriety in thoughts, words, and
'action, which was the praiſe of that age, kept
'the fire of love alive; and it burnt ſo equally
'that it warmed and preſerved, without tor-
'menting and conſuming our beings. The
'letter I mention is as follows.

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL MR. FRANCIS WALSINGHAM, AMBASSADOR, RESIDENT IN FRANCE.

SIR,

I AM ſorry that ſo good a matter ſhould, upon ſo nice a point, be deferred. We may ſee that the lover will do little, if he will not take the pains once to ſee his love; but ſhe muſt firſt ſay 'Yea,' before he ſee her, or ſhe him: twenty ways might be deviſed why he might come over, and be welcome, and poſſibly do more in an hour than he may in two years. *Cupido ille qui vincit omnia, in oculos incidet, et ex oculis ejaculatur, et in oculos utriuſque videndo non ſolum, ut ait poeta, fœmina virum, ſed vir fœminam*—that powerful being Cupid, who conquers all things, reſides in the eyes, he ſends out all his darts from the eyes: by throwing glances at the eyes, (according to the poet) not only the woman captivates the man, but alſo the man the woman. What force, I pray you, can hearſay, and I think, and I truſt, do in compariſon of that—*cum præſens præſentem tuetur et alloquitur, et furore forſitan amoris doctus amplectitur*—when they face to face ſee and converſe with each other, and the lover in an extaſy not to be commanded, ſnatches an embrace, and ſaith to himſelf, and openly that ſhe may hear—*Teneone te, an etiamnum ſomno valunt fœminæ videri cogi ad id quod maximum capiunt?*—Are you in my arms, my fair-one, or do we both dream; and will women, even in their ſleep, ſeem forced to what they moſt deſire? If we be cold, it is our part, beſides the perſon, the ſex requireth it. Why are you cold? Is it not a young man's part to be bold, courageous, and to adventure? If he ſhould have, he ſhould have but *honorificam repulſam*—even a repulſe here is glorious: the worſt that can be ſaid of him is but as of Phaeton—*Quam ſi non tenuit magnis tamen excidit auſis*—though he could not command the chariot of the ſun, his fall from it was illuſtrious. So as I conceive, *Hæc eſt ſola noſtra anchora, hæc jacenda eſt nobis alea*—this our only anchor, this die muſt be thrown. In our inſtability, *momentum eſt uno momento perfectum factum, ac dictam ſtabilitatem facere poteſt*—one lucky moment would crown and fix all. This, or elſe nothing is to be looked for but continual dalliance and doubtfulneſs, ſo far as I can ſee.

Your aſſured friend,

THOMAS SMITH.

FROM KILLINGWORTH,
Aug. 22, 1572.

Though my lady was in very good humour upon the inſinuation that, according to the Elizabeth ſcheme, ſhe was but juſt advanced above the character of a girl; I found the reſt

of the company as much diſheartened, that they were ſtill but mere girls: I went on, therefore, to attribute the immature marriages which are ſolemnized in our days to the importunity of the men, which made it impoſſible for young ladies to remain virgins ſo long as they wiſhed from their own inclinations, and the freedom of a ſingle life.

'There is no time of our life, under what 'character ſoever, in which men can wholly 'diveſt themſelves of an ambition to be in the 'favour of women. Cardan, a grave philoſo-'pher and phyſician, confeſſes, in one of his 'chapters, that though he had ſuffered pover-'ty, repulſes, calumnies, and a long ſeries of 'afflictions, he never was thoroughly dejected, 'and impatient of life itſelf, but under a ca-'lamity which he ſuffered from the beginnning 'of his twenty-firſt to the end of his thirtieth 'year. He tells us, that the raillery he ſuf-'fered from others, and the contempt which 'he had of himſelf, were afflictions beyond 'expreſſion. I mention this only as an argu-'ment extorted from this good and grave man, 'to ſupport my opinion of the irreſiſtible power 'of women. He adds in the ſame chapter, 'that there are ten thouſand afflictions and diſ-'aſters attend the paſſion itſelf; that an idle 'word imprudently repeated by a fair woman, 'and vaſt expences to ſupport her folly and va-'nity, every day reduce men to poverty and 'death; but he makes them of little conſidera-'tion to the miſerable and inſignificant condi-'tion of being incapable of their favour.

'I make no manner of difficulty of profeſ-'ſing I am not ſurprized that the author has 'expreſſed himſelf after this manner, with re-'lation to love: the heroic chaſtity ſo frequent-'ly profeſſed by humouriſts of the fair-ſex, ge-'nerally ends in an unworthy choice, after 'having overlooked overtures to their advan-'tage. It is for this reaſon that I would en-'deavour to direct, and not pretend to eradi-'cate, the inclinations of the ſexes to each 'other. Daily experience ſhews us, that the 'moſt rude ruſtic grows humane as ſoon as he is 'inſpired by this paſſion; it gives a new grace 'to our manners, a new dignity to our minds, 'a new viſage to our perſons: whether we are 'inclined to liberal arts, to arms, or addreſs 'in our exerciſe, our improvement is haſtened 'by a particular object whom we would pleaſe. 'Chearfulneſs, gentleneſs, fortitude, liberality, 'magnificence, and all the virtues which adorn 'men, which inſpire heroes, are moſt conſpi-'cuous in lovers: I ſpeak of love as when ſuch 'as are in this company are the objects of it, 'who can beſtow upon their huſbands (if they 'follow their excellent mother) all its joys 'without any of its anxieties.'

No. VIII. FRIDAY, MARCH 20.

——Animum rege—— HOR. EP. 2. L. 1. V. 62.

Govern the mind.

A GUARDIAN cannot beſtow his time in any office more ſuitable to his character, than in repreſenting the diſaſters to which we are expoſed by the irregularity of our paſſions. I think I ſpeak of this matter in a way not yet taken notice of, when I obſerve that they make men do things unworthy of thoſe very paſſions. I ſhall illuſtrate this by a ſtory I have lately read in the Royal Commentaries of Peru, wherein you behold an oppreſſor a moſt contemptible creature after his power is at an end; and a perſon he oppreſſed ſo wholly intent upon revenge till he had obtained it, that in the purſuit of it he utterly neglected his own ſafety; but when that motive of revenge was at an end, returned to a ſenſe of danger, in ſuch a manner, as to be unable to lay hold of occaſions which offered themſelves for certain ſecurity, and expoſed himſelf from fear to apparent hazard. The motives which I ſpeak of are not indeed ſo much to be called paſſions, as ill habits ariſing from paſſions, ſuch as pride and revenge, which are improvements of our infirmities, and are methinks but ſcorn and anger regularly conducted. But to my ſtory.

Licenciado Eſquivel, governor of the city Potoſi, commanded two hundred men to march out of that garriſon towards the kingdom of Tuc-

man, with ſtrict orders to uſe no Indians in carrying their baggage; and placed himſelf at a convenient ſtation without the gates, to obſerve how his orders were put in execution: he found they were wholly neglected, and that Indians were laden with the baggage of the Spaniards; but thought fit to let them march by till the laſt rank of all came up, out of which he ſeized one man, called Aguire, who had two Indians laden with his goods. Within a few days after he was taken in arreſt, and was ſentenced to receive two hundred ſtripes. Aguire repreſented by his friends, that he was the brother of a gentleman, who had in his country an eſtate, with vaſſalage of Indians, and hoped his birth would exempt him from puniſhment of ſo much indignity. Licenciado perſiſted in the kind of puniſhment he had already pronounced; upon which Aguire petitioned that it might be altered to one that he ſhould not ſurvive; and, though a gentleman, and from that quality not liable to ſuffer ſo ignominious a death, humbly beſought his excellency that he might be hanged. But though Licenciado appeared all his life, before he came into power, a perſon of an eaſy and tractable diſpoſition, he was ſo changed by his office, that theſe applications from the unfortunate Aguire did but the more gratify his inſolence; and during the very time of their mediation for the priſoner, he inſulted them alſo, by commanding, with a haughty tone, that his orders ſhould be executed that very inſtant. This, as it is uſual on ſuch occaſions, made the whole town flock together; but the principal inhabitants, abhorring the ſeverity of Licenciado, and pitying a gentleman in the condition of Aguire, went in a body, and beſought the governor to ſuſpend, if not remit the puniſhment. Their importunities prevailed on him to defer the execution for eight days; but when they came to the priſon with his warrant, they found Aguire already brought forth, ſtripped, and mounted on an aſs, which is the poſture wherein the baſeſt criminals are whipped in that city. His friends cried out—'Take him off, take him off!' and proclaimed their order for ſuſpending puniſhment; but the youth, when he heard that it was put off for eight days, rejected the favour, and ſaid——'All my endeavours have 'been to keep myſelf from mounting this 'beaſt, and from the ſhame of being ſeen 'naked; but ſince things are come thus far, 'let the ſentence proceed, which will be leſs 'than the fears and apprehenſions I ſhall have 'in theſe eight days enſuing: beſides, I ſhall 'not need to give farther trouble to my friends 'for interceſſion on my behalf, which is as 'likely to be ineffectual as what hath already 'paſſed.' After he had ſaid this, the aſs was whipped forward, and Aguire ran the gauntlet according to the ſentence. The calm manner in which he reſigned himſelf, when he found his diſgrace muſt be, and the ſcorn of dallying with it under a ſuſpenſion of a few days, which mercy was but another form of the governor's cruelty, made it viſible that he took comfort in ſome ſecret reſolution to avenge the affront.

After this indignity, Aguire could not be perſuaded (though the inhabitants of Potoſi often importuned him from the ſpirit they ſaw in him) to go upon any military undertaking, but excuſed himſelf with a modeſt ſadneſs in his countenance, ſaying, that after ſuch a ſhame as his was, death muſt be his only remedy and conſolation, which he would endeavour to obtain as ſoon as poſſible.

Under this melancholy he remained in Peru, until the time in which the office of Eſquivel expired; after which, like a deſperate man, he purſued and followed him, watching an opportunity to kill him, and wipe off the ſhame of the late affront. Eſquivel being informed of this deſperate reſolution by his friends, endeavoured to avoid his enemy, and took a journey of three or four hundred leagues from him, ſuppoſing that Aguire would not purſue him at ſuch a diſtance; but Eſquivel's flight did but increaſe Aguire's ſpeed in following. The firſt journey which Eſquivel took was to the city of Los-Reyes, being three hundred and twenty leagues diſtant; but in leſs than fifteen days Aguire was there with him: whereupon Eſquivel took another flight, as far as to the city of Quito, being four hundred leagues diſtant from Los-Reyes; but in a little more than twenty days Aguire was again with him; which being intimated to Eſquivel, he took another leap as far as Cozco, which is five hundred leagues from Quito; but in a few days after he arrived there, came alſo Aguire, travelling all the way on

foot, without ſhoes or ſtockings, ſaying, that it became not the condition of a whipt raſcal to travel on horſeback, or appear amongſt men. In this manner did Aguire haunt and purſue Eſquivel for three years and four months; who being now tired and wearied with ſo many long and tedious journies, reſolved to fix his abode at Cozco, where he believed that Aguire would ſcarce adventure to attempt any thing againſt him, for fear of the judge who governed that city, who was a ſevere man, impartial and inflexible in all his proceedings; and accordingly took a lodging in the middle of the ſtreet of the great church, where he lived with great care and caution, wearing a coat of mail under his upper coat, and went always armed with his ſword and dagger, which were weapons not agreeable to his profeſſion. However, Aguire followed hither alſo; and having in vain dogged him from place to place, day after day, he reſolved to make the attempt upon him in his own houſe, which he entered, and wandered from room to room, till at laſt he came into his ſtudy, where Licenciado lay on his couch aſleep. Aguire ſtabbed him with his dagger with great tranquillity, and very leiſurely wounded him in other parts of the body which were not covered with his coat of mail. He went out of the houſe in ſafety; but as his reſentment was ſated, he now began to reflect upon the inexorable temper of the governor of the place. Under this apprehenſion he had not compoſure enough to fly to a ſanctuary, which was near the place where he committed the fact; but ran into the ſtreet, frantic, and diſtracted, proclaiming himſelf a criminal, by crying out—'Hide me, hide me!'

The wretched fate and poor behaviour of Licenciado, in flying his country to avoid the ſame perſon whom he had before treated with ſo much inſolence, and the high reſentment of a man ſo inconſiderable as Aguire, when injured, are good admonitions to little ſpirits in exalted ſtations, to take care how they treat brave men in low condition.

No. IX. SATURDAY, MARCH 21.

In tantas brevi creverant opes, ſeu maritimis ſeu terreſtribus fructibus, ſeu multitudinis incremento, ſeu ſanctitate diſciplinæ.

They roſe in a ſhort time to that pitch of wealth and grandeur, by means of an extenſive commerce both by ſea and land, by an increaſe of the people, and by the rigour of their laws and diſcipline.

MANY of the ſubjects of my paper will conſiſt of ſuch things as I have gathered from the converſation, or learned from the conduct, of a gentleman, who has been very converſant in our family, by name Mr. Charwell. This perſon was formerly a merchant in this city, who by exact œconomy, great frugality, and very fortunate adventures, was about twenty years ſince, and the fortieth year of his age, arrived to the eſtate which we uſually call a Plumb. This was a ſum ſo much beyond his firſt ambition, that he then reſolved to retire from the town, and the buſineſs of it together. Accordingly he laid out one half of his money upon the purchaſe of a nobleman's eſtate, not many miles diſtant from the country ſeat of my Lady Lizard. From this neighbourhood our firſt acquaintance began, and has ever ſince been continued with equal application on both ſides. Mr. Charwell viſits few gentlemen in the country; his moſt frequent airings in the ſummer time are viſits to my Lady Lizard. And if ever his affairs bring him up to town during the winter, as ſoon as theſe are diſpatched, he is ſure to dine at her houſe, or to make one at her tea-table, to take her commands for the country.

I ſhall hardly be able to give an account how this gentleman has employed the twenty years ſince he made the purchaſe I have mentioned, without firſt deſcribing the conditions of the eſtate.

The eſtate then conſiſted of a good large old houſe, a park of two thouſand acres, eight thouſand acres more of land divided into farms. The land not barren, but the country very thin of people, and theſe the only conſumers of the wheat and barley that grew upon the premiſes. A river running by the houſe, which was in the centre of the eſtate, but the ſame not navigable; and the rendering it navigable had been oppoſed by the generality of the whole country. The roads exceſſive bad, and no poſſibility of getting off the tenants corn, but at ſuch a price of carriage as would exceed the whole value when it came to market. The underwoods all deſtroyed to lay the country open to my lord's pleaſures; but there was indeed the leſs want of this fewel, there being large coal-pits on the eſtate, within two miles of the houſe, and ſuch a plenty of coals as was ſufficient for whole counties. But then the want of water carriage made theſe alſo a mere drug, and almoſt every man's for fetching. Many timber trees were ſtill ſtanding only for want of chapmen, very little being uſed for building in a country ſo thin of people, and thoſe at a greater diſtance being in no likelihood of buying pennyworths, if they muſt be at the charge of land carriage. Yet every tree was valued at a much greater price than would be given for it in the place; ſo was every acre of land in the park; and, as for the tenants, they were all racked to extremity, and almoſt every one of them beggars. All theſe things Mr. Charwell knew very well, yet was not diſcouraged from going on with his purchaſe.

But in the firſt place, he reſolved that a hundred in family ſhould not ruin him, as it had done his predeceſſor. Therefore pretending to diſlike the ſituation of the old houſe, he made choice of another at a mile diſtance higher up the river, at a corner of the park, where, at the expence of 4 or 5000l. and all the ornaments of the old houſe, he built a new one, with all convenient offices more ſuitable to his revenues, yet not much larger than my lord's dog-kennel, and a great deal leſs than his lordſhip's ſtables.

The next thing was to reduce his park. He took down a great many pales, and with theſe incloſed only two hundred acres of it near adjoining to his new houſe. The reſt he converted to breeding cattle, which yielded greater profit.

The tenants began now to be very much diſſatisfied with the loſs of my lord's family, which had been a conſtant market for great quantities of their corn; and with the diſparking ſo much land, by which proviſions were likely to be increaſed in ſo diſpeopled a country. They were afraid they muſt be obliged themſelves to conſume the whole product of their farms, and that they ſhould be ſoon undone by the œconomy and frugality of this gentleman.

Mr. Charwell was ſenſible their fears were but too juſt; and that if neither their goods could be carried off to diſtant markets, nor the markets brought home to their goods, his tenants muſt run away from their farms. He had no hopes of making the river navigable, which was a point that could not be obtained by all the intereſt of his predeceſſor, and was therefore not likely to be yielded up to a man who was not yet known in the country. All that was left for him was to bring the market home to his tenants, which was the very thing he intended before he ventured upon his purchaſe. He had even then projected in his thoughts the plan of a great town juſt below the old houſe: he therefore preſently ſet himſelf about the execution of the project.

The thing has ſucceeded to his wiſh. In the ſpace of twenty years he is ſo fortunate as to ſee a thouſand new houſes upon his eſtate, and at leaſt five thouſand new people, men, women, and children, inhabitants of thoſe houſes, who are comfortably ſubſiſted by their own labour, without charge to Mr. Charwell, and to the great profit of his tenants.

It cannot be imagined that ſuch a body of people can be ſubſiſted at leſs than 5l. per head, or 25000l. per annum, the greateſt part of which ſum is annually expended for proviſions among the farmers of the next adjacent lands. And as the tenants of Mr. Charwell are neareſt of all others to the market, they have the beſt prices for their goods by all that is ſaved in the carriage.

But ſome proviſions are of that nature, that they will not bear a much longer carriage than from the extreme parts of his lands; and I think I have been told, that for the ſingle ar-

ticle of milk, at a pint every day for every houſe, his tenants take from this town not much leſs than 500l. per annum.

The ſoil of all kinds, which is made every year by the conſumption of ſo great a town, I have heard has been valued at 200l. per annum. If this be true, the eſtate of Mr. Charwell is ſo much improved in this very article, ſince all this is carried out upon his lands by the back carriage of thoſe very carts which were laden by his tenants with proviſions and other neceſſaries for the people.

A hundred thouſand buſhels of coals are neceſſary to ſupply ſo great a multitude with yearly fuel. And as theſe are taken out of the coal-pits of Mr. Charwell, he receives a penny for every buſhel; ſo that this very article is an addition of 400l. per annum to his revenues in the above-mentioned, and many other articles, are increaſing in proportion.

There is now no longer any want of the family of the predeceſſor. The conſumption of five thouſand people is greater than can be made by any fifty of the greateſt families in Great-Britain. The tenants ſtand in no need of diſtant markets, to take off the product of their farms. The people ſo near their own doors are already more than they are able to ſupply; and what is wanting at home for this purpoſe is ſupplied from places to greater diſtance, at whatſoever price of carriage.

All the farmers every where near the river are now, in their turn, for an act of parliament to make it navigable, that they may have an eaſy carriage for their corn to ſo good a market. The tenants of Mr. Charwell, that they may have the whole market to themſelves, are almoſt the only perſons againſt it. But they will not be long able to oppoſe it: their leaſes are near expiring; and as they are grown very rich, there are many other perſons ready to take their farms at more than double the preſent rents, even though the river ſhould be made navigable, and diſtant people let in to ſell their proviſions together with theſe farmers.

As for Mr. Charwell himſelf, he is in no manner of pain leſt his lands ſhould fall in their value by the cheap carriage of proviſions from diſtant places to his town. He knows very well that cheapneſs of proviſions was one great means of bringing together ſo great numbers, and that they muſt be held together by the ſame means. He ſeems to have nothing more in his thoughts, than to increaſe his town to ſuch an extent, that all the country for ten miles round about ſhall be little enough to ſupply it. He conſiders that, at how great a diſtance ſoever proviſions ſhall be brought thither, they muſt end at laſt in ſo much ſoil for his eſtate, and that the farmers of other lands will by this means contribute to the improvement of his own.

But by what encouragement and rewards, by what arts and policies, and what ſort of people he has invited to live upon his eſtate, and how he has encouraged them to ſubſiſt by their own labour, to the great improvement of his lands, will be the ſubjects of ſome of my future Precautions.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR, *March* 16.

BY your paper of Saturday laſt, you give the town hope that you will dedicate that day to religion. You could not begin it better than by warning your pupils of the poiſon vented under a pretence of free-thinking. If you can ſpare room in your next Saturday's paper for a few lines on the ſame ſubject, theſe are at your diſpoſal.

I happened to be preſent at a public converſation of ſome of the defenders of this Diſcourſe of Free-thinking, and others that differed from them; where I had the diverſion of hearing the ſame man in one breath perſuade us to freedom of thought, and in the next offer to demonſtrate that we had no freedom in any thing. One would think men ſhould bluſh to find themſelves entangled in a greater contradiction than any the Diſcourſe ridicules. This principle of free fatality, or neceſſary liberty, is a worthy fundamental of the new ſect; and indeed this opinion is an evidence and clearneſs ſo nearly related to Tranſubſtantiation, that the ſame genius ſeems requiſite for either. It is fit the world know how far reaſon abandons men that would employ it againſt religion; which intention, I hope, juſtifies this trouble from, Sir, your hearty well-wiſher,

MISATHEUS.

No. X. MONDAY, MARCH 23.

Venit ad me ſæpe clamitans———
Veſtitu nimium indulges, nimium ineptus es,
Nimium ipſe eſt durus præter æquumque et bonum.

TER. ADELPH. ACT 1. SC. 1.

He is perpetually coming to me, and ringing in my ears, that I do wrong to indulge him ſo much in the article of dreſs: but the fault lies in his own exceſſive and unreaſonable ſeverity.

WHEN I am in deep meditation in order to give my wards proper Precautions, I have a principal regard to the prevalence of things which people of merit neglect, and from which thoſe of no merit raiſe to themſelves an eſteem. Of this nature is the buſineſs of dreſs. It is weak in a man of thought and reflection to be either depreſſed or exalted from the perfections or diſadvantages of his perſon. However, there is a reſpective conduct to be obſerved in the habit, according to the eminent diſtinction of the body, either way. A gay youth in the poſſeſſion of an ample fortune, could not recommend his underſtanding to thoſe who are not of his acquaintance more ſuddenly, than by ſobriety in his habit: as this is winning at firſt ſight, ſo a perſon gorgeouſly fine, which in itſelf ſhould avoid the attraction of the beholders eyes, gives as immediate offence.

I make it my buſineſs when my Lady Lizard's youngeſt daughter, Miſs Molly, is making cloaths, to conſider her from head to foot, and cannot be eaſy when there is any doubt lies upon me concerning the colour of a knot, or any other part of her head-dreſs, which by its darkneſs or livelineſs might too much allay or brighten her complexion. There is ſomething looſe in looking as well as you poſſibly can; but it is alſo a vice not to take care how you look.

The indiſcretion of believing that great qualities make up for the want of things leſs conſiderable, is puniſhed too ſeverely in thoſe who are guilty of it. Every day's experience ſhews us, among variety of people with whom we take impreſſions too favourable and too diſadvantageous of men at firſt ſight from their habit. I take this to be a point of great conſideration, and I ſhall conſider it in my future Precautions as ſuch. As to the female world, I ſhall give them my opinion at large by way of comment upon a new ſuit of the Sparkler's, which is to come home next week. I deſign it a model for the ladies; ſhe and I have had three private meetings about it. As to the men, I am very glad to hear, being myſelf a fellow of Lincoln College, that there is at laſt in one of our univerſities riſen a happy genius for little things. It is extremely to be lamented, that hitherto we come from the college as unable to put on our own cloaths as we do from nurſe. We owe many misfortunes, and an unhappy backwardneſs in urging our way in the world, to the neglect of theſe leſs matters. For this reaſon I ſhall authoriſe and ſupport the gentleman who writes me the following letter; and though out of diffidence of the reception his propoſal ſhould meet with from me, he has given himſelf too ludicrous a figure, I doubt not but from his notices to make men who cannot arrive at learning in that place, come from thence without appearing ignorant; and ſuch as can, to be truly knowing without appearing bookiſh.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR, *Oxford, March* 18, 1712-13.

I FORESEE that you will have many correſpondents in this place; but as I have often obſerved, with grief of heart, that ſcholars are wretchedly ignorant in the ſcience I profeſs, I flatter myſelf that my letter will gain a place in your papers. I have made it my ſtudy, Sir, in theſe ſeats of learning, to look into the nature of dreſs, and am what they call an academical beau. I have often lamented that I am obliged to wear a grave habit, ſince by that means I have not an opportunity to introduce faſhions amongſt our young gentlemen; and ſo am forced, contrary to my own inclinations, and the expectation of all who know me, to appear in print. I have indeed met

with ſome ſucceſs in the projects I have communicated to ſome ſparks with whom I am intimate; and I cannot without a ſecret triumph confeſs, that the ſleeves turned up with green velvet, which now flouriſh throughout the univerſity, ſprung originally from my invention.

As it is neceſſary to have the head clear, as well as the complexion, to be perfect in this part of learning, I rarely mingle with the men, (for I abhor wine) but frequent the tea-tables of the ladies. I know every part of their dreſs, and can name all their things by their names. I am conſulted about every ornament they buy; and, I ſpeak it without vanity, have a very pretty fancy to knots and the like. Sometimes I take a needle, and ſpot a piece of muſlin for pretty Patty Croſs-ſtitch, who is my preſent favourite, which, ſhe ſays, I do neatly enough; or read one of your papers, and explain the motto, which they all like mightily. But then I am a ſort of pretty tyrant amongſt them; for I own I have my humours. If any thing be amiſs, they are ſure Mr. Sleek will find fault; if any hoity-toity things make a fuſs, they are ſure to be taken to pieces the next viſit. I am the dread of poor Celia, whoſe wrapping-grown is not right India; and am avoided by Thaleſtris in her ſecond-hand mantua, which ſeveral maſters of arts think very fine, whereas I perceived it had been ſcoured with half an eye.

Thus have I endeavoured to improve my underſtanding, and am deſirous to communicate my innocent diſcoveries to thoſe who, like me, may diſtinguiſh themſelves more to advantage by their bodies than their minds. I do not think the pains I have taken, in theſe my ſtudies, thrown away, ſince by theſe means, though I am not very valuable, I am however not diſagreeable. Would gentlemen but reflect upon what I ſay, they would take care to make the beſt of themſelves; for I think it intolerable that a blockhead ſhould be a ſloven. Though every man cannot fill his head with learning, it is in any one's power to wear a pretty perriwig; let him who cannot ſay a witty thing, keep his teeth white at leaſt; he who hath no knack at writing ſonnets, may however have a ſoft hand; and he may arch his eye-brows, who hath not ſtrength of genius for the mathematics.

After the concluſion of the peace we ſhall undoubtedly have new faſhions from France; and I have ſome reaſon to think the ſame particularities in the garb of their Abbés may be tranſplanted hither to advantage. What I find becoming in their dreſs, I hope I may, without the imputation of being popiſhly inclined, adopt into our habits; but would willingly have the authority of the Guardian to countenance me in this harmleſs deſign. I would not hereby aſſume to myſelf a juriſdiction over any of our youth, but ſuch as are incapable of improvement any other way. As for the aukward creatures that mind their ſtudies, I look upon them as irreclaimable. But over the afore-mentioned order of men, I deſire a commiſſion from you to exerciſe full authority. Hereby I ſhall be enabled from time to time to introduce ſeveral pretty oddneſſes in the taking and tucking up of gowns, to regulate the dimenſions of wigs, to vary the tufts upon caps, and to enlarge or narrow the hems of bands, as I ſhall think moſt for the public good.

I have prepared a treatiſe againſt the Cravat and Berdaſh, which I am told is not ill done; and have thrown together ſome haſty obſervations upon ſtockings, which my friends aſſure me I need not be aſhamed of. But I ſhall not offer them to the public, until they are approved of at our female club; which I am the more willing to do, becauſe I am ſure of their praiſe; for they own I underſtand theſe things better than they do. I ſhall herein be very proud of your encouragement; for, next to keeping the univerſity clean, my greateſt ambition is to be thought, Sir,

Your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

SIMON SLEEK.

No. XI. TUESDAY, MARCH 24.

———Huc propius me,
Dum doceo inſanire omnes, vos ordine adite.

HOR. SAT. 3. L. 2. V. 80.

Attend my lecture, whilſt I plainly ſhow,
That all mankind are mad, from high to low.

THERE is an oblique way of reproof, which takes off from the ſharpneſs of it; and addreſs in flattery, which makes it agreeable though ever ſo groſs: but of all flatterers, the moſt ſkilful is he who can do what you like, without ſaying any thing which argues he does it for your ſake; the moſt winning circumſtance in the world being the conformity of manners. I ſpeak of this as a practice neceſſary in gaining people of ſenſe, who are not yet given up to ſelf-conceit; thoſe who are far gone in admiration of themſelves need not be treated with ſo much delicacy. The following letter puts this matter in a pleaſant and uncommon light: the author of it attacks this vice with an air of compliance, and alarms us againſt it by exhorting us to it.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

AS you profeſs to encourage all thoſe who any way contribute to the public good, I flatter myſelf I may claim your countenance and protection. I am by profeſſion a mad doctor, but of a peculiar kind, not of thoſe whoſe aim it is to remove phrenzies, but one who make it my buſineſs to confer an agreeable madneſs on my fellow-creatures, for their mutual delight and benefit. Since it is agreed by the philoſophers, that happineſs and miſery conſiſt chiefly in the imagination, nothing is more neceſſary to mankind in general than this pleaſing delirium, which renders every one ſatisfied with himſelf, and perſuades him that all others are equally ſo.

I have for ſeveral years, both at home and abroad, made this ſcience my particular ſtudy, which I may venture to ſay I have improved in almoſt all the courts of Europe; and have reduced it into ſo ſafe and eaſy a method, as to practiſe it on both ſexes, of what diſpoſition, age or quality ſoever, with ſucceſs. What enables me to perform this great work, is the uſe of my Obſequium Catholicon, or the Grand Elixir to ſupport the ſpirits of human nature. This remedy is of the moſt grateful flavour in the world, and agrees with all taſtes whatever. It is delicate to the ſenſes, delightful to the operation, may be taken at all hours without confinement, and is as properly given at a ball or playhouſe as in a private chamber. It reſtores and vivifies the moſt dejected minds, corrects and extracts all that is painful in the knowledge of a man's ſelf. One doſe of it will inſtantly diſperſe itſelf through the whole animal ſyſtem, diſſipate the firſt motions of diſtruſt ſo as never to return, and ſo exhilarate the brain and rarify the gloom of reflection, as to give the patients a new flow of ſpirits, a vivacity of behaviour, and a pleaſing dependence upon their own capacities.

Let a perſon be ever ſo far gone, I adviſe him not to deſpair; even though he has been troubled many years with reſtleſs reflections, which by long neglect have hardened into ſettled conſideration. Thoſe that have been ſtung with ſatire may here find a certain antidote, which infallibly diſperſes all the remains of poiſon that has been left in the underſtanding by bad cures. It fortifies the heart againſt the rancour of pamphlets, the inveteracy of epigrams, and the mortification of lampoons; as has been often experienced by ſeveral perſons of both ſexes, during the ſeaſons of Tunbridge and the Bath.

I could, as farther inſtances of my ſucceſs, produce certificates and teſtimonials from the favourites and ghoſtly fathers of the moſt eminent princes of Europe; but ſhall content myſelf with the mention of a few cures, which I have performed by this my Grand Univerſal Reſtorative, during the practice of one month only ſince I came to this city.

CURES IN THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY 1713.

George Spondee, Esq. poet, and inmate of the parish of St. Paul's Covent Garden, fell into violent fits of the spleen upon a thin third night. He had been frighted into a vertigo by the sound of cat-calls on the first day; and the frequent hissings on the second made him unable to endure the bare pronunciation of the letter S. I searched into the causes of his distemper; and by the prescription of a dose of my Obsequium, prepared secundum artem, recovered him to his natural state of madness. I cast in at proper intervals the words—'Ill taste 'of the town, envy of critics, bad perfor-'mance of the actors,' and the like. He is so perfectly cured that he has promised to bring another play upon the stage next winter.

A lady of professed virtue, of the parish of St. James's, Westminster, who hath desired her name may be concealed, having taken offence at a phrase of double meaning in conversation, undiscovered by any other in the company, suddenly fell into a col' fit of modesty. Upon a right application of praise of her virtue, I threw the lady into an agreeable waking dream, settled the fermentation of her blood into a warm charity, so as to make her look with patience on the very gentleman that offended.

Hilaria, of the parish of St. Giles's in the Fields, a coquette of long practice, was by the reprimand of an old maiden reduced to look grave in company, and deny herself the play of the fan. In short, she was brought to such melancholy circumstances, that she would sometimes unawares fall into devotion at church. I advised her to take a few innocent freedoms with occasional kisses, prescribed her the exercise of the eyes, and immediately raised her to her former state of life. She on a sudden recovered her dimples, furled her fan, threw round her glances, and for these two Sundays last past has not once been seen in an attentive posture. This the churchwardens are ready to attest upon oath.

Andrew Terror, of the Middle-Temple, mohock, was almost induced by an aged bencher of the same house to leave off bright conversation, and pore over Coke upon Lyttleton. He was so ill that his hat began to flap, and he was seen one day in the last term at Westminster Hall. This patient had quite lost his spirit of contradiction; I, by the distillation of a few of my vivifying drops in his ear, drew him from his lethargy, and restored him to his usual vivacious misunderstanding. He is at present very easy in his condition.

I will not dwell upon the recital of the innumerable cures I have performed within twenty days last past; but rather proceed to exhort all persons, of whatever age, complexion, or quality, to take as soon as possible of this my intellectual oil; which applied at the ear, seizes all the senses with a most agreeable transport, and discovers its effects, not only to the satisfaction of the patient, but all who converse with, attend upon, or any way relate to him or her that receives the kindly infection. It is often administered by chamber-maids, valets, or any the most ignorant domestic; it being one peculiar excellence of this my oil, that it is most prevalent, the more unskilful the person is or appears who applies it. It is absolutely necessary for ladies to take a dose of it just before they take coach to go a visiting.

But I offend the public, as Horace said, when I trespass on any of your time. Give me leave then, Mr. Ironside, to make you a present of a drachm or two of my oil; though I have cause to fear my prescriptions will not have the effect upon you I could wish: therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you in my favour by the present of my oil, but wholly depend upon your public spirit and generosity; which, I hope, will recommend to the world the useful endeavours of, Sir,

Your most obedient, most faithful, most devoted, most humble servant and admirer,

GNATHO.

*** Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

N. B. I teach the arcana of my art at reasonable rates to gentlemen of the universities, who desire to be qualified for writing dedications; and to young lovers and fortune-hunters, to be paid at the day of marriage. I instruct persons of bright capacities to flatter others, and those of the meanest to flatter themselves.

I was the first inventor of pocket looking-glasses.

No. XII. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25.

Vel quia nil rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt:
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus———

HOR. EP. 1. L. 2. V. 84.

Imitated.

You'd think no fools diſgrac'd the former reign,
Did not ſome grave examples yet remain,
Who ſcorn a lad ſhould match his father's ſkill,
And having once been wrong, will be ſo ſtill. POPE.

WHEN a poem makes its firſt appearance in the world, I have always obſerved, that it gives employment to a greater number of critics than any other kind of writing. Whether it be that moſt men, at ſome time of their lives, have tried their talent that way, and thereby think they have a right to judge; or whether they imagine, that their making ſhrewd obſervations upon the polite arts, gives them a pretty figure; or whether there may not be ſome jealouſy and caution in beſtowing applauſe upon thoſe who write chiefly for fame: whatever the reaſons be, we find few diſcouraged by the delicacy and danger of ſuch an undertaking.

I think it certain, that moſt men are naturally not only capable of being pleaſed with that which raiſes agreeable pictures in the fancy, but willing alſo to own it. But then there are many, who, by falſe applications of ſome rules ill underſtood, out of deference to men whoſe opinions they value, have formed to themſelves certain ſchemes and ſyſtems of ſatisfaction, and will not be pleaſed out of their own way. Theſe are no critics themſelves, but readers of critics, who, without the labour of peruſing authors, are able to give their characters in general; and know juſt as much of the ſeveral ſpecies of poetry, as thoſe who read books of geography do of the genius of this or that people or nation. Theſe gentlemen deliver their opinions ſententiouſly, and in general terms; to which it being impoſſible readily to frame complete anſwers, they have often the ſatisfaction of leaving the board in triumph. As young perſons, and particularly the ladies, are liable to be led aſide by theſe tyrants in wit, I ſhall examine two or three of the many ſtratagems they uſe, and ſubjoin ſuch precautions as may hinder candid readers from being deceived thereby.

The firſt I ſhall take notice of is an objection commonly offered, viz. 'That ſuch a poem 'hath indeed ſome good lines in it, but it is 'not a regular piece.' This, for the moſt part, is urged by thoſe whoſe knowledge is drawn from ſome famous French critics, who have written upon the epic poem, the drama, and the great kinds of poetry, which cannot ſubſiſt without great regularity; but ought by no means to be required in odes, epiſtles, panegyrics, and the like, which naturally admit of greater liberties. The enthuſiaſm in odes, and the freedom of epiſtles, is rarely diſputed: but I have often heard the poems upon public occaſions written in heroic verſe, which I chuſe to call panegyrics, ſeverely cenſured upon this account; the reaſon whereof I cannot gueſs, unleſs it be, that becauſe they are written in the ſame kind of numbers and ſpirit as an epic poem, they ought therefore to have the ſame regularity. Now an epic poem conſiſting chiefly in narration, it is neceſſary that the incidents ſhould be related in the ſame order that they are ſuppoſed to have been tranſacted. But in works of the above-mentioned kind, there is no more reaſon that ſuch order ſhould be obſerved, than that an oration ſhould be as methodical as an hiſtory. I think it ſufficient that the great hints, ſuggeſted from the ſubject, be ſo diſpoſed, that the firſt may naturally prepare the reader for what follows, and ſo on; and that their places cannot be changed without diſadvantage to the whole. I will add further, that ſometimes gentle deviations, ſometimes bold and even abrupt digreſſions, where the dignity of the ſubject ſeems to give the impulſe, are proofs of a noble genius; as winding about and returning artfully to the main deſign, are marks of addreſs and dexterity.

Another artifice made uſe of by preten-

tenders to criticiſm, is an inſinuation, that all that is good is borrowed from the ancients. This is very common in the mouths of pedants, and perhaps in their hearts too; but is often urged by men of no great learning, for reaſons very obvious. Now nature being ſtill the ſame, it is impoſſible for any modern writer to paint her otherwiſe than the ancients have done. If, for example, I was to deſcribe the general's horſe at the battle of Blenheim as my fancy repreſented ſuch a noble beaſt, and that deſcription ſhould reſemble what Virgil hath drawn for the horſe of his hero, it would be almoſt as ill-natured to urge that I had ſtolen my deſcription from Virgil, as to reproach the Duke of Marlborough for fighting only like Æneas. All that the moſt exquiſite judgment can perform is, out of that great variety of circumſtances, wherein natural objects may be conſidered, to ſelect the moſt beautiful; and to place images in ſuch views and lights, as will affect the fancy after the moſt delightful manner. But over and above a juſt painting of nature, a learned reader will find a new beauty ſuperadded in a happy imitation of ſome famous ancient, as it revives in his mind the pleaſure he took in his firſt reading ſuch an author. Such copyings as theſe give that kind of double delight we perceive when we look upon the children of a beautiful couple; where the eye is not more charmed by the ſymmetry of the parts, than the mind by obſerving the reſemblance tranſmitted from parents to their offſpring, and the mingled features of the father and mother. The phraſes of Holy Writ, and alluſions to ſeveral paſſages in the inſpired writings, (though not produced as proofs of doctrine) add majeſty and authority to the nobleſt diſcourſes of the pulpit: in like manner, an imitation of the air of Homer and Virgil raiſes the dignity of modern poetry, and makes it appear ſtately and venerable.

The laſt obſervation I ſhall make at preſent is upon the diſguſt taken by thoſe critics, who put on their cloaths prettily, and diſlike every thing that is not written With Eaſe. I hereby, therefore, give the genteel part of the learned world to underſtand, that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expreſſed in language ſuitable to it, is written with Eaſe. There are ſome things which muſt be written with ſtrength, which nevertheleſs are eaſy. The ſtatue of the gladiator, though repreſented in ſuch a poſture as ſtrains every muſcle, is as eaſy as that of Venus; becauſe the one expreſſes ſtrength and fury as naturally as the other doth beauty and ſoftneſs. The paſſions are ſometimes to be rouſed, as well as the fancy to be entertained; and the ſoul to be exalted and enlarged, as well as ſoothed. This often requires a raiſed figurative ſtyle; which readers of low apprehenſions, or ſoft and languid diſpoſitions, (having heard of the words Fuſtian and Bombaſt) are apt to reject as ſtiff and affected language. But nature and reaſon appoint different garbs for different things; and ſince I write this to the men of dreſs, I will aſk them, if a ſoldier, who is to mount a breach, ſhould be adorned like a beau, who is ſpruced up for a ball?

No. XIII. THURSDAY, MARCH 26.

Pudore et liberalitate liberos
retinere, ſatius eſſe credo, quam metu.

TER. ADELPH. ACT I. SC. I.

I eſteem it better to keep children in awe by a ſenſe of ſhame, and a condeſcenſion to their inclinations, than by fear.

THE reader has had ſome account of the whole family of the Lizards, except the younger ſons. Theſe are the branches which ordinarily ſpread themſelves, when they happen to be hopeful, into other houſes, and new generations, as honourable, numerous, and wealthy, as thoſe from whence they are derived. For this reaſon it is that a very peculiar regard is to be had to their education.

Young men, when they are good for any thing, and left to their own inclinations, delight either in thoſe accompliſhments we call their exerciſe, in the ſports of the field, or in letters. Mr. Thomas, the ſecond ſon, does not follow

any of these with too deep an attention, but took to each of them enough never to appear ungraceful or ignorant. This general inclination makes him the more agreeable, and saves him from the imputation of pedantry. His carriage is so easy, that he is acceptable to all with whom he converses; he generally falls in with the inclination of his company, is never assuming, or prefers himself to others. Thus he always gains favour without envy, and has every man's good wishes. It is remarkable, that from his birth to this day, though he is now four and twenty, I do not remember that he has ever had a debate with any of his playfellows or friends.

His thoughts, and present applications, are to get into a court-life; for which, indeed, I cannot but think him peculiarly formed. For he has joined to this complacency of manners a great natural sagacity, and can very well distinguish between things and appearances. That way of life, wherein all men are rivals, demands great circumspection to avoid controversies arising from different interests; but he who is by nature of a flexible temper, has his work half done. I have been particularly pleased with his behaviour towards women; he has the skill, in their conversation, to converse with them as a man would with those from whom he might have expectations, but without making requests. I do not know that I ever heard him make what they call a compliment, or be particular in his address to any lady; and yet I never heard any woman speak of him but with a peculiar regard. I believe he has been often beloved, but know not that he was ever yet a lover. The great secret among them is to be amiable without design. He has a voluble speech, a vacant countenance, and easy action, which represents the fact which he is relating with greater delight than it would have been to have been present at the transaction he recounts: for you see it not only your own way by the bare narration, but have the additional pleasure of his sense of it by this manner of repr-enting it. There are mixed in his talk so many pleasant ironies, that things which deserve the severest language are made ridiculous instead of odious, and you see every thing in the most goodnatured aspect it can bear. It is wonderfully entertaining to me to hear him so exquisitely pleasant, and never say an ill-natured thing. He is with all his acquaintance the person generally chosen to reconcile any difference; and if it be capable of accommodation, Tom Lizard is an unexceptionable referée. It has happened to him more than once, that he has been employed, by each opposite in a private manner, to feel the pulse of the adversary; and when each has proposed the decision of the matter by any whom the other should name, he has taken hold of the occasion, and put on the authority assigned by them both, so seasonably, that they have begun a new correspondence with each other, fortified by his friendship to whom they both owe the value they have for one another, and consequently confer a greater measure of their good-will upon the interposer. I must repeat, that, above all, my young man is excellent at raising the subject on which he speaks, and casting a light upon it more agreeable to his company, than they thought the subject was capable of. He avoids all emotion and violence, and never is warm but on an affectionate occasion. Gentleness is what peculiarly distinguishes him from other men, and it runs through all his words and actions.

Mr. William, the next brother, is not of this smooth make, nor so ready to accommodate himself to the humours and inclinations of other men, but to weigh what passes with some severity. He is ever searching into the first springs and causes of any action or circumstance, insomuch that if it were not to be expected that experience and conversation would allay that humour, it must inevitably turn him to ridicule. But it is not proper to break in upon an inquisitive temper, that is of use to him in the way of life which he proposes to himself, to wit, the study of the law, and the endeavour to arrive at a faculty in pleading. I have been very careful to kill in him any pretensions to follow men already eminent, any farther than as their success is an encouragement; but make it my endeavour to cherish, in the principal and first place, his eager pursuit of solid knowledge in his profession: for I think that clear conception will produce clear expression, and clear expression proper action: I never saw a man speak very well, where I could not apparently observe this, and it shall be a maxim with me, till I see an instance to the contrary. When young and unexperienced

men take any particular perſon for their pattern, they are apt to imitate them in ſuch things, to which their want of knowledge makes them attribute ſucceſs, and not to the real cauſes of it. Thus one may have an air, which proceeds from a juſt ſufficiency and knowledge of the matter before him, which may naturally produce ſome motion of his head and body, which might become the bench better than the bar. How painfully wrong would this be in a youth at his firſt appearance, when it is not well even for the ſerjeant of the greateſt weight and dignity! But I will, at this time, with a hint only of his way of life, leave Mr. William at his ſtudy in the Temple.

The youngeſt ſon, Mr. John, is now in the twentieth year of his age, and has had the good fortune and honour to be choſen laſt election fellow of All-Souls college in Oxford. He is very graceful in his perſon; has height, ſtrength, vigour, and a certain chearfulneſs and ſerenity that creates a ſort of love, which people at firſt ſight obſerve is ripening into eſteem. He has a ſublime vein in poetry, and a warm manner in recommending, either in ſpeech or writing, whatever he has earneſtly at heart. This excellent young man has devoted himſelf to the ſervice of his Creator; and with an aptitude to every agreeable quality, and every happy talent that could make a man ſhine in a court, or command in a camp, he is reſolved to go into holy orders. He is inſpired with a true ſenſe of that function, when choſen from a regard to the intereſts of piety and virtue, and a ſcorn of whatever men call great in a tranſitory being, when it comes in competition with what is unchangeable and eternal. Whatever men would undertake from a paſſion to glory, whatever they would do for the ſervice of their country, this youth has a mind prepared to atchieve for the ſalvation of ſouls. What gives me great hopes that he will one day make an extraordinary figure in the Chriſtian world, is, that his invention, his memory, judgment, and imagination, are always employed in this one view; and I do not doubt but in my future Precautions to preſent the youth of this age with more agreeable narrations, compiled by this young man on the ſubject of heroic piety, than any they can meet with in the legends of love and honour.

No. XIV. FRIDAY, MARCH 27.

Nec ſcit, qua ſit iter, nec ſi ſciat imperet——

OVID. MET. L. 2. V. 170.

——*Nor did he know*
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horſes, had he known, obey. ADDISON.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

YOU having, in your firſt paper, declared, among other things, that you will publiſh whatever you think may conduce to the advancement of the converſation of gentlemen, I cannot but hope you will give my young maſters, when I have told you their age, condition, and how they lead their lives; and who, though I ſay it, are as docile as any youths in Europe; a leſſon which they very much want, to reſtrain them from the infection of bad company, and ſquandering away their time in idle and unworthy purſuits. A word from you, I am very well aſſured, will prevail more with them than any remonſtrance they will meet with at home. The eldeſt is now about ſeventeen years of age, and the younger fifteen, born of noble parentage, and to plentiful fortunes. They have a very good father and mother, and alſo a governor, but come very ſeldom (except againſt their wills) in the ſight of any of them. That which I obſerve they have moſt reliſh to is horſes and cock-fighting, which they too well underſtand, being almoſt poſitive at firſt ſight to tell you which horſe will win the match, and which cock the battle; and if you are of another opinion, will lay you what you pleaſe on their own, and it is odds but you loſe. What I fear to be the greateſt prejudice to them, is their keeping much cloſer to their horſes heels than their books, and converſing more with their ſtablemen and lacqueys than with

their relations and gentlemen: and I apprehend, are at this time better ſkilled how to hold the reins, and drive a coach, than to tranſlate a verſe in Virgil or Horace. For the other day, taking a walk abroad, they met accidentally in the fields with two young ladies, whoſe converſation they were very much pleaſed with; and being deſirous to ingratiate themſelves further into their favour, prevailed with them, though they had never ſeen them before in their lives, to take the air in a coach of their father's, which waited for them at the end of Grays-Inn-Lane. The youths ran with the wings of love, and ordered the coachman to wait at the town's end till they came back. One of our young gentlemen got up before, and the other behind, to act the parts they had long, by the direction and example of their comrades, taken much pains to qualify themſelves for, and ſo galloped off. What theſe mean entertainments will end in, it is impoſſible to foreſee; but a Precaution upon that ſubject might prevent very great calamities in a very worthy family, who take in your papers, and might, perhaps, be alarmed at what you lay before them upon this ſubject. I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant, T. S.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

I WRIT to you on the 21ſt of this month, which you did not think fit to take notice of: it gives me the greater trouble that you did not, becauſe I am confident the father of the young lads whom I mentioned, would have conſidered how far what was ſaid in my letter concerned himſelf upon which it is now too late to reflect. His ingenious ſon, the coachman, aged ſeventeen years, has ſince that time ran away with and married one of the girls I ſpoke of in my laſt. The manner of carrying o this intrigue, as I have picked it out of the younger brother, who is almoſt ſixteen, ſtill a batchelor, was as follows: one of the young women, whom they met in the fields, ſeemed very much taken with my maſter the elder ſon, and was prevailed with to go into a cake-houſe not far off the town. The girl, it ſeems, acted her part ſo well, as to enamour the boy, and make him inquiſitive into her place of abode, with all other queſtions which were neceſſary toward further intimacy. The matter was ſo managed, that the lad was made to believe there was no poſſibility of converſing with her, by reaſon of a very ſevere mother, but with the utmoſt caution. What, it ſeems, made the mother, forſooth, the more ſuſpicious was, that becauſe the men ſaid her daughter was pretty, ſomebody or other would perſuade her to marry while ſhe was too young to know how to govern a family. By what I can learn from pretences as ſhallow as this, ſhe appeared ſo far from having a deſign upon her lover, that it ſeemed impracticable for him to get her, except it were carried on with much ſecrecy and ſkill. Many were the interviews theſe lovers had in four and twenty hours time; for it was managed by the mother, that he ſhould run in and out as unobſerved by her, and the girl be called in every other inſtant into the next room, and rated (that ſhe could not ſtay in a place) in his hearing. The young gentleman was at laſt ſo much in love, as to be thought by the daughter engaged far enough to put it to the venture that he could not live without her. It was now time for the mother to appear, who ſurprized the lovers together in private, and baniſhed the youth her houſe. What is not in the power of love! the charioteer, attended by his faithful friend the younger brother, got out the other morning a little earlier than ordinary, and having made a ſudden friendſhip with a lad of their own age by the force of ten ſhillings, who drove an hackney-coach, the elder brother took his poſt in the coach-box, where he could act with a deal of ſkill and dexterity, and waited at the corner of the ſtreet where his miſtreſs lived, in hopes of carrying her off under that diſguiſe. The whole day was ſpent in expectation of an opportunity; but in many parts of it he had kind looks from a diſtant window, which was anſwered by a brandiſh of his whip, and a compaſs taken to drive round and ſhew his activity and readineſs to convey her where ſhe ſhould command him. Upon the approach of the evening a note was thrown into his coach by a porter, to acquaint him that his miſtreſs and her mother ſhould take coach exactly at ſeven o'clock; but that the mother was to be ſet down, and the daughter to go further and call again. The happy minute came at laſt, when our hack had the happineſs to take in his expected fare,

attended by her mother, and the young lady with whom he had firſt met her. The mother was ſet down in the Strand, and her daughter ordered to call on her when ſhe came from her couſin's an hour afterwards. The mother was not ſo unſkilful as not to have inſtructed her daughter whom to ſend for, and how to behave herſelf when her lover ſhould urge her conſent. We yet know no further particulars, but that my young maſter was married that night at Knightſbridge, in the preſence of his brother and two or three other perſons; and that juſt before the ceremony, he took his brother aſide, and aſked him to marry the other young woman. Now, Sir, I will not harangue upon this adventure, but only obſerve, that if the education of this compound creature had been more careful as to his rational part, the animal life in him had not, perhaps, been ſo forward, but he might have waited longer before he was a huſband. However, as the whole town will in a day or two know the names, perſons, and other circumſtances, I think this properly lies before your guardianſhip to conſider for the admonition of others; but my young maſter's fate is irrevocable. I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

No. XV. SATURDAY, MARCH 28.

———Sibi quivis
Speret idem, ſudet multum, fruſtraque laboret,
Auſus idem———

HOR. ARS POET. v. 240.

All men will try, and hope to write as well,
And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.

ROSCOMMON.

I CAME yeſterday into the parlour, where I found Mrs. Cornelia, my lady's third daughter, all alone, reading a paper, which, as I afterwards found, contained a copy of verſes upon love and friendſhip. She, I believe, apprehended that I glanced my eye upon the paper, and by the order and diſpoſition of the lines might diſtinguiſh that they were poetry; and therefore, with an innocent confuſion in her face, ſhe told me that I might read them if I pleaſed, and ſo withdrew. By the hand, at firſt ſight, I could not gueſs whether they came from a beau or a lady; but having put on my ſpectacles, and peruſed them carefully, I found by ſome peculiar modes in ſpelling, and a certain negligence in grammar, that it was a female ſonnet. I have ſince learned, that ſhe hath a correſpondent in the country who is as bookiſh as herſelf; that they write to one another by the names of Aſtrea and Dorinda, and are mightily admired for their eaſy lines. As I ſhould be loth to have a poeteſs in our family, and yet am unwilling harſhly to croſs the bent of a young lady's genius, I choſe rather to throw together ſome thoughts upon that kind of poetry which is diſtinguiſhed by the name of Eaſy, than to riſque the fame of Mrs. Cornelia's friend, by expoſing her work to public view.

I have ſaid, in a foregoing paper, that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expreſſed in a language ſuitable to it, is written with Eaſe: which I offered in anſwer to thoſe who aſked for Eaſe in all kinds of poetry; and it is ſo far true, as it ſtates the notion of eaſy writing in general, as that is oppoſed to what is forced or affected. But as there is an eaſy mein, and eaſy dreſs, peculiarly ſo called; ſo there is an eaſy ſort of poetry. In order to write eaſily, it is neceſſary, in the firſt place, to think eaſily. Now, according to different ſubjects, men think differently; anger, fury, and the rough paſſions, awaken ſtrong thoughts; glory, grandeur, power, raiſe great thoughts; love, melancholy, ſolitude, and whatever gently touches the ſoul, inſpire eaſy thoughts.

Of the thoughts ſuggeſted by theſe gentle ſubjects, there are ſome which may be ſet off by ſtyle and ornament: others there are, which the more ſimply they are conceived, and the more clearly they are expreſſed, give the ſoul proportionably the more pleaſing emotions. The figures of ſtyle added to them ſerve only to hide a beauty, however gracefully they are put on, and are thrown away like paint upon a fine complexion. But here not only livelineſs of fancy is requiſite to exhibit a great variety of images; but alſo niceneſs of judgment

to cull out thoſe, which, without the advantage of foreign art, will ſhine by their own intrinſic beauty. By theſe means, whatſoever ſeems to demand labour being rejected, that only which appears to be eaſy and natural will come in; and ſo art will be hid by art, which is the perfection of eaſy writing.

I will ſuppoſe an author to be really poſſeſſed with the paſſion which he writes upon, and then we ſhall ſee how he would acquit himſelf. This I take to be the ſafeſt way to form a judgment of him; ſince, if he be not truly moved, he muſt at leaſt work up his imagination as near as poſſible to reſemble reality. I chuſe to inſtance in love, which is obſerved to have produced the moſt finiſhed performances in this kind. A lover will be full of ſincerity, that he may be believed by his miſtreſs; he will therefore think ſimply; he will expreſs perſpicuouſly, that her may not perplex he; he will therefore write unaffectedly. Deep reflections are made by a head undiſturbed; and points of wit and fancy are the work of an heart at eaſe: theſe two dangers then, into which poets are apt to run, are effectually removed out of the lover's way. The ſelecting proper circumſtances, and placing them in agreeable lights, are the fineſt ſecrets of all poetry; but the recollection of little circumſtances is the lover's ſole meditation, and relating them pleaſantly, the buſineſs of his life. Accordingly we find that the moſt celebrated authors of this rank excel in love verſes. Out of ten thouſand inſtances I ſhall name one, which I think the moſt delicate and tender I ever ſaw.

To myſelf I ſigh often, without knowing why;
And when abſent from Phyllis, methinks I
could die.

A man who hath ever been in love will be touched at the reading of theſe lines; and every one who now feels that paſſion, actually feels that they are true.

From what I have advanced, it appears how difficult it is to write eaſily. But when eaſy writings fall into the hand of an ordinary reader, they appear to him ſo natural and unlaboured, that he immediately reſolves to write, and fancies that all he hath to do is to take no pains. Thus he thinks, indeed, ſimply; but the thoughts, not being choſen with judgment, are not beautiful; he, it is true, expreſſes himſelf plainly, but flatly withal. Again, if a man of vivacity takes it in his head to write this way, what ſelf-denial muſt he undergo, when bright points of wit occur to his fancy? How difficult will he find it to reject florid phraſes, and petty embelliſhments of ſtyle? So true it is, that ſimplicity of all things is the hardeſt to be copied, and eaſe to be acquired with the greateſt labour. Our family knows very well how ill Lady Flame looked, when ſhe imitated Mrs. Jane in a plain black ſuit. And I remember, when Frank Courtly was ſaying the other day, that any man might write eaſy, I only aſked him, if he thought it poſſible that Squire Hawthorn ſhould ever come into a room as he did; he made me a very handſome bow, and anſwered with a ſmile—'Mr. Ironſide, you 'have convinced me.'

I ſhall conclude this paper by obſerving, that Paſtoral poetry, which is the moſt conſiderable kind of eaſy writing, has the oftenеſt been attempted with ill ſucceſs of any ſort whatſoever. I ſhall, therefore, in a little time, communicate my thoughts upon that ſubject to the public.

No. XVI. MONDAY, MARCH 30.

——Ne forte pudori
Sit tibi muſa lyræ ſolers, et cantor Apollo. HOR. ARS POET. v. 406.

Bluſh not to patronize the muſe's ſkill.

TWO mornings ago a gentleman came in to my Lady Lizard's tea-table, who is diſtinguiſhed in town by the good taſte he is known to have in polite writings, eſpecially ſuch as relate to love and gallantry. The figure of the man had ſomething odd and groteſque in it, though his air and manner were genteel and eaſy, and his wit agreeable. The ladies, in compliance to him, turned the diſcourſe to poetry. This ſoon gave him an oc-

caſion of producing two new ſongs to the company; which, he ſaid, he would venture to recommend as compleat performances. 'The 'firſt,' continued he, 'is by a gentleman of 'an unrivalled reputation in every kind of 'writing; and the ſecond by a lady who does 'me the honour to be in love with me, be-'cauſe I am not handſome.' Mrs. Annabella upon this (who never lets ſlip an occaſion of doing ſprightly things) gives a twitch to the paper with a finger and a thumb, and ſnatches it out of the gentleman's hands: then caſting her eye over it with a ſeeming impatience, ſhe read us the ſongs; and in a very obliging manner, deſired the gentleman would let her have a copy of them, together with his judgment upon ſongs in general; 'That I may be able,' ſaid ſhe, 'to judge of gallantries of this nature, 'if ever it ſhould be my fortune to have a po-'etical lover.' The gentleman complied; and accordingly Mrs. Annabella, the very next morning, when ſhe was at her toilet, had the following packet delivered to her by a ſpruce valet de chambre.

THE FIRST SONG.

I.

ON Belvidera's boſom lying,
Wiſhing, panting, ſighing, dying,
The cold, regardleſs maid, to move,
With unavailing pray'rs I ſue:
'You firſt have taught me how to love;
'Ah, teach me to be happy too!

II.

But ſhe, alas! unkindly wiſe,
To all my ſighs and tears replies,
'Tis every prudent maid's concern
'Her lover's fondneſs to improve;
'If to be happy you ſhall learn,
'You quickly would forget to love'.

THE SECOND SONG.

I.

BOAST not, miſtaken ſwain, thy art
To pleaſe my partial eyes;
The charms that have ſubdu'd my heart,
Another may deſpiſe.

II.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright:
Perhaps by ſome fond whim betray'd,
In oddneſs I delight.

III.

Vain youth, to your confuſion know,
'Tis to my love's exceſs
You all your fancy'd beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows leſs.

IV.

For your own ſake, if not for mine,
You ſhould preſerve my fire:
Since you, my ſwain, no more will ſhine,
When I no more admire.

V.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind;
But be not of my judgment proud,
Whom love has render'd blind.

TO MRS. ANNABELLA LIZARD.

MADAM,

TO let you ſee how abſolute your commands are over me, and to convince you of the opinion I have of your good ſenſe, I ſhall, without any preamble of compliments, give you my thoughts upon Song-writing in the ſame order as they have occurred to me. Only allow me, in my own defence, to ſay, that I do not remember ever to have met with any piece of criticiſm upon this ſubject; ſo that if I err, or ſeem ſingular in my opinions, you will be the more at liberty to differ from them, ſince I do not pretend to ſupport them by any authority.

In all ages, and in every nation where poetry has been in faſhion, the tribe of ſonneteers hath been very numerous. Every pert young fellow that has a moving fancy, and the leaſt gingle of verſe in his head, ſets up for a writer of ſongs, and reſolves to immortalize his bottle or his miſtreſs. What a world of inſipid productions in this kind have we been peſtered with ſince the Revolution, to go no higher! This, no doubt, proceeds in a great meaſure from not forming a right judgment of the nature of theſe little compoſitions. It is true, they do not require an elevation of thought, nor any extraordinary capacity, nor an extenſive knowledge; but then they demand great regularity, and the utmoſt nicety; an exact purity of ſtyle, with the moſt eaſy and flowing numbers; an elegant and unaffected turn of wit, with one uniform and ſimple deſign. Greater works cannot well be without ſome inequalities and overſights, and they are in

them pardonable; but a ſong loſes all its luſtre if it be not poliſhed with the greateſt accuracy. The ſmalleſt blemiſh in it, like a flaw in a jewel, takes off the whole value of it. A ſong is, as it were, a little image in enamel, that requires all the nice touches of the pencil, a gloſs and a ſmoothneſs, with thoſe delicate finiſhing ſtrokes, which would be ſuperfluous and thrown away upon larger figures, where the ſtrength and boldneſs of a maſterly hand gives all the grace.

Since you may have recourſe to the French and Engliſh tranſlations, you will not accuſe me of pedantry, when I tell you that Sappho, Anacreon, and Horace in ſome of his ſhort lyrics, are the completeſt models for little odes or ſonnets. You will find them generally purſuing a ſingle thought in their ſongs, which is driven to a point, without thoſe interruptions and deviations ſo frequent in the modern writers of this order. To do juſtice to the French, there is no living language that abounds ſo much in good ſongs. The genius of the people, and the idiom of their tongue, ſeems adapted to compoſitions of this ſort. Our writers generally croud into one ſong materials enough for ſeveral; and ſo they ſtarve every thought, by endeavouring to nurſe up more than one at a time. They give you a ſtring of imperfect ſonnets, inſtead of one finiſhed piece, which is a fault Mr. Waller (whoſe beauties cannot be too much admired) ſometimes falls into. But, of all our countrymen, none are more defective in their ſongs, through a redundancy of wit, than Dr. Donne, and Mr. Cowley. In them, one point of wit flaſhes ſo faſt upon another, that the reader's attention is dazzled by the continual ſparkling of their imagination; you find a new deſign ſtarted almoſt in every line, and you come to the end without the ſatisfaction of ſeeing any one of them executed.

A ſong ſhould be conducted like an epigram; and the only difference between them is, that one does not require the lyric numbers, and is uſually employed upon ſatirical occaſions; whereas the buſineſs of the other, for the moſt part, is to expreſs, (as my Lord Roſcommon tranſlates it from Horace)

Love's pleaſing cares, and the free joys of wine.

I ſhall conclude what I have to ſay upon this ſubject, by obſerving, that the French do very often confound the ſong and the epigram, and take the one reciprocally for the other. An inſtance of which I ſhall give you in a remarkable epigram which paſſes current abroad for an excellent ſong.

Tu parles mal par tout de moi,
Je dis du bien par tout de toi;
Quel malheur eſt le nôtre?
L'on ni croit ni l'un, ni l'autre.

For the ſatisfaction of ſuch of your friends as may not underſtand the original, I ſhall venture to tranſlate it after my faſhion, ſo as to keep ſtrictly to the turn of thought, at the expence of loſing ſomething in the poetry and verſification.

Thou ſpeakeſt always ill of me,
I ſpeak always well of thee:
But, ſpite of all our noiſe and pother,
The world believes nor one nor t'other.

Thus, Madam, I have endeavoured to comply with your commands: not out of vanity of erecting myſelf into a critic, but out of an earneſt deſire of being thought, upon all occaſions, Your moſt obedient ſervant,

No. XVII. TUESDAY, MARCH 31.

——*Minimumque libidine peccant.* JUV. SAT. 6. v. 134.

Luſt is the ſmalleſt ſin they own. DRYDEN.

IF it were poſſible to bear up againſt the force of ridicule, which faſhion has brought upon people for acknowledging a veneration for the moſt ſacred things, a man might ſay that the time we now are in * is ſet apart for humiliation; and all our actions ſhould at preſent more particularly tend that way.

* Viz. Lent.

I remember, about thirty years ago, an eminent divine, who was alſo moſt exactly well-bred, told his congregation at Whitehall, that if they did not vouchſafe to give their lives a new turn, they muſt certainly go to a place which he did not think fit to name in that courtly audience. It is with me as with that gentleman; I would, if poſſible, repreſent the errors of life, eſpecially thoſe ariſing from what we call gallantry, in ſuch a manner as the people of pleaſure may read me. In this caſe I muſt not be rough to gentlemen and ladies, but ſpeak of ſin as a gentleman. It might not perhaps be amiſs, if, therefore, I ſhould call my preſent Precaution 'A Criticiſm upon Fornication;' and by repreſenting the unjuſt taſte they have who affect that way of pleaſure, bring a diſtaſte upon it among all thoſe who are judicious in their ſatisfactions. I will be bold then to lay it down for a rule, that he who follows this kind of gratification, gives up much greater delight in purſuing it, than he can poſſibly enjoy from it. As to the common women and the ſtews, there is no one but will allow this aſſertion at firſt ſight; but if it will appear, that they who deal with thoſe of the ſex who are leſs profligate, deſcend to greater baſeneſſes than if they frequented brothels, it ſhould, methinks, bring this iniquity under ſome diſcountenance. The rake who, without ſenſe of character or decency, wallows and ranges in common houſes, is guilty no farther than of proſtituting himſelf, and expoſing his health to diſeaſes; but the man of gallantry cannot purſue his pleaſures without treachery to ſome man he ought to love, and making deſpicable the woman he admires. To live in a continual deceit, to reflect upon the diſhonour you do ſome huſband, father or brother, who does not deſerve this of you, and whom you would deſtroy did you know they did the like towards you, are circumſtances which pall the appetite, and give a man of any ſenſe of honour very painful mortification. What more need be ſaid againſt a gentleman's delight, than that he himſelf thinks himſelf a baſe man in purſuing it? when it is thoroughly conſidered, he gives up his very being as a man of integrity who commences gallant. Let him or her who is guilty this way but weigh the matter a little, and the criminal will find that thoſe whom they moſt eſteemed are of a ſudden become the moſt diſagreeable companions; nay, their good qualities are grown odious and painful. It is ſaid, people who have the plague have a delight in communicating the infection; in like manner, the ſenſe of ſhame, which is never wholly overcome, inclines the guilty this way to contribute to the deſtruction of others. And women are pleaſed to introduce more women into the ſame condition, though they can have no other ſatisfaction from it, than that the infamy is ſhared among greater numbers, which they flatter themſelves eaſes the burden of each particular perſon.

It is a moſt melancholy conſideration, that for momentary ſenſations of joy, obtained by ſtealth, men are forced into a conſtraint of all their words and actions in the general and ordinary occurrences of life. It is an impoſſibility in this caſe to be faithful to one perſon, without being falſe to all the reſt of the world: the gay figures in which poetical men of looſe morals have placed this kind of ſtealth are but feeble conſolations; when a man is inclined to ſoliloquy or meditation upon his paſt life; flaſhes of wit can promote joy, but they cannot allay grief.

Diſeaſe, ſickneſs, and misfortunes are what all men living are liable to; it is therefore ridiculous and mad to purſue, inſtead of ſhunning, what muſt add to our anguiſh under diſeaſe, ſickneſs, or misfortune. It is poſſible there may be thoſe whoſe blood is too warm to admit of theſe compunctions: if there are ſuch, I am ſure they are laying up ſtore for them; but I have better hopes of thoſe who have not yet eraſed the impreſſions and advantages of a good education and fortune; they may be aſſured, that whoever wholly give themſelves up to luſt, will find it the leaſt fault they are guilty of.

Irreconcileable hatred to thoſe they have injured, mean ſhifts to cover their offences, envy and malice to the innocent, and a general ſacrifice of all that is good-natured or praiſe-worthy when it interrupts them, will poſſeſs all their faculties, and make them utter ſtrangers to the noble pleaſures which flow from honour and virtue. Happy are they who, from the viſitation of ſickneſs, or any other accident, are awakened from a courſe which leads

to an inſenſibility of the greateſt enjoyments in human life.

A French author, giving an account of a very agreeable man, in whoſe character he mingles good qualities and infirmities, rather than vices or virtues, tells the following ſtory. 'Our knight,' ſays he, 'was pretty much addicted to the moſt faſhionable of all faults. 'He had a looſe rogue for a lackey, not a little 'in his favour, though he had no other name 'for him when he ſpoke of him, but The 'Raſcal, or to him, but Sirrah. One morning when he was dreſſing—"Sirrah," 'ſays 'he, "be ſure you bring home this evening "a pretty wench." The fellow was a per-'ſon of diligence and capacity, and had for 'ſome time addreſſed himſelf to a decayed old 'gentlewoman, who had a young maiden to 'her daughter, beauteous as an angel, not 'yet ſixteen years of age. The mother's ex-'treme poverty, and the inſinuations of this 'artful lackey concerning the ſoft diſpoſition 'and generoſity of his maſter, made her con-'ſent to deliver up her daughter. But many 'were the intreaties and repreſentations of the 'mother to gain her child's conſent to an ac-'tion, which ſhe ſaid ſhe abhorred, at the 'ſame time ſhe exhorted her to it; "but "child," ſays ſhe, "can you ſee your mother "die for hunger?" The virgin argued no 'longer, but, burſting into tears, ſaid ſhe 'would go any where. The lackey conveyed 'her with great obſequiouſneſs and ſecreſy to 'his maſter's lodging, and placed her in a 'commodious apartment till he came home. 'The knight, who knew his man never failed 'of bringing in his prey, indulged his genius 'at a banquet, and was in high humour at an 'entertainment with ladies, expecting to be 'received in the evening by one as agreeable 'as the beſt of them. When he came home, 'his lackey met him with a ſaucy and joyful 'familiarity, crying out, "She is as hand-"ſome as an angel," (for there is no other ſi-'mile on theſe occaſions;) "but the tender "fool has wept till her eyes are ſwelled and "bloated; for ſhe is a maid, and a gentle-"woman." With that he conducted his maſ-'ter to the room where ſhe was, and retired. 'The knight, when he ſaw her bathed in tears, 'ſaid in ſome ſurpriſe—"Do not you know, "young woman, why you are brought hither?" 'The unhappy maid fell on her knees, and 'with many interruptions of ſighs and tears, 'ſaid to him—"I know, alas! too well why "I am brought hither. My mother, to get "bread for her and myſelf, has ſent me to do "what you pleaſed; but would it would pleaſe "Heaven I could die, before I am added to "the number of thoſe miſerable wretches who "live without honour!" With this reflecti-'on ſhe wept anew, and beat her boſom. The 'knight, ſtepping back from her ſaid—"I am "not ſo abandoned as to hurt your innocence "againſt your will."

'The novelty of the accident ſurprized him 'into virtue, and covering the young maid 'with a cloke, he led her to a relation's houſe, to 'whoſe care he recommended her for that night. 'The next morning he ſent for her mother, 'and aſked her if her daughter was a maid. 'The mother aſſured him, that when ſhe de-'livered her to his ſervant, ſhe was a ſtranger to 'a man. "Are not you then," replied the 'knight, "a wicked woman to contrive the "debauchery of your own child?" She held 'down her face with fear and ſhame, and in 'her confuſion uttered ſome broken words con-'cerning her poverty. "Far be it," ſaid the 'gentleman, "that you ſhould relieve your-"ſelf from want by a much greater evil: your "daughter is a fine young creature; do you "know of none that ever ſpoke of her for a "wife?" The mother anſwered—"There is "an honeſt man in our neighbourhood that "loves her, who has often ſaid he would mar-"ry her with two hundred pounds." The 'knight ordered his man to reckon out that 'ſum, with an addition of fifty to buy the 'bride cloaths, and fifty more as a help to her 'mother.'

I appeal to all the gallants in the town, whether poſſeſſing all the beauties in Great Britain could give half the pleaſure as this young gentleman had in the reflection of having relieved a miſerable parent from guilt and poverty, an innocent virgin from public ſhame, and beſtowing a virtuous wife upon an honeſt man?

Though all men who are guilty this way have not fortunes or opportunities for making ſuch atonements for their vices, yet all men may do what is certainly in their power at this good ſeaſon. For my part, I do not care how ridiculous the mention of it may be, provided

I hear it has any good conſequence upon the wretched, that I recommend the moſt abandoned and miſerable of mankind to the charity of all in proſperous conditions under the ſame guilt with thoſe wretches. The Lock hoſpital in Kent-Street, Southwark, for men; that in Kingſland for women, is a receptacle for all ſufferers mangled by this iniquity. Penitents ſhould in their own hearts take upon them all the ſhame and ſorrow they have eſcaped; and it would become them to make an oblation for their crimes, by charity to thoſe upon whom vice appears in that utmoſt miſery and deformity, which they themſelves are free from by their better fortune, rather than greater innocence. It would quicken our compaſſion in this caſe, if we conſidered there may be objects there, who would now move horror and loathing, that we have once embraced with tranſport: and as we are men of honour, (for I muſt not ſpeak as we are chriſtians) let us not deſert our friends for the loſs of their noſes.

No. XVIII. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1.

——Animæque capaces
Mortis—— LUCAN.

Souls, undiſmay'd by death.

THE proſpect of Death is ſo gloomy and diſmal, that if it were conſtantly before our eyes, it would imbitter all the ſweets of life. The gracious Author of our being hath therefore ſo formed us, that we are capable of many pleaſing ſenſations and reflections, and meet with ſo many amuſements and ſolicitudes, as divert our thoughts from dwelling upon an evil, which, by reaſon of its ſeeming diſtance, makes but languid impreſſions upon the mind. But how diſtant ſoever the time of our death may be, ſince it is certain that we muſt die, it is neceſſary to allot ſome portion of our life to conſider the end of it; and it is highly convenient to fix ſome ſtated times to meditate upon the final period of our exiſtence here. The principle of ſelf-love, as we are men, will make us enquire what is like to become of us after our diſſolution; and our conſcience, as we are Chriſtians, will inform us, that according to the good or evil of our actions here, we ſhall be tranſlated to the manſions of eternal bliſs or miſery. When this is ſeriouſly weighed, we muſt think it madneſs to be unprepared againſt the black moment; but when we reflect that perhaps that black moment may be to-night, how watchful ought we to be!

I was wonderfully affected with a diſcourſe I had lately with a clergyman of my acquaintance upon this head, which was to this effect: 'The conſideration,' ſaid the good man, 'that 'my being is precarious, moved me many 'years ago to make a reſolution, which I have 'diligently kept, and to which I owe the 'greateſt ſatisfaction that a mortal man can 'enjoy. Every night, before I addreſs my-'ſelf in private to my Creator, I lay my hand 'upon my heart, and aſk myſelf, whether, if 'God ſhould require my ſoul of me this night, 'I could hope for mercy from him? The bitter 'agonies I underwent in this my firſt acquaint-'ance with myſelf, were ſo far from throwing 'me into deſpair of that mercy which is over 'all God's works, that they rather proved mo-'tives to greater circumſpection in my future 'conduct. The oftner I exerciſed myſelf in 'meditations of this kind, the leſs was my 'anxiety; and by making the thoughts of 'death familiar, what was at firſt ſo terrible 'and ſhocking, is become the ſweeteſt of my 'enjoyments. Theſe contemplations have in-'deed made me ſerious, but not ſullen; nay, 'they are ſo far from having ſoured my tem-'per, that as I have a mind perfectly compoſed, 'and a ſecret ſpring of joy in my heart, ſo my 'converſation is pleaſant, and my countenance 'ſerene. I taſte all the innocent ſatisfactions 'of life pure and ſincere; I have no ſhare in 'pleaſures that leave a ſting behind them; 'nor am I cheated with that kind of mirth, '" in the midſt of which there is heavineſs."

Of all the profeſſions of men, a ſoldier's chiefly ſhould put him upon this religious vigilance. His duty expoſes him to ſuch hazards, that the evil which to men in other ſtations may ſeem far diſtant, to him is inſtant, and ever be-

fore his eyes. The conſideration, that what men in a martial life purchaſe is gained with danger and labour, and muſt, perhaps, be parted with very ſpeedily, is the cauſe of much licence and riot. As moreover it is neceſſary to keep up the ſpirits of thoſe who are to encounter the moſt terrible dangers, offences of this nature meet with great indulgence. But there is a courage better founded than this animal fury—the ſecret aſſurance, that all is right within; that if he falls in battle, he will the more ſpeedily be crowned with true glory, will add ſtrength to a warrior's arm, and intrepidity to his heart.

One of the moſt ſucceſsful ſtratagems whereby Mahomet became formidable, was the aſſurance that impoſtor gave his votaries, that whoever was ſlain in battle ſhould be immediately conveyed to that luxurious paradiſe his wanton fancy had invented. The ancient Druids taught a doctrine which had the ſame effect, though with this difference from Mahomet's, that the ſouls of the ſlain ſhould tranſmigrate into other bodies, and in them be rewarded according to the degrees of their merit. This is told by Lucan with his uſual ſpirit.

You teach that ſouls, from fleſhy chains unbound,
Seek not pale ſhades and Erebus profound,
But fleeting hence to other regions ſtray,
Once more to mix with animated clay;
Hence death's a gap (if men may truſt the lore)
'Twixt lives behind and ages yet before,
A bleſt miſtake! which fate's dread pow'r diſarms,
And ſpurs its vot'ries on to war's alarms;
Laviſh of life, they ruſh with fierce delight
Amidſt the legions, and provoke the fight;
O'er-matching death, and freely caſt away
That loan of life the gods are bound to pay.

Our gallant countryman, Sir Philip Sidney, was a noble example of courage and devotion. I am particularly pleaſed that he hath tranſlated the whole book of Pſalms into Engliſh verſe. A friend of mine informs me, that he hath the manuſcript by him, which is ſaid in the title to have been done 'By the moſt noble 'and virtuous Gent. Sir Philip Sidney, 'Knight.' They having been never printed, I ſhall preſent the public with one of them, which my correſpondent aſſures me he hath faithfully tranſcribed, and wherein I have taken the liberty only to alter one word.

PSALM CXXXVII.

I.

NIGH ſeated where the river flows,
That wat'reth Babel's thankful plain,
Which then our tears, in pearled rows,
Did help to water with the rain:
The thought of Sion bred ſuch woes,
That though our harps we did retain,
Yet uſeleſs and untouched there,
On willows only hang'd they were.

II.

Now while our harps were hanged ſo,
The men whoſe captives then we lay,
Did on our griefs inſulting go,
And more to grieve us thus did ſay—
'You that of muſic make ſuch ſhew,
'Come, ſing us now a Sion's lay:
Oh no! we have no voice nor hand,
For ſuch a ſong in ſuch a land.

III.

Though far I be, ſweet Sion hill,
In foreign ſoil exil'd from thee,
Yet let my hand forget his ſkill
If ever thou forgotten be;
And let my tongue faſt glewed ſtill
Unto my roof, lie mute in me;
If thy neglect within me ſpring,
Or aught I do but Salem ſing.

IV.

But thou, O Lord, ſhalt not forget
To quit the pains of Edom's race,
Who cauſeleſsly, yet hotly ſet
Thy holy city to deface;
Did thus the bloody victors whet,
What time they enter'd firſt the place—
'Down, down with it at any hand,
'Make all a waſte, let nothing ſtand.'

V.

And Babylon, that didſt us waſte,
Thyſelf ſhalt one day waſted be;
And happy he, who what thou haſt
Unto us done, ſhall do to thee;
Like bitterneſs ſhall make thee taſte,
Like woeful objects make thee ſee:
Yea, happy who thy little ones
Shall take and daſh againſt the ſtones.

No. XIX. THURSDAY, APRIL 2.

Ne te ſemper inops agitet vexetque cupido;
Ne pavor, et rerum mediocriter utilium ſpes. HOR. EP. 18. L. 1. V. 98.

Leſt avarice, ſtill poor, diſturb thine eaſe;
Or fear ſhould ſhake, or cares thy mind abuſe,
Or ardent hope for things of little uſe. CREECH.

IT was prettily obſerved by ſomebody concerning great vices, that there are three which give pleaſure, as covetouſneſs, gluttony, and luſt; one which taſtes of nothing but pain, as envy; the reſt have a mixture of pleaſure and pain, as anger and pride. But when a man conſiders the ſtate of his own mind, about which every member of the chriſtian world is ſuppoſed at this time to be employed, he will find that the beſt defence againſt vice is preſerving the worthieſt part of his own ſpirit pure from any great offence againſt it. There is a magnanimity which makes us look upon ourſelves with diſdain, after we have been betrayed by ſudden deſire, opportunity of gain, the abſence of a perſon who excels us, the fault of a ſervant, or the ill fortune of an adverſary, into the gratification of luſt, covetouſneſs, envy, rage, or pride; when the more ſublime part of our ſouls is kept alive, and we have not repeated infirmities until they are become vicious habits.

The vice of covetouſneſs is what enters deepeſt into the ſoul of any other; and you may have ſeen men, otherwiſe the moſt agreeable creatures in the world, ſo ſeized with the deſire of being richer, that they ſhall ſtartle at indifferent things, and live in a continual guard and watch over themſelves from a remote fear of expence. No pious man can be ſo circumſpect in the care of his conſcience, as the covetous man is in that of his pocket.

If a man would preſerve his own ſpirit, and his natural approbation of higher and more worthy purſuits, he could never fall into this littleneſs, but his mind would be ſtill open to honour and virtue, in ſpite of infirmities and relapſes. But what extremely diſcourages me in my Precautions as a Guardian, is, that there is an univerſal defection from the admiration of virtue. Riches and outward ſplendor have taken up the place of it; and no man thinks he is mean, if he is not poor. But alas! this deſpicable ſpirit debaſes our very being, and makes our paſſions take a new turn from their natural bent.

It was a cauſe of great ſorrow and melancholy to me ſome nights ago at a play, to ſee a crowd in the habits of the gentry of England ſtupid to the nobleſt ſentiments we have. The circumſtance happened in the ſcene of diſtreſs betwixt Piercy and Anna Bullen: one of the centinels who ſtood on the ſtage, to prevent the diſorders which the moſt unmannerly race of young men that ever were ſeen in any age frequently raiſe in public aſſemblies, upon Piercy's beſeeching to be heard, burſt into tears; upon which the greateſt part of the audience fell into a loud and ignorant laughter; which others, who were touched with the liberal compaſſion in the poor fellow, could hardly ſuppreſs by their clapping. But the man, without the leaſt confuſion or ſhame in his countenance for what had happened, wiped away the tears and was ſtill intent upon the play. The diſtreſs ſtill riſing, the ſoldier was ſo much moved, that he was obliged to turn his face from the audience, to their no ſmall merriment. Piercy had the gallantry to take notice of his honeſt heart: and, as I am told, gave him a crown to help him in his affliction. It is certain this poor fellow, in his humble condition, had ſuch a lively compaſſion as a ſoul unwedded to the world; were it otherwiſe, gay lights and dreſſes, with appearances of people of faſhion and wealth, to which his fortune could not be familiar, would have taken up all his attention and admiration.

It is every thing that is praiſe-worthy, as well as pure religion, (according to a book too ſacred for me to quote) 'to viſit the fatherleſs 'and widows in their affliction, and to keep 'himſelf unſpotted from the world.' Every ſtep that a man makes beyond moderate and reaſonable proviſion, is taking ſo much from the worthineſs of his own ſpirit; and he that is

entirely ſet upon making a fortune, is all that while undoing the man. He muſt grow deaf to the wretched, eſtrange himſelf from the agreeable, learn hardneſs of heart, diſreliſh every thing that is noble, and terminate all in his deſpicable ſelf. Indulgence in any one immoderate deſire or appetite engroſſes the whole creature, and his life is ſacrificed to that one deſire or appetite, but how much otherwiſe is it with thoſe that preſerve alive in them ſomething that adorns their condition, and ſhews the man, whether a prince or a beggar, above his fortune.

I have juſt now recorded a foot-ſoldier for the politeſt man in the Britiſh audience, from the force of nature, untainted with the ſingularity of an ill-applied education. A good ſpirit, that is not abuſed, can add new glories to the higheſt ſtate in the world, as well as give beauties to the meaneſt. I ſhall exemplify this by inſerting a prayer of Harry the Fourth of France juſt before a battle, in which he obtained an entire victory.

O LORD of hoſts, who canſt ſee through the thickeſt veil and cloſeſt diſguiſe, who viewеſt the bottom of my heart, and the deepeſt deſigns of my enemies, who haſt in thy hands, as well as before thine eyes, all the events which concern human life, if thou knoweſt that my reign will promote thy glory and the ſafety of thy people, if thou knoweſt that I have no other ambition in my ſoul, but to advance the honour of thy holy name, and the good of this ſtate, favour, O great God, the juſtice of my arms, and reduce all the rebels to acknowledge him whom thy ſacred decrees, and the order of a lawful ſucceſſion, have made their ſovereign; but if thy good providence has ordered it otherwiſe, and thou ſeeſt that I ſhould prove one of thoſe kings whom thou giveſt in thine anger, take from me, O merciful God, my life and my crown, make me this day a ſacrifice to thy will, let my death end the calamities of France, and let my blood be the laſt that is ſpilt in this quarrel!

The king uttered this generous prayer in a voice, and with a countenance, that inſpired all who heard and beheld him with like magnanimity: then turning to the ſquadron, at the head of which he deſigned to charge—'My fellow-'ſoldiers,' ſaid he, 'as you run my fortune, 'ſo do I yours; your ſafety conſiſts in keeping 'well your ranks; but if the heat of action 'ſhould force you to diſorder, think of nothing 'but rallying again; if you loſe the ſight of 'your colours or ſtandards, look round for 'the white plume in my beaver; you ſhall ſee 'it wherever you are, and it ſhall lead you to 'glory and to victory.'

The magnanimity of this illuſtrious prince was ſupported by a firm reliance on Providence, which inſpired him with a contempt of life, and an aſſurance of conqueſt. His generous ſcorn of royalty, but as it conſiſted with the ſervice of God, and good of his people, is an inſtance, that the mind of man, when it is well diſpoſed, is always above its condition, even though it be that of a monarch.

No. XX. FRIDAY, APRIL 3.

——Minuti
Semper et infirmi eſt animi exiguique voluptas
Ultio——

JUV. SAT. 13. v. 189.

——Revenge, which ſtill we find
The weakeſt frailty of a feeble mind.

CREECH.

ALL gallantry and faſhion, one would imagine, ſhould riſe out of the religion and laws of that nation wherein they prevail; but, alas! in this kingdom, gay characters, and thoſe which lead in the pleaſure and inclinations of the faſhionable world, are ſuch as are read eſt to practiſe crimes the moſt abhorrent to nature, and contradictory to our faith. A chriſtian and a gentleman are made inconſiſtent appellations of the ſame perſon; you are not to expect eternal life, if you do not forgive injuries, and your mortal life is uncomfortable, if you are not ready to commit murder in reſentment for an affront; for good ſenſe as well as religion is ſo utterly baniſhed the world, that men glory in their very paſſions, and purſue trifles

with the utmoſt vengeance; ſo little do they know that to forgive is the moſt arduous pitch human nature can arrive at: a coward has often fought, a coward has often conquered, but 'a coward never forgave.' The power of doing that flows from a ſtrength of ſoul conſcious of its own force; whence it draws a certain ſafety, which its enemy is not of conſideration enough to interrupt; for it is peculiar in the make of a brave man to have his friends ſeem much above him, his enemies much below him.

Yet though the neglect of our enemies may, ſo intenſe a forgiveneſs as the love of them is not to be in the leaſt accounted for by the force of conſtitution, but is a more ſpiritual and refined moral, introduced by him who died for thoſe that perſecuted him; yet very juſtly delivered to us, when we conſider ourſelves offenders, and to be forgiven on the reaſonable terms of forgiving; for who can aſk what he will not beſtow? Eſpecially when that gift is attended with a redemption from the cruelleſt ſlavery to the moſt acceptable freedom: for when the mind is in contemplation of revenge, all its thoughts muſt ſurely be tortured with the alternate pangs of rancour, envy, hatred, and indignation; and they who profeſs a ſweet in the enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the conſummate bliſs of reconciliation: at ſuch an inſtant the falſe ideas we receive unravel, and the ſhyneſs, the diſtruſt, the ſecret ſcorns, and all the baſe ſatisfactions men had in each others faults, and misfortunes, are diſpelled, and their ſouls appear in their native whiteneſs, without the leaſt ſtreak of that malice or diſtaſte which ſullied them: and perhaps thoſe very actions, which (when we looked at them in the oblique glance with which hatred doth always ſee things) were horrid and odious, when obſerved with honeſt and open eyes, are beautdous and ornamental.

But if men are averſe to us in the moſt violent degree, and we can never bring them to an amicable temper, then indeed we are to exert an obſtinate oppoſition to them; and never let the malice of our enemies have ſo effectual an advantage over us, as to eſcape our goodwill: for the neglected and deſpiſed tenets of religion are ſo generous, and in ſo tranſcendent and heroic a manner diſpoſed for public good, that it is not in a man's power to avoid their influence; for the chriſtian is as much inclined to your ſervice when your enemy, as the moral man when your friend.

But the followers of a crucified Saviour muſt root out of their hearts all ſenſe that there is any thing great and noble in pride or haughtineſs of ſpirit; yet it will be very difficult to fix that idea in our ſouls, except we can think as worthily of ourſelves, when we practiſe the contrary virtues; we muſt learn and be convinced, that there is ſomething ſublime and heroic in true meekneſs and humility, for they ariſe from a great, not a grovelling idea of things; for as certainly as pride proceeds from a mean and narrow view of the little advantages about a man's ſelf, ſo meekneſs is founded on the extended contemplation of the place we bear in the univerſe, and a juſt obſervation how little, how empty, how wavering are our deepeſt reſolves and counſels. And as (to a well-taught mind) when you have ſaid an haughty and proud man, you have ſpoke a narrow conception, little ſpirit, and deſpicable carriage; ſo when you have ſaid a man is meek and humble, you have acquainted us that ſuch a perſon has arrived at the hardeſt taſk in the world, in an univerſal obſervation round him, to be quick to ſee his own faults, and other men's virtues, and at the height of pardoning every man ſooner than himſelf; you have alſo given us to underſtand, that to treat him kindly, ſincerely, and reſpectfully, is but mere juſtice to him that is ready to do us the ſame offices. This temper of ſoul keeps us always awake to a juſt ſenſe of things, teaches us that we are as well akin to worms as to angels; and as nothing is above theſe, ſo nothing below thoſe. It keeps our underſtanding tight about us, ſo that all things appear to us great or little, as they are in nature and the ſight of heaven, not as they are gilded or ſullied by accident or fortune.

It were to be wiſhed that all men of ſenſe would think it worth their while to reflect upon the dignity of chriſtian virtues, it would poſſibly enlarge their ſouls into ſuch a contempt of what faſhion and prejudice have made honourable, that their duty, inclination, and honour, would tend the ſame way, and make all their lives an uniform act of religion and virtue.

As to the great cataſtrophe of this day *, on which the Mediator of the world ſuffered the greateſt indignities and death itſelf for the ſalvation of mankind, it would be worth gentlemens conſideration, whether from his example it would not be proper to kill all inclinations to revenge: and examine whether it would not be expedient to receive new notions of what is great and honourable.

This is neceſſary againſt the day wherein he who died ignominiouſly for us 'ſhall deſcend 'from Heaven to be our judge, in majeſty and 'glory.' How will the man who ſhall die by the ſword of pride and wrath, and in contention with his brother, appear before him, at 'whoſe 'preſence nature ſhall be in an agony, and the 'great and glorious bodies of light be obſcured; 'when the ſun ſhall be darkened, the moon 'turned into blood, and all the powers of Hea-'ven ſhaken; when the heavens themſelves 'ſhall paſs away with a great noiſe, and the 'elements diſſolve with fervent heat; when the 'earth alſo, and all the works that are therein 'ſhall be burnt up?'

What may juſtly damp in our minds the diabolical madneſs, which prompts us to decide our petty animoſities by the hazard of eternity, is, that in one act the criminal does not only highly offend, but forces himſelf into the preſence of his judge; that is certainly his caſe who dies in a duel. I cannot but repeat it, he that dies in a duel knowingly offends God, and in that very action ruſhes into his offended preſence. Is it poſſible for the heart of man to conceive a more terrible image than that of a departed ſpirit in this condition? Could we but ſuppoſe it has juſt left its body, and ſtruck with the terrible reflection, that to avoid the laughter fools, and being the by-word of idiots, it has now precipitated itſelf into the din of demons, and the howlings of eternal deſpair, how willingly now would it ſuffer the imputation of fear and cowardice, to have one moment left not to tremble in vain?

The Scriptures are full of pathetical and warm pictures of the condition of an happy or miſerable futurity; and, I am confident, that the frequent reading of them would make the way to an happy eternity ſo agreeable and pleaſant, that he who tries it will find the difficulties, which he before ſuffered in ſhunning the allurements of vice, abſorbed in the pleaſure he will take in the purſuit of virtue: and how happy muſt the mortal be, who thinks himſelf in the favour of the Almighty, and can think of death as a thing which it is an infirmity not to deſire?

No. XXI. SATURDAY, APRIL 4.

——————Fungar inani
Munere——

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 885.

An empty office I'll diſcharge.

DOCTOR Tillotſon, in his diſcourſe concerning the 'Danger of all known 'ſin, both from the light of nature and reve-'lation,' after having given us the deſcription of the laſt-day out of Holy Writ, has this remarkable paſſage.

'I appeal to any man, whether this be not 'a repreſentation of things very proper and 'ſuitable to that great day, wherein he who 'made the world ſhall come to judge it? And 'whether the wit of man ever deviſed any thing 'ſo awful, and ſo agreeable to the majeſty of 'God, and the ſolemn judgment of the 'whole world? The deſcriptions which Vir-'gil makes of the Elyſian Fields, and the 'Infernal Regions, how infinitely do they 'fall ſhort of the majeſty of the Holy Scrip-'ture, and the deſcriptions there made of 'Heaven and Hell, and of the great and 'terrible day of the Lord! ſo that in com-'pariſon they are childiſh and trifling; and 'yet perhaps he had the moſt regular and 'moſt governed imagination of any man 'that ever lived, and obſerved the greateſt de-'corum in his characters and deſcriptions. 'But who can declare the great things of

* Viz. Good-Friday.

'God, but he to whom God ſhall reveal 'them?'

This obſervation was worthy a moſt polite man, and ought to be of authority with all who are ſuch, ſo far as to examine whether he ſpoke that as a man of a juſt taſte and judgment, or advanced it merely for the ſervice of his doctrine as a clergyman.

I am very confident, whoever reads the Goſpels with a heart as much prepared in favour of them as when he ſits down to Virgil or Homer, will find no paſſage there which is not told with more natural force, than any epiſode in either of thoſe wits, which were the chief of mere mankind.

The laſt thing I read was the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Luke, which gives an account of the manner in which our bleſſed Saviour, after his reſurrection, joined with two diſciples on the way to Emmaus as an ordinary traveller, and took the privilege as ſuch to enquire of them what occaſioned a ſadneſs he obſerved in their countenances; or whether it was from any public cauſe. Their wonder that any man ſo near Jeruſalem ſhould be a ſtranger to what had paſſed there; their acknowledgment to one they met accidentally that they had believed in this prophet: and that now, the third day after his death, they were in doubt as to their pleaſing hope which occaſioned the heavineſs he took notice of; are all repreſented in a ſtyle which men of letters call 'the great and noble ſimplicity.' The attention of the diſciples when he expounded the Scriptures concerning himſelf, his offering to take his leave of them, their fondneſs of his ſtay, and the manifeſtation of the great gueſt whom they had entertained while he was yet at meat with them, are all incidents which wonderfully pleaſe the imagination of a chriſtian reader; and give to him ſomething of that touch of mind which the brethren felt, when they ſaid one to another —'Did not our hearts burn within us, while 'he talked with us by the way, and while he 'opened to us the Scriptures?'

I am very far from pretending to treat theſe matters as they deſerve; but I hope thoſe gentlemen who are qualified for it, and called to it, will forgive me, and conſider that I ſpeak as a mere ſecular man, impartially conſidering the effect which the Sacred Writings will have upon the ſoul of an intelligent reader; and it is ſome argument, that a thing is the immediate work of God, when it ſo infinitely tranſcends all the labours of man. When I look upon Raphael's picture of our Saviour appearing to his diſciples after his reſurrection, I cannot but think the juſt diſpoſition of that piece has in it the force of many volumes on the ſubject: the evangeliſts are eaſily diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by a paſſionate zeal and love which the painter has thrown in their faces; the huddled group of thoſe who ſtand moſt diſtant, are admirable repreſentations of men abaſhed with their late unbelief and hardneſs of heart. And ſuch endeavours as this of Raphael, and of all men not called to the altar, are collateral helps not to be deſpiſed by the miniſters of the goſpel.

It is with this view that I preſume upon ſubjects of this kind, and men may take up this paper, and be catched by an admonition under the diſguiſe of a diverſion.

All the arts and ſciences ought to be employed in one confederacy againſt the prevailing torrent of vice and impiety; and it will be no ſmall ſtep in the progreſs of religion, if it is as evident as it ought to be, that he wants the beſt taſte and beſt ſenſe a man can have, who is cold to the 'beauty of holineſs.'

As for my part, when I have happened to attend the corpſe of a friend to his interment, and have ſeen a graceful man at the entrance of a church-yard, who became the dignity of his function, and aſſumed an authority which is natural to truth, pronounce—'I am the re-'ſurrection and the life; he that believeth in 'me, though he were dead, yet ſhall he live; 'and whoſoever liveth and believeth in me 'ſhall never die:' I ſay, upon ſuch an occaſion, the retroſpect upon paſt actions between the deceaſed whom I followed and myſelf, together with the many little circumſtances that ſtrike upon the ſoul, and alternately give grief and conſolation, have vaniſhed like a dream; and I have been relieved as by a voice from Heaven, when the ſolemnity has proceeded, and after a long pauſe I again heard the ſervant of God utter—'I know that my 'Redeemer liveth, and that he ſhall ſtand 'at the latter day upon the earth; and though 'worms deſtroy this body, yet in my fleſh 'ſhall I ſee God; whom I ſhall ſee for myſelf,

'and my eyes ſhall behold, and not another.' How have I been raiſed above this world and all its regards, and how well prepared to receive the next ſentence which the holy man has ſpoken!—'We brought nothing into 'this world, and it is certain we can car-'ry nothing out; the Lord gave, and the 'Lord hath taken away, bleſſed be the name 'of the Lord!'

There are, I know, men of heavy temper without genius, who can read theſe expreſſions of Scripture with as much indifference as they do the reſt of theſe looſe papers: however, I will not deſpair but bring men of wit into a love and admiration of Sacred Writings; and, old as I am, I promiſe myſelf to ſee the day when it ſhall be as much in faſhion among men of politeneſs to admire a rapture of St. Paul, as any fine expreſſion in Virgil or Horace; and to ſee a well dreſſed young man produce an evangeliſt out of his pocket, and be no more out of countenance than if it were a claſſic printed by Elzevir.

It is a gratitude that ought to be paid to Providence by men of diſtinguiſhed faculties, to praiſe and adore the Author of their being with a ſpirit ſuitable to thoſe faculties, and rouſe ſlower men by their words, actions and writings to a participation of their tranſports and thankſgivings.

No. XXII. MONDAY, APRIL 6.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem ſylvaſque inglorius.—— VIRG. GEORG. 2. v. 485.

My next deſire is, void of care and ſtrife,
To lead a ſoft, ſecure, inglorious life;
A country cottage near a cryſtal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood. DRYDEN.

PASTORAL Poetry not only amuſes the fancy the moſt delightfully, but is likewiſe more indebted to it than any other ſort whatſoever. It tranſports us into a kind of Fairy-land, where our ears are ſoothed with the melody of birds, bleating flocks, and purling ſtreams; our eyes enchanted with flowery meadows and ſpringing greens; we are laid under cool ſhades, and entertained with all the ſweets and freſhneſs of nature. It is a dream, it is a viſion, which we wiſh may be real, and we believe that it is true.

Mrs. Cornelia Lizard's head was ſo far turned with theſe imaginations, when we were laſt in the country, that ſhe loſt her reſt by liſtening to nightingales; ſhe kept a pair of turtles cooing in her chamber, and had a tame lamb running after her up and down the houſe. I uſed all gentle methods to bring her to herſelf; as having had a deſign heretofore of turning ſhepherd myſelf, when I read Virgil or Theocritus at Oxford. But as my age and experience have armed me againſt any temptation to the paſtoral life, I can now with the greater ſafety conſider it; and ſhall lay down ſuch rules, as thoſe of my readers who have the aforeſaid deſign, ought to obſerve, if they would follow the ſteps of the ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes of ancient times.

In order to form a right judgment of Paſtoral Poetry, it will be neceſſary to caſt back our eyes on the firſt ages of the world; for ſince that way of life is not now in being, we muſt enquire into the manner of it when it actually did exiſt. Before mankind was formed into large ſocieties, or cities were built, and commerce eſtabliſhed, the wealth of the world conſiſted chiefly in flocks and herds. The tending of theſe, we find to have been the employment of the firſt princes, whoſe ſubjects were ſheep and oxen, and their dominions the adjoining vales. As they lived in great affluence and eaſe, we may preſume that they enjoyed ſuch pleaſure as that condition afforded, free and uninterrupted. Their manner of life gave them vigour of body, and ſerenity of mind. The abundance they were poſſeſſed of ſecured them from avarice, ambition, or envy; they could ſcarce have any anxieties or contentions, where every one had more than he could tell what to do with. Love, indeed, might occaſion ſome rivalſhips amongſt them,

becauſe many lovers fix upon one object, for the loſs of which they will be ſatisfied with no compenſation. Otherwiſe it was a ſtate of eaſe innocence, and contentment; where plenty begot pleaſure, and pleaſure begot ſinging, and ſinging begot poetry, and poetry begot pleaſure again.

Thus happy was the firſt race of men but rude withal and cultivated: for before they could make any conſiderable progreſs in arts and ſciences, the tranquillity of the rural life was deſtroyed by turbulent and ambitious ſpirits; who, having built cities, raiſed armies, and ſtudied policies of ſtate, made vaſſals of the defenceleſs ſhepherds, and rendered that which was before eaſy and unreſtrained, a mean, laborious, miſerable condition. Hence, if we conſider the paſtoral period before learning, we ſhall find it unpoliſhed; if after, we ſhall find it unpleaſant.

The uſe that I would make of this ſhort review of the country life ſhall be this. An author that would amuſe himſelf by writing Paſtorals, ſhould form in his fancy a rural ſcene of perfect eaſe and tranquillity, where innocence, ſimplicity, and joy, abound. It is not enough that he writes about the country; he muſt give us what is agreeable in that ſcene, and hide what is wretched. It is, indeed, commonly affirmed, that truth well painted will certainly pleaſe the imagination; but it is ſometimes convenient not to diſcover the whole truth, but that part only which is delightful. We muſt ſometimes ſhow only half an image to the fancy; which if we diſplay in a lively manner, the mind is ſo dextrouſly deluded, that it doth not readily perceive that the other half is concealed. Thus in writing Paſtorals, let the tranquillity of that life appear full and plain, but hide the meanneſs of it; repreſent its ſimplicity as clear as you pleaſe, but cover its miſery. I would not hereby be ſo underſtood, as if I thought nothing that is irkſome or unpleaſant ſhould have a place in theſe writings; I only mean that this ſtate of life in general ſhould be ſuppoſed agreeable. But as there is no condition exempt from anxiety, I will allow ſhepherds to be afflicted with ſuch misfortunes as the loſs of a favourite lamb, or a faithleſs miſtreſs. He may, if you pleaſe, pick a thorn out of his foot, or vent his grief for loſing the prize in dancing; but theſe being ſmall torments, they recommend that ſtate which only produces ſuch trifling evils. Again, I would not ſeem ſo ſtrict in my notions of innocence and ſimplicity, as to deny the uſe of a little railing, or the liberty of ſtealing a kid or a ſheephook. For theſe are likewiſe ſuch petty enormities, that we muſt think the country happy where theſe are the greateſt tranſgreſſions.

When a reader is placed in ſuch a ſcene as I have deſcribed, and introduced into ſuch company as I have choſen, he gives himſelf up to the pleaſing deluſion; and ſince every one doth not know how it comes to paſs, I will venture to tell him why he is pleaſed.

The firſt reaſon is, becauſe all mankind love eaſe. Though ambition and avarice employ moſt mens thoughts, they are ſuch uneaſy habits, that we do not indulge them out of choice, but from ſome neceſſity, real or imaginary. We ſeek happineſs, in which eaſe is the principal ingredient; and the end propoſed in our moſt reſtleſs purſuits is tranquillity. We are therefore ſoothed and delighted with the repreſentation of it, and fancy we partake of the pleaſure.

A ſecond reaſon is our ſecret approbation of innocence and ſimplicity. Human nature is not ſo much depraved, as to hinder us from reſpecting goodneſs in others, though we ourſelves want it. This is the reaſon why we are ſo much charmed with the pretty prattle of children, and even the expreſſions of pleaſure or uneaſineſs in ſome part of the brute creation. They are without artifice or malice; and we love truth too well to reſiſt the charms of ſincerity.

A third reaſon is our love of the country. Health, tranquillity, and pleaſing objects, are the growth of the country; and though men for the general good of the world, are made to love populous cities, the country hath the greateſt ſhare in an uncorrupted heart. When we paint, deſcribe, or any way indulge our fancy, the country is the ſcene which ſupplies us with the moſt lovely images. This ſtate was that wherein God placed Adam when in Paradiſe; nor could all the fanciful wits of antiquity imagine any thing that could adminiſter more exquiſite delight in their Elyſium.

No. XXIII. TUESDAY, APRIL 7.

——————Extrema per illos
Juſtitia excedens terris veſtigia fecit. VIRG. GEORG. 2. v. 473.

From hence Aſtrea took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing ſteps appear. DRYDEN.

HAVING already conveyed my reader into the Fairy or Paſtoral Land, and informed him what manner of life the inhabitants of that region lead; I ſhall, in this day's paper, give him ſome marks whereby he may diſcover whether he is impoſed upon by thoſe who pretend to be of that country; or, in other words, what are the characteriſtics of a true Arcadian.

From the foregoing account of the paſtoral life, we may diſcover that ſimplicity is neceſſary in the character of ſhepherds. Their minds muſt be ſuppoſed ſo rude and uncultivated, that nothing but what is plain and unaffected can come from them. Nevertheleſs, we are not obliged to repreſent them dull and ſtupid, ſince fine ſpirits were undoubtedly in the world before arts were invented to poliſh and adorn them. We may therefore introduce ſhepherds with good ſenſe, and even with wit, provided their manner of thinking be not too gallant or refined: for all men, both rude and polite, think and conceive things the ſame way, (truth being eternally the ſame to all) though they expreſs them very differently. For here lies the difference: men who, by long ſtudy and experience, have reduced their ideas to certain claſſes, and conſider the general nature of things abſtracted from particulars, expreſs their thoughts after a more conciſe, lively, ſurpriſing manner. Thoſe who have little experience, or cannot abſtract, deliver their ſentiments in plain deſcriptions, by circumſtances, and thoſe obſervations which either ſtrike upon the ſenſes, or are the firſt motions of the mind. And though the former raiſes our admiration more, the latter gives more pleaſure, and ſoothes us more naturally. Thus a courtly lover may ſay to his miſtreſs—

With thee for ever I in woods could reſt,
Where never human foot the ground hath preſt;
Thou e'en from dungeons darkneſs canſt exclude,
And from a deſart baniſh ſolitude.

A ſhepherd will content himſelf to ſay the ſame thing more ſimply—

Come, Roſalind, Oh, come! for without thee
What pleaſure can the country have for me?

Again, ſince ſhepherds are not allowed to make deep reflections, the addreſs required is ſo to relate an action, that the circumſtances put together ſhall cauſe the reader to reflect. Thus, by one delicate circumſtance, Corydon tells Alexis that he is the fineſt ſongſter of the country—

Of ſeven ſmooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
Which with his dying breath Damœtas gave:
And ſaid—'This, Corydon, I leave to thee,
'For only thou deſerv'ſt it after me.'

As in another paſtoral writer, after the ſame manner, a ſhepherd informs us how much his miſtreſs likes him—

As I to cool me bath'd one ſultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the ſedges lay.
The wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly,
Yet often ſtopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

If ever a reflection be pardonable in paſtorals, it is where the thought is ſo obvious, that it ſeems to come eaſily to the mind; as in the following admirable improvement of Virgil and Theocritus:

Fair is my flock, not yet uncomely I,
If liquid fountains flatter not. And why
Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet ſhow
The bordering flowers leſs beauteous than they grow?

A ſecond characteriſtic of a true ſhepherd is ſimplicity of manners, or innocence. This is ſo obvious from what I have before advanced, that it would be but repetition to inſiſt long upon it. I ſhall only remind the reader, that as

the paſtoral life is ſuppoſed to be where nature is not much depraved, ſincerity and truth will generally run through it. Some ſlight tranſgreſſions for the ſake of variety may be admitted, which in effect will only ſerve to ſet off the ſimplicity of it in general. I cannot better illuſtrate this rule than by the following example of a ſwain who found his miſtreſs aſleep:

Once Delia ſlept, on eaſy moſs reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind;
I ſmooth'd her coats, and ſtole a ſilent kiſs:
Condemn me, ſhepherds, if I did amiſs.

A third ſign of a ſwain is, that ſomething of religion, and even ſuperſtition, is a part of his character. For we find that thoſe who have lived eaſy lives in the country, and contemplate the works of nature, live in the greateſt awe of their Author. Nor doth this humour prevail leſs now than of old: our peaſants as ſincerely believe the tales of goblins and fairies, as the heathens thoſe of fauns, nymphs, and ſatyrs. Hence we find the works of Virgil and Theocritus with left-hand ravens, blaſted oaks, witchcrafts, evil eyes, and the like. And I obſerve with great pleaſure, that our Engliſh author of the paſtorals I have quoted hath practiſed this ſecret with admirable judgment.

I will yet add another mark, which may be obſerved very often in the above-named poets, which is agreeable to the character of ſhepherds, and nearly allied to ſuperſtition; I mean the uſe of proverbial ſayings. I take the common ſimilitudes in paſtoral to be of the proverbial order, which are ſo frequent, that it is needleſs and would be tireſome to quote them. I ſhall only take notice upon this head, that it is a nice piece of art to raiſe a proverb above the vulgar ſtyle, and ſtill keep it eaſy and unaffected. Thus the old wiſh— 'God reſt his 'ſoul,' is finely turned—

Then gentle Sidney lived, the ſhepherd's friend:
Eternal bleſſings on his ſhade attend.

No. XXIV. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8.

———*Dicenda tacendaque calles?* PERS. SAT. 4. v. 5.

———*Doſt thou, ſo young,*
Know when to ſpeak, and when to hold thy tongue? DRYDEN.

JACK Lizard was about fifteen when he was firſt entered in the univerſity; and being a youth of a great deal of fire, and a more than ordinary application to his ſtudies, it gave his converſation a very particular turn. He had too much ſpirit to hold his tongue in company; but, at the ſame time, ſo little acquaintance with the world, that he did not know how to talk like other people.

After a year and half's ſtay at the univerſity, he came down among us to paſs away a month or two in the country. The firſt night after his arrival, as we were at ſupper, we were all of us very much improved by Jack's table talk. He told us, upon the appearance of a diſh of wild fowl, that, according to the opinion of ſome natural philoſophers, they might be lately come from the moon. Upon which the Sparkler burſting out into a laugh, he inſulted her with ſeveral queſtions relating to the bigneſs and diſtance of the moon and ſtars; and after every interrogatory, would be winking upon me, and ſmiling at his ſiſter's ignorance. Jack gained his point; for the mother was pleaſed, and all the ſervants ſtared at the learning of their young maſter. Jack was ſo encouraged at this ſucceſs, that for the firſt week he dealt wholly in paradoxes. It was a common jeſt with him to pinch one of his ſiſter's lap-dogs, and afterwards prove he could not feel it. When the girls were ſorting a ſet of knots, he demonſtrated to them that all the ribbons were of the ſame colour; or rather ſays Jack, of no colour at all. My Lady Lizard herſelf, though ſhe was not a little pleaſed with her ſon's improvements, was one day almoſt angry with him; for having accidentally burnt her fingers as ſhe was lighting the lamp for her tea-pot; in the midſt of her anguiſh, Jack laid hold of the opportunity to inſtruct her that there was no ſuch thing as heat in fire. In ſhort, no day paſſed over our heads,

in which Jack did not imagine he made the whole family wiſer than they were before.

That part of his converſation which gave me the moſt pain, was what paſſed among thoſe country gentlemen that came to viſit us. On ſuch occaſions Jack uſually took upon him to be the mouth of the company; and thinking himſelf obliged to be very merry, would entertain us with a great many odd ſayings and abſurdities of their college-cook. I found this fellow had made a very ſtrong impreſſion upon Jack's imagination; which he never conſidered was not the caſe with the reſt of the company, until after many repeated trials he found that his ſtories ſeldom made any body laugh but himſelf.

I all this while looked upon Jack as a young tree ſhooting out into bloſſoms before its time; the redundancy of which, though it was a little unſeaſonable, ſeemed to foretel an uncommon fruitfulneſs.

In order to wear out the vein of pedantry which ran through his converſation, I took him out with me one evening, and firſt of all inſinuated to him this rule, which I had myſelf learned from a very great author—'To think 'with the wiſe, but talk with the vulgar.' Jack's good ſenſe ſoon made him reflect that he had expoſed himſelf, to the laughter of the ignorant by a contrary behaviour; upon which he told me, that he would take care for the future to keep his notions to himſelf, and converſe in the common received ſentiments of mankind. He at the ſame time deſired me to give him any other Rules of Converſation which I thought might be for his improvement. I told him I would think of it; and accordingly, as I have a particular affection for the young man, I gave him the next morning the following Rules in writing, which may perhaps have contributed to make him the agreeable man he is now.

THE faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we expreſs by the word Converſation, has always been repreſented by moral writers as one of the nobleſt privileges of reaſon, and which more particularly ſets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing ſo much gains upon the affections as this extempore eloquence, which we have conſtantly occaſion for, and are obliged to practiſe every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The converſation of moſt men is diſagreeable, not ſo much for want of wit and learning, as of good-breeding and diſcretion.

If you reſolve to pleaſe, never ſpeak to gratify any particular vanity or paſſion of your own, but always with a deſign either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of theſe is always eaſy in his diſcourſe. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, becauſe he conſiders that thoſe who hear him are the beſt judges whether what he was ſaying could either divert or inform them.

A modeſt perſon ſeldom fails to gain the good-will of thoſe he converſes with, becauſe nobody envies a man who does not appear pleaſed with himſelf.

We ſhould talk extremely little of ourſelves. Indeed what can we ſay? it would be as imprudent to diſcover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domeſtic affairs are no leſs improper to be introduced in converſation. What does it concern the company how many horſes you keep in your ſtables! Or whether your ſervant is moſt knave or fool?

A man may equally affront the company he is in, by engroſſing all the talk, or obſerving a contemptuous ſilence.

Before you tell a ſtory, it may be generally not amiſs to draw a ſhort character, and give the company a true idea of the principal perſons concerned in it: the beauty of moſt things conſiſting not ſo much in their being ſaid or done, as in their being ſaid or done by ſuch a particular perſon, or on ſuch a particular occaſion.

Notwithſtanding all the advantages of youth, few young people pleaſe in converſation: the reaſon is, that want of experience makes them poſitive, and what they ſay is rather with a deſign to pleaſe themſelves than any one elſe.

It is certain that age itſelf ſhall make many things paſs well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more inſupportable to men of ſenſe, than an empty formal man who ſpeaks in proverbs, and decides all controverſies with a ſhort ſentence. This piece of ſtu-

pidity is the more inſufferable, as it puts on the air of wiſdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular ſcience, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not, methinks, an handſomer thing ſaid of Mr. Cowley in his whole life, than that none but his friends ever diſcovered he was a great poet by his diſcourſe: beſides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to loſe. I might add, that he who is ſometimes ſilent ona ſubject where every one is ſatisfied he could ſpeak well, will often be thought no leſs knowing in other matters, where, perhaps, he is wholly ignorant.

Women are frightened at the name of argument, and are ſooner convinced by an happy turn, or witty expreſſion, than by demonſtration.

Whenever you commend, add your reaſons for doing ſo; it is this which diſtinguiſhes the approbation of a man of ſenſe from the flattery of ſycophants, and admiration of fools.

Raillery is no longer agreeable than while the company is pleaſed with it. I would leaſt of all be underſtood to except the perſon raillied.

Though good-humour, ſenſe, and diſcretion, can ſeldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may not be ill policy ſometimes to prepare yourſelf in a particular manner for converſation, by looking a little further than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning ſubject. If our armies are beſieging a place of importance abroad, or our Houſe of Commons debating a bill of conſequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleaſure, if you have nicely informed yourſelf of the ſtrength, ſituation, and hiſtory of the firſt, or of the reaſons for and againſt the latter. It will have the ſame effect if, when any ſingle perſon begins to make a noiſe in the world, you can learn ſome of the ſmalleſt accidents in his life or converſation, which, though they are too fine for the obſervation of the vulgar, give more ſatisfaction to men of ſenſe, (as they are the beſt openings to a real character) than the recital of his moſt glaring actions. I know but one ill conſequence to be feared from this method, namely, that coming full charged into company, you ſhould reſolve to unload whether an handſome opportunity offers itſelf or no.

Though the aſking of queſtions may plead for itſelf the ſpecious names of modeſty, and a deſire of information, it affords little pleaſure to the reſt of the company who are not troubled with the ſame doubts; beſides which, he who aſks a queſtion would do well to conſider that he lies wholly at the mercy of another before he receives an anſwer.

Nothing is more ſilly than the pleaſure ſome people take in what they call 'ſpeaking their 'minds.' A man of this make will ſay a rude thing for the mere pleaſure of ſaying it, when an oppoſite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preſerved his friend, or made his fortune.

It is not impoſſible for a man to form to himſelf as exquiſite a pleaſure in complying with the humour and ſentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; ſince it is the certain ſign of a ſuperior genius, that can take and become whatever dreſs it pleaſes.

I ſhall only add, that, beſides what I have here ſaid, there is ſomething which can never be learnt but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices; and your own obſervations added to theſe, will ſoon diſcover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and diſpleaſed with the diſcourſe of another.

No. XXV. THURSDAY, APRIL 9.

———Quis tam Lucili fautor inepte eſt,
Ut non hoc fateatur?——— HOR. SAT. 10. L. 1. V. 2.

*———What friend of his **
So blindly partial to deny me this? CREECH.

THE prevailing humour of crying up authors that have writ in the days of our forefathers, and of paſſing ſlightly over the merit of our contemporaries, is a grievance that men of a free and unprejudiced thought have complained of through all ages in their writings.

I went home laſt night full of theſe reflections from a coffee-houſe, where a great many excellent writings were arraigned, and many very indifferent ones applauded, more (as it ſeemed to me) upon account of their date, than upon any intrinſic value or demerit. The converſation ended with great encomiums upon my Lord Verulam's Hiſtory of Henry the Seventh. The company were unanimous in their approbation of it. I was too well acquainted with the traditional vogue of that book throughout the whole nation, to venture my thoughts upon it. Neither would I now offer my judgment upon that work to the public, (ſo great a veneration have I for the memory of a man whoſe writings are the glory of our nation) but that the authority of ſo leading a name may perpetuate a vicious taſte amongſt us, and betray future hiſtorians to copy after a model, which I cannot help thinking far from complete.

As to the fidelity of the Hiſtory I have nothing to ſay; to examine it impartially in that view would require much pains and leiſure: but as to the compoſition of it, and ſometimes the choice of matter, I am apt to believe it will appear a little faulty to an unprejudiced reader. A complete hiſtorian ſhould be endowed with the eſſential qualifications of a great poet. His ſtyle muſt be majeſtic and grave, as well as ſimple and unaffected; his narration ſhould be animated, ſhort, and clear, and ſo as even to outrun the impatience of the reader, if poſſible. This can only be done by being very ſparing and choice of words, by retrenching all cold and ſuperfluous circumſtances in an action, and by dwelling upon ſuch alone as are material, and fit to delight or inſtruct a ſerious mind. This is what we find in the great models of antiquity; and in a more particular manner in Livy, whom it is impoſſible to read without the warmeſt emotions.

But my Lord Verulam, on the contrary, is ever in the tedious ſtyle of declaimers, uſing two words for one; ever endeavouring to be witty, and as fond of out-of-the-way ſimilies as ſome of our old play-writers. He abounds in low phraſes, beneath the dignity of Hiſtory, and often condeſcends to little conceits and quibbles. His political reflections are frequently falſe, almoſt every where trivial and puerile. His whole manner of turning his thoughts is full of affectation and pedantry; and there appears throughout his whole work more the air of a recluſe ſcholar, than a man verſed in the world.

After paſſing ſo free a cenſure upon a book which for theſe hundred years and upwards has met with the moſt univerſal approbation, I am obliged, in my own defence, to tranſcribe ſome of the many paſſages I formerly collected for the uſe of my firſt charge, Sir Marmaduke Lizard. It would be endleſs ſhould I point out the frequent tautologies and circumlocutions that occur in every page, which do (as it were) rarify inſtead of condenſing his thoughts and matter. It was in all probability his application to the law that gave him a habit of being ſo wordy; of which I ſhall put down two or three examples.

'That all records, wherein there was any me-
'mory or mention of the king's attainder, ſhould
'be defaced, cancelled, and taken off the file--Di-
'vers ſecret and nimble ſcouts and ſpies, &c. to
'learn, ſearch and diſcover all the circumſtances
'and particulars—To aſſail, ſap, and work into
'the conſtancy of Sir Robert Clifford.'

* Of the poet Lucilius.

I leave the following paſſages to every one's conſideration, without making any farther remarks upon them.

'He ſhould be well enough able to ſcatter 'the Iriſh as a flight of birds, and rattle 'away this ſwarm of bees with their king.— 'The rebels took their way towards York, '&c. but their ſnow-ball did not gather as it 'went—So that (in a kind of mattacina of 'human fortune) he turned a broach that 'had worn a crown; whereas fortune com-'monly doth not bring in a comedy or farce 'after a tragedy—The queen was crowned, '&c. about two years after the marriage, 'like an old chriſtening that had ſtaid long 'for godfathers—Deſirous to trouble the 'waters in Italy, that he might fiſh the bet-'ter, caſting the net not out of St. Peter's, 'but out of Borgia's bark—And therefore, 'upon the firſt grain of incenſe that was ſa-'crificed upon the altar of peace at Bulloigne, 'Perkin was ſmoked away—This was the 'end of this little cockatrice of a king, that 'was able to deſtroy thoſe that did not eſpy 'him firſt—It was obſerved, that the great 'tempeſt, which drove Philip into England, 'blew down the golden eagle from the ſpire 'of St. Paul's; and in the fall it fell upon the 'ſign of the Black Eagle, which was in 'Paul's Church-yard, in the place where the 'ſchool-houſe now ſtandeth, and battered it, 'and broke it down: which was a ſtrange 'ſtooping of a hawk upon a fowl—The king 'began to find where his ſhoe did wring him '—In whoſe boſom or budget moſt of Per-'kins's ſecrets were laid up—One might 'know afar off where the owl was by the 'flight of birds—Bold men, and careleſs of 'fame, and that took toll of their maſter's 'griſt—Empſon and Dudley would have cut 'another chop out of him—Peter Hialas, 'ſome call him Elias; ſurely he was the fore-'runner of, &c.—Lionel, Biſhop of Con-'cordia, was ſent as nuncio, &c. but not-'withſtanding he had a good ominous name 'to have made a peace, nothing followed— 'Taxing him for a greater tax of his peo-'ple—Not by proclamations, but by court-'ſames, which commonly print better 'than printed proclamations—Sir Edward 'Poynings was enforced to make a wild chace 'upon the wild Iriſh—In ſparing of blood by 'the bleeding of ſo much treaſure—And al-'though his own caſe had both ſteel and 'parchment more than the other; that is to 'ſay, a conqueſt in the field, and an act of 'parliament—That Pope knowing that King 'Henry the Sixth was reputed in the world 'abroad but for a ſimple man, was afraid it 'would but diminiſh the eſtimation of that 'kind of honour, if there were not a diſtance 'kept between innocents and ſaints.'

Not to trouble my reader with any more inſtances of the like nature, I muſt obſerve, that the whole work is ill conducted, and the ſtory of Perkin Warbeck (which ſhould have been only like an epiſode in a poem) is ſpun out to near a third part of the book. The character of Henry the Seventh, at the end, is rather an abſtract of his hiſtory than a character. It is tedious, and diverſified with ſo many particulars as confound the reſemblance, and make it almoſt impoſſible for the reader to form any diſtinct idea of the perſon. It is not thus the ancients drew their characters; but in a few juſt and bold ſtrokes gave you the diſtinguiſhing features of the mind, (if I may be allowed the metaphor) in ſo diſtinct a manner, and in ſo ſtrong a light, that you grew intimate with your man immediately, and knew him from an hundred.

After all, it muſt be conſidered in favour of my Lord Verulam, that he lived in an age wherein chaſte and correct writing was not in faſhion, and when pedantry was the mode even at court: ſo that it is no wonder if the prevalent humour of the times bore down his genius, though ſuperior in force, perhaps, to any of our countrymen that have either gone before or ſucceeded him.

No. XXVI. FRIDAY, APRIL 10.

Non ego illam mihi dotem esse puto, quæ dos dicitur,
Sed pudicitiam et pudorem et sedatam cupidinem. PLAUT.

A woman's true dowry, in my opinion, is virtue, modesty, and desires restrained; not that which is usually so called.

AN healthy old fellow, that is not a fool, is the happiest creature living. It is at that time of life only men enjoy their faculties with pleasure and satisfaction. It is then we have nothing to manage, as the phrase is; we speak the downright truth; and whether the rest of the world will give us the privilege or not, we have so little to ask of them that we can take it. I shall be very free with the women from this one consideration; and, having nothing to desire of them, shall treat them as they stand in nature, and as they are adorned with virtue, and not as they are pleased to form and disguise themselves. A set of fops, from one generation to another, has made such a pother with 'Bright eyes, the 'fair-sex, the charms, the air,' and something so incapable to be expressed but with a sigh, that the creatures have utterly gone out of their very being, and there are no Women in all the world. If they are not nymphs, shepherdesses, graces, or goddesses, they are to a woman all of them The Ladies. Get to a christening at any alley in the town, and at the meanest artificer's, and the word is, 'Well, who takes care of the Ladies?' I have taken notice, that ever since the word Forsooth was banished for Madam, the word Woman has been discarded for Lady. And as there is now never a woman in England, I hope I may talk of Women without offence to the Ladies. What puts me in this present disposition to tell them their own, is, that in the holy week I very civilly desired all delinquents in point of chastity to make some atonement for their freedoms, by bestowing a charity upon the miserable wretches who languish in the Lock hospital. But I hear of very little done in that matter; and I am informed they are pleased, instead of taking notice of my Precaution, to call me an ill-bred old fellow, and say I do not understand the world. It is not, it seems, within the rules of good-breeding to tax the vices of people of quality, and the commandments were made for the vulgar. I am indeed informed of some oblations sent into the house, but they are all come from the servants of criminals of condition. A poor chamber-maid has sent in ten shillings out of her hush-money, to expiate her guilt of being in her mistress's secret; but says she dare not ask her ladyship for any thing, for she is not to suppose that she is locked up with a young gentleman, in the absence of her husband, three hours together, for any harm; but as my lady is a person of great sense, the girl does not know but that they were reading some good book together; but because she fears it may be otherwise, she has sent her ten shillings for the guilt of concealing it. We have a thimble from a country girl that owns she has had dreams of a fine gentleman who comes to their house, who gave her half a crown, and bid her have a care of the men in this town; but she thinks he does not mean what he says, and sends the thimble, because she does not hate him as she ought. The ten shillings, this thimble, and an occamy spoon from some other unknown poor sinner, are all the atonement which is made for the body of sin in London and Westminster. I have computed that there is one in every three hundred who is not chaste; and if that be a modest computation, how great a number are those who make no account of my admonition. It might be expected one or two of the two hundred and ninety-nine honest, might, out of mere charity and compassion to iniquity, as it is a misfortune, have done something upon so good a time as that wherein they were solicited. But Major Crabtree, a sour pot-companion of mine, says, the two hundred ninety and nine are one way or other as little virtuous as the three hundredth unchaste Woman, I would say Lady. It is certain, that we are infested with a parcel of jilflirts, who are not capable of being mothers of brave men, for

the infant partakes of the temper and diſpoſition of its mother. We ſee the unaccountable effects which ſudden frights and longings have upon the offspring; and it is not to be doubted but the ordinary way of thinking of the mother has its influence upon what ſhe bears about her nine months. Thus from the want of care in this particular of chuſing wives, you ſee men, after much care, labour, and ſtudy, ſurprized with prodigious ſtarts of ill-nature and paſſion, that can be accounted for no otherwiſe but from hence, that it grew upon them in embryo, and the man was determined, ſurly, peeviſh, froward, ſullen, or outrageous, before he ſaw the light. The laſt time I was in a public place, I fell in love by proxy for Sir Harry Lizard. The young woman happens to be of quality: her father was a gentleman of as noble a diſpoſition as any I ever met with. The widow, her mother, under whoſe wing ſhe loves to appear, and is proud of it, is a pattern to perſons of condition. Good ſenſe, heightened and exerted with good breeding, is the parent's diſtinguiſhing character; and if we can get this young woman into our family, we ſhall think we have a much better purchaſe than others, who, without her good quallities, may bring into theirs the greateſt acceſſion of riches. I ſent Sir Harry by laſt night's poſt the following letter on the ſubject.

DEAR SIR HARRY,

UPON our laſt parting, and as I had juſt mounted the little roan I am ſo fond of, you called me back; and when I ſtooped to you, you ſqueezed me by the hand, and with alluſion to ſome pleaſant diſcourſe we had a day or two before in the houſe, concerning the preſent mercantile way of contracting marriages, with a ſmile and a bluſh you bid me look upon ſome women for you, and ſend word how they went: I did not ſee one to my mind till the laſt opera before Eaſter. I aſſure you, I have been as unquiet ever ſince, as I wiſh you were till you had her: her height, her complexion, and every thing but her age, which is under twenty, are very much to my ſatisfaction: there is an ingenuous ſhame in her eyes, which is to the mind what the bloom of youth is to the body; neither implies that there are virtuous habits and accompliſhments already attained by the poſſeſſor, but they certainly ſhew an unprejudiced capacity towards them. As to the circumſtance of this young woman's age, I am reconciled to her want of years, becauſe ſhe pretends to nothing above them; you do not ſee in her the odious forwardneſs to I know not what, as in the aſſured countenances, naked boſoms, and confident glances, of her cotemporaries.

I will vouch for her, that you will have her whole heart, if you can win it; ſhe is in no familiarities with the fops; her fan has never been yet out of her own hand; and her brother's face is the only man's ſhe ever looked in ſtedfaſtly.

When I have got thus far, and told you that I am very confident of her as to her virtue and education, I may ſpeak a little freely to you as you are a young man: there is a dignity in the young lady's beauty, when it ſhall become her to receive your friends with a good air, and affable countenance; when ſhe is to repreſent that part of you, which you muſt delight in, the frank and chearful reception of your friends, her beauty will do as much honour to your table, as it will give you pleaſure in your bed.

It is no ſmall inſtance of felicity to have a woman from whoſe behaviour your friends are more endeared to you; and for whoſe ſake your children are as much valued as for your own.

It is not for me to celebrate the lovely height of her forehead the ſoft pulp of her lips, or to deſcribe the amiable profile which her fine hair, cheeks, and neck, made to the beholders that night, but ſhall leave them to your own obſervation when you come to town; which you may do at your leiſure, and be time enough, for there are many in town richer than her whom I recommend. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

No. XXVII. SATURDAY, APRIL 11.

Multa putans, ſortemque animo miſeratus iniquam.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 332.

Struck with compaſſion of ſo ſad a ſtate.

IN compaſſion to thoſe gloomy mortals, who by their unbelief are rendered incapable of feeling thoſe impreſſions of joy and hope, which the celebration of the late glorious feſtival * naturally leaves on the mind of a Chriſtian, I ſhall in this paper endeavour to evince that there are grounds to expect a Future State, without ſuppoſing in the reader any faith at all, not even the belief of a deity. Let the moſt ſtedfaſt unbeliever open his eyes, and take a ſurvey of the ſenſible world, and then ſay if there be not a connexion, and adjuſtment, and exact and conſtant order diſcoverable in all the parts of it. Whatever be the cauſe, the thing itſelf is evident to all our faculties. Look into the animal ſyſtem, the paſſions, ſenſes, and locomotive powers; is not the like contrivance and propriety obſervable in theſe too? Are they not fitted to certain ends; and are they not by nature directed to proper objects?

Is it poſſible, then, that the ſmalleſt bodies ſhould, by a management ſuperior to the wit of man, be diſpoſed in the moſt excellent manner agreeable to their reſpective natures; and yet the ſpirits or ſouls of men be neglected, or managed by ſuch rules as fall ſhort of man's underſtanding? Shall every other paſſion be rightly placed by nature, and ſhall that appetite of immortality, natural to all mankind, be alone miſplaced, or deſigned to be fruſtrated? Shall the induſtrious application of the inferior animal powers in the meaneſt vocations be anſwered by the ends we propoſe, and ſhall not the generous efforts of a virtuous mind be rewarded? In a word, ſhall the corporeal world be all order and harmony; the intellectual, diſcord and confuſion? He who is bigot enough to believe theſe things, muſt bid adieu to that natural rule, of 'reaſoning from analogy;' muſt run counter to that maxim of common ſenſe, that men ought to form their judgments of things unexperienced from what they have experienced.

If any thing looks like a recompence of calamitous virtue on this ſide the grave, it is either an aſſurance that thereby we obtain the favour and protection of Heaven, and ſhall, whatever befals us in this, in another life meet with a juſt return; or elſe that applauſe and reputation, which is thought to attend virtuous actions. The former of theſe, our Free-thinkers, out of their ſingular wiſdom and benevolence to mankind, endeavour to eraſe from the minds of men. The latter can never be juſtly diſtributed in this life, where ſo many ill actions are reputable, and ſo many good actions diſeſteemed or miſinterpreted; where ſubtle hypocriſy is placed in the moſt engaging light, and modeſt virtue lies concealed; where the heart and the ſoul are hid from the eyes of men, and the eyes of men are dimmed and vitiated. Plato's ſenſe in relation to this point is contained in his Gorgias, where he introduces Socrates ſpeaking after this manner:

'It was in the reign of Saturn provided by a law, which the gods have ſince continued down to this time, that they who had lived virtuouſly and piouſly upon earth, ſhould after death enjoy a life full of happineſs, in certain iſlands appointed for the habitation of the bleſſed: but that ſuch as had lived wickedly ſhould go into the receptacle of damned ſouls, named Tartarus, there to ſuffer the puniſhments they deſerved. But in all the reign of Saturn, and in the beginning of the reign of Jove, living judges were appointed, by whom each perſon was judged in his life-time in the ſame day on which he was to die. The conſequence of which was, that they often paſſed wrong judgments. Pluto, therefore, who preſided in Tartarus, and the guardians of the bleſſed

* Viz. Eaſter.

'islands, finding that on the other side many 'unfit persons were sent to their respective do-'minions, complained to Jove, who promised 'to redress the evil. He added, the reason of 'these unjust proceedings is, that men are 'judged in the body. Hence many conceal 'the blemishes and imperfections of their minds 'by beauty, birth, and riches; not to menti-'on, that at the time of trial there are crowds 'of witnesses to attest their having lived well. 'These things mislead the judges, who being 'themselves also of the number of the living, 'are surrounded each with his own body, as 'with a veil thrown over his mind. For the 'future, therefore, it is my intention that men 'do not come on their trial till after death, 'when they shall appear before the judge, dis-'robed of all their corporeal ornaments. The 'judge himself, too, shall be a pure unveiled 'spirit, beholding the very soul, the naked 'soul of the party before him. With this view 'I have already constituted my sons, Minos 'and Rhadamanthus, judges, who are natives 'of Asia: and Æachus, a native of Europe. 'These, after death, shall hold their court in 'a certain meadow, from which there are two 'roads, leading the one to Tartarus, the 'other to the islands of "the blessed."

From this, as from numberless other passages of his writings, may be seen Plato's opinion of a future state. A thing, therefore, in regard to us so comfortable, in itself so just and excellent; a thing so agreeable to the analogy of nature, and so universally credited by all orders and ranks of men, of all nations and ages, what is it that should move a few men to reject? Surely there must be something of prejudice in this case. I appeal to the secret thoughts of a Freethinker, if he does not argue within himself after this manner: 'The senses and fa-'culties I enjoy at present, are visibly design-'ed to repair, or preserve the body from the 'injuries it is liable to in its present circum-'stances. But in an eternal state, where no 'decays are to be repaired, no outward inju-'ries to be fenced against, where there are no 'flesh and bones, nerves or blood-vessels, 'there will certainly be none of the senses: and 'that there should be a state of life without 'the senses, is inconceivable.'

But as this manner of reasoning proceeds from a poverty of imagination, and narrowness of soul in those that use it, I shall endeavour to remedy those defects, and open their views, by laying before them a case which, being naturally possible, may perhaps reconcile them to the belief of what is supernaturally revealed.

Let us suppose a person blind and deaf from his birth, who being grown to man's estate, is by the dead palsy, or some other cause, deprived of his feeling, taste, and smelling, and at the same time has the impediment of his hearing removed, and the film taken from his eyes. What the five senses are to us, that the touch, taste, and smell were to him. And any other ways of perception of a more refined and extensive nature, were to him as inconceivable, as to us those are which will one day be adapted to perceive those things which 'eye hath not 'seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered 'into the heart of man to conceive.' And it would be just as reasonable in him to conclude, that the loss of those three senses could not possibly be succeeded by any new inlets of perception; as in a modern Free-thinker to imagine there can be no state of life and perception without the senses he enjoys at present. Let us further suppose the same person's eyes, at the first opening, to be struck with a great variety of the most gay and pleasing objects, and his ears with a melodious concert of vocal and instrumental music; behold him amazed, ravished, transported; and you have some distant representation, some faint and glimmering idea, of the extatic state of the soul in that article in which she emerges from this sepulchre of flesh, into life and immortality.

N. B. It has been observed by the Christians, that a certain ingenious Foreigner who has published many exemplary Jests for the use of persons in the article of death, was very much out of humour in a late fit of sickness, till he was in a fair way of recovery.

No. XXVIII. MONDAY, APRIL 13.

Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitioſiorem. HOR. OD. 6. L. 5. V. 46.

Our fathers have been worſe than theirs,
And we than ours: next age will ſee
A race more profligate than we. ROSCOMMON.

THEOCRITUS, Bion, and Moſchus, are the moſt famous amongſt the Greek writers of Paſtorals. The two latter of theſe are judged to be far ſhort of Theocritus, whom I ſhall ſpeak of more largely, becauſe he rivals the greateſt of all poets, Virgil himſelf. He hath the advantage confeſſedly of the Latin, in coming before him, and writing in a tongue more proper for Paſtoral. The ſoftneſs of the Doric dialect, which this poet is ſaid to have improved beyond any who came before him, is what the ancient Roman writers owned their language could not approach. But beſides this beauty, he ſeems to me to have had a ſoul more ſoftly and tenderly inclined to this way of writing than Virgil, whoſe genius led him naturally to ſublimity. It is true, that the great Roman, by the niceneſs of his judgment, and great command of himſelf, has acquitted himſelf dextrouſly this way. But a penetrating judge will find there the ſeeds of that fire which burned afterwards ſo bright in the Georgics, and blazed out in the Æneid. I muſt not however, diſſemble that theſe bold ſtrokes appear chiefly in thoſe eclogues of Virgil, which ought not to be numbered amongſt his Paſtorals, which are indeed generally thought to be all of the paſtoral kind; but by the beſt judges are only called his ſelect poems, as the word Eclogue originally means.

Thoſe who will take the pains to conſult Scaliger's compariſon of theſe two poets, will find that Theocritus hath outdone him in thoſe very paſſages which the critic hath produced in honour of Virgil. There is, in ſhort, more innocence, ſimplicity, and whatever elſe hath been laid down as the diſtinguiſhing marks of Paſtoral, in the Greek than the Roman; and all arguments from the exactneſs, propriety, conciſeneſs, and nobleneſs of Virgil, may very well be turned againſt him. There is, indeed, ſometimes a groſſneſs and clowniſhneſs in Theocritus, which Virgil, who borrowed his greateſt beauties from him, hath avoided. I will, however, add, that Virgil, out of the excellence of genius only, hath come ſhort of Theocritus; and had poſſibly excelled him, if in greater ſubjects he had not been born to excel all mankind.

The Italians were the firſt, amongſt the moderns, that fell into Paſtoral writing. It is obſerved, that the people of that nation are very profound and abſtruſe in their poetry as well as politics; fond of ſurpriſing conceits and far-fetched imaginations, and labour chiefly to ſay what was never ſaid before. From perſons of this character, how can we expect that air of ſimplicity and truth which hath been proved ſo eſſential to ſhepherds? There are two paſtoral plays in this language, which they boaſt of as the moſt elegant performances in poetry that the latter ages have produced; the Aminta of Taſſo, and Guarini's Paſtor Fido. In theſe the names of the perſons are indeed paſtoral, and the Sylvan gods, the Dryads, and the Satyrs appointed with the equipage of antiquity; but neither the language, ſentiments, paſſions, or deſigns, like thoſe of the pretty triflers of Virgil and Theocritus. I ſhall produce an example out of each, which are commonly taken notice of, as patterns of the Italian way of thinking in Paſtoral. Sylvia, in Taſſo's poem, enters adorned with a garland of flowers, and views herſelf in a fountain with ſuch ſelf admiration, that ſhe breaks out into a ſpeech to the flowers on her head, and tells them, ſhe doth not wear them to adorn herſelf, but to make them aſhamed. In the Paſtor Fido, a ſhepherdeſs reaſons after an abſtruſe philoſophical manner about the violence

of love, and expoſtulates with the gods—'for 'making laws ſo rigorous to reſtrain us, and 'at the ſame time giving us invincible deſires.' Whoever can bear theſe, may be aſſured he hath no taſte for Paſtoral.

When I am ſpeaking of the Italians, it would be unpardonable to paſs by Sannazarius. He hath changed the ſcene in this kind of poetry from woods and lawns, to the barren beach and boundleſs ocean: introduces ſea-calves in the room of kids and lambs; ſea-mews for the lark and the linnet; and preſents his miſtreſs with oyſters inſtead of fruits and flowers. How good ſoever his ſtyle and thoughts may be, yet who can pardon him for his arbitrary change of the ſweet manners and pleaſing objects of the country, for what in their own nature are uncomfortable and dreadful? I think he hath few or no followers, or if any, ſuch as knew little of his beauties, and only copied his faults, and are ſo loſt and forgotten.

The French are ſo far from thinking abſtruſely, that they often ſeem not to think at all. It is all a run of numbers, common-place deſcriptions of woods, floods, groves, loves, &c. Thoſe who write the moſt accurately fall into the manner of their country; which is Gallantry. I cannot better illuſtrate what I would ſay of the French, than by the dreſs in which they make their ſhepherds appear in their paſtoral interludes upon the ſtage, as I find it deſcribed by a celebrated author. 'The ſhep-'herds,' ſaith he, 'are all embroidered, and 'acquit themſelves in a ball better than our 'Engliſh dancing-maſters. I have ſeen a 'couple of rivers appear in red ſtockings; and 'Alpheus, inſtead of having his head cover-'ed with ſedges and bull-ruſhes, making love 'in a full bottomed periwig and a plume of 'feathers; but with a voice ſo full of ſhakes 'and quavers, that I ſhould have thought the 'murmurs of a country brook the much more 'agreeable muſic.

No. XXIX. TUESDAY, APRIL 14.

Ride ſi ſapis——— MART. EPIG. 41. L. 2. V. 1.

Laugh, if your'e wiſe.

IN order to look into any perſon's temper, I generally make my firſt obſervation upon his laugh, whether he is eaſily moved, and what are the paſſages which throw him into that agreeable kind of convulſion. People are never ſo much unguarded, as when they are pleaſed: and Laughter being a viſible ſymptom of ſome inward ſatisfaction, it is then, if ever, we may believe the face. There is, perhaps, no better index to point us to the particularities of the mind than this, which is in itſelf one of the chief diſtinctions of our rationality. For, as Milton ſays—

—Smiles from reaſon flow, to brutes deny'd,
And are of love the food———

It may be remarked in general under this head, that the Laugh of men of wit is for the moſt part but a faint conſtrained kind of half-laugh, as ſuch perſons are never without ſome diffidence about them; but that of fools is the moſt honeſt, natural, open laugh in the world.

I have often had thoughts of writing a treatiſe upon this faculty, wherein I would have laid down rules for the better regulation of it at the theatre; I would have criticiſed on the Laughs now in vogue, by which our comic writers might the better know how to tranſport an audience into this pleaſing affection. I had ſet apart a chapter for a diſſertation on the talents of ſome of our modern comedians; and as it was the manner of Plutarch to draw compariſons of the heroes and orators, to ſet their actions and eloquence in a fairer light; ſo I would have made the parallel of Pinkethman, Norris, and Bullock; and ſo far ſhown their different methods of raiſing mirth, that any one ſhould be able to diſtinguiſh whether the jeſt was the poet's or the actor's.

As the play-houſe affords us the moſt occaſions of obſerving upon the behaviour of the face, it may be uſeful (for the direction of thoſe who would be critics this way) to remark, that the virgin ladies uſually diſpoſe themſelves in

the front of the boxes; the young married women compoſe the ſecond row; while the rear is generally made up of mothers of long ſtanding, undeſigning maids, and contented widows. Whoever will caſt his eye upon them under this view, during the repreſentation of a play, will find me ſo far in the right, that a double entendre ſtrikes the firſt row into an affected gravity, or careleſs indolence; the ſecond will venture at a ſmile; but the third take the conceit entirely, and expreſs their mirth in a downright laugh.

When I deſcend to particulars, I find the reſerved prude will relapſe into a ſmile at the extravagant freedoms of the coquette; the coquette in her turn laughs at the ſtarchneſs and aukward affectation of the prude; the man of letters is tickled with the vanity and ignorance of the fop, and the fop confeſſes his ridicule at the unpoliteneſs of the pedant.

I fancy we may range the ſeveral kinds of laughters under the following heads:

The Dimplers.
The Smilers.
The Laughers.
The Grinners.
The Horſe-Laughers.

The Dimple is practiſed to give a grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover; this was called by the ancients the Chian laugh.

The Smile is for the moſt part confined to the fair-ſex, and their male retinue. It expreſſes our ſatisfaction in a ſilent ſort of approbation, doth not too much diſorder the features, and is practiſed by lovers of the moſt delicate addreſs. This tender motion of the phyſiognomy the ancients called the Ionic laugh.

The Laugh, among us, is the common Riſus of the ancients.

The Grin, by writers of antiquity, is called the Syncruſian; and was then, as it is at this time, made uſe of to diſplay a beautiful ſet of teeth.

The Horſe-laugh, or the Sardonic, is made uſe of with great ſucceſs in all kinds of diſputation. The proficients in this kind, by a well-timed laugh, will baffle the moſt ſolid argument. This, upon all occaſions, ſupplies the want of reaſon, is always received with great applauſe in coffee-houſe diſputes; and that ſide the laugh joins with, is generally obſerved to gain the better of his antagoniſt.

The prude hath a wonderful eſteem for the Chian laugh or Dimple; ſhe looks upon all the other kinds of laughter as exceſſes of levity; and is never ſeen, upon the moſt extravagant jeſts, to diſorder her countenance with the ruffle of a ſmile. Her lips are compoſed with a primneſs peculiar to her character; all her modeſty ſeems collected into her face; and ſhe but very rarely takes the freedom to ſink her cheek into a dimple.

The young widow is only a Chian for a time; her ſmiles are confined by decorum, and ſhe is obliged to make her face ſympathize with her habit; ſhe looks demure by art, and by the ſtricteſt rules of decency is never allowed the Smile till the firſt offer or advance towards her is over.

The effeminate fop, who by the long exerciſe of his countenance at the glaſs, hath reduced it to an exact diſcipline, may claim a place in this clan. You ſee him upon any occaſion, to give ſpirit to his diſcourſe, admire his own eloquence by a Dimple.

The Ionics are thoſe ladies that take a greater liberty with their features; yet even theſe may be ſaid to ſmother a Laugh, as the former to ſtifle a Smile.

The beau isan Ionic out of complaiſance, and practiſes the Smile the better to ſympathize with the fair. He will ſometimes join in a laugh to humour the ſpleen of a lady, or applaud a piece of wit of his own, but always takes care to confine his mouth within the rules of good-breeding; he takes the laugh from the ladies, but is never guilty of ſo great indecorum as to begin it.

The Ionic laugh is of an univerſal uſe to men of power at their levées; and is eſteemed by judicious place-hunters a more particular mark of diſtinction than the whiſper. A young gentleman of my acquaintance valued himſelf upon his ſucceſs, having obtained this favour after the attendance of three months only.

A judicious author, ſome years ſince publiſhed a collection of ſonnets, which he very ſucceſsfully called 'Laugh and be Fat; or, Pills 'to purge Melancholy:' I cannot ſufficiently admire the facetious title of theſe volumes, and

must cenſure the world of ingratitude, while they are ſo negligent in rewarding the jocoſe labours of my friend Mr. D'Urfey, who was ſo large a contributor to this treatiſe, and to whoſe humorous productions ſo many rural ſquires in the remoteſt parts of this iſland are obliged for the dignity and ſtate which corpulency gives them. The ſtory of the ſick man's breaking an impoſthume by a ſudden fit of laughter, is too well known to need a recital. It is my opinion, that the above Pills would be extremely proper to be taken with aſſes milk, and mightily contribute towards the renewing and reſtoring decayed lungs. Democritus is generally repreſented to us as a man of the largeſt ſize, which we may attribute to his frequent exerciſe of his riſible faculty. I remember Juvenal ſays of him—

Perpetuo riſu pulmonem agitare ſolebat.

SAT. 10. v. 33.

He ſhook his ſides with a perpetual laugh.

That ſort of man whom a late writer has called the Butt, is a great promoter of this healthful agitation, and is generally ſtocked with ſo much good humour, as to ſtrike in with the gaiety of converſation, though ſome innocent blunder of his own be the ſubject of the raillery.

I ſhall range all old amorous dotards under the denomination of Grinners: when a young blooming wench touches their fancy, by an endeavour to recal youth into their cheeks, they immediately overſtrain their muſcular features, and ſhrivel their countenances into this frightful merriment.

The Wag is of the ſame kind, and by the ſame artifice labours to ſupport his impotence of wit; but he very frequently calls in the Horſe-laugh to his aſſiſtance.

There are another kind of Grinners, which the ancients call Megarics; and ſome moderns have not injudiciouſly, given them the name of the Sneerers. Theſe always indulge their mirth at the expence of their friends, and all their ridicule conſiſts in unſeaſonable ill-nature. I could wiſh theſe laughers would conſider, that let them do what they can, there is no laughing away their own follies by laughing at other people's.

The mirth of the tea-table is for the moſt part Megaric; and in viſits the ladies themſelves very ſeldom ſcruple the ſacrificing of a friendſhip to a laugh of this denomination.

The coquette hath a great deal of the Megaric in her; but in ſhort, ſhe is a proficient in laughter, and can run through the whole exerciſe of the features; ſhe ſubdues the formal lover with the Dimple, accoſts the fop with a Smile, joins with the wit in the downright Laugh; to vary the air of her countenance, frequently raillies with the Grin; and when ſhe has ridiculed her lover quite out of his underſtanding, to complete his misfortunes, ſtrikes him dumb with the Horſe-laugh.

The Horſe-laugh is a diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the rural hoyden, and it is obſerved to be the laſt ſymptom of ruſticity that forſakes her under the diſcipline of the boarding-ſchool.

Punſters, I find, very much contribute towards the Sardonic, and the extremes of either wit or folly ſeldom fail of raiſing this noiſy kind of applauſe. As the ancient phyſicians held the Sardonic laugh very beneficial to the lungs, I ſhould, methinks, adviſe all my countrymen, of conſumptive and hectical conſtitutions, to aſſociate with the moſt facetious punſters of the age. Perſius hath very elegantly deſcribed a Sardonic laughter in the following line——

Ingeminat tremulos naſo criſpante cachinnos.

SAT. 3. v. 87.

Redoubled peals of trembling laughter burſts,
Convulſing every feature of the face.

Laughter is a vent of any ſudden joy that ſtrikes upon the mind, which being too volatile and ſtrong, breakes out in this tremor of the voice. The poets make uſe of this metaphor when they would deſcribe nature in her richeſt dreſs, for beauty is never ſo lovely as when adorned with a ſmile, and converſation never ſits eaſier upon us, than when we now and then diſcharge ourſelves in a ſymphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called 'The Chorus of Converſation.'

No. XXX. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15.

———*Redeunt Saturnia regna.* VIRG. ECL. 4. v. 6.

———*Saturnian times*
Roll round again. DRYDEN.

THE Italians and French being diſpatched, I come now to the Engliſh, whom I ſhall treat with ſuch meekneſs as becomes a good patriot; and ſhall ſo far recommend this our iſland as a proper ſcene for Paſtoral under certain regulations, as will ſatisfy the courteous reader that I am in the landed intereſt.

I muſt in the firſt place obſerve, that our countrymen have ſo good an opinion of the ancients, and think ſo modeſtly of themſelves, that the generality of Paſtoral Writers have either ſtolen all from the Greeks and Romans, or ſo ſervilely imitated their manners and cuſtoms, as makes them very ridiculous. In looking over ſome Engliſh paſtorals a few days ago, I peruſed at leaſt fifty lean flocks, and reckoned up an hundred left-handed ravens, beſides blaſted oaks, withering meadows, and weeping deities. Indeed moſt of the occaſional Paſtorals we have, are built upon one and the ſame plan. A ſhepherd aſks his fellow, why he is ſo pale; if his favourite ſheep hath ſtrayed, if his pipe be broken, or Phyllis unkind: he anſwers, none of theſe misfortunes have befallen him; but one much greater, for Damon (or ſometimes the god Pan) is dead! This immediately cauſes the other to make complaints, and call upon the lofty pines and ſilver ſtreams to join in the lamentation! While he goes on, his friend interrupts him, and tells him that Damon lives, and ſhows him a track of light in the ſkies to confirm it; then invites him to cheſnuts and cheeſe. Upon this ſcheme moſt of the noble families in Great Britain have been comforted; nor can I meet with any right honourable ſhepherd that doth not die and live again, after the manner of the aforeſaid Damon.

Having already informed my reader wherein the knowledge of antiquity may be ſerviceable, I ſhall now direct him where he may lawfully deviate from the ancients. There are ſome things of an eſtabliſhed nature in Paſtoral, which are eſſential to it, ſuch as a country ſcene, innocence, ſimplicity. Others there are of a changeable kind; ſuch as habits, cuſtoms, and the like. The difference of the climate is alſo to be conſidered; for what is proper in Arcadia, or even in Italy, might be very abſurd in a colder country. By the ſame rule, the difference of the ſoil, of fruits and flowers, is to be obſerved. And in ſo fine a country as Britain, what occaſion is there for the profuſion of hyacinths and Pæſtan roſes, and that cornucopia of foreign fruits which the Britiſh ſhepherds never heard of? How much more pleaſing is the following ſcene to an Engliſh reader!

This place may ſeem for ſhepherds leiſure made,
So lovingly theſe elms unite their ſhade.
Th' ambitious woodbine, how it climbs to breathe
Its balmy ſweets around on all beneath!
The ground with graſs of chearful green beſpread;
Thro' which the ſpringing flow'r up-rears its head.
Lo, here the king-cup of a golden hue,
Medly'd with daiſies white, and endive blue!
Hark, how the gaudy goldfinch and the thruſh,
With tuneful warblings fill that bramble-buſh!
In pleaſing concert all the birds combine,
And tempt us in the various ſong to join.

The theology of the ancient Paſtoral is ſo very pretty, that it were pity entirely to change it; but I think that part only is to be retained which is univerſally known, and the reſt to be made up out of our own ruſtical ſuperſtition of hob-thruſhes, fairies, goblins, and witches. The fairies are capable of being made very entertaining perſons, as they are deſcribed by ſeveral of our poets; and particularly by Mr. Pope—

About this ſpring (if ancient fame ſay true)
The dapper elves their moon-light ſports purſue;
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful ſprights a merry concert made,
And airy muſic warbled through the ſhade.

What hath been ſaid upon the difference of climate, ſoil and theology reaches the proverbial

ſayings, dreſs, cuſtoms, and ſports of ſhepherds. The following examples of paſtoral ſports are extremely beautiful.

Whilome did I, all as this poplar fair,
Up-raiſe my heedleſs head, devoid of care,
'Mong ruſtic routs the chief for wanton game;
Nor could they merry make till Lobbin came.
Who better ſeen than I in ſhepherds arts,
To pleaſe the lads, and win the laſſes hearts?
How deftly to mine oaten reed, ſo ſweet,
Wont they upon the green to ſhift their feet?
And when the dance was done, how would they yearn
Some well deviſed tale from me to learn?
For many ſongs and tales of mirth had I,
To chaſe the lingering ſun a-down the ſky.

———O now! if ever, bring
The laurel green, the ſmelling eglantine,
And tender branches from the mantling vine,
The dewy cowſlip that in meadow grows,
The fountain violet, and garden roſe:
Your hamlet ſtrew, and every public way;
And conſecrate to mirth Albino's day.
Myſelf will laviſh all my little ſtore;
And deal about the goblet flowing o'er:
Old Moulin there ſhall harp, young Mico ſing;
And Cuddy dance the round amidſt the ring,
And Hobbinol his antic gambols play.

The reaſon why ſuch changes from the ancients ſhould be introduced is very obvious; namely, that poetry being imitation, and that imitation being the beſt which deceives the moſt eaſily, it follows that we muſt take up the cuſtoms which are moſt familiar or univerſally known, ſince no man can be deceived or delighted with the imitation of what he is ignorant of.

It is eaſy to be obſerved that theſe rules are drawn from what our country-men Spencer and Philips have performed in this way. I ſhall not preſume to ſay any more of them, than that both have copied and improved the beauties of the ancients, whoſe manner of thinking I would above all things recommend. As far as our language would allow them, they have formed a paſtoral ſtyle according to the Doric of Theocritus, in which I dare not ſay they have excelled Virgil; but I may be allowed, for the honour of our language, to ſuppoſe it more capable of that pretty ruſticity than the Latin. To their works I refer my reader to make obſervations upon the Paſtoral Style; where he will ſooner find that ſecret than from a folio of criticiſms.

No. XXXI. THURSDAY, APRIL 16.

Fortem poſce animum——— JUV. SAT. 10. v. 357.
Aſk of the gods content and ſtrength of mind.

MY Lady Lizard is never better pleaſed than when ſhe ſees her children about her engaged in any profitable diſcourſe. I found her laſt night ſitting in the midſt of her daughters, and forming a very beautiful ſemicircle about the fire. I immediately took my place in an elbow chair, which is always left empty for me in one corner.

Our converſation fell inſenſibly upon the ſubject of happineſs, in which every one of the young ladies gave her opinion, with that freedom and unconcernedneſs which they always uſe when they are in company only with their mother and myſelf.

Mrs. Jane declared, that ſhe thought it the greateſt happineſs to be married to a man of merit, and placed at the head of a well-regulated family. I could not but obſerve, that in her character of a man of merit, ſhe gave us a lively deſcription of Tom Worthy, who has long made his addreſſes to her. The ſiſters did not diſcover this at firſt, till ſhe began to run down fortune in a lover, and among the accompliſhments of a man of merit, unluckily mentioned white teeth and black eyes.

Mrs. Annabella, after having raillied her ſiſter upon her man of merit, talked much of conveniencies of life, affluence of fortune, and eaſineſs of temper, in one, whom ſhe ſhould pitch upon for a huſband. In ſhort, though the baggage would not ſpeak out, I found the ſum of her wiſhes was a rich fool, or a man ſo turned to her purpoſes, that ſhe might enjoy his fortune and inſult his underſtanding.

The romantic Cornelia was for living in a wood among choirs of birds, with zephyrs, echos, and rivulets to make up the concert; ſhe would not ſeem to include a huſband in her

ſcheme, but at the ſame time talked ſo paſſionately of cooing turtles, moſſy banks, and beds of violets, that one might eaſily perceive ſhe was not without thoughts of a companion in her ſolitudes.

Miſs Betty placed her ſummum bonum in equipages, aſſemblies, balls, and birth-nights; talked in raptures of Sir Edward Shallow's gilt coach, and Lady Tattle's room, in which ſhe ſaw company; nor would ſhe have eaſily given over, had ſhe not obſerved that her mother appeared more ſerious than ordinary, and by her looks ſhewed that ſhe did not approve ſuch redundance of vanity and impertinence.

My favourite, the Sparkler, with an air of innocence and modeſty, which is peculiar to her, ſaid that ſhe never expected ſuch a thing as happineſs, and that ſhe thought the moſt any one could do, was to keep themſelves from being uneaſy; 'For, as Mr. Ironſide has often 'told us,' ſays ſhe, 'we ſhould endeavour to 'be eaſy here, and happy hereafter:' at the ſame ſhe begged me to acquaint them by what rules this caſe of mind, or if I would pleaſe to call it happineſs, is beſt attained.

My Lady Lizard joined in the requeſt with her youngeſt daughter, adding, with a ſerious look, the thing ſeemed to her of ſo great conſequence, that ſhe hoped I would forget they were all women, and give my real thoughts of it with the ſame juſtneſs I would uſe among a company of my own ſex. I complied with her deſire, and communicated my ſentiments to them on this ſubject, as near as I can remember, pretty much to the following purpoſe.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to deſire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wiſeſt men in all ages have ſpent ſo much time to diſcover what happineſs is, and wherein it chiefly conſiſts. An eminent writer, named Varro, reckons up no leſs than two hundred eighty-eight different opinions upon this ſubject; and another, called Lucian, after having given us a long catalogue of the notions of ſeveral philoſophers, endeavours to ſhew the abſurdity of all of them, without eſtabliſhing any thing of his own.

That which ſeems to have made ſo many err in this caſe, is the reſolution they took to fix a man's happineſs to one determined point, which, I conceive, cannot be made up, but by the concurrence of ſeveral particulars.

I ſhall readily allow Virtue the firſt place, as ſhe is the mother of content. It is this which calms our thoughts, and makes us ſurvey ourſelves with eaſe and pleaſure. Naked virtue, however, is not alone ſufficient to make a man happy. It muſt be accompanied with at leaſt a moderate proviſion of all the neceſſaries of life, and not ruffled and diſturbed by bodily pains. A fit of the ſtone was ſharp enough to make a Stoic cry out, that Zeno, his maſter, taught him falſe, when he told him that pain was no evil.

But beſides this, Virtue is ſo far from being alone ſufficient to make a man happy, that the exceſs of it in ſome particulars, joined to a ſoft and feminine temper, may often give us the deepeſt wounds, and chiefly contribute to render us uneaſy. I might inſtance in Pity, Love, and Friendſhip. In the two laſt paſſions, it often happens, that we ſo entirely give up our hearts, as to make our happineſs wholly depend upon another perſon; a truſt, for which no human creature, however excellent, can poſſibly give us a ſufficient ſecurity.

The man, therefore, who would be truly happy, muſt, beſides an habitual virtue, attain to ſuch a 'ſtrength of mind,' as to confine his happineſs within himſelf, and keep it from being dependent upon others. A man of this make will perform all thoſe good-natured offices that could have been expected from the moſt bleeding pity, without being ſo far affected at the common misfortunes of human life, as to diſturb his own repoſe. His actions of this kind are ſo much more meritorious than another's, as they flow purely from a principle of virtue, and a ſenſe of his duty; whereas a man of a ſofter temper, even while he is aſſiſting another, may in ſome meaſure be ſaid to be relieving himſelf.

A man endowed with that 'ſtrength of mind' I am here ſpeaking of, though he leaves it to his friend or miſtreſs to make him ſtill more happy, does not put it in the power of either to make him miſerable.

From what has been already ſaid, it will alſo appear, that nothing can be more weak than to place our happineſs in the applauſe of others, ſince by this means we make it wholly indepen-

dent of ourſelves. People of this humour, who place their chief felicity in reputation and applauſe, are alſo extremely ſubject to envy, the moſt painful, as well as the moſt abſurd of all paſſions.

The ſureſt means to attain that 'ſtrength 'of mind,' and independent ſtate of happineſs I am here recommending, is a virtuous mind, ſufficiently furniſhed with ideas to ſupport ſolitude, and keep up an agreeable converſation with itſelf. Learning is a very great help on this occaſion, as it lays up an infinite number of notions in the memory, ready to be drawn out, and ſet in order upon any occaſion. The mind often takes the ſame pleaſure in looking over theſe her treaſures, in augmenting and diſpoſing them into proper forms, as a prince does in a review of his army.

At the ſame time I muſt own, that as a mind thus furniſhed feels a ſecret pleaſure in the conſciouſneſs of its own perfection, and is delighted with ſuch occaſions as call upon it to try its force; a lively imagination ſhall produce a pleaſure very little inferior to the former in perſons of much weaker heads. As the firſt, therefore, may not be improperly called, 'the heaven of a wiſe man,' the latter is extremely well repreſented by our vulgar expreſſion, which terms it 'a fool's paradiſe.' There is, however, this difference between them, that as the firſt naturally produces that ſtrength and greatneſs of mind I have been all along deſcribing as ſo eſſential to render a man happy, the latter is ruffled and diſcompoſed by every accident, and loſt under the moſt common misfortune.

It is this Strength of Mind that is not to be overcome by the changes of fortune that ariſe at the ſight of dangers, and could make Alexander, (in that paſſage of his life ſo much admired by the Prince of Conde) when his army mutinied, bid his ſoldiers return to Macedon, and tell their countrymen that they had left their king conquering the world; ſince for his part he could not doubt of raiſing an army wherever he appeared. It is this that chiefly exerts itſelf when a man is moſt oppreſſed, and gives him always in proportion to whatever malice or injuſtice would deprive him of. It is this, in ſhort, that makes the virtuous man inſenſibly ſet a value upon himſelf, and throws a varniſh over his words and actions, that will at laſt command eſteem, and give him a greater aſcendant over others, than all the advantages of birth and fortune.

No. XXXII. FRIDAY, APRIL 17.

——Ipſe volens, faciliſque ſequetur,
Si te fata vocant: aliter non viribus ullis
Vincas——

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 146.

The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with eaſe, if, favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian ſtate.
If not, no labour can the tree conſtrain;
And ſtrength of ſtubborn arms, and ſteel are vain. DRYDEN.

HAVING delivered my thoughts upon Paſtoral Poetry, after a didactic manner, in ſome foregoing papers, wherein I have taken ſuch hints from the critics as I thought rational, and departed from them according to the beſt of my judgment, and ſubſtituted others in their place, I ſhall cloſe the whole with the following fable or allegory.

IN ancient times there dwelt in a pleaſant vale of Arcadia, a man of very ample poſſeſſions, named Menalcas; who deriving his pedigree from the god Pan, kept very ſtrictly up to the rules of the Paſtoral life, as it was in the Golden Age. He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis. She was a virgin of a moſt enchanting beauty, of a moſt eaſy and unaffected air; but having been bred up wholly in the country, was baſhful to the laſt degree. She had a voice that was exceedingly ſweet, yet had a ruſticity in its tone, which, however, to moſt who heard her, ſeemed an additional charm. Though in her converſation in general ſhe was very en-

gaging, yet to her lovers, who were numerous, ſhe was ſo coy, that many left her in diſguſt after a tedious courtſhip, and matched themſelves where they were better received. For Menalcas had not only reſolved to take a ſon-in-law, who ſhould inviolably maintain the cuſtoms of his family; but had received one evening, as he walked in the fields, a pipe of an antique form from a Faun, or, as ſome ſay, from Oberon the fairy, with a particular charge not to beſtow his daughter upon any one who would not play the ſame tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

When the time that he had deſigned to give her in marriage was near at hand, he publiſhed a decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring youths to make trial of this muſical inſtrument, with promiſe that the victor ſhould poſſeſs his daughter, on condition that the vanquiſhed ſhould ſubmit to what puniſhment he thought fit to inflict. Thoſe who were not yet diſcouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the appointed day, in a dreſs and equipage ſuitable to their reſpective fancies.

The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear ſtream murmured in many irregular meanders. The ſhepherds made a ſpacious ring for the contending lovers: and in one part of it there ſat upon a little throne of turf, under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right-hand the damſel crowned with roſes and lilies. She wore a flying robe of a ſlight green ſtuff; ſhe had her ſheep-hook in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other.

The firſt who approached her was a youth of a graceful preſence and courtly air, but dreſt in a richer habit than had ever been ſeen in Arcadia. He wore a crimſon veſt, cut indeed after the ſhepherd's faſhion, but ſo enriched with embroidery, and ſparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the ſpectators were diverted from conſidering the mode of the garment by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of feathers, and his ſheep-hook glittered with gold and enamel. He accoſted the damſel after a very gallant manner, and told her*—'Madam, 'you need not to conſult your glaſs to adorn 'yourſelf to-day; you may ſee the greatneſs 'of your beauty in the number of your con-'queſts.' She having never heard any compliment ſo polite, could give him no anſwer, but preſented the pipe. He applied it to his lips, and began a tune, which he ſet off with ſo many graces and quavers, that the ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes (who had paired themſelves in order to dance) could not follow it; as indeed it required great ſkill and regularity of ſteps, which they had never been bred to. Menalcas ordered him to be ſtript of his coſtly robes, and to be clad in a ruſſet weed, and confined him to tend the flocks in the valleys for a year and a day.

The ſecond that appeared was in a very different garb. He was cloathed in a garment of rough goat-ſkins, his hair was matted, his beard neglected; in his perſon uncouth, and aukward in his gait. He came up ſteering to the nymph, and told her† he had hugged his lambs, and kiſſed his young kids, but he hoped to kiſs one that was ſweeter. The fair-one bluſhed with modeſty and anger, and prayed ſecretly againſt him as ſhe gave him the pipe. He ſnatched it from her, but with ſome difficulty made it ſound; which was in ſuch harſh and jarring notes, that the ſhepherds cried one and all, that he underſtood no muſic. He was immediately ordered to the moſt craggy parts of Arcadia, to keep the goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any more.

The third that advanced appeared in cloaths that were ſo ſtrait and uneaſy to him, that he ſeemed to move with pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look and ſtately pace, and ſaid‡—'Divine Amaryllis, 'you wear not thoſe roſes to improve your 'beauty, but to make them aſhamed.' As ſhe did not comprehend his meaning, ſhe preſented the inſtrument without reply: the tune he played was ſo intricate and perplexing, that the ſhepherds ſtood ſtock ſtill, like people aſtoniſhed and confounded. In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of muſic, and compoſed by the moſt ſkilful maſter in Heſperia. Menalcas, finding that he was a ſtranger, hoſpitably took compaſſion on him, and delivered him to an old ſhepherd, who was ordered to

* Vid. Fontenelle. † Vid. Theocritus. ‡ Vide Taſſo.

get him cloaths that would fit him, and teach him to ſpeak plain.

The fourth that ſtepped forwards was young Amyntas, the moſt beautiful of all the Arcadian ſwains, and ſecretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore that day the ſame colours as the maid for whom he ſighed. He moved towards her with an eaſy but unaſſured air: ſhe bluſhed as he came near her; and when ſhe gave him the fatal preſent, they both trembled, but neither could ſpeak. Having ſecretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth ſuch melodious notes, that though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The ſwains immediately mingled in the dance, and the old ſhepherds affirmed, that they had often heard ſuch muſic by night, which they imagined to be played by ſome of the rural deities. The good old man leaped from his throne, and after he had embraced him, preſented him to his daughter, which cauſed a general acclamation.

While they were in the midſt of their joy, they were ſurprized with a very odd appearance. A perſon in a blue mantle, crowned with ſedges and ruſhes, ſtepped into the middle of the ring. He had an angling-rod in his hand, a panier upon his back, and a poor meagre wretch in wet cloaths carried ſome oyſters before him. Being aſked whence he came, and what he was, he told them he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the ſea-ſhore; that his ſubſtance conſiſted in ſea-calves; and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and the Naiads. 'Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?' ſaid Menalcas; 'to them then ſhalt thou return.' The ſhepherds immediately hoiſted him up as an enemy to Arcadia, and he plunged him in the river, where he ſunk, and was never heard of ſince.

Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long lived, there having been but four deſcents in above two thouſand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil, Virgil left his to his ſon Spencer, and Spencer was ſucceeded by his eldeſt-born Philips.

No. XXXIII. SATURDAY, APRIL 18.

——Dignum ſapiente, bonoque eſt. HOR. Ep. 4. L. 1. V. 5.

Worthy a wiſe man, and a good.

I Have made it a rule to myſelf not to publiſh any thing on a Saturday, but what ſhall have ſome analogy to the duty of the day enſuing. It is an unſpeakable pleaſure to me, that I have lived to ſee the time when I can obſerve ſuch a law to myſelf, and yet turn my diſcourſe upon what is done at the playhouſe. I am ſure the reader knows I am going to mention the Tragedy of Cato. The principal character is moved by no conſideration, but reſpect to that ſort of virtue, the ſenſe of which is retained in our language under the word Public Spirit. All regards to his domeſtic are wholly laid aſide, and the hero is drawn as having, by this motive ſubdued inſtinct itſelf, and taking comfort from the diſtreſſes of his family, which are brought upon them by their adherence to the cauſe of truth and liberty. There is nothing uttered by Cato but what is worthy the beſt of men; and the ſentiments which are given him, are not only the moſt warm for the conduct of this life, but ſuch as we may think will not need to be eraſed, but conſiſt with the happineſs of the human ſoul in the next. This illuſtrious character has its proper influence on all below it; the other virtuous perſonages are, in their degree, as worthy, and as exemplary as the principal; the conduct of the lovers (who are more warm, though more diſcreet, than ever yet appeared on the ſtage) has in it a conſtant ſenſe of the great cataſtrophe which was expected from the approach of Cæſar. But to ſee the modeſty of an heroine, whoſe country and family were at the ſame time in the moſt imminent danger, preſerved, while ſhe breaks out into the moſt fond and open expreſſions of her paſſion for her lover, is an inſtance of no common addreſs. Again, to obſerve the body of a gallant young man

brought before us, who, in the bloom of his youth, in the defence of all that is good and great, had received numberleſs wounds; I ſay, to obſerve that this dead youth is introduced only for the example of his virtue, and that his death is ſo circumſtantiated, that we are ſatisfied, for all his virtue, it was for the good of the world, and his own family, that his warm temper was not to be put upon farther trial, but his taſk of life ended while it was yet virtuous, is an employment worthy the conſideration of our young Britons. We are obliged to authors that can do what they will with us, that they do not play our affections and paſſions againſt ourſelves, but to make us ſo ſoon reſigned to the death of Marcus, of whom we were ſo fond, is a power that would be unfortunately lodged in a man without the love of virtue.

Were it not that I ſpeak on this occaſion rather as a Guardian than a Critic, I could proceed to the examination of the juſtneſs of each character, and take notice that the Numidian is as well drawn as the Roman. There is not an idea in all the part of Syphax which does not apparently ariſe from the habits which grow in the mind of an African: and the ſcene between Juba and his General, where they talk for and againſt a liberal education, is full of inſtruction: Syphax urges all that can be ſaid againſt philoſophy, as it is made ſubſervient to ill ends by men who abuſe their talents; and Juba ſets the leſs excellencies of activity, labour, patience of hunger, and ſtrength of body, which are the admired qualifications of a Numidian, in their ſubordination to the accompliſhments of the mind. But this play is ſo well recommended by others, that I will not, for that and ſome private reaſons, enlarge any farther. Doctor Garth has very agreeably raillied the mercenary traffic between men and women of this age, in the Epilogue by Mrs. Porter, who acted Lucia. And Mr. Pope has prepared the audience for a new ſcene of paſſion and tranſport on a more noble foundation than they have before been entertained with, in the Prologue. I ſhall take the liberty to gratify the impatience of the town by inſerting theſe two excellent pieces, as earneſts of the work itſelf, which will be printed within a few days.

PROLOGUE TO CATO.

BY MR. POPE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

TO wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream thro' every age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying Love we but our weakneſs ſhew,
And wild Ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous cauſe,
Such tears as patriots ſhed for dying laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardour riſe,
And calls forth Roman drops from Britiſh eyes,
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was.
No common object to your ſight diſplays;
But what with pleaſure Heaven itſelf ſurveys,
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate.
While Cato gives his little ſenate laws,
What boſom beats not in his country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæſar, 'midſt triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in ſtate;
As her dead father's rev'rend image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercaſt,
The triumph ceas'd--tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor paſſed unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæſar leſs than Cato's ſword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhew you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt-fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece whom ſhe ſubdu'd.
Our ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On French tranſlation, and Italian ſong:
Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves, aſſert the ſtage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone ſhould pleaſe a Britiſh ear,
As Cato's ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE TO CATO.

BY DR. GARTH.

SPOKEN BY MRS. WILKS.

WHAT odd fantaſtic things we women do!
Who would not liſten when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their coſt:
To give you pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.
Vows of virginity ſhould well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
Wou'd you revenge ſuch raſh reſolves—you may
Be ſpiteful—and believe the thing we ſay;
We hate you when you're eaſily ſaid Nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were our fears!
Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd, as you yourſelves would chuſe,
Too proud to aſk, too humble to refuſe:
We give to merit, and to wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt ſucceſs that ſettles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix.
Blame not our conduct, ſince we but purſue.
Thoſe lively leſſons we have learn'd from you:
Your breaſts no more the fire of beauty warms;
But wicked wealth uſurps the power of charms;
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To ſwell in ſhew and be a wretch in ſtate!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow:
Ev'n churches are no ſanctuaries now;
There golden idols all your vows receive;
She is no goddeſs who has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artleſs and the ſoul ſincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And crowns leſs coveted than groves and ſprings!
Love then ſhall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Conſtancy feel tranſport in its chains:
Sighs with ſucceſs their own ſoft anguiſh tell,
And eyes ſhall utter what the lips conceal;
Virtue again to its bright ſtation climb,
And Beauty fear no enemy but time:
The fair ſhall liſten to deſert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's ſon.

No. XXXIV. MONDAY, APRIL 20.

———*Mores multorum vidit*——— HOR. ARS. POET. v. 142.

He many men, and many manners ſaw.

IT is a moſt vexatious thing to an old man, who endeavours to ſquare his notions by reaſon, and to talk from reflection and experience, to fall in with a circle of young ladies at their afternoon tea-table. This happened very lately to be my fate. The converſation, for the firſt half hour, was ſo very rambling, that it is hard to ſay what was talked of, or who ſpoke leaſt to the purpoſe. The various motions of the fan, the toſſings of the head, intermixed with all the pretty kinds of laughter, made up the greateſt part of the diſcourſe. At laſt this modiſh way of ſhining and being witty ſettled into ſomething like converſation, and the talk ran upon Fine Gentlemen. From the ſeveral characters that were given, and the exceptions that were made, as this or that gentleman happened to be named, I found that a lady is not difficult to be pleaſed, and that the town ſwarms with Fine Gentlemen. A nimble pair of heels, a ſmooth complexion, a full-bottom wig, a laced ſhirt, an embroidered ſuit, a pair of fringed gloves, a hat and feather; any one or more of theſe and the like accompliſhments ennobles a man, and raiſes him above the vulgar, in a female imagination. On the contrary, a modeſt ſerious behaviour, a plain dreſs, a thick pair of ſhoes, a leathern belt, a waiſtcoat not lined with ſilk, and ſuch like imperfections, degrade a man, and are ſo many blots in his eſcutcheon. I could not forbear ſmiling at one of the prettieſt and liveliеſt of this gay aſſembly, who excepted to the gentility of ſir William Hearty, becauſe he wore a frize coat, and breakfaſted upon toaſt and ale. I pretended to admire the fineneſs of her taſte; and to ſtrike in with her in ridiculing thoſe aukward healthy gentlemen, that ſeem to make nouriſhment the chief end of eating: I gave her an account of an honeſt Yorkſhire gentleman, who (when I was a traveller) uſed to invite his acquaintance at

Paris to break their faſt with him upon cold roaſt beef and mum. There was, I remember, a little French marquis, who was often pleaſed to railly him unmercifully upon beef and pudding, of which our countryman would diſpatch a pound or two with great alacrity, while his antagoniſt was piddling at a muſhroom or the haunch of a frog. I could perceive the lady was pleaſed with what I ſaid, and we parted very good friends by virtue of a maxim I always obſerve, Never to contradict or reaſon with a ſprightly female. I went home, however, full of a great many ſerious reflections upon what had paſſed: and though, in complaiſance, I diſguiſed my ſentiments, to keep up the good-humour of my companions, and to avoid being looked upon as a teſty old fellow, yet out of the good-will I bear to the ſex, and to prevent, for the future, their being impoſed upon by counterfeits, I ſhall give them the diſtinguiſhing marks of 'a true 'fine gentleman.'

When a good artiſt would expreſs any remarkable character in ſculpture, he endeavours to work up his figure into all the perfections his imagination can form; and to imitate not ſo much what is, as what may or ought to be. I ſhall follow their example, in the idea I am going to trace out of a fine gentleman by aſſembling together ſuch qualifications as ſeem requiſite to make the character compleat. In order to this, I ſhall premiſe in general, that by a fine gentleman I mean a man compleatly qualified as well for the ſervice and good, as for the ornament and delight, of ſociety. When I conſider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I ſuppoſe it graced with all the dignity and elevation of ſpirit that human nature is capable of: to this I would have joined a clear underſtanding, a reaſon free from prejudice, a ſteady judgment, and an extenſive knowledge. When I think of the heart of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate paſſions, and full of tenderneſs, compaſſion, and benevolence. When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I ſee him modeſt without baſhfulneſs, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaiſant without ſervility, chearful and in good-humour without noiſe. Theſe amiable qualities are not eaſily obtained; neither are there many men that have a genius to excel this way. A finiſhed gentleman is, perhaps, the moſt uncommon of all the great characters in life. Beſides the natural endowments with which this diſtinguiſhed man is to be born, he muſt run through a long ſeries of education. Before he makes his appearance and ſhines in the world, he muſt be principled in religion, inſtructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole courſe of the polite arts and ſciences. He ſhould be no ſtranger to courts and to camps; he muſt travel to open his mind, to enlarge his views, to learn the policies and intereſts of foreign ſtates, as well as to faſhion and poliſh himſelf, and to get clear of national prejudices, of which every country has its ſhare. To all theſe more eſſential improvements, he muſt not forget to add the faſhionable ornaments of life, ſuch as are the languages and the bodily exerciſes moſt in vogue; neither would I have him think even dreſs itſelf beneath his notice.

It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewiſe a great many men of honour to be found; men of courage, men of ſenſe, and men of letters are frequent: but a true fine gentleman is what one ſeldom ſees; he is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embelliſh mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compaſs of his knowledge by the luſtre and brightneſs of his imagination; ſo all the great and ſolid perfections of life appear in the finiſhed gentleman, with a beautiful gloſs and varniſh; every thing he ſays or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good-will of every beholder.

ADVERTISEMENT.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MY FEMALE READERS.

N. B. The gilt chariot, the diamond ring, the gold ſnuff-box, and brocade ſword-knot, are no eſſential parts of a fine gentleman; but may be uſed by him, provided he caſts his eye upon them but once a day.

No. XXXV. TUESDAY, APRIL 21.

O vitæ philoſophia dux, virtutis indagatrix! CIC.

O philoſophy, thou guide of life, and diſcoverer of virtue!

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

I Am a man who have ſpent great part of that time in rambling through foreign countries, which young gentlemen uſually paſs at the univerſity; by which courſe of life, although I have acquired no ſmall inſight into the manners and converſation of men, yet I could not make proportionable advances in the way of ſcience and ſpeculation. In my return through France, as I was one day ſetting forth this my caſe to a certain gentleman of that nation, with whom I contracted a friendſhip; after ſome pauſe, he conducted me into his cloſet, and opening a little amber cabinet, took from thence a ſmall box of ſnuff; which, he ſaid, was given him by an uncle of his, the author of The Voyage to the World of Deſcartes; and with many profeſſions of gratitude and affection, made me a preſent of it, telling me, at the ſame time, that he knew no readier way to furniſh and adorn a mind with knowledge in the arts and ſciences, than that ſame Snuff rightly applied.

'You muſt know,' ſaid he, 'that Deſcartes 'was the firſt who diſcovered a certain part of 'the brain, called by anatomiſts the Pineal 'Gland, to be the immediate receptacle of 'the ſoul, where ſhe is affected with all ſorts of 'perceptions, and exerts all her operations 'by the intercourſe of the animal ſpirits, 'which run through the nerves that are thence 'extended to all parts of the body.' He added, that the ſame philoſopher having conſidered the body as a machine, or piece of clock-work, which performed all the vital operations without the concurrence of the will, began to think a way may be found out in ſeparating the ſoul for ſome time from the body, without any injury to the latter; and that, after much meditation on that ſubject, the above-mentioned virtuoſo compoſed the Snuff he then gave me; which if taken in a certain quantity, would not fail to diſengage my ſoul from my body, 'Your ſoul,' continued he, 'being 'at liberty to tranſport herſelf with a thought 'wherever ſhe pleaſes, may enter into the 'Pineal Gland of the moſt learned philoſopher, 'and being ſo placed become ſpectator of all 'the ideas in his mind which would inſtruct 'her in a much leſs time than the uſual me-'thods.' I returned him thanks, and accepted his preſent, and with it a paper of directions.

You may imagine it was no ſmall improvement and diverſion, to paſs my time in the Pineal Glands of philoſophers, poets, beaux, mathematicians, ladies, and ſtateſmen. One while to trace a theorem in mathematicsthrough a long labyrinth of intricate turns and ſubtilties of thought; another, to be conſcious to the ſublime ideas and comprehenſive views of a philoſopher, without any fatigue or waſting of my own ſpirits. Sometimes to wander through perfumed groves, or enamelled meadows, in the fancy of a poet; at others to be preſent when a battle or a ſtorm raged, or a glittering palace roſe in his imagination; or to behold the pleaſures of a country life, the paſſion of a generous love, or the warmth of devotion wrought up to rapture: or (to uſe the words of a very ingenious author) to—

Behold the raptures which a writer knows,
When in his breaſt a vein of fancy glows:
Behold his buſineſs while he works the mine,
Behold his temper when he ſees it ſhine.

Eſſay on the different Styles of Poetry.

Theſe gave me inconceivable pleaſure. Nor was it an unpleaſant entertainment, ſometimes to deſcend from theſe ſublime and magnificent ideas to the impertinences of a beau, the dry ſchemes of a coffee-houſe politician, or the tender images in the mind of a young lady. And as, in order to frame a right idea of human happineſs, I thought it expedient to make a trial of the various manners wherein men of different purſuits were affected, I one day entered into the Pineal Gland of a certain perſon, who ſeemed very fit to give me

an inſight into all that which conſtitutes the happineſs of him who is called a Man of Pleaſure. But I found myſelf diſappointed in my notion of the pleaſures which attend a voluptuary, who has ſhaken off the reſtraints of reaſon.

His intellectuals, I obſerved, were grown unſerviceable by too little uſe, and his ſenſes were decayed and worn out by too much; that perfect inaction of the higher powers prevented appetite in prompting him to ſenſual gratifications; and the outrunning natural appetite produced a loathing inſtead of a pleaſure. I there beheld the intemperate cravings of youth, without the enjoyments of it; and the weakneſs of old age, without its tranquillity. When the paſſions were teazed and rouſed by ſome powerful object, the effect was not to delight or ſoothe the mind, but to torture it between the returning extremes of appetite and ſatiety. I ſaw a wretch racked, at the ſame time, with a painful remembrance of paſt miſcarriages, a diſtaſte of the preſent objects that ſolicit his ſenſes, and a ſecret dread of futurity; and I could ſee no manner of relief or comfort in the ſoul of this miſerable man, but what conſiſted in preventing his cure, by inflaming his paſſions, and ſuppreſſing his reaſon. But though it muſt be owned he had almoſt quenched that light which his Creator had ſet up in his ſoul, yet in ſpite of all his efforts, I obſerved at certain ſeaſons frequent flaſhes of remorſe ſtrike through the gloom, and interrupt that ſatisfaction he enjoyed in hiding his own deformities from himſelf.

I was alſo preſent at the original formation or production of a certain book in the mind of a Free-thinker; and believing it may not be unacceptable to let you into the ſecret manner and internal principles by which that phænomenon was formed, I ſhall in my next give you an account of it. I am, in the mean time, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA.

N. B. Mr. Ironſide has lately received out of France ten pounds averdupois weight of this philoſophical Snuff; and gives notice that he will make uſe of it, in order to diſtinguiſh the real from the profeſſed ſentiments of all perſons of eminence in court, city, town, and country.

No. XXXVI. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22.

Punnica ſe quantis attollet gloria rebus! VIRG. ÆN. 4. v. 49.

What rebuſes exalt the punnic fame!

THE gentleman who doth me the favour to write the following letter, ſaid as much for himſelf as the thing will bear. I am particularly pleaſed to find that in his Apology for Punning, he only celebrates the art, as it is a part of converſation. I look upon premeditated Quibbles and Puns committed to the preſs as unpardonable crimes. There is as much difference betwixt theſe and the ſtarts in common diſcourſe, as betwixt caſual rencounters, and murder with malice prepenſe.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

I Have, from your writings, conceived ſuch an opinion of your benevolence to mankind, that I truſt you will not ſuffer any art to be vilified, which helps to poliſh and adorn us. I do not know any ſort of wit that hath been uſed ſo reproachfully as the Pun; and I perſuade myſelf that I ſhall merit your eſteem, by recommending it to your protection, ſince there can be no greater glory to a generous ſoul than to ſuccour the diſtreſſed. I ſhall therefore, without farther preface, offer to your conſideration the following modeſt Apology for Punning; wherein I ſhall make uſe of no double meanings or equivocations; ſince I think it unneceſſary to give it any other praiſes than truth and common ſenſe, its profeſſed enemies, are forced to grant.

In order to make this an uſeful work, I ſhall ſtate the nature and extent of the Pun, I ſhall diſcover the advantages that flow from it, the moral virtues that it produces, and the tendency that it hath to promote vigour of body and eaſe of mind.

The Pun is defined by one, who ſeems to be no well-wiſher to it, to be 'a conceit ariſing from the uſe of two words

'that agree in the ſound, but differ in the 'ſenſe.' Now if this be the eſſence of Pun, how great muſt we allow the dignity of it to be, when we conſider that it takes in moſt of the conſiderable parts of learning! For is it not moſt certain, that all learned diſputes are rather about ſounds than ſenſe? Are not the controverſies of divines about the different interpretations of terms? Are not the diſputations of philoſophers about words, and all their pompous diſtinctions, only ſo many unravellings of double meanings? Who ever loſt his eſtate in Weſtminſter Hall, but complained that he was quibbled out of his right? Or what monarch ever broke a treaty, but by virtue of equivocation? In ſhort, ſo great is the excellence of this art, ſo diffuſive its influence, that when I go into a library, I ſay to myſelf—'What volumes of Puns do I behold!' When I look upon the men of buſineſs, I cry out—'How powerful is the tribe of the Quib-'blers!' When I ſee ſtateſmen and ambaſſadors, I reflect—'How ſplendid the equipage of 'the Quirk! In what pomp do the Pun-'ſters appear!'

But as there are Serious Puns, ſuch as I have inſtanced in, ſo likewiſe there are Puns Comical. Theſe are what I would recommend to my countrymen; which I ſhall do by diſplaying the advantages flowing from them.

The firſt advantage of Punning is, that it gives us the compaſs of our own language. This is very obvious: for the great buſineſs of the Punſter is to hunt out the ſeveral words in our tongue that agree in ſound, and have various ſignifications. By this means he will likewiſe enter into the nicety of ſpelling; an accompliſhment regarded only by middling people, and much neglected by perſons of great and no quality. This error may produce unneceſſary folios amongſt grammarians yet unborn. But to proceed. A man of learning hath, in this manner of wit, great advantages; as, indeed, what advantages do not flow from learning? If the Pun fails in Engliſh, he may have ſpeedy recourſe to the Latin or the Greek, and ſo on. I have known wonders performed by this ſecret. I have heard the French aſſiſted by the German, the Dutch mingle with the Italian, and where the jingle hath ſeemed deſperate in the Greek, I have known it revive in the Hebrew. My Friend Dick Babel hath often, to ſhew his parts, ſtated a conceit at the equinoxial, and purſued it through all the degrees of latitude: and after he had punned round the globe, hath ſat down, like Alexander, and mourned that he had no more worlds to conquer.

Another advantage in Punning is, that it ends diſputes, or, what is all one, Puns Comical deſtroy Puns Serious. Any man that drinks a bottle knows very well, that about twelve, people that do not kiſs or cry are apt to debate. This often occaſions heats and heart-burnings, unleſs one of the diſputants vouchſafes to end the matter with a joke. How often have Ariſtotle and Carteſius been reconciled by a merry conceit; how often have Whigs and Tories ſhook hands over a quibble, and the claſhing of ſwords been prevented by the jingling of words!

Attention of mind is another benefit enjoyed by Punſters. This is diſcoverable from the perpetual gape of the company where they are, and the earneſt deſire to know what was ſpoken laſt, if a word eſcapes any one at the table. I muſt add, that quick apprehenſion is required in the hearer, readily to take ſome things which are very far fetched; as likewiſe great vivacity in the performer, to reconcile diſtant, and even hoſtile ideas, by the mere mimicry of words, and energy of ſound.

Mirth, or good humour, is the laſt advantage, that, out of a million, I ſhall produce to recommend punning. But this will more naturally fall in when I come to demonſtrate its operation upon the mind and body. I ſhall now diſcover what moral virtues it promotes, and ſhall content myſelf with inſtancing in thoſe which every reader will allow of.

A Punſter is adorned with humility. This our adverſaries will not deny; becauſe they hold it to be a condeſcenſion in any man to trifle, as they arrogantly call it, with words. I muſt, however, confeſs, for my own ſhare, I never punned out of the pride of my heart, nor did I ever know one of our fraternity that ſeemed to be troubled with the thirſt of glory.

The virtue called Urbanity by the moraliſts, or a courtly behaviour, is much cultivated by this ſcience. For the whole ſpirit of Urbanity conſiſts in a deſire to pleaſe the company; and what

elſe is the deſign of the Punſter? Accordingly we find ſuch burſts of laughter, ſuch agitations of the ſides, ſuch contortions of the limbs, ſuch earneſt attempts to recover the dying laugh, ſuch tranſport in the enjoyment of it, in equivocating aſſemblies, as men of common ſenſe are amazed at, and own they never felt.

But nothing more diſplays itſelf in the Punſter, than Juſtice, the queen of all the virtues. At the quibbling board every performer hath its due. The ſoul is ſtruck at once, and the body recognizes the merit of each joke by ſudden and comical emotions. Indeed, how ſhould it be otherwiſe, where not only words, but even ſyllables, have juſtice done them; where no man invades the right of another, but with perfect innocence and good-nature takes as much delight in his neighbour's joy, as his own?

From what hath been advanced, it will eaſily appear, that this ſcience contributes to eaſe of body, and ſerenity of mind. You have, in a former Precaution, adviſed your hectical readers to aſſociate with thoſe of our brotherhood, who are, for the moſt part, of a corpulent make, and a round vacant countenance. It is natural, the next morning after a merriment, to reflect how we behaved ourſelves the night before: and I appeal to any one, whether it will not occaſion greater peace of mind to conſider, that he hath been waging harmleſs war with words, than if he had ſtirred his brother to wrath, grieved the ſoul of his neighbour by calumny, or increaſed his own wealth by fraud. As for health of body, I look upon punning as a noſtrum, a medicina gymnaſtica, that throws off all bad humours, and occaſions ſuch a briſk circulation of the blood, as keeps the lamp of life in a clear and conſtant flame. I ſpeak, as all phyſicians ought to do, from experience. A friend of mine, who had the ague this ſpring, was, after the failing of ſeveral medicines and charms, adviſed by me to enter into a courſe of Quibbling. He threw his electuaries out of the window, and took Abracadabra, off from his neck, and by the mere force of punning upon that long magical word, threw himſelf into a fine breathing ſweat, and a quiet ſleep. He is now in a fair way of recovery; and ſays pleaſantly, he is leſs obliged to the Jeſuits for their powder, than for their equivocation.

Sir, this is 'My Modeſt Apology for Punning;' which I was the more encouraged to undertake, becauſe we have a learned Univerſity where it is in requeſt; and I am told that a famous club hath given it protection. If this meets with encouragement, I ſhall write a vindication of the Rebus, and do juſtice to the Conundrum. I have, indeed, looked philoſophically into their natures, and made a ſort of Arbor Porphyriana of the ſeveral ſubordinations and diviſions of low wit. This the ladies perhaps may not underſtand; but I ſhall thereby give the beaux an opportunity of ſhewing their learning.

I am, Sir,
with great reſpect,
your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

No. XXXVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 23.

Me duce damnoſas homines compreſcite curas.

OVID. REM. AMOR, v. 69.

Learn, mortals, from my precepts to controul
The furious paſſions that diſturb the ſoul.

IT is natural for an old man to be fond of ſuch entertainments as revive in his imagination the agreeable impreſſions made upon it in his youth: the ſet of wits and beauties he was firſt acquainted with, the balls and drawing-rooms in which he made an agreeable figure, the muſic and actors he heard and ſaw, when his life was freſh, and his ſpirits vigorous and quick, have uſually the preference in his eſteem to any ſucceeding pleaſures that preſent themſelves when his taſte is grown more languid. It is for this reaſon I never ſee a picture of Sir Peter Lely's, who drew ſo many of my firſt friends and acquaintance, without a ſenſible delight; and I am in raptures when I reflect on the compoſitions of the famous Mr. Henry Laws, long before the Italian muſic was introduced in our nation. Above all, I am pleaſed in obſerving, that the

tragedies of Shakeſpeare, which in my youthful days have ſo frequently filled my eyes with tears, hold their rank ſtill, and are the great ſupport of our theatre.

It was with this agreeable prepoſſeſſion of mind I went ſome time ago to ſee the old tragedy of Othello, and took my female wards with me, having promiſed them a little before to carry them to the firſt play of Shakeſpeare's which ſhould be acted. Mrs. Cornelia, who is a great reader, and never fails to peruſe the play-bills, which are brought to her every day, gave me notice of it early in the morning. When I came to my Lady Lizard's at dinner, I found the young folks all dreſſed, and expecting the performance of my promiſe. I went with them at the proper time, placed them together in the boxes, and myſelf by them in a corner ſeat. As I have the chief ſcenes of the play by heart, I did not look much on the ſtage, but formed to myſelf a new ſatisfaction in keeping an eye on the faces of my little audience, and obſerving, as it were by reflection, the different paſſions of the play repreſented in their countenances. Mrs. Betty told us the names of ſeveral perſons of diſtinction, as they took their places in the boxes; and entertained us with the hiſtory of a new marriage or two till the curtain drew up. I ſoon perceived that Mrs. Jane was touched with the love of Deſdemona, and in a concern how ſhe would come off with her parents. Annabella had a rambling eye, and for ſome time was more taken up with obſerving what gentlemen looked at her, and with criticiſing the dreſs of the ladies, than with any thing that paſſed on the ſtage. Mrs. Cornelia, who I have often ſaid is addicted to the ſtudy of romances, commended that ſpeech in the play in which Othello mentions his 'hair-breadth 'ſcapes in 'the imminent deadly breach,' and recites his travels and adventures with which he had captivated the heart of Deſdemona. The Sparkler looked ſeveral times frighted; and as the diſtreſs of the play was heightened, their different attention was collected, and fixed wholly on the ſtage, till I ſaw them all, with a ſecret ſatisfaction, betrayed into tears.

I have often conſidered this play as a noble, but irregular, production of a genius, who had the power of animating the theatre beyond any writer we have ever known. The touches of nature in it are ſtrong and maſterly, but the œconomy of the fable, and in ſome particulars the probability, are too much neglected. If I would ſpeak of it in the moſt ſevere terms, I ſhould ſay as Waller does of the Maid's Tragedy—

Great are its faults, but glorious is its flame.

But it would be a poor employment in a critic to obſerve upon the faults, and ſhew no taſte for the beauties, in a work that has always ſtruck the moſt ſenſible part of our audiences in the moſt ſenſible manner.

The chief ſubject of this piece is the paſſion of Jealouſy, which the poet has repreſented at large, in its birth, its various workings and agonies, and its horrid conſequences. From this paſſion, and the innocence and ſimplicity of the perſon ſuſpected, ariſes a very moving diſtreſs.

It is a remark, as I remember, of a modern writer, who is thought to have penetrated deeply into the nature of the paſſions, that the 'moſt extravagant love is neareſt to the ſtrong-'eſt hatred.' The Moor is furious in both theſe extremes. His love is tempeſtuous, and mingled with a wildneſs peculiar to his character, which ſeems very artfully to prepare for the change which is to follow.

How ſavage, yet how ardent, is that expreſſion of the raptures of his heart, when, looking after Deſdemona as ſhe withdraws, he breaks out—

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my ſoul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

The deep and ſubtle villainy of Iago, in working this change from love to jealouſy, in ſo tumultuous a mind as that of Othello, prepoſſeſſed with a confidence in the diſintereſted affection of the man who is leading him on inſenſibly to his ruin, is likewiſe drawn with a maſterly hand. Iago's broken hints, queſtions, and ſeeming care to hide the reaſon of them; his obſcure ſuggeſtions to raiſe the curioſity of the Moor; his perſonated confuſion, and refuſing to explain himſelf, while Othello is drawn on and held in ſuſpence till he grows impatient and angry; then his throwing in the poiſon, and naming to him in a caution the paſſion he would raiſe—

——O, beware of jealouſy!——

are inimitable ſtrokes of art, in that ſcene which has always been juſtly eſteemed one of the beſt which was ever repreſented on the theatre.

To return to the character of Othello; his ſtrife of paſſions, his ſtarts, his returns of love, and threatenings of Iago, who put his mind on the rack, his relapſes afterwards to jealouſy, his rage againſt his wife, and his aſking pardon of Iago, whom he thinks he had abuſed for his fidelity to him, are touches which no one can overlook that has the ſentiments of human nature, or has conſidered the heart of man in its frailties, its penances, and all the variety of its agitations. The torments which the Moor ſuffers are ſo exquiſitely drawn, as to render him as much an object of compaſſion, even in the barbarous action of murdering Deſdemona, as the innocent perſon herſelf who falls under his hand.

But there is nothing in which the poet has more ſhewn his judgment in this play, than in the circumſtance of the handkerchief; which is employed as a confirmation to the jealouſy of Othello already raiſed. What I would here obſerve is, that the very ſlightneſs of this circumſtance is the beauty of it. How finely has Shakeſpeare expreſſed the nature of jealouſy in thoſe lines, which, on this occaſion, he puts into the mouth of Iago—

Trifles light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations ſtrong
As proofs of Holy Writ.

It would be eaſy for a taſteleſs critic to turn any of the beauties I have here mentioned into ridicule; but ſuch an one would only betray a mechanical judgment, formed out of borrowed rules and common-place reading, and not ariſing from any true diſcernment in human nature and its paſſions.

As the Moral of this tragedy is an admirable caution againſt haſty ſuſpicions, and the giving way to the firſt tranſports of rage and jealouſy, which may plunge a man in a few minutes into all the horrors of guilt, diſtraction, and ruin, I ſhall further enforce it, by relating a ſcene of misfortunes of the like kind, which really happened ſome years ago in Spain; and is an inſtance of the moſt tragical hurricane of paſſion I have ever met with in hiſtory. It may be eaſily conceived, that a heart ever big with reſentments of its own dignity, and never allayed by reflections which make us honour ourſelves for acting with reaſon and equality, will take fire precipitantly. It will on a ſudden flame too high to be extinguiſhed. The ſhort ſtory I am going to tell is a lively inſtance of the truth of this obſervation, and a juſt warning to thoſe of jealous honour to look about them, and begin to poſſeſs their ſouls as they ought, for no man of ſpirit knows how terrible a creature he is till he comes to be provoked.

Don Alonzo, a Spaniſh nobleman, had a beautiful and virtuous wife, with whom he had lived for ſome years in great tranquillity. The gentleman, however, was not free from the faults uſually imputed to his nation; he was proud, imperious, ſuſpicious, and impetuous. He kept a Moor in his houſe, whom, on a complaint from his lady, he had puniſhed for a ſmall offence with the utmoſt ſeverity. The ſlave vowed revenge, and communicated his reſolution to one of the lady's women with whom he lived in a criminal way. This creature alſo hated her miſtreſs, for ſhe feared ſhe was obſerved by her; ſhe therefore undertook to make Don Alonzo jealous, by inſinuating that the gardener was often admitted to his lady in private, and promiſed to make him an eye-witneſs of it. At a proper time, agreed on between her and the Moriſco, ſhe ſent a meſſage to the gardener, that his lady having ſome haſty orders to give him, would have him come that moment to her in her chamber. In the mean time ſhe had placed Alonzo privately in an outer room, that he might obſerve who paſſed that way. It was not long before he ſaw the gardener appear. Alonzo had not patience, but following him into the apartment, ſtruck him at one blow with a dagger to the heart; then dragging his lady by the hair without enquiring farther, he inſtantly killed her.

Here he pauſed, looking on the dead bodies with all the agitations of a dæmon of revenge; when the wench who had occaſioned theſe terrors, diſtracted with remorſe, threw herſelf at his feet, and in a voice of lamentation, without ſenſe of the conſequence, repeated all her

her guilt. Alonzo was overwhelmed with all the violent paſſions at one inſtant, and uttered the broken voices and motions of each of them for a moment, till at laſt he recollected himſelf enough to end his agony of love, anger, diſdain, revenge, and remorſe, by murdering the maid, the Moor, and himſelf.

No. XXXVIII. FRIDAY, APRIL 24.

———*Prodire tenus ſi non datur ultra.* HOR. EP. I. L. I. V. 32.

Thus far at leaſt, though here we ſtop.

I Have lately given a Precaution concerning the difficulty in arriving at what ought to be eſteemed a Fine Gentleman. That character has been long wholly engroſſed by well-dreſſed beaux, and men of ſenſe have given up all pretence to it. The higheſt any of them contend for, is the character of a Pretty Gentleman; for here the dreſs may be more careleſs, and ſome wit is thought neceſſary; whereas a Fine Gentleman is not obliged to converſe further than the offering his ſnuff-box round the room. However, the Pretty Gentleman muſt have his airs; and though they are not ſo pompous as thoſe of the other, yet they are ſo affected, that few who have underſtanding can bring themſelves to be proficients this way, though ever ſo uſeful towards being well received; but if they fail here, they ſucceed with ſome difficulty in being allowed to have 'much of the gentleman' in them: to obtain this epithet, a man of ſenſe muſt arrive at a certain deſire to appear more than is natural to him; but as the world goes, it is fit he ſhould be encouraged in this attempt, ſince nothing can mend the general taſte, but ſetting the true character in as public a view as the falſe. This, indeed, can never be done to the purpoſe, while the majority is ſo great on the wrong ſide; one of a hundred will have the ſhout againſt him; but if people of wit would be as zealous to aſſiſt old Ironſide, as he is to promote them and their intereſt, a little time would give theſe things a new turn. However, I will not deſpair but I ſhall be able to ſummon all the good ſenſe in the nation to my aſſiſtance, in my ambition to produce a new race of mankind, to take the places of ſuch as have hitherto pretended to engroſs the faſhion. The univerſity ſcholar ſhall be called upon to learn his exerciſe, and frequent mixed company; the military and the travelled man, to read the beſt authors; the country gentleman, to divide his time, ſo as, together with the care of his eſtate, to make an equal progreſs in learning and breeding; and when the ſeveral candidates think themſelves prepared, I ſhall appoint under-officers to examine their qualifications; and as I am ſatisfied with their report, give out my paſſports, recommending them to all companies as 'the Guardian's Fine Gentlemen.' If my recommendations appear juſt, I will not doubt but ſome of the preſent fine gentlemen will ſee the neceſſity of retirement, till they can come abroad with approbation. I have, indeed, already given out orders in this behalf, and have directed ſearchers to attend at the inns where the Oxford and Cambridge coaches ſtand, and commanded them to bring any young fellow, of any hopes in the world, directly to my lodgings as ſoon as he lands, for I will take him, though I know I can only make him 'much of a gentleman;' for when I have gone thus far, one would think it ſhould be eaſy to make him 'a gentleman-like man.' As the world now goes, we have no adequate idea of what is meant by 'gentlemanly, gentleman-like,' or 'much of a gentleman:' you cannot be cheated at play, but it is certainly done by 'a very gentleman-like man; you cannot be deceived in your affairs, but it was done in ſome 'gentlemanly manner;' you cannot be wronged in your bed, but all the world will ſay of him that did the injury, 'it muſt be 'allowed, he is very much of a gentleman.' Here is a very pleaſant fellow a correſpondent of mine, that puts in for that appellation even to highwaymen. I muſt confeſs, the gentleman he perſonates is very apparently ſuch,

though I did not look upon that ſort of fellow in that light, till he favoured me with his letter, which is as follows.

MR. IRONSIDE,

I Have been upon the highway theſe ſix years, in the Park, at the Play, at Bath, Tunbridge, Epſom, and at every other place where I could have any proſpect of ſtealing a fortune; but have met with no ſucceſs, being diſappointed either by ſome of your damned Ironſide race, or by old curſed curs, who put more bolts on their doors, and bars in their windows, than are in Newgate. All that ſee me, own I am a 'gentleman-like man;' and whatever raſcally things the grave folks ſay I am guilty of, they themſelves acknowledge I am a 'gentlemanly kind of man,' and in every reſpect accompliſhed for running away with a lady. I have been bred up to no buſineſs, am illiterate, have ſpent the ſmall fortune I had in purchaſing favours from the fair ſex: the bounty of their purſes I have received, as well as the endearments of their perſons; but I have gratefully diſpoſed of it among themſelves for I always was a keeper when I was kept. I am fearleſs in my behaviour, and never fail of putting your bookiſh ſort of fellows, your men of merit, forſooth, out of countenance. I triumph when I ſee a modeſt young woman bluſh at an aſſembly, or a virgin betrayed into tears at a well-wrought ſcene in a tragedy. I have long forgot ſhame, for it proceeds from a conſciouſneſs of ſome defect; and I am, as I told you, 'a gentlemanly man.' I never knew any but your muſty philoſophers applaud bluſhes; and you yourſelves will allow, that they are cauſed, either by ſome real imperfection, or the apprehenſion of defect where there is not any: but, for my part, I hate miſtakes, and ſhall not ſuſpect myſelf wrongfully. Such as I am, if you approve of my perſon, eſtate, and character, I deſire you would admit me as a ſuitor to one of the Lizards, and beg your ſpeedy anſwer to this; for it is the laſt time my black coat will bear ſcouring, or my long wig buckling. I am, Sir, the fair ladies, and your humble ſervant,

WILL. BAREFACE.

Thoſe on the highway, who make a ſtand with a piſtol at your breaſt, (compelled, perhaps, by neceſſity, misfortune, or driven out of an honeſt way of life, to anſwer the wants of a craving family) are much more excuſable than thoſe of their fraternity, who join the converſations of gentlemen, and get into a ſhare of their fortunes, without one good art about them. What a crowd of theſe 'gentlemen-like men' are about this town! For, from an unjuſt modeſty, and incapacity for common life, the ordinary failings of men of letters and induſtry in our nation, it happens that impudence ſuppreſſes all virtue, and aſſumes the reward and eſteem which are due to it. Hence it is, that worthleſs rogues have the ſmiles of the fair, and the favours of the great: to be well dreſſed, and in health, and very impudent, in this licentious undiſtinguiſhing age, is enough to conſtitute a perſon 'very 'much of a gentleman;' and to this paſs are we come, by the proſtitution of wit in the cauſe of vice, which has made the moſt unreaſonable and unnatural things prevail againſt all the ſuggeſtions of common ſenſe: nobody denies that we live in a Chriſtian country, and yet he who ſhould decline, upon reſpective opportunities, to commit adultery or murder, would be thought 'very little of a gen-'tleman.'

No. XXXIX. SATURDAY, APRIL 25.

——*Ægri ſomina.* HOR. ARS. POET. v. 7.

A ſick man's dreams.

MY correſpondent, who has acquired the faculty of entering into other mens thoughts, having in purſuance to a former letter, ſent me an account of certain uſeful diſcoveries he has made by the help of that invention, I ſhall communicate the ſame to the public in this paper.

MR. IRONSIDE,

ON the eleventh day of October, in the year 1712, having left my body locked up ſafe in my ſtudy, I repaired to the Grecian coffee houſe, where entering into the Pineal Gland of a certain eminent Free-thinker, I made directly to the higheſt part of it, which is the ſeat of the underſtanding, expecting to find there a comprehenſive knowledge of all things human and divine; but, to my no ſmall aſtoniſhment, I found the place narrower than ordinary, inſomuch that there was not any room, for a miracle, propheſy, or ſeparate ſpirit.

This obliged me to deſcend a ſtory lower, into the imagination, which I found larger indeed, but cold and comfortleſs. I diſcovered Prejudice, in the figure of a woman ſtanding in a corner, with her eyes cloſe ſhut, and her fore-fingers ſtuck in her ears; many words, in a confuſed order, but ſpoken with great emphaſis, iſſued out of her mouth. Theſe being condenſed by the coldneſs of the place, formed a ſort of miſt, through which, methought, I ſaw a great caſtle, with a fortification caſt round it, and a tower adjoining to it, that through the windows appeared to be filled with racks and halters. Beneath the caſtle I could diſcern vaſt dungeons, and all about it lay ſcattered the bones of men. It ſeemed to be garriſoned by certain men in black, of gigantic ſize, and moſt terrible forms. But as I drew near, the terror of the appearance vaniſhed, and the caſtle I found to be only a church, whoſe ſteeple, with its clock and bell-ropes, was miſtaken for a tower filled with racks and halters. The terrible giants in black ſhrunk into a few innocent clergymen. The dungeons were turned into vaults deſigned only for the habitation of the dead; and the fortifications proved to be a church yard, with ſome ſcattered bones in it, and a plain ſtone-wall round it.

I had not been long here before my curioſity was raiſed by a loud noiſe that I heard in the inferior region. Deſcending thither, I found a mob of the paſſions aſſembled in a riotous manner. Their tumultuary proceedings ſoon convinced me, that they affected a democracy. After much noiſe and wrangle, they at length all hearkened to Vanity, who propoſed the raiſing of a great army of notions, which ſhe offered to lead againſt thoſe dreadful phantoms in the imagination that had occaſioned all this uproar.

Away poſted Vanity, and I after her to the ſtore-houſe of ideas; where I beheld a great number of lifeleſs notions, confuſedly thrown together, but upon the approach of Vanity they began to crawl. Here were to be ſeen, among other odd things, ſleeping deities, corporeal ſpirits, and worlds formed by chance; with an endleſs variety of heathen notions, the moſt irregular and groteſque imaginable. And with theſe were jumbled ſeveral of Chriſtian extraction; but ſuch was the dreſs and light they were put in, and their features were ſo diſtorted, that they looked little better than heathens. There was likewiſe aſſembled no ſmall number of phantoms in ſtrange habits, who proved to be idolatrous prieſts of different nations. Vanity gave the word, and ſtraightway the Talapoins, Faquirs, Bramines, and Bonzes, drew up in a body. The right-wing conſiſted of ancient heathen notions, and the left of Chriſtians naturalized. All theſe together, for numbers, compoſed a very formidable army; but the precepitation of Vanity was ſo great, and ſuch was their own inbred averſion to the tyranny of rules and diſcipline, that they ſeemed rather a confuſed rabble than a regular army. I could, nevertheleſs, obſerve, that they all agreed in a ſquinting look, or caſt of their eyes towards a certain perſon in a maſk, who was placed in the center, and whom by ſure ſigns and tokens I diſcovered to be Atheiſm.

Vanity had no ſooner led her forces into the imagination, but ſhe reſolved upon ſtorming the caſtle, and giving no quarter. They began the aſſault with a loud outcry and great confuſion. I, for my part, made the beſt of my way, and re-entered my own lodging. Some time after, enquiring at a bookſeller's for 'A 'Diſcourſe on Free-thinking,' which had made ſome noiſe, I met with the repreſentatives of all thoſe notions drawn up in the ſame confuſed order upon paper. Sage Neſtor, I am your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

ULYSSES COSMOPOLITA.

N. B. I went round the table, but could not find a wit or mathematician among them.

I imagine the account here given may be uſeful in directing to the proper cure of a Free-thinker. In the firſt place, it is plain his underſtanding wants to be opened and enlarged, and he ſhould be taught the way to order and methodiſe his ideas; to which end the ſtudy of the mathematics may be uſeful. I am farther of opinion, that as his imagination is filled with amuſements ariſing from prejudice, and the obſcure or falſe lights in which he ſees things, it will be neceſſary to bring him into good company, and now and then carry him to church; by which means he may in time come to a right ſenſe of religion, and wear off the ill impreſſions he has received. Laſtly, I adviſe whoever takes the reformation of a modern Free-thinker, that above all things he be careful to ſubdue his vanity; that being the principal motive which prompts a little genius to diſtinguiſh itſelf by ſingularities that are hurtful to mankind.

Or, if the paſſion of Vanity, as it is for the moſt part very ſtrong in your Free-thinkers, cannot be ſubdued, let it be won over to the intereſt of religion, by giving them to underſtand that the greateſt Genii of the age have a reſpect for things ſacred; that their rhapſodies find no admirers; and that the name of Free-thinker has, like Tyrant of old, degenerated from its original ſignification, and is now ſuppoſed to denote ſomething contrary to wit and reaſon. In fine, let them know, that whatever temptations a few men of parts might formerly have had, from the novelty of the thing, to oppoſe the received opinions of Chriſtians, yet that now the humour is worn out, and blaſphemy and irreligion are diſtinctions which have long ſince deſcended down to lackeys and drawers.

But it muſt be my buſineſs to prevent all pretenders in this kind from hurting the ignorant and unwary. In order to this, I communicated an intelligence which I received of a gentleman's appearing very ſorrythat he was not well during a late fit of ſickneſs, contrary to his own doctrine which obliged him to be merry on that occaſion, except he was ſure of recovering. Upon this advice to the world, the following advertiſement got a place in the Poſt-boy.

WHEREAS in the paper called the Guardian, of Saturday the eleventh of April inſtant, a corollary reflection was made on Monſieur D——, a member of the royal academy of ſciences in Paris, author of a book lately publiſhed, entitled, 'A Philological Eſſay, or Reflections on the Death of Free-thinkers, with the Characters of the moſt eminent Perſons of both Sexes, ancient and modern, that died pleaſantly and unconcerned, &c. Sold by J. Baker, in Paternoſter-Row.' Suggeſting as if that gentleman, now in London, was very much out of humour, in a late fit of ſickneſs, till he was in a fair way of recovery. This is to aſſure the public, that the ſaid gentleman never expreſſed the leaſt concern at the approach of death, but expected the fatal minute with a moſt heroical and philoſophical reſignation; of which a copy of verſes he writ in the ſerene intervals of his diſtemper, is an invincible proof.

All that I contend for is, that this gentleman was out of humour when he was ſick; and the advertiſer to confute me, ſays, that 'in the 'ſerene intervals of his diſtemper,' that is, when he was not ſick, he writ verſes. I ſhall not retract my advertiſement till I ſee thoſe verſes; and I will chuſe what to believe then, except they are underwritten by his nurſe; nor then neither, except ſhe is an houſekeeper. I muſt tie this gentleman cloſe to the argument; for if he had not actually his fit upon him, there is nothing courageous in the thing, nor does it make for his purpoſe, nor are they heroic verſes.

The point of being merry at the hour of death, is a matter that ought to be ſettled by divines; but the publiſher of the Philological Eſſay produces his chief authorities from Lucretius, the Earl of Rocheſter, and Mr. John Dryden, who were gentlemen that did not think themſelves obliged to prove all they ſaid, or elſe proved their aſſertions by ſaying or ſwearing they were all fools that believed to the contrary. If it be abſolutely neceſſary that a man ſhould be facetious at his death, it would be very well if theſe gentlemen, Monſieur D—— and Mr. B——, would repent betimes, and not truſt to a death-bed ingenuity; by what

has appeared hitherto, they have only raiſed our longing to ſee their poſthumous works.

The author of 'Poetæ Ruſticantis literatum Otium,' is but a mere phraſeologiſt; the philological publiſher is but a tranſlator: but I expected better uſage from Mr. Abel Roper, who is an original.

No. XL. MONDAY, APRIL 27.

Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrſis in unum:
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon eſt tempore noris. VIRG. ECL. 7. V. 2. ET ULT.

Their ſheep and goats together graz'd the plains:
Since when, 'tis Corydon among the ſwains;
Young Corydon without a rival reigns. DRYDEN.

I Deſigned to have troubled the reader with no farther diſcourſes of Paſtorals; but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an author, whoſe eclogues are publiſhed in the ſame volume with Mr. Philips's; I ſhall employ this paper in obſervations upon him, written in the free ſpirit of criticiſm, and without apprehenſion of offending that gentleman, whoſe character it is, that he takes the greateſt care of his works before they are publiſhed, and has the leaſt concern for them afterwards.

I have laid it down as the firſt rule of Paſtoral, that its idea ſhould be taken from the manners of the Golden Age, and the moral formed upon the repreſentation of innocence, it is therefore plain, that any deviations from that deſign degrade a poem from being true paſtoral. In this view it will appear that Virgil can only have two of his eclogues allowed to be ſuch: his firſt and ninth muſt be rejected, becauſe they deſcribe the ravages of armies, and oppreſſions of the innocent: Corydon's criminal paſſion for Alexis throws out the ſecond; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that ſtate of concord; the eighth repreſents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a ſhepherd, whom an inviting precipice tempts to ſelf-murder. As to the fourth, ſixth, and tenth, they are given up by Heinſius, Salmaſius, Rapin *, and the critics in general. They likewiſe obſerve, that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as Paſtorals; and even out of that number, the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the reaſons above-mentioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's eclogues, taken all together, are rather Select Poems than Paſtorals, I might have ſaid the ſame thing, with no leſs truth, of Theocritus. The reaſon of this I take to be yet unobſerved by the critics, viz. they never meant them all for Paſtorals. Which it is plain Philips hath done, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

As ſimplicity is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of Paſtoral, Virgil has been thought guilty of too courtly a ſtyle; his language is pure, and he often forgets he is among peaſants. I have frequently wondered, that ſince he was ſo converſant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the ruſticity of the old obſolete Roman language, as Philips hath by the antiquated Engliſh: for example, might he not have ſaid *Quoi* inſtead of *Cui*; *Quoijum* for *Cujum*; *volt* for *vult*, &c. as well as our modern hath *Welladay* for *Alas*, *Whilome* for *of old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *witleſs younglings* for *ſimple lambs*, &c. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spenſer.

Mr. Pope hath fallen into the ſame error with Virgil. His clowns do not converſe in all the ſimplicity proper to the country: his names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the ſcene of his paſtorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrſis, on Britiſh plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan: whereas Philips, who hath the ſtricteſt regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; ſuch

* See Rapin de Carm. Paſt. pars 3.

as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout.

So eaſy as Paſtoral writing may ſeem, (in the ſimplicity we have deſcribed it) yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be maſter of it. Philips hath given us manifeſt proofs of his knowledge of books; it muſt be confeſſed his competitor hath imitated ſome ſingle thoughts of the ancients well enough, if we conſider he had not the happineſs of an univerſity education; but he hath diſperſed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips obſerves, whoſe whole third Paſtoral is an inſtance how well he hath ſtudied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciouſly reduced Virgil's thoughts to the ſtandard of Paſtoral; as his contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale, ſhews with great exactneſs he hath imitated Strada.

When I remarked it as a principal fault to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth in deſcriptions where the ſcene lies in our country, I did not deſign that obſervation ſhould extend alſo to animals, or the ſenſitive life; for Philips hath with great judgment deſcribed wolves in England, in his firſt paſtoral. Nor would I have a poet ſlaviſhly confine himſelf (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular ſeaſon of the year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken ſcene in each eclogue. It is plain Spenſer neglected this pedantry, who in his paſtoral of November mentions the mournful ſong of the nightingale—

Sad Philomel her ſong in tears doth ſteep.

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raiſed up finer beds of flowers than the moſt induſtrious gardener; his roſes, lilies, and daffodils, blow in the ſame ſeaſon.

But the better to diſcover the merits of our two contemporary paſtoral writers, I ſhall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by ſetting ſeveral of their particular thoughts in the ſame light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what ſimplicity he introduces two ſhepherds ſinging alternatively:

HOBBINOL.

Come, Roſalind, O come! for without thee
What pleaſure can the country have for me?
Come, Roſalind, O come! My brinded kine,
My ſnowy ſheep, my farm, and all, is thine.

LANQ.

Come, Roſalind, O come! here ſhady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here ſpringing flowr'rs.
Come, Roſalind: here ever let us ſtay,
And ſweetly waſte our live-long time away.

Our other paſtoral writer, in expreſſing the ſame thought, deviates into downright poetry.

STREPHON.

In ſpring the fields, in autumn, hills I love;
At morn the plains, at noon the ſhady grove;
But Delia always: forc'd from Delia's ſight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight,

DAPHNE.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet freſh as early day;
Ev'n ſpring diſpleaſes when ſhe ſhines not here,
But, bleſt with her, 'tis ſpring throughout the year.

In the firſt of theſe authors, two ſhepherds thus innocently deſcribe the behaviour of their miſtreſſes:

HOBBINOL.

As Marian bath'd by chance I paſſed by;
She bluſh'd and at me caſt a ſidelong eye;
Then ſwift beneath the cryſtal wave ſhe try'd
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

LANQ.

As I to cool me bath'd one ſultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the ſedges lay;
The wanton laugh'd, and ſeem'd in haſte to fly,
Yet often ſtopp'd, and often turned her eye.

The other modern (who it muſt be confeſſed hath a knack of verſifying) hath it as follows:

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in ſhades, eludes her eager ſwain;
But feigns a laugh to ſee me ſearch around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found,

DAPHNE.

The ſprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes ſhe does not run unſeen;
While a kind glance at her purſuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of than deſcriptions of paſtoral preſents. Philips ſay thus of a ſheep-hook—

Of ſeaſon'd elm, where ſtuds of braſs appear,
To ſpeak the giver's name, the month and year,
The hook of poliſh'd ſteel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the graver's ſkill adorn'd.

The other of a bowl emboſſed with figures—

——————where wanton ivy twines,
And ſwelling cluſters bend the curling vines;
Four figures riſing from the work appear,
The various ſeaſons of the rolling year;
And what is that which binds the radiant ſky,
Where twelve bright ſigns in beauteous order lie?

The ſimplicity of the ſwain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiack, is no ill imitation of Virgil; but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dreſſed this thought in his Doric?

And what That height, which girds the Welkin ſheen,
Where twelve gay ſigns in meet array are ſeen.

If the reader would indulge his curioſity any farther in the compariſon of particulars, he may read the firſt paſtoral of Philips, with the ſecond of his contemporary, and the fourth and ſixth of the former, with the fourth and firſt of the latter; where ſeveral parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now ſhewn ſome parts, in which theſe two writers may be compared, it is a juſtice I owe to Mr. Philips, to diſcover thoſe in which no man can compare with him. Firſt, that beautiful ruſticity, of which I ſhall only produce two inſtances, out of a hundred not yet quoted:

'O woful day! O day of woe,' quoth he,
'And woful I, who live the day to ſee!'

That ſimplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the ſolemnity of the ſound, and the eaſy turn of the words, in this Dirge, (to make uſe of our author's expreſſion, are extremely elegant.

In another of his paſtorals, a ſhepherd utters a Dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

'Ah me the while! ah me, the luckleſs day!
'Ah, luckleſs lad! the rather might I ſay;
'Ah, ſilly I! more ſilly than my ſheep,
'Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.'

How he ſtill charms the ear with theſe artful repetitions of the epithets; and how ſignificant is the laſt verſe! I defy the moſt common reader to repeat them without feeling ſome motions of compaſſion.

In the next place I ſhall rank his Proverbs, in which I formerly obſerved he excels: for example—

A rolling ſtone is ever bare of moſs;
And, to their coſt, green years old proverbs croſs.
——He that late lies down, as late will riſe;
And, ſluggard-like, till noon-day ſnoring lies.
Againſt *ill-luck* all cunning foreſight fails;
Whether we ſleep or wake it nought avails.
——Nor fear, from *upright* ſentence, *wrong*.

Laſtly, his elegant Dialect, which alone might prove him the eldeſt born of Spenſer, and our only true Arcadian, I ſhould think it proper for the ſeveral writers of paſtoral to confine themſelves to their ſeveral counties. Spenſer ſeems to be of this opinion; for he hath laid the ſcene of his paſtorals in Wales, where, with all the ſimplicity natural to that part of our iſland, one ſhepherd bids the other good-morrow in an unuſual and elegant manner—

Diggon Davy, I bid her God-day:
Or Diggon hur is, or I miſ-ſay.

Diggon anſwers—
Hur was hur while it was day-light;
But now hur is a moſt wretched wight, &c.

But the moſt beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is a piece which I chanced to find among ſome old manuſcripts, entitled, 'A Paſtoral Ballad;' which I think, for its nature and ſimplicity, may (notwithſtanding the modeſty of the title) be allowed a perfect paſtoral: it is compoſed in the Somerſetſhire dialect, and the names ſuch as are proper to the country people. It may be obſerved, as a farther beauty of this paſtoral, the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Faun, Cupid, or Satyr, are not mentioned through the whole. I ſhall make no apology for inſerting ſome few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the ſubject, as ſhe is going a milking:

CICILY.

Ranger, go vetch tha * kee, or elſe tha zun
Will quite be go, bevore c' have half a don.

ROGER.

Thou ſhouldſt not ax ma tweece, but I've a be
To dreave our bull to bull tha parſon's kee.

It is to be obſerved, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the paſſion of jealouſy; and his mentioning the parſon's kine naturally revives the jealouſy of the

* That is, the kine or cows.

ſhepherdeſs Cicily, which ſhe expreſſes as follows:

CICILY.

Ah, Rager, Rager, chee was zore avraid
When in yon vield you kiſs'd tha parſon's maid:
Is this the love that once to me you zed
When from the wake thou broughtſt me gingerbread?

ROGER.

Cicily, thou charg'ſt me falſe—I'll zwear to thee;
Tha parſon's maid is ſtill a maid for me!

In which anſwer of his are expreſſed at once that 'ſpirit of religion,' and that 'innocence of 'the Golden Age,' ſo neceſſary to be obſerved by all writers of Paſtoral.

At the concluſion of this piece, the author reconciles the lovers, and ends the eclogue the moſt ſimply in the world.

So Rager parted vor to vetch tha kee,
And vor her bucket in went Cicily.

I am loth to ſhew my fondneſs for antiquity ſo far as to prefer this ancient Britiſh author to our preſent Engliſh writers of paſtoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that both Spenſer and Philips have hit into the ſame road with this old Weſt-country bard of ours.

After all that hath been ſaid, I hope none can think it any injuſtice to Mr. Pope, that I forbore to mention him as a paſtoral writer; ſince upon the whole he is in the claſs with Moſchus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whoſe eclogues, as well as ſome of Virgil's, it may be ſaid, that according to the deſcription we have given of this ſort of poetry, they are by no means Paſtorals, but 'ſomething better*.'

No. XLI. TUESDAY, APRIL 28.

Even churches are no ſanctuaries now.

EPILOGUE TO CATO.

THE following letter has ſo much truth and reaſon in it, that I believe every man of ſenſe and honour in England will have a juſt indignation againſt the perſon who could commit ſo great a violence as that of which my correſpondent complains.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

I Claim a place in your paper for what I now write to you, from the declaration which you made at your firſt appearance, and the very title you aſſume to yourſelf.

If the circumſtance, which I am going to mention, is overlooked by one who calls himſelf Guardian, I am ſure honour and integrity, innocence and virtue, are not the objects of his care. The Examiner ends his diſcourſe of Friday the twenty-fourth inſtant with theſe words.

'No ſooner was D——— among the Whigs, 'and confirmed paſt retrieving, but Lady 'Char—te is taken knotting in Saint James's 'Chapel during divine ſervice, in the immediate preſence of God and her Majeſty, who 'were affronted together, that the family might 'appear to be entirely come over. I ſpare the 'beauty for the ſake of her birth; but certainly there was no occaſion for ſo public a 'proof, that her fingers are more dextrous in 'tying a knot, than her father's brains in 'perplexing the government.'

It is apparent, that the perſon here intended is by birth a lady, and daughter of an earl of Great Britain; and the treatment this author is pleaſed to give her, he makes no ſcruple to own ſhe is expoſed to by being his daughter. Since he has aſſumed a licence to talk of this nobleman in print to his diſadvantage, I hope his lordſhip will pardon me, that out of the intereſt which I, and all true Engliſhmen, have in his character, I take the liberty to defend him.

I am willing on this occaſion to allow the claim and pretenſion to merit to be ſuch as the ſame author deſcribes in his preceding paper.

* The foregoing Eſſay by Mr. Pope himſelf.

'By active merit,' says the Examiner of the twenty-first, 'I understand, not only the 'power and ability to serve, but the actual 'exercise of any one or more virtues, for pro- 'moting the good of one's country, and a long 'and steady course of real endeavours to ap- 'pear useful in a government; or where a per- 'son, eminently qualified for public affairs, 'distinguishes himself in some critical junc- 'ture, and at the expence of his ease and for- 'tune; or with the hazard of his person, ex- 'poses himself to the malice of a designing 'faction, by thwarting their wicked purposes, 'and contributing to the safety, repose, and 'welfare of a people.'

Let us examine the conduct of this noble earl by this description. Upon the late glorious Revolution, when it was in debate in what manner the people of England should express their gratitude to their deliverer, this lord, from the utmost tenderness and loyalty to this unhappy prince, and apprehensive of the danger of so great a change, voted against King William's accession to the throne: however, his following services sufficiently testified the truth of that his memorable expression, Though he could not make a king, he could obey him. The whole course and tenor of his life ever since has been visibly animated by a steady and constant zeal for the monarchy and episcopacy of these realms. He has been ever reviled by all who are cold to the interests of our established religion or dissenters from it, as a favourer of persecution, and a bigot to the church, against the civil rights of his fellow-subjects. Thus it stood with him at the trial of Doctor Sacheverell, when this noble earl had a very great share in obtaining the gentle sentence which the House of Lords pronounced on that occasion: but, indeed, I have not heard that any of his lordship's dependents joined Saint Harry * in the pilgrimage which 'that 'meek man' took afterwards round England, followed by drum, trumpet, and acclamations, to 'visit the churches.' Civil prudence made it, perhaps, necessary to throw the public affairs into such hands as had no pretensions to popularity in either party, but from the distribution of the queen's favours.

During such, and other late transactions, (which are too fresh to need being recounted) the Earl of Nottingham has had the misfortune to differ with the lords who have the honour to be employed in the administration; but even among these incidents he has highly distinguished himself in procuring an act of parliament, to prevent that those who dissent from the church should serve in the state.

I hope these are great and critical junctures, wherein this gentleman has shown himself a patriot and lover of the church in as eminent a manner as any other of his fellow-subjects. 'He has at all times, and in all seasons, shewn 'the same steady abhorrence to all innovations.' But it is from this behaviour that he has deserved so ill of the Examiner, as to be termed a 'late convert' to those whom he calls factious, and introduced in his profane dialogue of April the 6th, with a servant and a madwoman. I think I have, according to the Examiner's own description of merit, shewn how little this nobleman deserves such treatment. I shall now appeal to all the world, to consider whether the outrage committed against the young lady had not been cruel and insufferable towards the daughter of the highest offender.

The utmost malice and invention could go no farther than to forge a story of her having inadvertently done an indifferent action in a sacred place. Of what temper can this man be made, that could have no sense of the pangs he must give a young lady to be barely mentioned in a public paper, much more to be named in a libellous manner, as having offended God and man!

But the wretch, as dull as he is wicked, felt it strike on his imagination, that knotting and perplexing would make a quaint sting at the end of his paper, and had no compunction, though he introduced his witticism at the expence of a young lady's quiet, and (as far as in him lies) her honour. Does he thus finish his discourse of religion? This is indeed, 'to lay 'at us, and make every blow fell to the 'ground.'

There is no party concerned in this circumstance; but every man that hopes for a virtuous woman to his wife, that would defend his child, or protect his mistress, ought to receive

* Dr. Henry Sacheverell.

this inſolence as done to himſelf. 'In the im-
'mediate preſence of God and her majeſty,
'that the family might appear to be entirely
'come over,' ſays the fawning miſcreant. It is very viſible which of thoſe powers (that he has put together) he is the more fearful of offending. But he miſtakes his way in making his court to a pious ſovereign, by naming her with the Deity, in order to find protection for inſulting a virtuous woman, who comes to call upon him in the royal chapel.

If life be (as it ought to be with people of their character, whom the Examiner attacks) leſs valuable and dear than honour and reputation, in that proportion is the Examiner worſe than an aſſaſſin. We have ſtood by and tamely heard him aggravate the diſgraces of the brave and the unfortunate. We have ſeen him double the anguiſh of the unhappy man; we have ſeen him trample on the aſhes of the dead; but all this has concerned greater life, and could touch only public characters, they did but remotely affect our private and domeſtic intereſts: but when due regard is not had to the honour of women, all human ſociety is aſſaulted. The higheſt perſon in the world is of that ſex, and has the utmoſt ſenſibility of an outrage committed againſt it. She who was the beſt wife that ever prince was bleſſed with, will, though ſhe ſits on a throne, jealouſly regard the honour of a young lady who has not entered into that condition.

Lady Char—te's quality will make it impoſſible that this cruel uſage can eſcape her majeſty's notice: and it is the buſineſs of every honeſt man to trace the offender, and expoſe him to the indignation of his ſovereign.

No. XLII. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29.

Non miſſura cutem, niſi plena cruoris hirudo. HOR. ARS. POET. v. ULT.

Sticking like leeches till they burſt with blood. ROSCOMMON.

TOM Lizard told us a ſtory the other day, of ſome perſons which our family know very well, with ſo much humour and life, that it cauſed a great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother Will, the Templar, was highly delighted with it; and the next day being with ſome of his inns-of-court acquaintance, reſolved (whether out of the benevolence or the pride of his heart, I will not determine) to entertain them with what he called 'a pleaſant humour enough.' I was in great pain for him when I heard him again begin, and was not at all ſurprized to find the company very little moved by it. Will bluſhed, looked round the room, and with a forced laugh—'Faith, gentlemen,' ſaid he, 'I do not know what makes you look ſo 'grave; it was an admirable ſtory when I 'heard it.'

When I came home, I fell into a profound contemplation upon Story-Telling; and, as I have nothing ſo much at heart as the good of my country, I reſolved to lay down ſome Precautions upon this ſubject.

I have often thought that a ſtory-teller is born as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain, that ſome men have ſuch a peculiar caſt of mind, that they ſee things in another light than men of grave diſpoſitions. Men of a lively imagination, and a mirthful temper, will repreſent things to their hearers in the ſame manner as they themſelves were affected with them; and whereas ſerious ſpirits might perhaps have been diſguſted at the ſight of ſome odd occurrences in life; yet the very ſame occurrences ſhall pleaſe them in a well-told ſtory, where the diſagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and thoſe only which are pleaſing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a Knack; it doth not ſo much ſubſiſt upon wit as upon humour; and, I will add, that it is not perfect without proper geſticulations of the body, which naturally attend ſuch merry emotions of the mind. I know very well, that a certain gravity of countenance ſets ſome ſtories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be ſurprized in the end; but this is by no means a general rule; for it is

frequently convenient to aid and aſſiſt, by chearful looks, and whimſical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the ſucceſs of a ſtory very often depends upon the make of the body, and formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever ſince I criticiſed upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakneſs to repine at the proſperity of his conceits, which made him paſs for a wit with the widow at the coffee-houſe, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myſelf forbear laughing at them moſt heartily, though upon examination, I thought moſt of them very flat and inſipid. I found, after ſome time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the ſhaking of a fat paunch, and the toſſing up of a pair of roſy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of ſickneſs, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which roſe in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good conſtitution for wit.

Thoſe who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to ſhew their parts with too much oſtentation: I would therefore adviſe all the profeſſors of this art never to tell ſtories, but as they ſeem to grow out of the ſubject matter of the converſation, or as they ſerve to illuſtrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irkſome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of alluſion. Thoſe that are altogether new ſhould ever be uſhered in without a ſhort and pertinent character of the chief perſons concerned; becauſe, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that ſlight and trivial accounts of thoſe who are familiar to us adminiſter more mirth than the brighteſt points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumſtance, in the complexion or dreſs of the man you are talking of, ſets his image before the hearer, if it be choſen aptly for the ſtory. Thus, I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his ſiſters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly, that his ſtory would not have been worth one farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he repreſented one inch narrower. Beſides the marking diſtinct characters, and ſelecting pertinent circumſtances, it is likewiſe neceſſary to leave off in time, and end ſmartly. So that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a ſtory, and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the ſame as in an epigram. It is a miſerable thing, after one hath raiſed the expectation of the company by humourous characters, and a pretty conceit, to purſue the matter too far. There is no retreating; and how poor is it for a Story-teller to end his relation by ſaying—'That's all!'

As the chuſing of pertinent circumſtances is the life of a Story, and that wherein humour principally conſiſts; ſo the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of converſation. Old men are great tranſgreſſors this way. Poor Ned Poppy—he's gone!—was a very honeſt man, but was ſo tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew ſo exactly what they had for dinner, when ſuch a thing happened; in what ditch his bay ſtone horſe had his ſprain at that time, and how his man John—no! it was William—ſtarted a hare in the common field; that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and intermarriages, and couſins twice or thrice removed; and whether ſuch a thing happened at the latter end of July or beginning of Auguſt. He had a marvellous tendency likewiſe to digreſſions; inſomuch that if a conſiderable perſon was mentioned in his ſtory, he would ſtraightway launch out into an epiſode of him; and again, if in that perſon's ſtory he had occaſion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his hiſtory, and ſo on. He always put me in mind of what Sir William Temple informs us of the Tale-tellers in the North of Ireland, who are hired to tell ſtories of giants and enchanters to lull people aſleep. Theſe hiſtorians are obliged, by their bargain, to go on without ſtopping; ſo that after the patient hath, by this benefit, enjoyed a long nap, he is ſure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me the laſt time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his ſtory, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow-chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him—'Old 'friend, you have your infirmity and I have 'mine.'

But of all evils in Story-telling, the humour of telling tales one after another, in great numbers, is the leaſt ſupportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his ſon gave my Lady Lizard great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a String of Stories, which he tells over every Chriſtmas. When our family viſits there, we are conſtantly, after ſupper, entertained with the Glaſtenbury Thorn. When we have wondered at that a little—'Ay, but 'father,' cries the booby again, tell us how 'you ſerved the robber.'—Alack-a-day,' ſaith Sir Harry with a ſmile, and rubbing his forehead, 'I have almoſt forgot that; but it 'a pleaſant conceit, to be ſure.' Accordingly he tells that and twenty more in the ſame independent order; and without the leaſt variation, at this day, as he hath done to my knowledge, ever ſince the Revolution. I muſt not forget a very odd compliment that Sir Harry always makes my lady when he dines here. After dinner he ſtrokes his belly, and ſays with a feigned concern in his countenance—'Madam, 'I have loſt by you to-day.'—'How ſo, Sir 'Harry?' replies my lady. 'Madam,' ſays he, 'I have loſt an excellent ſtomach.' At this his ſon and heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. Annabella. This is the thirty-third time that Sir Harry hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of ſtories is a great help and life to converſation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent and innocent; in oppoſition to thoſe gloomy mortals, who diſdain every thing but matter of fact. Thoſe grave fellows are my averſion, who ſift every thing with the utmoſt nicety, and find the malignity of a lye in a piece of humour, puſhed a little beyond exact truth. I likewiſe have a poor opinion of thoſe who have got a trick of keeping a ſteady countenance, that cock their hats, and look glum when a pleaſant thing is ſaid, and aſk—'Well! and what then?' Men of wit and parts ſhould treat one another with benevolence; and I will lay it down as a maxim, that if you ſeem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgment.

No. XLIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 30.

Effutire leves indigna tragoedia verſus,
Ut feſtis matrona moveri juſſa diebus. HOR. ARS POET. v. 231.

——Tragedy ſhou'd bluſh as much to ſtoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would to dance with girls. ROSCOMMON.

I Had for ſome days obſerved ſomething in agitation, which was carried by ſmiles and whiſpers between my Lady Lizard and her daughters, with a profeſſed declaration that Mr. Ironſide ſhould not be in the ſecret. I would not treſpaſs upon the integrity of the Sparkler ſo much as to ſolicit her to break her word even in a trifle; but I take it for an inſtance of her kindneſs to me, that as ſoon as ſhe was at liberty, ſhe was impatient to let me know it, and this morning ſent me the following billet.

SIR,

MY brother Tom waited upon us all laſt night to Cato; we ſat in the firſt ſeats in the box of the eighteen-penny gallery. You muſt come hither this morning, for we ſhall be full of debates about the characters. I was for Marcia laſt night, but find that partiality was owing to the awe I was under in her father's preſence; but this morning Lucia is my woman. You will tell me whether I am right or no when I ſee you; but I think it is a more difficult virtue to forbear going into a family, though ſhe was in love with the heir of it, for no other reaſon but becauſe her happineſs was inconſiſtent with the tranquillity of the whole houſe to which ſhe ſhould be allied. I ſay, I think it a more generous virtue in Lucia to conquer her love from this motive, than in Marcia to ſuſpend hers in the preſent circumſtances of her father and her country;

but pray be here to ſettle theſe matters. I am your moſt obliged and obedient humble ſervant,

MARY LIZARD.

I made all the haſte imaginable to the family, where I found Tom with the play in his hand, and the whole company with a ſublime chearfulneſs in their countenance, all ready to ſpeak to me at once; and before I could draw my chair, my lady herſelf repeated—

'Tis not a ſet of features or complexion,
The tincture of a ſkin that I admire;
Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the ſenſe.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her ſex;
True, ſhe is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But ſtill the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatneſs, unaffected wiſdom,
And ſanctity of manners.

I was going to ſpeak, when Mrs. Cornelia ſtood up, and with the moſt gentle accent, and ſweeteſt tone of voice, ſucceeded her mother.

So the pure limpid ſtream, when foul with ſtains
Of ruſhing torrents and deſcending rains,
Works itſelf clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror ſhines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair boſom ſhows.

I thought now they would have given me time to draw a chair, but the Sparkler took hold of me, and I heard her with the utmoſt delight purſue her admiration of Lucia, in the words of Portius—

——Athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'ſt more fair,
More amiable, and riſeſt in thy charms,
Lovely'ſt of women! Heav'n is in thy ſoul,
Beauty and virtue ſhine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other; thou art all divine!

When the ladies had done ſpeaking, I took the liberty to take my place; while Tom, who, like a juſt courtier, thinks the intereſt of his prince and country the ſame, dwelt upon theſe lines:

Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The gen'rous plan of powr deliver'd down
From age to age, by your renown'd fore-fathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of ſo much blood.)
O let it never periſh in your hands!
But piouſly tranſmit it to your children.

Though I would not take notice of it at that time, it went to my heart that Annabella, for whom I have long had ſome apprehenſions, ſaid nothing on this occaſion, but indulged herſelf in the ſneer of a little mind, to ſee the reſt ſo much affected. Mrs. Betty alſo, who knows forſooth more than us all, overlooked the whole drama, but acknowledged the dreſſes of Syphax and Juba were very prettily imagined. The love of virtue, which has been ſo warmly rouſed by this admirable piece in all parts of the theatre, is an unanſwerable inſtance of how great force the ſtage might be towards the improvement of the world, were it regarded and encouraged as much as it ought. There is no medium in this caſe; for the advantage of Action, and the repreſentation of vice and virtue in an agreeable or odious manner before our eyes, are ſo irreſiſtibly prevalent, that the theatre ought to be ſhut up, or carefully governed, in any nation that values the promotion of virtue, or guard of innocence among its people. Speeches or ſermons will ever ſuffer, in ſome degree, from the characters of thoſe that make them; and mankind are ſo unwilling to reflect on what makes for their own mortification, that they are ever cavilling againſt the lives of thoſe who ſpeak in the cauſe of goodneſs, to keep themſelves in countenance, and continue in beloved infirmities. But in the caſe of the Stage, envy and detraction are baffled, none are offended, but all inſenſibly won by perſonated characters, which they neither look upon as their rivals or ſuperiors; every man that has any degree of what is laudable in a theatrical character, is ſecretly pleaſed, and encouraged, in the proſecution of that virtue, without fancying any man about him has more of it. To this purpoſe I fell a talking at the tea-table, when my Lady Lizard, with a look of ſome ſeverity towards Annabella and Mrs. Betty, was pleaſed to ſay, that it muſt be from ſome trifling prepoſſeſſion of mind that any one could be unmoved with the characters of this tragedy; nor do I yet underſtand to what circumſtance in the family her ladyſhip alluded, when ſhe made all the company look ſerious,

and rehearſed, with a tone more exalted, thoſe words of the heroine—

In ſpite of all the virtues we can boaſt,
The woman that deliberates is loſt.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS Bat Pigeon, in the Strand, hair-cutter to the family of the Lizards, has attained to great proficience in his art, Mr. Ironſide adviſes all perſons of fine heads, in order to have juſtice done them, to repair to that induſtrious mechanic.

N. B. Mr. Pigeon has orders to talk with, and examine into the parts and characters of young perſons, before he thins the covering near the ſeat of the brain.

No. XLIV. FRIDAY, MAY 1.

———*Hac iter Elyſium nobis.* VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 542.

This path conducts us to the Elyſian fields.

I HAVE frequently obſerved in the walks belonging to all the inns of court, a ſet of old fellows who appear to be humouriſts, and wrapped up in themſelves; but have long been at a loſs when I have ſeen them ſmile, and name my name as I paſſed by, and ſay—'Old Iron-'ſide wears well.' I am a mere boy to ſome of them who frequent Gray's Inn, but am not a little pleaſed to find they are even with the world, and return upon it its neglect towards them, which is all the defence we old fellows have againſt the petulancy of young people. I am very glad to obſerve, that theſe ſages of this peripatetic ſect ſtudy tranquility and indolence of body and mind, in the neighbourhood of ſo much contention as is carried on among the ſtudents of Littleton. The following letter gives us ſome light into the manners and maxims of theſe philoſophers.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

AS the depredations of time and fortune have been lamented in all ages, thoſe perſons who have reſiſted and diſputed the tyranny of either of theſe, have employed the ſublimeſt ſpeculations of the writers in all languages. As theſe deceaſed heroes have had their places judiciouſly aſſigned them already in the Temple of Fame, I would immortalize ſome perſons now alive, who to me are greater objects of envy, both as their bravery is exerciſed with the utmoſt tranquillity and pleaſure to themſelves, and as they are ſubſtantially happy on this ſide of the grave, in oppoſition to all the Greek and Latin ſcraps to the contrary.

As, therefore, I am naturally ſubject to cruel inroads from the ſpleen, as I affirm all evil to come from the Eaſt, as I am the weather-glaſs of every company I come into, I ſometimes, according to Shakeſpeare—

Sit like my grandſire cut in alabaſter,
Sleep while I wake, and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh———

I would furniſh out a table of merry fame, in envious admiration of thoſe jovial blades, who diſappoint the ſtrokes of age and fortune with the ſame gaiety of ſoul, as when through youth or affluence they were in their prime for fancy, frolic, and atchievement. There are, you may obſerve, in all public walks, perſons who by a ſingular ſhabbineſs of their attire, make a very ridiculous appearance in the opinion of the men of dreſs. They are very ſullen and involved, and appear in ſuch a ſtate of diſtreſs and tribulation, as to be thought inconſolable. They are generally of that complexion which was in faſhion during the pleaſurable reign of Charles the Second. Some of them, indeed, are of a lighter brown, whoſe fortunes fell with that of King James. Now theſe, who are the jeſt of ſuch as take themſelves, and the world uſually takes to be in proſperity, are the very perſons whoſe happineſs, were it underſtood, would be looked upon with burning envy. I fell into the diſcovery of them in the following manner: one day laſt ſummer, being particularly under the dominion of the ſpleen, I reſolved to ſoothe my melancholy in the company of

ſuch whoſe appearance promiſed a full return of my complaints I could poſſibly utter. Living near Gray's Inn-Walk, I went thither in ſearch of the perſons above deſcribed, and found ſome of them ſeated upon a bench, where, as Milton ſings—

——the unpierc'd ſhade
Imbrown'd their noontide bow'r.

I ſqueezed in among them, and they did not only receive my moanings with ſingular humanity, but gave me all poſſible encouragement to enlarge them. If the blackneſs of my ſpleen raiſed any imaginary diſtemper of body, ſome one of them immediately ſympathized with me. If I ſpoke of any diſappointment in my fortune, another of them would abate my ſorrowing by recounting to me his own defeat upon the very ſame circumſtances. If I touched upon overlooked merit, the whole aſſembly ſeemed to condole with me very feelingly upon that particular. In ſhort, I could not make myſelf ſo calamitous, in mind, body, or circumſtances, but ſome one of them was upon a level with me. When I had wound up my diſcourſe, and was ripe for their intended raillery, at firſt they crowned my narration with ſeveral piteous ſighs and groans, but after a ſhort pauſe, and a ſignal given for the onſet, they burſt out into a moſt incomprehenſible fit of laughter. You may be ſure I was notably out of countenance, which gave occaſion to a ſecond exploſion of mirth. What troubled me moſt was, that their figure, age, and ſhort ſwords, preſerved them from any imputation of cowardice upon refuſal of battle, and their number from an inſult. I had now no other way to be upon good terms with them, but deſiring I might be admitted into this Fraternity. This was at firſt vigorouſly oppoſed, it being objected to me, that I affected too much the appearance of an happy man, to be received into a ſociety ſo proud of appearing the moſt afflicted. However, as I only ſeemed to be what they really were, I am admitted by way of triumph upon probation for a year; and if within that time it ſhall be poſſible for them to infuſe any of their gaiety into me, I can, at Monmouth Street, upon mighty eaſy terms, purchaſe the robes neceſſary for my inſtallment into this order; and when they have made me as happy, ſhall be willing to appear as miſerable as any of this aſſembly. I confeſs, I have ever ſince been aſhamed, that I ſhould once take that place to be ſacred to the diſconſolate, which I now muſt affirm to be the only Elyſium on this ſide the Styx; and that ever I ſhould look upon thoſe perſonages as lively inſtances of the outrage of time and fortune, who diſallow their empire with ſuch inimitable bravery. Some of theſe are pretty good claſſical ſcholars, and they follow theſe ſtudies always walking, upon account of a certain ſentence in Pliny's Epiſtles to the following effect: 'It is inconceivable how 'much the underſtanding is enlivened by the 'exerciſe of the body.' If, therefore, their author is a little difficult, you will ſee them fleeting with a very precipitate pace; and when it has been very perplexed and abſtruſe, I have ſeen a couple of theſe ſtudents prepare their apprehenſions by ſtill quicker motions, till they run into wiſdom. Theſe courſes do not only make them go through their ſtudies with pleaſure and profit, but there is more ſpirit and vigour in their dialogues, after the heat and hurry of theſe perambulations. This place was choſen as the peculiar reſort of thoſe ſages, not only upon account of its air and ſituation, but in regard to certain edifices and ſeats therein raiſed with great magnificence and convenience; and here, after the toils of their walks, and upon any ſtreſs of weather, theſe bleſſed inhabitants aſſemble themſelves. There is one building particularly, in which, if the day permit, they have the moſt frequent conferences, not ſo much becauſe of the lovelineſs of its eminence, as a ſentence of literature encircling the extremities of it, which I think is as follows: 'Franciſcus Bacon Eques Auratus Executor 'Teſtamenti Jeremiæ Bettenham Hujus Hoſ-'pitii Viri Abſtemii et Contemplativi Hanc Se-'dem poſuit in Memoriam Ejuſdem.' Now, this ſtructure being erected in honourable memory of the abſtemious, the contemplative Mr. Bettenham, they take frequent occaſion to rally this erudition, which is to continue the remembrance of a perſon, who, according to their tranſlation of the words, being confeſſed to have been of moſt ſplenetic memory, ought rather to lie buried in oblivion.

Leſt they ſhould flag in their own way of converſation, they admit a fair-one to relieve them with hers: there are two or three thin exiſtences among them, which I think I may call the ghoſts of departed beaux, who pay their court more particularly to this lady, though their paſſion never riſes higher than a kiſs, which is always

Yielded with coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt pride,
And ſweet reluctant amorous delay.

MILTON.

As it is the character of this fraternity to turn their ſeeming misfortunes to their advantage, they affirm it to be the greateſt indulgence imaginable in theſe amours, that nature perpetuates their good inclinations to the fair, by an inability to extinguiſh them.

During my year of probation, I am to prepare myſelf with ſuch parts of hiſtory as have engaged their application during the leiſure of their ill fortune: I am therefore to read Ruſhworth and Clarendon; in the peruſal of which authors I am not obliged to enter into the juſtneſs of their reflections and characters, but am deſired to read, with an eye particularly curious, the battles of Marſton-Moor and Edge-Hill, in one of which every man of this aſſembly has loſt a relation; and each has a ſtory which none who has not read thoſe battles is able to taſte.

I had almoſt forgot to mention a moſt unexampled piece of their gallantry. Some time ſince, in a moſt prodigious foggy morning, I went in ſearch of theſe perſons to their uſual place of reſort, and perhaps ſhall hardly be believed when I affirm, that notwithſtanding they ſucked in ſo condenſed and poiſonous an æther, I found them enjoying themſelves with as much vivacity, as if they had breathed in the ſerenity of Montpelier. I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

J. W.

No. XLV. SATURDAY, MAY 2.

I Do not know that I have been more intimately moved with pity in my whole life, that when I was reading a letter from a young woman, not yet nineteen, in which there are theſe lamentable words—'Alas! whither ſhall 'I fly? he has deceived, ruined, and left me.' The circumſtances of her ſtory are only thoſe ordinary ones, that her lover was a man of greater fortune than ſhe could expect would addreſs her upon honourable terms; but ſhe ſaid to herſelf, ſhe had wit and beauty, and ſuch charms as often captivate ſo far as to make men forget thoſe meaner conſiderations, and innocent freedoms were not to be denied: a gentleman of condition is not to be ſhunned purely for being ſuch; and they who took notice of it, did it only out of malice, becauſe they were not uſed by him with the ſame diſtinction. But I would have young women, who are orphans or unguarded with powerful alliances, conſider with horror the inſolence of wealth: fortune does in a great meaſure denominate what is vice and virtue; or if it does not go ſo far, innocence is helpleſs, and oppreſſion unpuniſhed without its aſſiſtance; for this reaſon it is, that I would ſtrictly recommend to my young females not to dally with men whoſe circumſtances can ſupport them againſt their falſhood, and have the faſhion of a baſe ſelf-intereſted world on their ſide, which, inſtead of avenging the cauſe of an abuſed woman, will proclaim her diſhonour; while the perſon injured is ſhunned like a peſtilence, he who did the wrong ſees no difference in the reception he meets with, nor is he the leſs welcome to the reſt of the ſex, who are ſtill within the pale of honour and innocence.

What makes this circumſtance the more lamentable is, that it frequently falls upon thoſe who have the greateſt merit and underſtanding. Gentleneſs of diſpoſition, and taſte of polite converſation, I have often known ſnares toward vice in ſome, whilſt ſullenneſs and diſreliſh of any thing that was agreeable have been the only defences of virtue in others. I have my unhappy correſpondent's letter before me; and ſhe ſays ſhe is ſure he is ſo much a gentleman, and he has that natural ſoftneſs, that if he reads any thing moving on this ſubject in my paper, it will certainly make him think. Poor girl! 'Cæſar aſham-'ed! Has not he ſeen Pharſalia?' Does the poor creature imagine that a ſcrip of paper,

a collection of ſentences, and an old man's talk of pleaſures which he is paſt, will have an effect upon him who could go on in a ſeries of falſhood; let drop ambiguous ſentences in her abſence, to give her falſe hope from the repetition of them by ſome friend that heard them; that could paſs ſo much time in the purſuit of her, as would have attained ſome uſeful art or ſcience; and that only to attain a ſhort revel of his ſenſes under a ſtupor of faith, honour, and conſcience? No; the deſtruction of a well educated young woman is not accompliſhed by the criminal, who is guilty of it, in a ſudden ſtart of deſire; he is not ſurpriſed into it by frailty; but arrives at it by care, ſkill, and meditation. It is no ſmall aggravation of the guilt, that it is a thouſand times conquered and reſiſted, even while it is proſecuted. He that waits for fairer occaſions, for riper wiſhes, for the removal of a particular objection, or the conqueſt of any certain ſcruple, has it in his power to obey his conſcience, which often calls him, during the intrigue, a villain and a deſtroyer. There can be nothing ſaid for ſuch an evil, but that the reſtraints of ſhame and ignominy are broken down by the prevalence of cuſtom. I do not indeed, expect that my Precautions will have any great weight with men of mode; but I know not but they may be ſome way efficacious on thoſe who have not yet taken their party as to vice and virtue for life: but I know not how it is, but our ſex has uſurped a certain authority to exclude chaſtity out of the catalogue of maſculine virtues, by which means females adventure all againſt thoſe who have nothing to loſe; and they have nothing but empty ſighs, tears, and reproaches, againſt thoſe who reduced them to real ſorrow and infamy. But as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recomment Chaſtity as the nobleſt male qualification.

It is, methinks, very unreaſonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits is what makes them honourable, but in this caſe the very attempt is become ridiculous. But in ſpite of all the raillery of the world, truth is ſtill truth, and will have beauties inſeparable from it. I ſhould upon this occaſion bring examples of heroic chaſtity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the moſt diſh part of the town, who go no farther at beſt than the mere abſence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praiſeworthy. In this particular, a gentleman in the court of Cyrus, reported to his majeſty the charms and beauty of Panthea, and ended his panegyric by telling him, that ſince he was at leiſure he would carry him to viſit her; but that prince, who is a very great man to this day, anſwered the pimp, becauſe he was a man of quality, without roughneſs, and ſaid with a ſmile—'If I ſhould viſit her upon your 'introduction now I have leiſure, I do not 'know but I might go again upon her own 'invitation, when I ought to be better em-'ployed.' But when I caſt about all the inſtances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one ſo generous, ſo honeſt, and ſo noble, as that of Joſeph in Holy Writ: when his maſter had truſted him ſo unreſervedly, (to ſpeak it in the emphatical manner of the ſcripture) 'he knew not ought he had ſave 'the bread which he did eat,' he was ſo unhappy as to appear irreſiſtibly beautiful to his miſtreſs; but when this ſhameleſs woman proceeds to ſolicit him, how gallant is his anſwer! 'Behold my maſter wotteth not what is with 'me in the houſe, and hath committed all that 'he hath to my hand; there is none greater in 'the houſe than I, neither hath he kept back 'any thing from me but thee, becauſe thou 'art his wife.' The ſame argument, which a baſe mind would have made to itſelf for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greateſt motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity; the malice and falſhood of the diſappointed woman naturally aroſe on that occaſion, and there is but a ſhort ſtep from the practice of virtue to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth ſerious conſideration in both ſexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to aſk themſelves whether they would change lightneſs of heart, indolence of mind, chearful meals, untroubled ſlumbers, and gentle diſpoſitions, for a conſtant pruriency which ſhuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with inſenſibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their ſpecies.

A looſe behaviour, and an inattention to

every thing that is ſerious, flowing from ſome degree of this petulancy, is obſervable in the generality of the youth of both ſexes in this age. It is the one common face of moſt public meetings, and breaks in upon the ſobriety, I will not ſay ſeverity, that we ought to exerciſe in churches. The pert boys, and flippant girls, are but faint followers of thoſe in the ſame inclinations at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my proteſt that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraitures which I would propoſe, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only anſwer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occaſion, when a young fellow, juſt from the play of Cleomenes, told him in raillery againſt the continency of his principal character—'If I had 'been alone with a lady, I ſhould not have 'paſſed my time like your Spartan.'—'That 'may be,' anſwered the bard, with a very grave face; 'but give me leave to tell you, 'Sir, you are no hero.'

No. XLVI. MONDAY, MAY 4.

Sola eſt cœleſti digna reperta toro.

OVID. EP. 1. L. 3. DE PONTO, V. 118.

Alone found worthy a celeſtial bed.

YESTERDAY, at my Lady Lizard's tea-table, the diſcourſe happened to turn upon women of renown; ſuch as have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the world by ſurpriſing actions, or by any great and ſhining qualities, ſo as to draw upon themſelves the envy of their own ſex, and the admiration of ours. My lady has been curious in collecting the lives of the moſt famous, of which ſhe has a conſiderable number, both in print and manuſcript. This naturally led me to ſpeak of Madame Maintenon; and, at the requeſt of my lady and her daughters, I have undertaken to put together ſuch circumſtances of her life, as I had formerly gathered out of books, and picked up from converſation in my travels.

Madame Maintenon was born a gentlewoman; her name is Frances Daubigné. Monſieur Daubigné, her grandfather, was not only a perſon of condition, but likewiſe of great merit. He was born in the year 1550, and died in 1630, the 80th year of his age. A little before his death he wrote his own epitaph, which is engraven upon his tomb-ſtone in the cloiſter of St. Peter's church at Geneva, and may be ſeen in Spon's Hiſtory of that republic. He was a leading man among the proteſtants in France, and much courted to come over to the oppoſite party. When he found there was no ſafety for him in his own country, he fled for refuge to Geneva, about the year 1619. The magiſtrates, and the clergy there, received him with great marks of honour and diſtinction, and he paſſed the remaining part of his life amongſt them in great eſteem. Mezeray (the French hiſtorian) ſays, that he was a man of great courage and boldneſs, of a ready wit, and of a fine taſte in polite learning, as well as good experience in matters of war.

The ſon of this Daubigné was father to the preſent Madame Maintenon. This gentleman was thrown into priſon when he was but a youth, for what reaſon I cannot learn; but his life, it ſeems, was in queſtion, if the keeper of the priſon's daughter (touched with his misfortunes and his merit) had not determined with herſelf to ſet him at liberty. Accordingly, a favourable opportunity preſenting itſelf, ſhe ſet the priſoner at large, and accompanied him herſelf in his flight. The lovers finding themſelves now in no danger of being apprehended, Monſieur Daubigné acquitted himſelf of the promiſe he had given his fair deliverer, and married her publicly. To provide againſt their immediate want in a ſtrange place, ſhe had taken with her what ſhe found at home moſt valuable and eaſy to be carried off. All this was converted into money; and while their little treaſure laſted, our new-married couple thought themſelves the happieſt perſons living. But their proviſion now

began to fail, and Monſieur Daubigné, who plainly ſaw the ſtraits to which they muſt be in a little time reduced, notwithſtanding all his love and tenderneſs, thought he ſhould ſoon be in a far worſe condition than that from which he had ſo lately eſcaped. But what moſt afflicted him was to ſee that his wife, whom he loved ſo tenderly, muſt be reduced to the utmoſt neceſſity, and that too at a time when ſhe was big with child.

Monſieur Daubigné, preſſed with theſe difficulties, formed to himſelf a very hazardous reſolution; and ſince the danger he ſaw in it was only to his perſon, he put it in execution without ever conſulting his wife. The purpoſe he entered upon, was to venture back into France, and to endeavour there to get up ſome of his effects, and in a ſhort time to have the pleaſure of returning to his wife with ſome little means of ſubſiſtence. He flattered himſelf that he was now no longer thought of in his own country, and that, by the help of a friend, he might continue there unknown for ſome time. But upon trial it happened quite otherwiſe, for he was betrayed by thoſe in whom he confided; ſo that he was a ſecond time caſt into priſon. I ſhould have mentioned, that he left his wife without ever taking leave; and that the firſt notice ſhe had of his deſign was by a letter, which he ſent her from the place where he lay the firſt night. Upon the reading of it, ſhe was immediately alarmed for the life of a huſband ſo very dear to her; but ſhe fell into the laſt affliction when ſhe received the news of his being impriſoned again, of which ſhe had been apprehenſive from the beginning. When her concern was a little abated, ſhe conſidered that the afflicting of herſelf could give him no relief; and deſpairing ever to be able a ſecond time to bring about the delivery of her huſband, and likewiſe finding it impoſſible for her to live long ſeparated from him, ſhe reſolved to ſhare in his misfortunes, and to live and die with him in his priſon. Therefore, without the leaſt regard to the danger of a woman's travelling in her condition, (for ſhe was now far gone with child) ſhe entered upon her journey, and having found out her huſband, voluntarily gave herſelf up to remain a priſoner with him. And here it was that ſhe was delivered of that daughter, who has ſince proved the wonder of her age.

The relations of Monſieur Daubigné, diſſatisfied with his conduct and his marriage, had all of them abandoned him excepting Madame Villete, his ſiſter, who uſed to viſit him. She could not but be touched with the condition in which ſhe found him, entirely deſtitute of all the conveniencies, and almoſt the very neceſſaries of life. But that which moſt moved her compaſſion was, to ſee, in the arms of a diſconſolate mother, the poor helpleſs infant expoſed amidſt their cries, to cold, to nakedneſs, and hunger: in this extremity Madame Villete took the child home with her, and gave her to the care of her daughter's nurſe, with whom ſhe was bred up for ſome time, as a foſter-ſiſter. Beſides this, ſhe ſent the two priſoners ſeveral neceſſaries. Some time after, Monſieur Daubigné, found means, by changing his religion, to get out of priſon, upon condition he would quit the kingdom; to which he conſented.

Monſieur Daubigné, knowing he was never like to ſee France more, got together what little ſubſtance he could, in order to make a long voyage; and ſo, with a ſmall, family he embarked for America; where he and his wife lived in quiet, and made it their principal care to give their children (a ſon and a daughter) good education.

Theſe unfortunate parents died both in their exile, leaving their children very young. The daughter, who was elder than her brother, as ſhe grew up, began to be deſirous of ſeeing her native country; this, together with the hope ſhe had of recovering ſomething of that which once belonged to her father, made her willing to take the firſt opportunity of returning into France. Finding therefore a ſhip that was ready to ſail thither, ſhe went on board, and landed at Rochelle. From thence ſhe proceeded directly to Poitou, and there made it her buſineſs firſt to enquire out Madame Villete her aunt, who ſhe knew very well was the perſon to whom ſhe owed her life. Madame Villete received her with great marks of affection; and, after informing her that ſhe muſt not expect to recover any thing of what had belonged to her father, ſince that was all irreparably loſt and diſſipated by his baniſhment, and the proceedings againſt

him; ſhe added, that ſhe ſhould be welcome, if ſhe thought fit to live with her; where at leaſt ſhe ſhould never be reduced to want a ſubſiſtence.

Mademoiſelle Daubigné accepted the offer which her aunt made her, and ſtudied by all means imaginable to render herſelf neceſſary and agreeable to a perſon upon whom ſhe ſaw that ſhe muſt entirely depend for every thing. More eſpecially ſhe made it her buſineſs to inſinuate herſelf into the affections of her couſin, with whom ſhe had one common nurſe. And to omit nothing that might pleaſe them, ſhe expreſſed a great deſire to be inſtructed in the religion of her anceſtors; ſhe was impatient to have ſome converſation with miniſters, and to frequent their ſermons: ſo that in a ſhort time ſhe began to take a great liking to the Proteſtant religion. And it is not to be doubted, but that ſhe would have openly profeſſed this way of worſhip, if ſome of her fathers relations that were Papiſts, and who forſook him in his adverſity, had not, to make their own court, been buſy in advertiſing ſome great men of the danger Mademoiſelle Daubigné was in as to her ſalvation, and in demanding thereupon an order to have her put into the hands of Catholics. This piece of zeal was acceptable to the ruling party, and orders were immediately given that ſhe would be taken from her aunt Villete, and put into the hands of her officious relations. This was ſoon executed, and Mademoiſelle Daubigné was in a manner forced by violence from Madame Villete, who was the only relation that ever had taken any care of her. She ſhed abundance of tears at parting, and aſſured her aunt and her couſin, (who was now married to Monſieur Saint Hermine) that ſhe ſhould always preſerve, with the remembrance of their kindneſs, the good impreſſions ſhe had received of their religion, and never fail to acknowledge both the one and the other, when ſhe found a time and occaſion proper for it.

No. XLVII. TUESDAY, MAY 5.

MADEMOISELLE Daubigné was conducted from Madame Villete's to a relation, who had a law-ſuit then depending at Paris; and being for that reaſon obliged to go thither, ſhe carried Mademoiſelle Daubigné with her. This lady hired apartments in the ſame houſe where the famous Scaron was lodged: ſhe made an acquaintance with him; and one day, being obliged to go abroad alone upon a viſit, ſhe deſired he would give her couſin leave, in the mean time, to come and ſit with him; knowing very well that a young lady was in no danger from ſuch a perſon, and that perhaps it might turn to her advantage. Monſieur Scaron was, of all men living, the moſt unhappy in an untoward frame of body, being not only deformed, but likewiſe very infirm: in conſideration of his wit and parts, he had a yearly penſion from the court of five hundred crowns. Scaron was charmed with the converſation of Mademoiſelle Daubigné; and her kinſwoman took frequent opportunities of leaving her with him. This gave Scaron occaſion to diſcover ſtill new beauties in her from time to time. She would ſometimes entertain him with the ſtory of her adventures and her misfortunes, beginning even with what ſhe ſuffered before ſhe was born; all which ſhe knew how to deſcribe in ſo expreſſive and moving a manner, that he found himſelf touched with a ſtrong compaſſion towards her; and reſolved with himſelf, if not to make her happy, at leaſt to ſet her at eaſe, by placing her in a nunnery at his own expence. But upon farther deliberation, he found himſelf very much inclined to lay before her an alternative, which in all likelihood ſhe never expected. One day, therefore, when ſhe was left alone with him, as uſual, he opened his intention to her (as it is ſaid) much after the following manner. 'I am, Mademoiſelle,' ſays he, 'not a little moved with your misfortunes, and 'the great ſufferings you have undergone; I 'am likewiſe very ſenſible of the uneaſy cir-'cumſtances under which you labour at pre-'ſent; and I have now for ſome days been con-'triving with myſelf how to extricate you 'out of all your difficulties: at laſt I have fal-'len upon two ways of doing what I ſo much 'deſire; I leave you to determine according 'to your inclinations, in the choice of the 'one or the other; or if neither of them

'pleaſe you, to refuſe them both. My for-
'tunes are too narrow to enable me to make
'yours anſwerable to your merit; all that I
'am capable of doing is either to make you a
'joint partaker with myſelf of the little I
'have, or to place you, at my own expence,
'in any convent you ſhall chuſe. I wiſh it were
'in my power to do more for you. Conſult
'your own inclinations, and do what you
'think will be moſt agreeable to yourſelf. As
'for my perſon, I do not pretend to recom-
'mend it to you; I know I make but an
'ungainly figure; but I am not able to new-
'mould it; I offer myſelf to you ſuch as I
'am; and yet, ſuch as you ſee me, I do aſ-
'ſure you that I would not beſtow myſelf upon
'another; and that I muſt have a very great
'eſteem for you, ever to propoſe marriage,
'which, of all things in the world, I have had
'the leaſt in my thoughts hitherto. Conſider,
'therefore, and take your final reſolutions,
'either to turn nun, or to marry me, or to
'continue in your preſent condition, without
'repining, ſince theſe do all of them depend
'upon your own choice.'

Mademoiſelle Daubigné returned Monſieur Scaron the thanks he ſo well deſerved. She was too ſenſible of the diſagreeableneſs of a dependent ſtate, not to be glad to accept of a ſettlement that would place her at leaſt above want: finding therefore in herſelf no call towards a nunnery, ſhe anſwered Monſieur Scaron without heſitation, that ſhe had too great a ſenſe of her obligations to him, not to be deſirous of that way of life that would give her the moſt frequent occaſions of ſhewing her gratitude to him. Scaron, who was prepoſſeſſed with the flattering hopes of paſſing his life with a perſon he liked ſo well, was charmed with her anſwer. They both came to a reſolution, that he ſhould aſk her relation's conſent that very evening: ſhe gave it very frankly; and this marriage, ſo ſoon concluded, was, as it were, the inlet to all the future fortunes of Madame Maintenon. She made a good wife to Scaron, living happily with him, and wanted no conveniencies during his life; but, loſing him, ſhe loſt all; his penſion ceaſed upon his death, and ſhe found herſelf again reduced to the ſame indigent condition in which ſhe had been before her marriage.

Upon this ſhe retired into the convent in the Place Royale, founded for the relief of neceſſitous perſons; where the friends of her deceaſed huſband took care of her. It was here the friendſhip between her and Madame Saint Baſile (a nun) had its beginning, which has continued ever ſince, for ſhe ſtill goes to viſit her frequently in the convent de la Raquette, where ſhe now lives. And to the honour of Madame Maintenon, it muſt be allowed, that ſhe has always been of a grateful temper, and mindful, in her high fortunes, of her old friends, to whom ſhe had formerly been obliged.

Her huſband's friends did all they could to prevail upon the court to continue to her the penſion which Monſieur Scaron had enjoyed: in order to this, petitions were frequently given in, which began always with—'The widow 'Scaron moſt humbly prays your Majeſty,' &c. But all theſe petitions ſignified nothing; and the king was ſo weary of them, that he has been heard to ſay—'Muſt I always be 'peſtered with the widow Scaron?' notwithſtanding which, her friends were reſolved not to be diſcouraged in their endeavours to ſerve her.

After this ſhe quitted the convent, and went to live in the Hotel d'Albert, where her huſband had always been very much eſteemed. Here (it is ſaid) ſomething very remarkable happened to her, which I ſhall relate, becauſe I find it ſo confidently affirmed upon the knowledge of a certain author. There were maſons at work in the Hotel d'Albert, not far from the apartment of Madame Scaron: one of them came into her chamber, and finding two or three viſitants of her own ſex, deſired he might ſpeak with her in private; ſhe carried him into her cloſet, where he took upon him to tell her all the future events of her life. 'But whence he drew this knowledge,' continues my author, 'which time has ſo wonder-'fully verified, is a myſtery ſtill to me.' As to Madame Scaron ſhe ſaw then ſo little appearance of probability in his predictions, that ſhe hardly gave the leaſt heed to them. Nevertheleſs the company, upon her return, remarked ſome alteration in her countenance; and one of the ladies ſaid—'Surely this man has 'brought you ſome very pleaſing news, for 'you look with a more chearful air than you 'did before he came in.'——'There would 'be ſufficient reaſon for my doing ſo,' replied ſhe, 'if I could give any credit 'to

'what this fellow has promiſed me. And I can 'tell you,' ſays ſhe, ſmiling, 'that if there 'ſhould be any thing in it, you will do well 'to make your court to me before-hand.' Theſe ladies could not prevail upon her to ſatisfy their curioſity any farther; but ſhe communicated the whole ſecret to a boſom-friend after they were gone; and it is from that lady it came to be known, when the events foretold were come to paſs, and ſo ſcrupulous a ſecrecy in that point did no longer ſeem neceſſary.

Some time after this, ſhe was adviſed to ſeek all occaſions of inſinuating herſelf into the favour of Madame Mounteſpan, who was the king's miſtreſs, and had an abſolute influence over him. Madame Scaron therefore found the means of being preſented to Madame Mounteſpan, and at that time ſpoke to her with ſo good a grace, that Madame Mounteſpan, pitying her circumſtances, and reſolving to make them more eaſy, took upon her to carry a petition from her to the king, and to deliver it with her own hands. The king, upon her preſenting it to him, ſaid—'What, the widow Scaron again? 'Shall I never ſee any thing elſe?'—'Indeed, 'Sir,' ſays Madame Mounteſpan, 'it is now a 'long time ſince you ought not to have had 'her name mentioned to you any more; and 'it is ſomething extraordinary that your 'majeſty has done nothing all this while for 'a poor woman, who, without exception, de'ſerves a much better condition, as well upon 'the account of her own merit as of the re'putation of her late huſband.' The king, who was always glad of an opportunity to pleaſe Madame Mounteſpan, granted the petitioner all that was deſired. Madame Scaron came to thank her patroneſs; and Madame Mounteſpan took ſuch a liking to her, that ſhe would by all means preſent her to the king, and after that propoſed to him, that ſhe might be made governante to their children. His majeſty conſented to it; and Madame Scaron, by her addreſs and good conduct, won ſo much upon the affections and eſteem of Madame Mounteſpan, that in a little time ſhe became her favourite and confidant.

It happened one night that Madame Mounteſpan ſent for her, to tell her that ſhe was in great perplexity. She had juſt then, it ſeems, received a billet from the king, which required an immediate anſwer; and though ſhe did by no means want wit, yet in that inſtance ſhe found herſelf incapable of writing any thing with ſpirit. In the mean time the meſſenger waited for an anſwer, while ſhe racked her invention to no purpoſe. Had there been nothing more requiſite, but to ſay a few tender things, ſhe needed only to have copied the dictates of her heart; but ſhe had over and above the reputation of her ſtyle and manner of writing to maintain, and her invention played her falſe in ſo critical a juncture. This reduced her to the neceſſity of deſiring Madame Scaron to help her out; and, giving her the king's billet, ſhe bid her make an anſwer to it immediately. Madame Scaron would, out of modeſty, have excuſed herſelf; but Madame Monteſpan laid her abſolute commands upon her: ſo that ſhe obeyed, and writ a moſt agreeable billet, full of wit and tenderneſs. Madame Mounteſpan was very much pleaſed with it; ſhe copied it, and ſent it. The king was infinitely delighted with it. He thought Madame Mounteſpan had ſurpaſſed herſelf; and he attributed her more than ordinary wit upon this occaſion to an increaſe of tenderneſs. The principal part of his amuſement that night was to read over and over again this letter, in which he diſcovered new beauties upon every reading. He thought himſelf the happieſt and the moſt extraordinary man living, to be able to inſpire his miſtreſs with ſuch ſurpriſing ſentiments and turns of wit.

Next morning, as ſoon as he was dreſſed, he went directly to make a viſit to Madame Mounteſpan, 'What happy genius, Madam,' ſays he; upon his firſt coming into her chamber, 'influenced your thoughts laſt night? Never 'certainly was there any thing ſo charming, 'and ſo finely writ, as the billet you ſent me! 'and if you truly feel the tenderneſs you have 'ſo well deſcribed, my happineſs is compleat.' Madame Mounteſpan was in confuſion with theſe praiſes, which properly belonged to another, and ſhe could not help betraying ſomething of it by her bluſhes. The king perceived the diſorder ſhe was in, and was earneſt to know the cauſe of it. She would fain have put it off; but the king's curioſity ſtill increaſing, in proportion to the excuſes ſhe made, ſhe was forced to tell him

all that had paſſed, leſt he ſhould of himſelf imagine ſomething worſe. The king was extremely ſurprized, though in civility he diſſembled his thoughts at that time; nevertheleſs he could not help deſiring to ſee the author of the letter that had pleaſed him ſo much, to ſatisfy himſelf whether her wit in converſation was equal to what it appeared in writing. Madame Scaron now began to call to mind the predictions of the maſon; and from the deſire the king had to ſee her, conceived no ſmall hopes: notwithſtanding ſhe had paſſed the flower of her age, yet ſhe flattered herſelf that her deſtiny had reſerved this one conqueſt in ſtore for her, and this mighty monarch to be her captive. She was exactly ſhaped, had a noble air, fine eyes, and a delicate mouth, with freſh ruddy lips. She has, beſides, the art of expreſſing every thing with her eyes, and of adjuſting her looks to her thoughts in ſuch a manner, that all ſhe ſays goes directly to the heart. The king was already prepoſſeſſed in her favour; and, after three or four times converſing with her, began viſibly to cool in his affections towards Madame Mounteſpan.

The king in a little time purchaſed for Madame Scaron thoſe lands that carry the name of Maintenon, a title which ſhe from that time has taken. Never was there an inſtance of any favourite having ſo great a power over a prince, as ſhe has hitherto maintained. None can obtain the leaſt favour, but by immediate application to her. Some are of opinion, that ſhe has been the occaſion of all the ill treatment which the Proteſtants have met with, and conſequently of the damage the whole kingdom has received from thoſe proceedings. But it is more reaſonable to think that the whole revolution was brought about by the contrivances of the Jeſuits; and ſhe has always been known to be too little a favourer of that order of men to promote their intrigues. Beſides, it is not natural to think that ſhe who formerly had a good opinion of the reformed religion, and was pretty well inſtructed in the Proteſtant faith and way of worſhip, ſhould ever be the author of a perſecution againſt thoſe innocent people, who never had in any thing offended her.

No. XLVIII. WEDNESDAY, MAY 6.

IT is the general opinion, that Madame Maintenon has of late years influenced all the meaſures of the court of France. The king, when he has taken the air after dinner, never fails going to ſit with her till about ten o'clock; at which time he leaves her to go to his ſupper. The comptroller-general of the finances likewiſe comes to her apartments to meet the king: while they are in diſcourſe, Madame Maintenon ſits at her wheel towards the other end of the room, not ſeeming to give the leaſt attention to what is ſaid. Nevertheleſs, the miniſter never makes a propoſition to the king, but his majeſty turns towards her, and ſays—'What think 'you, Madam, of this?' She expreſſes her opinion after a modeſt manner; and whatſoever ſhe ſays is done. Madame Maintenon never appears in public, except when ſhe goes with the king to take the air; and then ſhe ſits on the ſame ſeat with the king, with her ſpectacles on, working a piece of embroidery, and does not ſeem to be ſo much as ſenſible of the great fortunes and honours to which ſhe has raiſed herſelf. She is always very modeſtly dreſſed, and never appears with any train of ſervants. Every morning ſhe goes to St. Cyr, to give her orders there, it being a kind of a nurſery founded by herſelf for the education of young ladies of good families, but no fortune. She returns from thence about the time the king riſes, who never fails to pay her a morning viſit. She goes to maſs always by break of day, to avoid the concourſe of people. She is rarely ſeen by any, and almoſt inacceſſible to every body, excepting three or four particular acquaintance of her own ſex. Whether it be that ſhe would by this conduct avoid envy, as ſome think, or, as others would have it, that ſhe is afraid the rank which ſhe thinks due to her, ſhould be diſputed in all viſits and public places, is doubtful. It is certain, that upon all occaſions ſhe declines the taking of any rank; and the title of Marquiſſe (which belongs to the lands the king purchaſed for her)

is ſuppreſſed before her name; neither will ſhe accept of the title of a dutcheſs, aſpiring in all probability at ſomething ſtill higher, as will appear by what follows.

From ſeveral particulars in the conduct of the French king, as well as in that of Madame Maintenon, it has for ſome years been the prevailing opinion of the court that they are married. And it is ſaid, that her ambition of being declared queen broke out at laſt; and that ſhe was reſolved to give the king no quiet till it was done. He for ſome time reſiſted all her ſolicitations upon that head; but at length, in a fit of tenderneſs and good nature, he promiſed her that he would conſult his confeſſor upon that point. Madame Maintenon was pleaſed with this, not doubting but that father La Chaiſe would be glad of this occaſion of making his court to her; but he was too ſubtle a courtier not to perceive the danger of engaging in ſo nice an affair; and for that reaſon evaded it, by telling the king, that he did not think himſelf a caſuiſt able enough to decide a queſtion of ſo great importance, and for that reaſon deſired he might conſult with ſome man of ſkill and learning, for whoſe ſecrecy he would be reſponſible. The king was apprehenſive leſt this might make the matter too public; but as ſoon as father La Chaiſe named Monſieur Fenelon, the Archbiſhop of Cambray, his fears were over, and he bid him go and find him out. As ſoon as the confeſſor had communicated the buſineſs he came upon to the biſhop, he ſaid—'What have I done, 'father, that you ſhould ruin me! But it is 'no matter; let us go to the king.' His majeſty was in his cloſet expecting them. The biſhop was no ſooner entered, but he threw himſelf at the king's feet, and begged of him not to ſacrifice him: the king promiſed him that he would not, and then propoſed the caſe to him. The biſhop, with his uſual ſincerity, repreſented to him the great prejudice he would do himſelf by declaring his marriage, together with the ill conſequences that might attend ſuch a proceeding. The king very much approved his reaſons, and reſolved to go no farther in this affair. Madame Maintenon ſtill preſſed him to comply with her; but it was now all to no purpoſe; and he told her it was not a thing to be done. She aſked him, if it was Father La Chaiſe who diſſuaded him from it. He for ſome time refuſed to give her any anſwer; but at laſt, overcome by her importunities, he told her every thing as it had paſſed. She upon this diſſembled her reſentment, that ſhe might be the more able to make it prove effectual. She did by no means think the Jeſuit was to be forgiven; but the firſt marks of her reſentment fell upon the Archbiſhop of Cambray. He and all his relations were, in a little time, put out of all their employments at court; upon which he retired to live quietly upon his biſhopric; and there have no endeavours been ſpared to deprive him even of that. As a farther inſtance of the incontroulable power of this great favourite, and of her reſenting even the moſt trivial matters that ſhe thinks might tend to her prejudice, or the diminution of her honour, it is remarkable, that the Italian comedians were driven out of Paris, for playing a comedy called, 'La Fauſſe Prude,' which was ſuppoſed to reflect upon Madame Maintenon in particular.

It is ſomething very extraordinary, that ſhe has been able to keep entire the affections of the king ſo many years, after her youth and beauty were gone, and never fall into the leaſt diſgrace; notwithſtanding the number of enemies ſhe has had, and the intrigues that have been formed againſt her from time to time. This brings into my memory a ſaying of King William's, that I have heard on this occaſion—That the King of France was in his conduct quite oppoſite to other princes; ſince he made choice of young miniſters, and an old miſtreſs. But this lady's charms have not lain ſo much in her perſon, as in her wit and good ſenſe. She has always had the addreſs to flatter the vanity of the king, and to mix always ſomething ſolid and uſeful with the more agreeable parts of her converſation. She has known how to introduce the moſt ſerious affairs of ſtate into their hours of pleaſure; by telling his majeſty, that a monarch ſhould not love, nor do any thing, like other men; and that he, of all men living, knew beſt how to be always a king, and always like himſelf, even in the midſt of his diverſions. The king now converſes with her as a friend, and adviſes with her upon his moſt ſecret affairs. He has a true love and eſteem for her; and has taken care, in caſe he ſhould die before her, that ſhe may paſs the remainder of her life with honour,

in the abbey of St. Cyr: there are apartments ready fitted up for her in this place; ſhe and all her domeſtics are to be maintained out of the rents of the houſe, and ſhe is to receive all the honours due to a foundreſs. This abbey ſtands in the park of Verſailles; it is a fine piece of building, and the king has endowed it with large revenues. The deſign of it (as I have mentioned before) is to maintain and educate young ladies whoſe fortunes do not anſwer to their birth. None are accounted duly qualified for this place, but ſuch as can give ſufficient proofs of the nobility of their family on the father's ſide for an hundred and forty years; beſides which, they muſt have a certificate of their poverty under the hand of their biſhop. The age at which perſons are capable of being admitted here is from ſeven years old until twelve. Laſtly, it is required that they ſhould have no defect or blemiſh of body or mind; and for this reaſon there are perſons appointed to viſit and examine them before they are received into the college. When theſe young ladies are once admitted, their parents and relations have no need to put themſelves to any farther expence or trouble about them; they are provided with all neceſſaries for maintenance and education. They ſtile themſelves of the order of St. Lewis. When they arrive to an age to be able to chuſe a ſtate of life for themſelves, they may either be placed as nuns in ſome convent at the king's expence, or be married to ſome gentleman, whom Madame Maintenon takes care, upon that condition, to provide for, either in the army or in the finances; and the lady receives, beſides, a portion of four hundred piſtoles. Moſt of theſe marriages have proved very ſucceſsful; and ſeveral gentlemen have by them made great fortunes, and been advanced to very conſiderable employments.

I muſt conclude this ſhort account of Madame Maintenon with advertiſing my readers, that I do not pretend to vouch for the ſeveral particulars that I have related. All I can ſay is, that a great many of them are atteſted by ſeveral writers; and that I thought this ſketch of a woman ſo remarkable all over Europe, would be no ill entertainment to the curious, until ſuch a time as ſome pen, more fully inſtructed in her whole life and character, ſhall undertake to give it to the public.

No. XLIX. THURSDAY, MAY 7.

——Quæ poſſit facere et ſervare beatum.

HOR. EP. 6. L. 1. V. 2.

To make men happy, and to keep them ſo. CREECH.

IT is of great uſe to conſider the Pleaſures which conſtitute human happineſs, as they are diſtinguiſhed into natural and fantaſtical. Natural pleaſures I call thoſe which, not depending on the faſhion and caprice of any particular age or nation, are ſuited to human nature in general, and were intended by Providence as rewards for the uſing our faculties agreeably to the ends for which they were given us. Fantaſtical pleaſures are thoſe which, having no natural fitneſs to delight our minds, preſuppoſe ſome particular whim or taſte accidentally prevailing in a ſet of people, to which it is owing that they pleaſe.

Now, I take it, that the tranquillity and chearfulneſs with which I have paſſed my life, are the effect of having, ever ſince I came to years of diſcretion, continued my inclinations to the former ſort of pleaſures. But as my experience can be a rule only to my own actions, it may probably be a ſtronger motive to induce others to the ſame ſcheme of life, if they would conſider that we are prompted to natural pleaſures by an inſtinct impreſſed on our minds by the Author of our nature, who beſt underſtands our frames, and conſequently beſt knows what thoſe pleaſures are, which will give us the leaſt uneaſineſs in the purſuit, and the greateſt ſatisfaction in the enjoyment of them. Hence it follows, that the objects of our natural deſires are cheap or eaſy to be obtained, it being a maxim that holds throughout the whole ſyſtem of created beings, that nothing is made in vain, much leſs the inſtincts and appetites

of animals, which the benevolence, as well as wiſdom of the Deity, is concerned to provide for. Nor is the fruition of thoſe objects leſs pleaſing, than the acquiſition is eaſy; and the pleaſure is heightened by the ſenſe of having anſwered ſome natural end, and the conſciouſneſs of acting in concert with the Supreme Governor of the univerſe.

Under natural pleaſures, I comprehend thoſe which are univerſally ſuited, as well to the rational as the ſenſual part of our nature. And of the pleaſures which affect our ſenſes, thoſe only are to be eſteemed natural that are contained within the rules of reaſon, which is allowed to be as neceſſary an ingredient of human nature as ſenſe. And, indeed, exceſſes of any kind are hardly to be eſteemed pleaſures, much leſs natural pleaſures.

It is evident, that a deſire terminated in money, is fantaſtical: ſo is the deſire of outward diſtinctions, which bring no delight of ſenſe, nor recommend us as uſeful to mankind; and the deſire of things merely becauſe they are new and foreign. Men, who are indiſpoſed to a due exertion of their higher parts, are driven to ſuch purſuits as theſe from the reſtleſſneſs of the mind, and the ſenſitive appetites being eaſily ſatisfied. It is, in ſome ſort, owing to the bounty of providence, that diſdaining a cheap and vulgar happineſs, they frame to themſelves imaginary goods, in which there is nothing can raiſe deſire, but the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus men become the contrivers of their own miſery, as a puniſhment on themſelves for departing from the meaſures of nature. Having, by an habitual reflection on theſe truths, made them familiar, the effect is, that I, among a number of perſons who have debauched their natural taſte, ſee things in a peculiar light, which I have arrived at, not by any uncommon force of genius or acquired knowledge, but only by unlearning the falſe notions inſtilled by cuſtom and education.

The various objects that compoſe the world, were by nature formed to delight our ſenſes; and as it is this alone that makes them deſirable to an uncorrupted taſte, a man may be ſaid naturally to poſſeſs them, when he poſſeſſeth thoſe enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence it is uſual with me to conſider myſelf as having a natural property in every object that adminiſters pleaſure to me. When I am in the country, all the fine ſeats near the place of my reſidence, and to which I have acceſs, I regard as mine. The ſame I think of the groves and fields where I walk, and muſe on the folly of the civil landlord in London, who has the fantaſtical pleaſure of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a ſtranger to freſh air and rural enjoyments. By theſe principles I am poſſeſſed of half a dozen of the fineſt ſeats in England, which in the eye of the law belong to certain of my acquaintance, who being men of buſineſs, chuſe to live near the court.

In ſome great families, where I chuſe to paſs my time, a ſtranger would be apt to rank me with the other domeſtics; but in my own thoughts, and natural judgment, I am maſter of the houſe; and he that goes by that name is my ſteward, who eaſes me of the care of providing for myſelf the conveniencies and pleaſures of life.

When I walk the ſtreets, I uſe the foregoing natural maxim, (viz. that he is the true poſſeſſor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns it without the enjoyment of it) to convince myſelf that I have a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amuſements deſigned to delight my eyes, and the imagination of thoſe kind people who ſit in them gaily attired only to pleaſe me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary pleaſure from their exterior embelliſhments. Upon the ſame principle, I have diſcovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the croſſes, ſtars, brocades, and embroidered cloaths, which I ſee at a play or birth-night, as giving more natural delight to the ſpectator than to thoſe that wear them. And I look on the beaux and ladies as ſo many paroquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, deſigned purely for my diverſion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet or library that I have free acceſs to, I think my own. In a word, all that I deſire is the uſe of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim I am grown one of the richeſt men in Great Britain; with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others.

The ſame principles I find of great uſe in my private œconomy. As I cannot go

to the price of hiſtory-painting, I have purchaſed at eaſy rates ſeveral beautifully-deſigned pieces of landſkip and perſpective, which are much more pleaſing to a natural taſte than unknown faces or Dutch gambols, though done by the beſt maſters: my couches, beds, and window, are of Iriſh ſtuff, which thoſe of that nation work very fine, and with a delightful mixture of colours. There is not a piece of china in my houſe; but I have glaſſes of all ſorts, and ſome tinged with the fineſt colours, which are not the leſs pleaſing, becauſe they are domeſtic, and cheaper than foreign toys. Every thing is neat, entire, and clean, and fitted to the taſte of one who had rather be happy than be thought rich.

Every day, numberleſs innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow-creatures labouring in a toilſome and abſurd purſuit of trifles; one, that he may be called by a particular appellation; another that he may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of ribband that has an agreeable effect on my ſight, but is ſo far from ſupplying the place of merit where it is not, that it ſerves only to make the want of it more conſpicuous. Fair weather is the joy of my ſoul; about noon I behold a blue ſky with rapture, and receive great conſolation from the roſy daſhes of light which adorn the clouds of the morning and evening. When I am loſt among green trees, I do not envy a great man with a great crowd at his levée. And I often lay aſide thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the ſilent pleaſure of walking by moon-light, or viewing the ſtars ſparkle in their azure ground; which I look upon as part of my poſſeſſions, not without a ſecret indignation at the taſteleſſneſs of mortal men, who, in their race through life, overlook the real enjoyments of it.

But the pleaſure which naturally affects a human mind with the moſt lively and tranſporting touches, I take to be the ſenſe that we act in the eye of Infinite Wiſdom, Power, and Goodneſs, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here, with a happineſs hereafter, large as our deſires, and laſting as our immortal ſouls. This is a perpetual ſpring of gladneſs in the mind; this leſſens our calamities, and doubles our joys. Without this, the higheſt ſtate of life is inſipid, and with it the loweſt is a Paradiſe. What unnatural wretches then are thoſe who can be ſo ſtupid as to imagine a merit, in endeavouring to rob virtue of her ſupport, and a man of his preſent as well as future bliſs! But as I have frequently taken occaſion to animadvert on that ſpecies of mortals, ſo I propoſe to repeat my animadverſions on them, till I ſee ſome ſymptoms of amendment.

No. L. FRIDAY, MAY 8.

O rus, quando ego te aſpiciam?——— HOR. SAT. 6. L. 2. V. 60.

O! when ſhall I enjoy my country ſeat? CREECH.

THE perplexities and diverſions recounted in the following letter, are repreſented with ſome pleaſantry; I ſhall therefore make this epiſtle the entertainment of the day.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

THE time of going into the country drawing near, I am extremely enlivened with the agreeable memorial of every thing that contributed to my happineſs when I was laſt there. In the recounting of which, I ſhall not dwell ſo much upon the verdure of the fields, the ſhade of woods, the trilling of rivulets, or melody of birds, as upon ſome particular ſatisfactions, which, though not merely rural, muſt naturally create a deſire of ſeeing that place, where only I have met with them. As to my paſſage, I ſhall make no other mention, than of the pompous pleaſure of being whirled along with ſix horſes, the eaſy grandeur of lolling in an handſome chariot, the reciprocal ſatisfaction the inhabitants of all towns and villages received from, and returned to, paſſengers of ſuch diſtinction. The gentleman's ſeat (with whom, among others, I had the honour to go down) is the remains

of an ancient caſtle which has ſuffered very much for the loyalty of its inhabitants. The ruins of the ſeveral turrets and ſtrong holds gave my imagination more pleaſant exerciſe than the moſt magnificent ſtructure could; as I look upon the honourable wounds of a defaced ſoldier with more veneration than the moſt exact proportion of a beautiful woman. As this deſolation renewed in me a general remembrance of the calamities of the late civil wars, I began to grow deſirous to know the hiſtory of the particular ſcene of action in this place of my abode. I here muſt beſeech you not to think me tedious in mentioning a certain barber, who for his general knowledge of things and perſons, may be had in equal eſtimation with any of that order among the Romans. This perſon was allowed to be the beſt hiſtorian upon the ſpot; and the ſequel of my tale will diſcover, that I did not chuſe him ſo much for the ſoft touch of his hand, as his abilities to entertain me with an account of the Leaguer Time, as he calls it, the moſt authentic relations of which, through all parts of the town, are derived from this perſon. I found him, indeed, extremely loquacious, but withal a man of as much veracity as an impetuous ſpeaker could be. The firſt time he came to ſhave me, before he applied his weapon to my chin, he gave a flouriſh with it, very like the ſalutation the prize-fighters give the company with theirs, which made me apprehend inciſion would as certainly enſue. The dexterity of this overture conſiſts in playing the razor, with a nimble wriſt, mighty near the noſe without touching it: convincing him, therefore, of the dangerous conſequence of ſuch an unneceſſary agility, with much perſuaſion I ſuppreſſed it. During the peruſal of my face, he gives me ſuch accounts of the families in the neighbourhood, as tradition and his own obſervation have furniſhed him with. Whenever the precipitation of his account makes him blunder, his cruel right-hand correſponds, and the razor diſcovers on my face at what part of it he was in the peaceable, and at what part in the bloody incidents of his narrative. But I had long before learned to expoſe my perſon to any difficulties that might tend to the improvement of my mind. His breath, I found, was very peſtilential, and being obliged to utter a great deal of it, for the carrying on his narrations, I beſeeched him, before he came into my room, to go into the kitchen and mollify it with a breakfaſt. When he had taken off my beard, with part of my face, and dreſſed my wounds in the capacity of a barber-ſurgeon; we traverſed the out-works about the caſtle, where I received particular information in what places any of note among the beſiegers, or the beſieged, received any wound, and I was carried always to the very ſpot where the fact was done, howſoever dangerous (ſcaling part of the walls, or ſtumbling over looſe ſtones) my approach to ſuch a place might be; it being conceived impoſſible to arrive at a true knowledge of thoſe matters without this hazardous explanation upon them: inſomuch that I received more contuſions from theſe ſpeculations, than I probably could have done, had I been the moſt bold adventurer at the demolition of this caſtle. This, as all other his informations, the barber ſo lengthened and huſbanded with digreſſions, that he had always ſomething new to offer, wiſely concluding, that when he had finiſhed the hiſtorian, I ſhould have no occaſion for him as a barber.

Whenever I looked at this ancient pile of building, I thought it perfectly reſembled any of thoſe caſtles, which in my infancy I had met with in romances, where ſeveral unfortunate knights and ladies were, by certain giants, made priſoners irrecoverably, until 'the Knight 'of the Burning Peſtle,' or any other of equal hardineſs, ſhould deliver them from a long captivity. There is a park adjoining, pleaſant beyond the moſt poetical deſcription, one part of which is particularly private by being inacceſſible to thoſe that have no great reſolution. This I have made ſacred to love and poetry; and, after having regularly invoked the goddeſs I adore, I here compoſe a tender couplet or two, which, when I come home, I venture to ſhew my particular friends, who love me ſo well as to conceal my follies. After my poetry ſinks upon me, I relieve the labour of my brain by a little manuſcript with my penknife; while, with Rocheſter—

Here on a beech, like amorous ſot,
I ſometimes carve a true-love's knot;
There a tall oak her name does bear,
In a large ſpreading character.

I confeſs, once whilſt I was engraving one of my moſt curious conceits upon a delicate ſmooth bark, my feet, in the tree which I had gained with much ſkill, deſerted me; and the lover, with much amazement, came plump into the river: I did not recover the true ſpirit of amour under a week, and not without applying myſelf to ſome of the ſofteſt paſſages in Caſſandra and Cleopatra.

Theſe are the pleaſures I meet without doors; thoſe within are as follow. I had the happineſs to lie in a room that had a hole opening from it, which, by unqueſtionable tradition, had been formerly continued to an abbey two miles from the caſtle, for a communication betwixt the auſtere creatures of that place, with others not altogether ſo contemplative. And the keeper's brother aſſures me, that when he formerly lay in this room, he had ſeen ſome of the ſpirits of this departed brotherhood, enter from the hole into this chamber, where they continued with the utmoſt civility to fleſh and blood, until they were oppreſſed by the morning air: and if I do not receive his account with a very ſerious and believing countenance, he ventures to laugh at me as a moſt ridiculous infidel. The moſt unaccountable pleaſure I take is with a fine white young owl, which ſtrayed one night in at my window, and which I was reſolved to make a priſoner, but withal to give all the indulgence that its confinement could poſſibly admit of. I ſo far inſinuated myſelf into his favour, by preſents of freſh proviſions, that we could be very good company together. There is ſomething in the eye of that creature, of ſuch merry luſtre, ſomething of ſuch human cunning in the turn of his viſage, that I found vaſt delight in the ſurvey of it. One objection, indeed, I at firſt ſaw, that this bird being the bird of Pallas, the choice of this favourite might afford curious matter of raillery to the ingenious, eſpecially when it ſhall be known, that I am as much delighted with a cat as ever Montaigne was. But notwithſtanding this, I am ſo far from being aſhamed of this particular humour, that I eſteem myſelf very happy in having my odd taſte of pleaſure provided for upon ſuch reaſonable terms. What heightened all the pleaſures I have ſpoke of, was the agreeable freedom with which the gentleman of the houſe entertained us; and every one of us came into, or left the company, as he thought fit; dined in his chamber or the parlour, as a fit of ſpleen or ſtudy directed him; nay, ſometimes every man rode or walked a very different way; ſo that we never were together, but when we were perfectly pleaſed with ourſelves and each other. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

R. B.

THE GUARDIAN'S POSTSCRIPT.

I had juſt given my orders for the preſs, when my friend Mrs. Bicknell made me a viſit. She came to deſire I would ſhew her the wardrobe of the Lizards, (where the various habits of the anceſtors of that illuſtrious family are preſerved) in order to furniſh her with a proper dreſs for the Wife of Bath. Upon ſight of the little ruffs, ſhe ſnatched one of them from the pin, clapt it round her neck, and, turning briſk towards me, repeated a ſpeech out of her part in the comedy of that name. If the reſt of the actors enter into their ſeveral parts with the ſame ſpirit, the humorous characters of this play cannot but appear excellent on the theatre: for very good judges have informed me, that the author has drawn them with great propriety, and an exact obſervation of the manners.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

No. LI. SATURDAY, MAY 9.

——Res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes. VIRG. GEORG. 2. v. 174.

Of arts, diſclos'd in ancient days, I ſing,
And venture to unlock the ſacred ſpring.

IT is probable the firſt Poets were found at the altar, that they employed their talents in adorning and animating the worſhip of their gods; the ſpirit of poetry and religion reciprocally warmed each other, devotion inſpired poetry, and poetry exalted

devotion; the moſt ſublime capacities were put to the moſt noble uſe; purity of will, and fineneſs of underſtanding, were not ſuch ſtrangers as they have been in latter ages, but were moſt frequently lodged in the ſame breaſt, and went, as it were, hand in hand, to the glory of the world's great Ruler, and the benefit of mankind. To reclaim our modern poetry, and turn it into its due and primitive channel, is an endeavour altogether worthy of a far greater character than the Guardian of a private family. Kingdoms might be the better for the converſion of the muſes from ſenſuality to natural religion, and princes on their thrones might be obliged and protected by its power.

Were it modeſt, I ſhould profeſs myſelf a great admirer of Poeſy; but that profeſſion is in effect telling the world that I have a heart tender and generous, a heart that can ſwell with the joys, or be depreſſed with the misfortunes, of others; nay more, even of imaginary perſons; a heart large enough to receive the greateſt ideas nature can ſuggeſt, and delicate enough to reliſh the moſt beautiful: it is deſiring mankind to believe that I am capable of entering into all thoſe ſubtle graces, and all that divine elegance, the enjoyment of which is to be felt only, and not expreſſed.

All kinds of Poeſy are amiable, but Sacred Poeſy ſhould be our moſt eſpecial delight: other poetry leads us through flowery meadows or beautiful gardens, refreſhes us with cooling breezes of delicious fruits, ſoothes us with the murmur of waters or the melody of birds, or elſe conveys us to the court or camp; dazzles our imagination with crowns or ſcepters, embattled hoſts, or heroes ſhining in burniſhed ſteel; but Sacred Numbers ſeem to admit us into a ſolemn and magnificent temple, they encircle us with every thing that is holy and divine, they ſuperadd an agreeable awe and reverence to all thoſe pleaſing emotions we feel from other lays; an awe and reverence that exalts, while it chaſtiſes: its ſweet authority reſtrains each undue liberty of thought, word, and action; it makes us think better and more nobly of ourſelves, from a conſciouſneſs of the great Preſence we are in, where ſaints ſurround us, and angels are our fellow-worſhippers.

O let me glory, glory in my choice!
Whom ſhould I ſing, but him who gave me voice!
This theme ſhall laſt, when Homer's ſhall decay,
When arts, arms, kings, and kingdoms, melt away.
And can it, powers immortal, can it be,
That this high province was reſerv'd for me?
Whate'er the new, the raſh adventure coſt,
In wide eternity I dare be loſt.
I dare launch out, and ſhew the muſes more,
Than e'er the learned ſiſters ſaw before.
In narrow limits they were wont to ſing,
To teach the ſwain, or celebrate the king:
I graſp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and ſing to human-kind:
I ſing to men and angels; angels join
(While ſuch the theme) their ſacred hymns with mine.

But beſides the greater pleaſure which we receive from Sacred Poeſy, it has another vaſt advantage above all other; when it has placed us in that imaginary temple, (of which I juſt now ſpoke) methink the mighty genius of the place covers us with an inviſible hand, ſecures us in the enjoyments we poſſeſs. We find a kind of refuge in our pleaſure, and our diverſion becomes our ſafety. Why then ſhould not every heart that is addicted to the Muſes, cry out in the holy warmth of the beſt poet that ever lived—'I will magnify thee, O Lord, my 'king; and I will praiſe thy name for ever 'and ever.'

That greater benefit may be reaped from Sacred Poeſy than from any other is indiſputable. But is it capable of yielding ſuch exquiſite delight? Has it a title only to the regard of the ſerious and aged? Is it only to be read on Sundays, and to be bound in black? Or does it put in for the good eſteem of the gay, the fortunate, or the young? Can it rival a ball or a theatre, or give pleaſure to thoſe who are converſant with beauty, and have their palates ſet high with all the delicacies and poignancy of human wit?

That poetry gives us the greateſt pleaſure which affects us moſt, and that affects us moſt which is on a ſubject in which we have the deepeſt concern; for this reaſon, it is a rule in epic poetry, that the tale ſhould be taken from the hiſtory of that country to which it is written, or at fartheſt from their diſtant anceſtors.

Thus Homer ſung Achilles to the deſcendants of Achilles; and Virgil to Auguſtus that hero's voyage—

———*Genus unde Latinum*
Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.
EN. I. V. 6.

From whence the race of Albion's fathers come,
And the long glories of majeſtic Rome.
DRYDEN.

Had they changed ſubjects, they had certainly been worſe poets at Greece and Rome, whatever they had been eſteemed by the reſt of mankind; and in what ſubjects have we the greateſt concern, but in thoſe at the very thought of which 'This world grows leſs and leſs, and 'all its glories fade away?'

All other poeſy muſt be dropt at the gate of death; this alone can enter with us into immortality; it will admit of an improvement only, not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, an entire alteration from the converſe of Cherubim and Seraphim: it ſhall not be forgotten when the ſun and moon are remembered no more; it ſhall never die, but (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) be the meaſure of eternity, and the laudable ambition of Heaven.

How then can any other poeſy come in competition with it?

Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
Within the view of conſcious ſtars or ſun,
Is far beneath my daring! I look down
On all the ſplendors of the Britiſh crown;
This globe is for my verſe a narrow bound:
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around:
Oh, all ye ſpirits, howſoe'er disjoin'd,
Of every various order, place, and kind;
Hear and aſſiſt a feeble mortal's lays;
'Tis your Eternal King I ſtrive to praiſe.

Theſe verſes, and thoſe quoted above, are taken out of a manuſcript poem on the Laſt Day, which ſhall ſhortly appear in public.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

WHEN you ſpeak of the good which would ariſe from the labours of ingenious men, if they could be prevailed upon to turn their thoughts upon the ſublime ſubjects of religion, it ſhould, methinks, be an attractive to them, if you would pleaſe to lay before them, that noble ideas aggrandize the ſoul of him who writes with a true taſte of virtue. I was juſt now reading David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, and that divine piece was peculiarly pleaſing to me, in that there was ſuch an exquiſite ſorrow expreſſed in it, without the leaſt alluſion to the difficulties from whence David was extricated by the fall of thoſe great men in his way to empire. When he receives the tidings of Saul's death, his generous mind has in it no reflection upon the merit of the unhappy man who was taken out of his way, but what raiſes his ſorrow, inſtead of giving him conſolation.

'The beauty of Iſrael is ſlain upon thy high 'places! how are the mighty fallen!

'Tell it not in Gath, publiſh it not in the 'ſtreets of Aſkelon: leſt the daughters of the 'Philiſtines rejoice, leſt the daughters of the 'uncircumciſed triumph.

'Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no 'dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor 'fields of offerings: for there the ſhield of the 'mighty is vilely caſt away, the ſhield of Saul, 'as though he had not been anointed with oil.

'Saul and Jonathan were lovely and plea'ſant in their lives, and in their deaths they 'were not divided: they were ſwifter than 'eagles, they were ſtronger than lions.

'Ye daughters of Iſrael, weep over Saul, 'who cloathed you in ſcarlet, with other de'lights, who put on ornaments of gold upon 'your apparel.'

How beautiful is the more amiable and noble parts of Saul's character repreſented by a man whom that very Saul purſued to death! But when he comes to mention Jonathan, the ſublimity ceaſes, and, not able to mention his generous friendſhip, and the moſt noble inſtances ever given of man, he ſinks into a fondneſs that will not admit of high language or alluſions to the greater circumſtances of their life, and turns only upon their familiar converſe.

'I am diſtreſſed for thee, my brother Jona'than; very pleaſant haſt thou been unto me: 'thy love to me was wonderful, paſſing the 'love of women.'

In the mind of this admirable man, grandeur, majeſty, and worldly power, were deſpicable conſiderations, when he caſt his eye upon the merit of him who was ſo ſuddenly ſnatched from them: and when he began to think of the great friendſhip of Jonathan, his panegyric is uttered only in broken exclamations, and tender expreſſions of how much

they both loved, not how much Jonathan deſerved.

Pray pardon this, which was to hint only that the virtue, not the elegance of fine writing, is the thing principally to be conſidered by a Guardian. I am, Sir,

your humble ſervant,

C. F.

No. LII. MONDAY, MAY 11.

——Toto ſolus in orbe
Cæſar liber erit—— LUCAN.

Cæſar alone, of all mankind, is free.

I SHALL not aſſume to myſelf the merit of every thing in theſe papers. Whereſoever, in reading or converſation, I obſerve any thing that is curious and uncommon, uſeful or entertaining, I reſolved to give it to the public. The greateſt part of this very paper is an extract from a French manuſcript, which was ſent me by my good friend Mr. Charwell; he tell me he has had it about theſe twenty years in his poſſeſſion; and he ſeems to me to have taken from it very many of the maxims he has purſued in the new ſettlement, I have heretofore ſpoken of, upon his lands. He has given me full liberty to make what uſe of it I ſhall think fit; either to publiſh it entire, or to retail it out by penny-worths. I have determined to retail it, and for that end I have tranſlated divers paſſages, rendering the words Livre, Sous, and many others of known ſignification in France, into their equivalent ſenſe, that may the better be underſtood by my Engliſh readers. The book contains ſeveral memoirs concerning Monſieur Colbert, who had the honour to be ſecretary of ſtate to His Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, and ſuperintendant or chief director of the arts and manufactures of his kingdom. The paſſage for to-day is as follows.

IT happened that the king was one day expreſſing his wonder to this miniſter that the United Provinces ſhould give him ſo much trouble; that ſo great a monarch as he was ſhould not be able to reduce ſo ſmall a ſtate with half the power of his whole dominions.

To which Monſieur Colbert is ſaid to have made the following anſwer.

'Sir, I preſume upon your indulgence to 'ſpeak what I have thought upon this ſubject 'with that freedom which becomes a faithful 'ſervant, and one who has nothing more at 'heart than your majeſty's glory, and the proſ-'perity of your whole people. Your territo-'ries are vaſtly greater than the United Nether-'lands; Sir, it is not land that fights againſt 'land, but the ſtrength and riches of one na-'tion againſt the ſtrength and riches of another. 'I ſhould have ſaid only riches, ſince it is mo-'ney that feeds and clothes the ſoldier, furniſh-'es the magazine, provides the train of artil-'lery, and anſwers the charge of all other mi-'litary preparations. Now the riches of a 'prince or ſtate are juſt ſo much as they can 'levy upon their ſubjects, ſtill leaving them 'ſufficient for their ſubſiſtence. If this ſhall 'not be left, they will deſert to other countries 'for better uſage; and I am ſorry to ſay it, 'that too many of your majeſty's ſubjects are 'already among your neighbours in the condi-'tion of footmen and valets for their daily 'bread; many of your artiſans too are fled 'from the ſeverity of your collectors, they 'are at this time improving the manufactures 'of your enemies. France has loſt the benefit 'of their hands for ever, and your majeſty all 'hopes of any future exciſes by their conſump-'tion. For the extraordinary ſums of one 'year, you have parted with an inheritance. 'I am never able, without the utmoſt indigna-'tion, to think of that miniſter, who had the 'confidence to tell your father his ſubjects 'were but too happy, that they were not yet 'reduced to eat graſs: as if ſtarving his peo-'ple were the only way to free himſelf from 'their ſeditions. But people will not ſtarve in 'France, as long as bread is to be had in any 'other country. How much more worthy of 'a prince was that ſaying of your grandfather 'of glorious memory, that he hoped to ſee that 'day, when every houſekeeper in his domi-'nions ſhould be able to allow his family

'mily a capon for their Sunday's ſupper? I 'lay down this, therefore, as my firſt principle, 'that your taxes upon your ſubjects muſt leave 'them ſufficient for their ſubſiſtence, at leaſt 'as comfortable a ſubſiſtence as they will find 'among your neighbours.

'Upon this principle I ſhall be able to make 'ſome compariſon between the revenues of 'your majeſty and thoſe of the States-General. 'Your territories are near thirty times as 'great, your people near four times as many; 'yet your revenues are not thirty, no nor four 'times as great, nor indeed as great again, 'as thoſe of the United Netherlands.

'In what one article are you able to raiſe 'twice as much from your ſubjects as the 'States can do from theirs? Can you take 'twice as much from the rents of the lands 'and houſes? What are the yearly rents of 'your whole kingdom? And how much of 'theſe will your majeſty be able to take with-'out ruining the landed intereſt? You have, 'Sir, above a hundred millions of acres, and 'not above thirteen millions of ſubjects, eight 'acres to every ſubject; how inconſiderable 'muſt be the value of land, where ſo many 'acres are to provide for a ſingle perſon? where 'a ſingle perſon is the whole market for the 'product of ſo much land? And what ſort of 'cuſtomers are your ſubjects to theſe lands? 'What cloaths is it that they wear? What 'proviſions do they conſume? Black bread, 'onions, and other roots, are the uſual diet 'of the generality of your people; their com-'mon drink the pure element; they are dreſſ-'ed in canvas and wooden ſhoes, I mean ſuch 'of them as are not bare-foot and half naked. 'How very mean muſt be the eight acres 'which will afford no better ſubſiſtence to a 'ſingle perſon? Yet ſo many of your people 'live in this deſpicable manner, that four 'pounds will be eaſily believed to exceed the 'annual expences of every one of them at a 'medium. And how little of this expence 'will be coming to the land-owner for his 'rent? or, which is the ſame thing, for the 'mere product of his land? Of every thing 'that is conſumed, the greateſt part of the va-'lue is the price of labour that is beſtowed 'upon it; and it is not a very ſmall part of 'their price that is paid to your majeſty in your 'exciſes. Of the four pounds expence of 'every ſubject, it can hardly be thought that 'more than four and twenty ſhillings are paid 'for the mere product of the land. Then if 'there are eight acres to every ſubject, and 'every ſubject for his conſumption pays no 'more than four and twenty ſhillings to the 'land, three ſhillings at a medium muſt be 'the full yearly value of every acre in your 'kingdom. Your lands ſeparated from the 'buildings cannot be valued higher.

'And what then ſhall be thought the yearly 'value of the houſes, or, which is the ſame 'thing, of the lodgings of your thirteen mil-'lions of ſubjects? What numbers of theſe 'are begging their bread throughout your 'kingdom? If your majeſty were to walk in-'cognito through the very ſtreets of your ca-'pital, and give a farthing to every beggar 'that aſks you alms in a walk of one hour, you 'would have nothing left of a piſtole. How 'miſerable muſt be the lodgings of theſe 'wretches? Even thoſe that will not aſk your 'charity are huddled together four or five fa-'milies in a houſe. Such is the lodging in 'your capital. That of your other towns is 'yet of leſs value; but nothing can be more 'ruinous than the cottages in the villages. 'Six ſhillings for the lodging of every one of 'your thirteen millions of ſubjects at a medium, 'muſt needs be the full yearly value of all the 'houſes. So that at four ſhillings for every 'acre, and ſix ſhillings for the lodging of every 'ſubject, the rents of your whole kingdom will 'be leſs than twenty millions, and yet a great 'deal more than they were ever yet found to be 'by the moſt exact ſurvey that has been taken.

'The next queſtion then is, how much of 'theſe rents your majeſty will think fit to take 'to your own uſe. Six of the twenty millions 'are in the hands of the clergy; and little 'enough for the ſupport of three hundred thou-'ſand eccleſiaſtics, with all their neceſſary at-'tendants; it is no more than twenty pounds 'a year for every one of the maſters. Theſe, 'Sir, are your beſt guards; they keep your 'ſubjects loyal in the midſt of their miſery. 'Your majeſty will not think it your in-'tereſt to take any thing from the church. 'From that which remains in the hands 'of your lay-ſubjects, will you be able

'to take more than five millions to your own 'uſe? This is more than ſeven ſhillings in 'the pound; and then, after neceſſary repara- 'tions, together with loſſes by the failing of 'tenants, how little will be left to the own- 'ers? Theſe are gentlemen, who have never 'been bred either to trade or manufactures, 'they have no other way of living than by 'their rents; and when theſe ſhall be taken 'from them, they muſt fly to your armies, as 'to an hoſpital, for their daily bread.

'Now, Sir, your majeſty will give me leave 'to examine what are the rents of the United 'Netherlands, and how great a part of theſe 'their governors may take to themſelves with- 'out oppreſſion of the owners. There are in 'thoſe provinces three millions of acres, and 'as many millions of ſubjects; a ſubject for 'every acre. Why ſhould not then the ſingle 'acre there be as valuable as the eight acres 'in France, ſince it is to provide for as many 'mouths? Or if great part of the proviſions 'of the people are fetched in by their trade 'from the ſea or foreign countries, they will 'end at laſt in the improvement of their lands. 'I have often heard, and am ready to believe, 'that thirty ſhillings, one with another, is 'leſs than the yearly value of every acre in 'thoſe provinces.

'And how much leſs than this will be the 'yearly value of lodging, for every one of 'their ſubjects? There are no beggars in 'their ſtreets, ſcarce a ſingle one in a whole 'province. Their families in great towns are 'lodged in palaces, in compariſon with thoſe 'of Paris: even the houſes in their villages 'are more coſtly than in many of your cities. 'If ſuch is the value of their three millions of 'acres, and of lodging for as many millions of 'ſubjects, the yearly rents of lands and houſes 'are nine millions in thoſe provinces.

'Then how much of this may the States 'take without ruining the land-owners, for 'the defence of their people? Their lands 'there, by the cuſtom of deſcending in equal 'ſhares to all the children, are diſtributed into 'ſo many hands, that few or no perſons are 'ſubſiſted by their rents; land-owners, as 'well as others, are chiefly ſubſiſted by trade 'and manufactures; and they can therefore 'with as much eaſe part with half of their 'whole rents, as your majeſty's ſubjects can 'a quarter. The States-General may as well 'take four millions and a half from their rents, 'as your majeſty can five from thoſe of your 'ſubjects.

'It remains now only to compare the ex- 'ciſes of both countries. And what exciſes 'can your majeſty hope to receive by the con- 'ſumption of the half-ſtarved and half-naked 'beggars in your ſtreets? How great a part 'of the price of all that is eat or drunk, or 'conſumed by thoſe wretched creatures? How 'great a part of the price of canvas cloth and 'wooden ſhoes, that are every where worn 'throughout the country? How great a part 'of the price of their water, or their black 'bread and onions, the general diet of your 'people? If your majeſty were to receive the 'whole price of thoſe things, your exchequer 'would hardly run over. Yet ſo much the 'greateſt part of your ſubjects live in this 'deſpicable manner, that the annual expence 'of every one at a medium can be no more 'than I have mentioned. One would almoſt 'think they ſtarved themſelves to defraud your 'majeſty of your revenues. It is impoſſible 'to conceive that more than an eighth part 'can be exciſed from the expences of your 'ſubjects, who live ſo very poorly; and then 'for thirteen millions of people, your whole 'revenue by exciſes will amount to no more 'than ſix millions and a half.

'And how much leſs than this ſum will 'the States be able to levy by the ſame tax 'upon their ſubjects? There are no beggars 'in that country. The people of their great 'towns live at a vaſtly greater charge than 'yours. And even thoſe in their villages are 'better fed and cloathed than the people of 'your towns. At a medium, every one of 'their ſubjects live at twice the coſt of thoſe 'of France. Trade and manufactures are the 'things that furniſh them with money for this 'expence. Therefore if thrice as much ſhall 'be exciſed from the expence of the Holland- 'ers, yet ſtill they will have more left than the 'ſubjects of your majeſty, though you ſhould 'take nothing at all from them. I muſt be- 'lieve, therefore, that it will be as eaſy to 'levy twice as much by exciſes upon the 'Dutch ſubjects as the French, thirty ſhil- 'lings upon the former, as eaſily as ten up- 'on the latter, and conſequently four mil-

'lions and a half of pounds upon their three 'millions of ſubjects; ſo that in the whole, by 'rents and exciſes, they will be able to raiſe 'nine millions within the year. If of this ſum, 'for the maintenance of their clergy, which are 'not ſo numerous as in France, the charge of 'their civil liſt, and the preſervation of their 'dykes, one million is to be deducted, yet ſtill 'they will have eight for their defence; a reve-'nue equal to two-thirds of your majeſty's.

'Your majeſty will now no longer wonder 'that you have not been able to reduce theſe 'provinces with half the power of your whole 'dominions; yet half is as much as you will 'be ever able to employ againſt them. Spain 'and Germany will be always ready to eſpouſe 'their quarrel; their forces will be ſufficient to 'cut out work for the other half; and I wiſh, 'too, you could be quiet on the ſide of Italy 'and England.

'What then is the advice I would preſume 'to give your Majeſty? To diſband the great-'eſt part of your forces, and ſave ſo many taxes 'to your people. Your very dominions make 'you too powerful to fear any inſult from your 'neighbours. To turn your thoughts from 'war, and cultivate the arts of peace, the 'trade and manufactures of your people; this 'ſhall make you the moſt powerful prince, and 'at the ſame time your ſubjects the richeſt of 'all other ſubjects. In the ſpace of twenty 'years they will be able to give your majeſty 'greater ſums with eaſe, than you can now 'draw from them with the greateſt difficulty. 'You have abundant materials in your king-'dom to employ your people, and they do not 'want capacity to be employed. Peace and 'trade ſhall carry out their labour to all the 'parts of Europe, and bring back yearly trea-'ſures to your ſubjects. There will be always 'fools enough to purchaſe the manufactures of 'France, though France ſhould be prohibited 'to purchaſe thoſe of other countries. In the 'mean time your majeſty ſhall never want ſuf-'ficient ſums to buy now and then an impor-'tant fortreſs, from one or other of your in-'digent neighbours. But, above all, peace 'ſhall ingratiate your majeſty with the Spaniſh 'nation, during the life of their crazy king; 'and after his death, a few ſeaſonable preſents 'among his courtiers ſhall purchaſe the rever-'ſion of his crowns, with all the treaſures of 'the Indies; and then the world muſt be your 'own.'

This was the ſubſtance of what was then ſaid by Monſieur Colbert. The king was not at all offended with this liberty of his miniſter. He knew the value of the man, and ſoon after made him the chief director of the trade and manufactures of his people.

No. LIII. TUESDAY, MAY 12.

———*Deſinant*
Maledicere, malefacta ne noſcant ſua. TER. PROL. AD ANDR.

Let them ceaſe to ſpeak ill of others, leſt they hear of their own miſdeeds.

IT happens that the letter, which was in one of my papers concerning a lady ill-treated by the Examiner, and to which he replies by taxing the Tatler with the like practice, was written by one Steele, who put his name to the collection of papers called Lucubrations. It was a wrong thing in the Examiner to go any farther than the Guardian for what is ſaid in the Guardian: but ſince Steele owns the letter, it is the ſame thing. I apprehend, by reading the Examiner over a ſecond time, that he inſinuates by the words cloſe to the Royal Stamp, he would have the man turned out of his office. Conſidering he is ſo malicious, I cannot but think Steele has treated him very unmercifully in his anſwer, which follows. This Steele is certainly a very good ſort of a man, and it is a thouſand pities he does not underſtand politics; but if he is turned out, my Lady Lizard will invite him down to our country-houſe. I ſhall be very glad of his company, and I will leave ſomething to one of his children.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

I AM obliged to fly to you for refuge from ſevere uſage, which a very great author, the Examiner, has been pleaſed to give me for what you have lately publiſhed in defence of a young lady. He does not put his name to his writings, and therefore he ought not to reflect upon the characters of thoſe who publickly anſwer for what they have produced. The Examiner and the Guardian might have diſputed upon any particular they had thought fit without having introduced any third perſon, or making any alluſions to matters foreign to the ſubject before them. But ſince he has thought fit, in his paper of May the 8th, to defend himſelf by my example, I ſhall beg leave to ſay to the town, (by your favour to me, Mr. Ironſide) that our conduct would ſtill be very widely different, though I ſhould allow that there were particular perſons pointed at in the places which he mentions in the Tatlers. When a ſatiriſt feigns a name, it muſt be the guilt of the perſon attacked, or his being notoriouſly underſtood guilty before the ſatire was written, that can make him liable to come under the fictitious appellation. But when the licence of printing letters of people's real names is uſed, things may be affixed to men's characters which are in the utmoſt degree remote from them. Thus it happens in the caſe of the Earl of Nottingham, whom that gentleman aſſerts to have left the church; though nothing is more evident than that he deſerves better of all men in holy orders, or thoſe who have any reſpect for them, or religion itſelf, than any man in England can pretend to. But as to the inſtances he gives againſt me, Old Downes is a fine piece of raillery, of which I wiſh I had been author. All I had to do in it, was to ſtrike out what related to a gentlewoman about the queen, whom I thought a woman free from ambition; and I did it out of regard to innocence. Powel of the Bath is reconciled to me, and has made me free of his ſhow. Tun, Gun, and Piſtol, from Wapping, laughed at the repreſentation which was made of them, and were obſerved to be more regular in their conduct afterwards. The character of Lord Timon is no odious one; and, to tell you the truth, Mr. Ironſide, when I writ it, I thought it more like me myſelf than any other man; and if I had in my eye any illuſtrious perſon who had the ſame faults with myſelf, it is no new nor very criminal ſelf-love to flatter ourſelves, that what weakneſſes we have, we have in common with great men. For the exaltation of ſtyle, and embelliſhing the character, I made Timon a lord; and he may be a very worthy one for all that I have ſaid of him. I do not remember the mention of Don Diego; nor do I remember that ever I thought of Lord Nottingham, in any character drawn in any one paper of Bickerſtaff. Now as to Polypragmon, I drew it as the moſt odious image I could paint of ambition; and Polypragmon is, to men of buſineſs, what Sir Fopling Flutter is to men of faſhion. 'He's knight of the ſhire, 'and repreſents you all.' Whoſoever ſeeks employment for his own private intereſt, vanity, or pride, and not for the good of his prince and country, has his ſhare in the picture of Polypragmon; and let this be the rule in examining that deſcription, and I believe the Examiner will find others to whom he would rather give a part of it, than to the perſon on whom I believe he beſtows it, becauſe he thinks he is the moſt capable of having his vengeance on me. But I ſay not this from terrors of what any man living can do to me; I ſpeak it only to ſhew, that I have not, like him, fixed odious images on perſons, but on vices. Alas! what occaſion have I to draw people, whom I think ill of, under feigned names? I have wanted and abounded, and I neither fear poverty, nor deſire riches; if that be true, why ſhould I be afraid, whenever I ſee occaſion to examine the conduct of any of my fellow-ſubjects? I ſhould ſcorn to do it but from plain facts, and at my own peril, and from inſtances as clear as the day. Thus would I, and I will (whenever I think it my duty) enquire into the behaviour of any man in England, if he is ſo poſted, as that his errors may hurt my country. This kind of zeal will expoſe him who is prompted by it to a great deal of ill-will, and I could carry any points I aim at for the improvement of my own little affairs, without making myſelf obnoxious to the reſentment of any perſon or party; but, alas! what is there in all the gratifications of ſenſe, the accommodations of vanity, or any thing that fortune can

give to pleaſe a human ſoul, when they are put in competition with the intereſts of truth and liberty? Mr. Ironſide, I confeſs I writ to you that letter concerning the young lady of quality, and am glad that my aukward Apology (as the Examiner calls it) has produced in him ſo much remorſe as to make 'any re-'paration to offended beauty.' Though, by the way, the phraſe of offended beauty is romantick, and has little of the compunction which ſhould riſe in a man that is begging pardon of a woman for ſaying of her unjuſtly, that ſhe had affronted 'her God and her ſovereign.' However, I will not bear hard upon his contrition; but am now heartily ſorry I called him a miſcreant; that word, I think, ſignifies an unbeliever. Meſcroyant, I take it, is the old French word. I will give myſelf no manner of liberty to make gueſſes at him, if I may ſay him; for though ſometimes I have been told by familiar friends, that they ſaw me ſuch a time talking to the Examiner; others, who have rallied me upon the ſins of my youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have formerly lain with the Examiner. I have carried my point, and reſcued innocence from calumny; and it is nothing to me, whether the Examiner writes againſt me in the character of an eſtranged friend, or an exaſperated miſtreſs.

He is welcome from henceforward to treat me as he pleaſes; but as you have begun to oppoſe him, never let innocence or merit be traduced by him. In particular, I beg of you never to let the glory of our nation*, who made France tremble, and yet has that gentleneſs to be unable to bear oppoſition from the meaneſt of his own countrymen, be calumniated in ſo impudent a manner, as in the inſinuation that he affected a perpetual dictatorſhip. Let not a ſet of brave, wiſe, and honeſt men, who did all that has been done to place their queen in ſo great a figure, as to ſhew mercy to the higheſt potentate in Europe, be treated by ungenerous men as traitors and betrayers. To prevent ſuch evils is a care worthy of a Guardian. Theſe are exerciſes worthy the ſpirit of a man; and you ought to contemn all the wit in the world againſt you, when you have the conſolation that you act upon theſe honeſt motives. If you ever ſhrink from them, get Bat Pidgeon to comb your noddle, and write ſonnets on the ſmiles of the Sparkler, but never call yourſelf Guardian more in a nation full of the ſentiments of honour and liberty.

I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

RICHARD STEELE.

P. S. I knew nothing of the letter at Morphew's.

No. LIV. WEDNESDAY, MAY 13.

Neque ita porro aut adulatus aut admiratus ſum fortunam alterius, ut me meæ poeniteret,

TULL.

I never flattered, or admired, another man's fortune, ſo as to be diſſatisfied with my own.

IT has been obſerved very often, in authors divine and prophane, that we are all equal after death, and this by way of conſolation for that deplorable ſuperiority which ſome among us ſeem to have over others; but it would be a doctrine of much more comfortable import, to eſtabliſh an equality among the living; for the propagation of which paradox I ſhall hazard the following conceits.

I muſt here lay it down, that I do not pretend to ſatisfy every barren reader, that all perſons that have hitherto apprehended themſelves extremely miſerable, ſhall have immediate ſuccour from the publication of this paper; but ſhall endeavour to ſhew that the Diſcerning ſhall be fully convinced of the truth of this aſſertion, and thereby obviate all the impertinent accuſations of Providence for the unequal diſtribution of good and evil.

If all men had reflection enough to be ſenſible of this equality of happineſs; if they were not made uneaſy by appearances of ſuperiority, there would be none of that ſubordination and ſubjection, of

* The Duke of Marlborough.

thoſe that think themſelves leſs happy, to thoſe they think more ſo, which is ſo very neceſſary for the ſupport of buſineſs and pleaſure.

The common turn of human applications may be divided into love, ambition, and avarice; and whatever victories we gain in theſe our particular purſuits, there will always be ſome one or other in the paths we tread, whoſe ſuperior happineſs will create new uneaſineſs, and employ us in new contrivances; and ſo through all degrees there will ſtill remain the inſatiable deſire of ſome ſeeming unacquired good, to imbitter the poſſeſſion of whatever others we are accommodated with: and if we ſuppoſe a man perfectly accommodated, and trace him through all the gradations betwixt neceſſity and ſuperfluity, we ſhall find that the ſlavery which occaſioned his firſt activity is not abated, but only diverſified.

Thoſe that are diſtreſſed upon ſuch cauſes, as the world allows to warrant the keeneſt affliction, are too apt, in the compariſon of themſelves with others, to conclude, that where there is not a ſimilitude of cauſes, there cannot be of affliction, and forget to relieve themſelves with this conſideration, that the little diſappointments in a life of pleaſure are as terrible as thoſe in a life of buſineſs; and if the end of one man is to ſpend his time and money as agreeable as he can, that of the other to ſave both; an interruption in either of theſe purſuits is of equal conſequence to the purſuers. Beſides, as every trifle raiſeth the mirth and gaiety of the men of good circumſtances, ſo do others as inconſiderable expoſe them to ſpleen and paſſion; and, as Solomon ſays, 'According to their riches, their anger 'riſeth.'

One of the moſt bitter circumſtances of poverty has been obſerved to be, that it makes men appear ridiculous; but I believe this affirmation may with more juſtice be appropriated to riches, ſince more qualifications are required to become a great fortune, than even to make one; and there are ſeveral pretty perſons about town, ten times more ridiculous upon the very account of a good eſtate, than they poſſibly could have been with the want of it.

I confeſs, having a mind to pay my court to fortune, I became an adventurer in one of the late lotteries; in which, though I got none of the great prizes, I found no occaſion to envy ſome of thoſe that did; comforting myſelf with this conſideration, that nature and education having diſappointed all the favours fortune could beſtow upon them, they had gained no ſuperiority by an unenvied affluence.

It is pleaſant to conſider, that whilſt we are lamenting our particular afflictions to each other, and repining at the inequality of condition, were it poſſible to throw off our preſent miſerable ſtate, we cannot name the perſon whoſe condition in every particular we would embrace and prefer; and an impartial enquiry into the pride, ill-nature, ill-health, guilt, ſpleen, or particularity of behaviour of others, generally ends in a reconciliation to our dear ſelves.

This my way of thinking is warranted by Shakeſpeare in a very extraordinary manner, where he makes Richard the Second, when depoſed and impriſoned, debating a matter, which would ſoon have been diſcuſſed by a common capacity, whether his priſon or palace was moſt eligible, and with very philoſophical heſitation leaving the preference undetermined, in the following lines—

——Sometimes am I a king,
Then treaſon makes me wiſh myſelf a beggar,
And ſo indeed I am. Then cruſhing penury
Perſuades me I was better when a king,
Then am I king'd again——

Prior ſays very prettily—

Againſt our peace we arm our will;
Amidſt our plenty *ſomething* ſtill
For horſes, houſes, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
That cruel *ſomething* unpoſſeſt,
Corrodes and leavens all the reſt.
That *ſomething* if we could obtain,
Would ſoon create a future pain.

Give me leave to fortify my unlearned reader with another bit of wiſdom from Juvenal by Dryden;

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or knowing it purſue!
How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we have our wiſh, we wiſh undone?

Even the men that are diſtinguiſhed by, and envied for, their ſuperior good ſenſe and deli-

cacy of taſte, are ſubject to ſeveral uneaſineſſes upon this account, that the men of leſs penetration are utter ſtrangers to; and every little abſurdity ruffles theſe fine judgments, which would never diſturb the peaceful ſtate of the leſs diſcerning.

I ſhall end this eſſay with the following ſtory. There is a gentleman of my acquaintance, of a fortune, which may not only be called eaſy, but ſuperfluous; yet this perſon has by a great deal of reflection, found out a method to be as uneaſy as the worſt circumſtances could have made him. By a free life he had ſwelled himſelf above his natural proportion, and by a reſtrained life had ſhrunk below it; and being by nature ſplenetic, and by leiſure more ſo, he began to bewail this his loſs of fleſh (though otherwiſe in perfect health) as a very melancholy diminution. He became, therefore, the reverſe of Cæſar, and as a lean hungry-looked raſcal was the delight of his eyes, a fat, ſleek-headed fellow was his abomination. To ſupport himſelf as well as he could, he took a ſervant for the very reaſon every one elſe would have refuſed him, for being in a deep conſumption; and whilſt he has compared himſelf to this creature, and with a face of infinite humour contemplated the decay of his body, I have ſeen the maſter's features proportionably riſe into a boldneſs, as thoſe of his ſlave ſunk and grew languid. It was his intereſt, therefore, not to ſuffer the too haſty diſſolution of a being, upon which his own in ſome meaſure, depended. In ſhort, the fellow, by a little too much indulgence, began to look gay and plump upon his maſter, who, according to Horace—

Invidus alterius macreſcit rebus opimis.

EP. 2. L. 1. V. 57.

Sickens thro' envy at another's good.

and as he took him only for being in a conſumption, by the ſame way of thinking, he found it abſolutely neceſſary to diſmiſs him for not being in one; and he told me ſince, that he looks upon it as a very difficult matter to furniſh himſelf with a footman that is not altogether as happy as himſelf.

No. LV. THURSDAY, MAY 14.

——Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipſam,
Præmia ſi tollas? JUV. SAT. 10. V. 141.

For who would virtue for herſelf regard,
Or wed without the portion of reward? DRYDEN.

IT is uſual with polemical writers to object ill deſigns to their adverſaries. This turns their arguments into ſatire; which, inſtead of ſhewing an error in the underſtanding, tends only to expoſe the morals of thoſe they write againſt. I ſhall not act after this manner with reſpect to the Free-thinkers. Virtue, and the happineſs of ſociety, are the great ends which all men ought to promote, and ſome of that ſect would be thought to have a heart above the reſt of mankind. But ſuppoſing thoſe who make that profeſſion to carry on a good deſign in the ſimplicity of their hearts, and according to their beſt knowledge, yet it is much to be feared, thoſe well-meaning ſouls, while they endeavoured to recommend virtue, have in reality been advancing the intereſts of vice; which as I take to proceed from their ignorance of human nature, we may hope, when they become ſenſible of their miſtake, they will, in conſequence of that beneficent principle they pretend to act upon, reform their practice for the future.

The ſages, whom I have in my eye, ſpeak of virtue as the moſt amiable thing in the world; but at the ſame time that they extol her beauty, they take care to leſſen her portion. Such innocent creatures are they, and ſo great ſtrangers to the world, that they think this a likely method to increaſe the number of her admirers.

Virtue has in herſelf the moſt engaging charms; and chriſtianity, as it places her in the ſtrongeſt light, and adorned with all her native attractions, ſo it kindles a new fire in the ſoul, by adding to them the unutterable rewards which attend her votaries in an eternal ſtate. Or if there are men of a ſaturnine

and heavy complexion, who are not eaſily lifted up by hope, there is the proſpect of everlaſting puniſhments to agitate their ſouls, and frighten them into the practice of virtue, and an averſion from vice.

Whereas your ſober Free-thinkers tell you, that virtue indeed is beautiful, and vice deformed; the former deſerves your love, and the latter your abhorrence; but then, it is for their own ſake, or on account of the good and evil which immediately attend them, and are inſeparable from their reſpective natures. As for the immortality of the ſoul, or eternal puniſhments and rewards, thoſe are openly ridiculed, or rendered ſuſpicious by the moſt ſly and laboured artifice.

I will not ſay, theſe men act treacherouſly in the cauſe of virtue; but, will any one deny, that they act fooliſhly, who pretend to advance the intereſt of it by deſtroying or weakening the ſtrongeſt motives to it, which are accommodated to all capacities, and fitted to work on all diſpoſitions, and enforcing thoſe alone which can affect only a generous and exalted mind?

Surely they muſt be deſtitute of paſſion themſelves, and unacquainted with the force it hath on the minds of others, who can imagine that the mere beauty of fortitude, temperance, and juſtice, is ſufficient to ſuſtain the mind of man in a ſevere courſe of ſelf-denial againſt all the temptations of preſent profit and ſenſuality.

It is my opinion, that Free-thinkers ſhould be treated as a ſet of poor ignorant creatures, that have not ſenſe to diſcover the excellency of religion; it being evident thoſe men are no witches, nor likely to be guilty of any deep deſign, who proclaim aloud to the world, that they have leſs motives to honeſty than the reſt of their fellow-ſubjects: who have all the inducements to the exerciſe of any virtue which a Free-thinker can poſſibly have, and beſides that, the expectation of never-ending happineſs or miſery as the conſequence of their choice.

Are not men actuated by their paſſions, and are not hope and fear the moſt powerful of our paſſions? And are there any objects which can rouſe and awaken our hopes and fears, like thoſe proſpects that warm and penetrate the heart of a Chriſtian, but are not regarded by a Free-thinker?

It is not only a clear point, that a Chriſtian breaks through ſtronger engagements whenever he ſurrenders himſelf to commit a criminal action, and is ſtung with a ſharper remorſe after it, than a Free-thinker; but it ſhould even ſeem that a man who believes no future ſtate, would act a fooliſh part in being thoroughly honeſt. For what reaſon is there why ſuch a one ſhould poſtpone his own private intereſt or pleaſure to the doing his duty? If a Chriſtian foregoes ſome preſent advantage for the ſake of his conſcience, he acts accountably, becauſe it is with the view of gaining ſome greater future good: but he that, having no ſuch view, ſhould yet conſcientiouſly deny himſelf a preſent good in any incident where he may ſave appearances, is altogether as ſtupid as he that would truſt him at ſuch a juncture.

It will, perhaps, be ſaid, that virtue is her own reward; that a natural gratification attends good actions, which is alone ſufficient to excite men to the performance of them. But although there is nothing more lovely than virtue, and the practice of it is the ſureſt way to ſolid natural happineſs, even in this life; yet, titles, eſtates, and fantaſtical pleaſures, are more ardently ſought after by moſt men, than the natural gratifications of a reaſonable mind: and it cannot be denied, that virtue and innocence are not always the readieſt methods to attain that ſort of happineſs. Beſides, the fumes of paſſion muſt be allayed, and reaſon muſt burn brighter than ordinary, to enable men to ſee and reliſh all the native beauties and delights of a virtuous life. And though we ſhould grant our Free-thinkers to be a ſet of refined ſpirits, capable only of being enamoured of virtue, yet what would become of the bulk of mankind, who have groſs underſtandings, but lively ſenſes and ſtrong paſſions? What a deluge of luſt, and fraud, and violence, would in a little time overflow the whole nation, if theſe wiſe advocates for morality were univerſally hearkened to! Laſtly, opportunities do ſometimes offer, in which a man may wickedly make his fortune, or indulge a pleaſure, without fear of temporal damage, either in reputation, health, or fortune.

In ſuch caſes, what reſtraint do they lie under who have no regard beyond the grave? the inward compunctions of a wicked, as well as the joys of an upright mind, being grafted on the ſenſe of another ſtate.

The thought, that our exiſtence terminates with this life, doth naturally check the ſoul in any generous purſuit, contracts her views, and fixes them on temporary and ſelfiſh ends. It dethrones the reaſon, extinguiſhes all noble and heroic ſentiments, and ſubjects the mind to the ſlavery of every preſent paſſion. The wife heathens of antiquity were not ignorant of this; hence they endeavoured, by fables, and conjectures, and the glimmerings of nature, to poſſeſs the minds of men with the belief of a future ſtate, which has been ſince brought to light by the Goſpel, and is now moſt inconſiſtently decried by a few weak men, who would have us believe that they promote virtue by turning religion into ridicule.

No. LVI. FRIDAY, MAY 15.

Quid mentem traxiſſe polo, quid profuit altum
Erexiſſe caput? pecudum ſi more pererrant. CLAUD.

What profits us, that we from heaven derive
A ſoul immortal, and with looks erect
Survey the ſtars; if, like the brutal kind,
We follow where our paſſions lead the way?

I WAS conſidering laſt night, when I could not ſleep, how noble a part of the creation man was deſigned to be, and how diſtinguiſhed in all his actions above other earthly creatures. From whence I fell to take a view of the change and corruption which he has introduced into his own condition, the grovelling appetites, the mean characters of ſenſes and wild courſes of paſſions, that caſt him from the degree in which Providence had placed him; the debaſing himſelf with qualifications not his own, and his degenerating into a lower ſphere of action. This inſpired me with a mixture of contempt and anger; which, however, was not ſo violent as to hinder the return of ſleep, but grew confuſed as that came upon me, and made me end my reflections with giving mankind the opprobrious names of inconſiderate, mad, and fooliſh.

Here, methought, where my waking reaſon left the ſubject, my fancy purſued it in a dream; and I imagined myſelf in a loud ſoliloquy of paſſion, railing at my ſpecies, and walking hard to get rid of the company I deſpiſed; when two men, who had overheard me, made up on either hand. Theſe I obſerved had many features in common, which might occaſion the miſtake of one for the other in thoſe to whom they appear ſingle; but I, who ſaw them together, could eaſily perceive, that though there was an air of ſeverity in each, it was tempered with a natural ſweetneſs in the one, and by turns conſtrained or ruffled by the deſigns of malice in the other.

I was at a loſs to know the reaſon of their joining me ſo briſkly; when he whoſe appearance diſpleaſed me moſt, thus addreſſed his companion—'Pray, brother, let him alone, and 'we ſhall immediately ſee him transformed into 'a tiger.' This ſtruck me with horror, which the other perceived, and pitying my diſorder, bid me be of good courage, for though I had been ſavage in my treatment of mankind, (whom I ſhould rather reform than rail againſt) he would, however, endeavour to reſcue me from my danger. At this I looked a little more chearful; and while I teſtified my reſignation to him, we ſaw the angry brother fling away from us in a paſſion for his diſappointment. Being now left to my friend, I went back with him at his deſire, that I might know the meaning of thoſe words which had ſo frighted me.

As we went along—'To inform you,' ſays he, 'with whom you have this adventure, my 'name is Reproof, and his Reproach, both born 'of the ſame mother, but of different fathers. 'Truth is our common parent. Friendſhip, 'who ſaw her, fell in love with her; and ſhe 'being pleaſed with him, he begat me upon her;

'but a while after, Enmity lying in ambuſh 'for her, became the father of him whom you 'ſaw along with me. The temper of our mo- 'ther inclines us to the ſame ſort of buſineſs, 'the informing mankind of their faults; but 'the different complexions of our fathers make 'us differ in our deſigns and company. I have 'a natural benevolence in my mind which en- 'gages me with friends; and he a natural im- 'petuoſity in his, which caſts him among 'enemies.'

As he thus diſcourſed, we came to a place where there were three entrances into as many ſeveral walks, which lay aſide of one another. We paſſed into the middlemoſt, a plain ſtraight regular walk, ſet with trees, which added to the beauty of the place, but did not ſo cloſe their boughs over head as to exclude the light from it. Here, as we walked, I was made to obſerve, how the road on one hand was full of rocks and precipices, over which Reproach (who had already gotten thither) was furiouſly driving unhappy wretches; the other ſide was all laid out in gardens of gaudy tulips, amongſt whoſe leaves the ſerpents wreathed; and at the end of every graſſy walk, the enchantreſs Flattery was weaving bowers to lull ſouls aſleep in. We continued ſtill walking on the middle way, until we arrived at a building in which it terminated. This was formerly erected by Truth for a watch-tower, from whence ſhe took a view of the earth; and, as ſhe ſaw occaſion, ſent out Reproof, or even Reproach, for our reformation. Over the door I took notice, that a face was carved with a heart upon the lips of it, and preſently called to mind that this was the ancients emblem of Sincerity. In the entrance I met with Freedom of Speech and Complaiſance, who had for a long time looked upon one another as enemies; but Reproof has ſo happily brought them together, that they now act as friends and fellow-agents in the ſame family. Before I aſcended the ſtairs, I had my eyes purified by a water which made me ſee extremely clear, and I think they ſaid it ſprung in a pit, from whence (as Democritus had reported) they formerly brought up Truth, who had hid herſelf in it. I was then admitted to the upper chamber of proſpect, which was called the Knowledge of Mankind; here the window was no ſooner opened, but I perceived the clouds to roll off and part before me, and a ſcene of all the variety of the world preſented itſelf.

But how different was mankind in this view from what it uſed to appear! Methought the very ſhape of moſt of them was loſt; ſome had the heads of dogs, others of apes or parrots; and in ſhort, wherever any one took upon him the inferior and unworthy qualities of other creatures, the change of his ſoul became viſible in his countenance. The ſtrutting pride of him who is endued with brutality inſtead of courage, made his face ſhoot out into the form of a horſe's; his eyes became prominent his noſtrils widened, and his wig untying flowed down on one ſide of his neck in a waving mane. The talkativeneſs of thoſe who love the ill-nature of converſation made them turn into aſſemblies of geeſe, their lips hardened to bills by eternal uſing, they gabbled for diverſion, they hiſſed in ſcandal, and their ruffles falling back on their arms, a ſucceſſion of little feathers appeared, which formed wings for them to flutter with from one viſit to another. The envious and malicious lay on the ground with the heads of different ſorts of ſerpents, and not endeavouring to erect themſelves, but meditating miſchief to others, they ſucked the poiſon of the earth, ſharpened their tongues to ſtings upon the ſtones, and rolled their trains unperceivably beneath their habits. The hypocritical oppreſſors wore the face of crocodiles, their mouths were inſtruments of cruelty, their eyes of deceit; they committed wickedneſs, and bemoaned that there ſhould be ſo much of it in the world; they devoured the unwary, and wept over the remains of them. The covetous had ſo hooked and worn their fingers by counting intereſt upon intereſt, that they were converted to the claws of harpies, and theſe they ſtill were ſtretching out for more, yet ſtill ſeemed unſatisfied with their acquiſitions. The ſharpers had the look of camelions; they every minute changed their appearance, and fed on ſwarms of flies which fell as ſo many cullies amongſt them. The bully ſeemed a dunghill cock; he creſted well and bore his comb aloft; he was beaten by almoſt every one, yet ſtill ſung for triumph; and only the mean coward pricked up the ears of a hare to fly before him. Critics were turned into cats, whoſe pleaſure and grumbling go toge-

ther. Fops were apes in embroidered jackets. Flatterers were curled ſpaniels, fawning and crouching. The crafty had the face of a fox, the ſlothful of an aſs, the cruel of a wolf, the ill-bred of a bear, the leachers were goats, and the gluttons ſwine. Drunkenneſs was the only vice that did not change the face of its profeſſors into that of another creature; but this I took to be far from a privilege, for theſe two reaſons; becauſe it ſufficiently deforms them of itſelf, and becauſe none of the lower rank of beings is guilty of ſo fooliſh an intemperance.

As I was taking a view of theſe repreſentations of things without any more order than is uſual in a dream, or in the confuſion of the world itſelf, I perceived a concern within me for what I ſaw. My eyes began to moiſten, as if the virtue of that water with which they were purified was loſt for a time, by their being touched with that which aroſe from paſſion. The clouds immediately began to gather again, and cloſe from either hand upon the proſpect. I then turned towards my guide, who addreſſed himſelf to me after this manner: 'You 'have ſeen the condition of mankind when it 'deſcends from its dignity; now, therefore, 'guard yourſelf from that degeneracy by a mo- 'deſt greatneſs of ſpirit on one ſide, and a 'conſcious ſhame on the other. Endeavour 'alſo with a generoſity of goodneſs to make 'your friends aware of it; let them know 'what defects you perceive are growing upon 'them; handle the matter as you ſee reaſon, 'either with the airs of ſevere or humorous 'affection; ſometimes plainly deſcribing the 'degeneracy in its full proper colours, or at 'other times letting them know, that if they 'proceed as they have begun, you give them 'to ſuch a day, or ſo many months, to turn 'bears, wolves, or foxes, &c. Neither ne- 'glect your more remote acquaintance, where 'you ſee any worthy and ſuſceptible of admo- 'nition. Expoſe the beaſts whoſe qualities 'you ſee them putting on, where you have no 'mind to engage with their perſons. The 'poſſibility of their applying this is very ob- 'vious. The Egyptians ſaw it ſo clearly, 'that they made the pictures of animals ex- 'plain their minds to one another inſtead of 'writing; and, indeed, it is hardly to be miſ- 'ſed, ſince Æſop took them out of their mute 'condition, and taught them to ſpeak for 'themſelves with relation to the actions of 'mankind.'

My guide had thus concluded, and I was promiſing to write down what was ſhown me for the ſervice of the world, when I was awakened by a zealous old ſervant of mine, who brought me the Examiner, and told me, with looks full of concern, he was afraid I was in it again.

No. LVII. SATURDAY, MAY 16,

Quam multa in juſta ac prava fiunt moribus! TER. HEAUT. ACT v. SC. 6.

How many unjuſt and wrong things are authoriſed by cuſtom!

IT is of no ſmall concern to me, that the intereſts of virtue are ſupplanted by common cuſtom and regard for indifferent things. Thus mode and faſhion defend the moſt abſurd and unjuſt proceedings, and nobody is out of countenance for doing what every body practiſes, though at the ſame time there is no one who is not convinced in his own judgment of the errors in which he goes on with the multitude. My correſpondent, who writes me the following letter, has put together a great many points which would deſerve a ſerious conſideration, as much as things which at firſt appearance bear a weightier aſpect. He recites almoſt all the little arts that are uſed in the way to Matrimony, by the parents of young women. There is nothing more common than for people, who have good and worthy characters, to run, without reſpect to the laws of gratitude, into the moſt exorbitant demands for their children, upon no other foundation than that which ſhould incline them to the

quite contrary, the unreſerved affection of the lover. I ſhall at this time, by inſerting my correſpondent's letter, lay ſuch offences before parents and daughters reſpectively, and reſerve the particular inſtances to be conſidered in future Precautions.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

I HAVE for ſome time retired myſelf from the town and buſineſs, to a little ſeat, where a pleaſant champaign country, good roads, and healthful air, tempt me often abroad; and being a ſingle man, have contracted more acquaintance than is ſuitable to my years, or agreeable to the intentions of refinement I brought down with me hither. Among others, I have a young neighbour, who, yeſterday, imparted to me the hiſtory of an honourable Amour which has been carried on a conſiderable time, with a great deal of love on his ſide, (and, as he ſays, he has been made to believe) with ſomething very unlike averſion on the young lady's. But ſo matters have been contrived, that he could never get to know her mind thoroughly. When he was firſt acquainted with her, he might be as intimate with her as other people; but ſince he firſt declared his paſſion, he has never been admitted to wait upon her, or to ſee her, other than in public. If he went to her father's houſe, and deſired to viſit her, ſhe was either to be ſick, or out of the way, and nobody would come near him in two hours, and then he ſhould be received as if he had committed ſome ſtrange offence. If he aſked her father's leave to viſit her, the old gentleman was mute. If he put it negatively and aſked if he refuſed it, the father would anſwer with a ſmile,—'No, I do not ſay ſo neither.' If they talked of the fortune, he had conſidered his circumſtances, and it was every day diminiſhed. If the ſettlements came into debate, he had conſidered the young gentleman's eſtate, and daily increaſed his expectations. If the mother was conſulted, ſhe was knightily for the match, but affected ſtrangely the ſhewing her cunning in perplexing matters. It went off ſeemingly ſeveral times, but my young neighbour's paſſion was ſuch that it eaſily revived upon the leaſt encouragement given him; but tired out with writing, (the only liberty allowed him) and receiving anſwers at croſs purpoſes, deſtitute of all hopes, he at length wrote a formal adieu; but it was very unfortunately timed, for ſoon after he had the long wiſhed-for oppportunity of finding her at a diſtance from her parents. Struck with the joyful news, in a heat of paſſion, reſolute to do any thing rather than leave her, down he comes poſt, directly to the houſe where ſhe was, without any preparatory interceſſion after the provocation of an adieu. She in a premeditated anger, to ſhew her reſentment, refuſed to ſee him. He, in a kind of fond phrenzy, abſent from himſelf, and exaſperated into rage curſed her heartily; but returning to himſelf was all confuſion, repentance, and ſubmiſſion. But in vain; the lady continued inexorable, and ſo the affair ended in a manner that renders them very unlikely ever to meet again. Through the purſuit of the whole ſtory, (whereof I give but a ſhort abſtract) my young neighbour appeared ſo touched, and diſcovered ſuch certain marks of unfeigned love, that I cannot but be heartily ſorry for them both. When he was gone, I ſat down immediately to my ſcrutore, to give you the account, whoſe buſineſs, as a Guardian, it is to tell your wards what is to be avoided, as well as what is fit to be done. And I humbly propoſe, that you will, upon this occaſion, extend your inſtructions to all ſorts of people concerned in treaties of this nature, (which of all others do moſt nearly concern human life) ſuch as parents, daughters, lovers, and confidants of both ſexes. I deſire leave to obſerve, that the miſtakes in this courtſhip (which might otherwiſe probably have ſucceeded happily) ſeem chiefly theſe four, viz.

1. The father's cloſe equivocal management, ſo as always to keep a reſervation to uſe upon occaſion, when he found himſelf preſſed.

2. The mother's affecting to appear extremely artful.

3. A notion in the daughter, (who is a lady of ſingular good ſenſe and virtue) that no man can love her as he ought, who can deny any thing her parents demand.

4. Carrying on the affair by letters and confidants, without ſufficient interviews.

I think you cannot fail obliging many in the world, beſides my young neighbour and

me, if you pleaſe to give your thoughts upon treaties of this nature, wherein all the nobility and gentry of this nation (in the unfortunate methods marriages are at preſent in) come at one time or other unavoidably to be engaged; eſpecially it is my humble requeſt you will be particular in ſpeaking to the following points, to wit—

1. Whether honourable love ought to be mentioned firſt to the young lady or her parents?

2. If to the young lady firſt, whether a man is obliged to comply with all the parents demand afterwards, under pain of breaking off diſhonourably?

3. If to the parents firſt, whether the lover may inſiſt upon what the father pretends to give, and refuſe to make ſuch ſettlement as muſt incapacitate him for any thing afterwards; without juſt imputation of being mercenary, or putting a ſlight upon the lady, by entertaining views upon the contingency of her death?

4. What inſtructions a mother ought to give her daughter upon ſuch occaſions; and what the old lady's part properly is in ſuch treaties, her huſband being alive?

5. How far a young lady is in duty obliged to obſerve her mother's directions, and not to receive any letters or meſſages without her knowledge?

6. How far a daughter is obliged to exert the power ſhe has over her lover, for the eaſe and advantage of her father and his family; and how far ſhe may conſult and endeavour the intereſt of the family ſhe is to marry into?

7. How far letters and confidants of both ſexes may regularly be employed, and wherein they may be improper?

8. When a young lady's pen is employed about ſettlements, fortunes, or the like, whether it be an affront to give the ſame anſwers as if it had been in the hand-writing of thoſe that inſtructed her.

Laſtly, be pleaſed at your leiſure to correct that too common way among fathers, of publiſhing in the world that they will give their daughters twice the fortune they really intend, and thereby drawing young gentlemen, whoſe eſtates are often in debt, into a dilemma, either of croſſing a fixed inclination, contracted by a long habit of thinking upon the ſame perſon, and ſo being miſerable that way; or elſe beginning the world under a burden they can never get quit of.

Thus, ſage Sir, have I laid before you all that does at preſent occur to me on the important ſubject of Marriage; but before I ſeal up my epiſtle, I muſt deſire you farther to conſider how far treaties of this ſort come under the head of bargain and ſale. Whether you cannot find out meaſures to have the whole tranſacted in fairer and more open market than at preſent? How would it become you to put the laws in execution againſt foreſtallers, who take up the young things of each ſex before they are expoſed to honeſt ſale, or the worth or imperfection of the purchaſe is thoroughly conſidered?

We mightily want a demand for women in theſe parts. I am, ſagacious Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant, T. L.

No. LVIII. MONDAY, MAY 18.

Nec ſibi, ſed toti genitum ſe credere mundo. LUCAN.

Not for himſelf, but for the world, he lives.

A PUBLIC Spirit is ſo great and amiable a character, that moſt people pretend to it, and perhaps think they have it in the moſt ordinary occurrences of life. Mrs. Cornelia Lizard buys abundance of romances for the encouragement of learning; and Mrs. Annabella ſquanders away her money, in buying fine cloaths, becauſe it ſets a great many poor people at work. I know a gentleman who drinks vaſt quantities of ale and October, to encourage our own manufactures; and another that takes his three bottles of French claret every night, becauſe it brings a great cuſtom to the Crown.

I have been led into this chat by reading ſome letters upon my paper of Thurſday was ſe'nnight. Having there acquainted the world, that I have, by long contemplation and philoſophy, attained to ſo great a ſtrength of fancy as to believe every thing to be my own, which other

people poſſeſs only for oſtentation; it ſeems that ſome perſons have taken it in their heads, that they are public benefactors to the world, while they are only indulging their own ambition or infirmities. My firſt letter is from an ingenious author, who is a great friend to his country, becauſe he can get neither victuals nor cloaths any other way.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

OF all the Precautions with which you have inſtructed the world, I like that beſt which is upon Natural and Fantaſtical Pleaſure, becauſe it falls in very much with my own way of thinking. As you receive real delight from what creates only imaginary ſatisfactions in others; ſo do I raiſe to myſelf all the conveniencies of life by amuſing the fancy of the world. I am, in a word, a member of that numerous tribe who write for their daily bread. I flouriſh in a dearth of foreign news; and though I do not pretend to ſpleen, I am never ſo well as in the time of a weſterly wind. When it blows from that auſpicious point, I raiſe to myſelf contributions from the Britiſh iſle, by affrighting my ſuperſtitious countrymen with printed relations of Murders, Spirits, Prodigies, or Monſters. According as my neceſſities ſuggeſt to me, I hereby provide for my being. The laſt ſummer I paid a large debt for brandy and tobacco, by a wonderful deſcription of a fiery dragon; and lived for ten days together upon a whale and a mermaid. When winter draws near, I generally conjure up my Spirits, and have my Apparitions ready againſt long dark evenings. From November laſt till January, I lived ſolely upon Murders; and have, ſince that time, had a comfortable ſubſiſtence from a Plague and a Famine. I made the Pope pay for my beef and mutton laſt Lent, out of pure ſpite to the Romiſh religion; and at preſent my good friend the King of Sweden finds me clean linen, and the Mufti gets me credit at the tavern.

The aſtoniſhing accounts that I record, I uſually enliven with wooden cuts, and the like paltry embelliſhments. They adminiſter to the curioſity of my fellow-ſubjects, and not only advance religion and virtue, but take reſtleſs ſpirits off from meddling with the public affairs. I therefore cannot think myſelf an uſeleſs burden upon earth; and that I may ſtill do the more good in my generation, I ſhall give the world, in a ſhort time, an hiſtory of my life, ſtudies, maxims, and atchievements, provided my bookſeller advances a round ſum for my copy. I am, Sir, yours.

The ſecond is from an old friend of mine in the country, who fancies that he is perpetually doing good, becauſe he cannot live without drinking.

OLD IRON,

WE take thy papers in at the bowling-green, where the country gentlemen meet every Tueſday, and we look upon thee as a comical dog. Sir Harry was hugely pleaſed at thy fancy of growing rich at other folks' coſt; and, for my own part, I like my own way of life the better ſince I find I do my neighbours as much good as myſelf. I now ſmoke my pipe with the greater pleaſure, becauſe my wife ſays ſhe likes it well enough at ſecond-hand; and drink ſtale beer the more hardly, becauſe, unleſs I will, nobody elſe does. I deſign to ſtand for our borough the next election, on purpoſe to make the ſquire on the other ſide tap luſtily for the good of our town; and have ſome thoughts of trying to get knighted, becauſe our neighbours take a pride in ſaying they have been with Sir Such-a-one.

I have a pack of pure ſlow hounds againſt thou comeſt into the country; and Nanny my fat doe ſhall bleed when we have thee at Hawthorn-Hill. Pr'ythee do not keep ſtaring at gilt coaches, and ſtealing necklaces and trinkets from people with thy looks. Take my word for it, a gallon of my October will do thee more good than all thou canſt get by fine ſights at London, which I will engage thou mayeſt put in the ſhine of thine eye. I am, Old Iron, thine to command,

NIC. HAWTHORN.

The third is from a lady who is going to ruin her family by coaches and liveries, purely out of compaſſion to us poor people that cannot go to the price of them.

SIR,

I AM a lady of birth and fortune, but never knew, until laſt Thurſday, that the ſplendor of my equipage was ſo beneficial to my

country. I will not deny that I have dreſſed for ſome years out of the pride of my heart; but am very glad that you have ſo far ſettled my conſcience in that particular, that I can now look upon my vanities as ſo many virtues. Since I am ſatisfied that my perſon and garb give pleaſure to my fellow-creatures, I ſhall not think the three hours buſineſs I uſually attend at my toilette, below the dignity of a rational ſoul. I am content to ſuffer great torment from my ſtays, that my ſhape may appear graceful to the eyes of others; and often mortify myſelf with faſting, rather than my fatneſs ſhould give diſtaſte to any man in England.

I am making up a rich brocade for the benefit of mankind; and deſign, in a little time, to treat the town with a thouſand pounds worth of jewels. I have ordered my chariot to be new painted for your uſe and the world's; and have prevailed upon my huſband to preſent you with a pair of fine Flanders mares, by driving them every evening round the Ring. Gay pendants for my ears, a coſtly croſs for my neck, a diamond of the beſt water for my finger, ſhall be purchaſed at any rate to enrich you; and I am reſolved to be a patriot in every limb. My huſband will not ſcruple to oblige in theſe trifles, ſince I have perſuaded him from your ſcheme, that Pin-Money is only ſo much ſet apart for charitable uſes. You ſee, Sir, how expenſive you are to me, and I hope you will eſteem me accordingly; eſpecially when I aſſure you that I am, as far as you can ſee me, entirely yours, CLEORA.

No. LIX. TUESDAY, MAY 19.

Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit——— HOR. ARS POET. v. 400.

So ancient is the pedigree of verſe,
And ſo divine a poet's function. ROSCOMMON.

THE tragedy of Cato has increaſed the number of my correſpondents; but none of them can take it ill, that I give the preference to the letters which come from a learned body, and which, on this occaſion, may not improperly be termed the *Plauſus Academici*. The firſt is from my Lady Lizard's youngeſt ſon, who, (as I mentioned in a former Precaution) is Fellow of All-Souls, and applies himſelf to the ſtudy of Divinity.

SIR,

I RETURN you thanks for your preſent of Cato: I have read it over ſeveral times with the greateſt attention and pleaſure imaginable. You deſire to know my thoughts of it, and at the ſame time compliment me upon my knowledge of the ancient poets. Perhaps you may not allow me to be a good judge of them, when I tell you, that the Tragedy of Cato exceeds, in my opinion, any of the ancients. But theſe are books I have ſome time ſince laid by; being, as you know, engaged in the reading of Divinity, and converſant chiefly in the poetry of the truly inſpired writers. I ſcarce thought any modern tragedy could have mixed ſuitably with ſuch ſerious ſtudies, and little imagined to have found ſuch exquiſite poetry, much leſs ſuch exalted ſentiments of virtue, in the dramatic performance of a cotemporary.

How elegant, juſt, and virtuous, is that reflection of Portius—

The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes and perplex'd with errors;
Our underſtanding traces 'em in vain,
Loſt and bewildered in the fruitleſs ſearch;
Nor ſees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confuſion ends.

Cato's ſoliloquy at the beginning of the fifth act is inimitable, as indeed is almoſt every thing in the whole play: but what I would obſerve, by particularly pointing at theſe places, is, that ſuch virtuous and moral ſentiments were never before put into the mouth of a Britiſh actor; and I congratulate my countrymen on the virtue they have ſhewn in giving them (as you tell me) ſuch loud and repeated applauſes. They have now cleared themſelves of the imputation which a late writer had thrown upon them in his 502d Speculation. Give me leave to tranſcribe his words.

'In the firſt ſcene of Terence's play, the 'Self-Tormentor, when one of the old men 'accuſes the other of impertinence for inter-'poſing in his affairs, he anſwers—"I am "a man, and cannot help feeling any ſorrow "that can arrive at man." 'It is ſaid this 'ſentence was received with univerſal applauſe. 'There cannot be a greater argument of the 'general good underſtanding of a people, than 'a ſudden conſent to give their approbation 'of a ſentiment which has no emotion in it.

'If it were ſpoken with never ſo great ſkill 'in the actor, the manner of uttering that ſen-'tence could have nothing in it which could 'ſtrike any but people of the greateſt huma-'nity, nay people elegant and ſkilful in obſer-'vations upon it. It is poſſible he might have 'laid his hand on his breaſt, and with a win-'ning inſinuation in his countenance, expreſ-'ſed to his neighbour, that he was a man who 'made his caſe his own; yet I will engage 'a player in Covent Garden might hit ſuch an 'attitude a thouſand times before he would 'have been regarded.' Theſe obſervations in favour of the Roman people, may now be very juſtly applied to our own nation.

Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in muſt be happy.

This will be allowed, I hope, to be as virtuous a ſentiment as that which he quotes out of Terence; and the general applauſe with which (you ſay) it was received muſt certainly make this writer (notwithſtanding his great aſſurance in pronouncing upon our ill taſte) alter his opinion of his countrymen.

Our Poetry, I believe, and not our Morals, has been generally worſe than that of the Romans; for it is plain, when we can equal the beſt dramatic performance of that polite age, a Britiſh audience may vie with the Roman theatre in the virtue of their applauſes.

However different in other things our opinions may be, all parties agree in doing honour to a man who is an honour to our country. How are our hearts warmed by this excellent tragedy, with the love of liberty and our conſtitution? How irreſiſtible is virtue in the character of Cato? Who would not ſay with the Numidian prince to Marcia—

I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Tranſplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, till I ſhine like him.

Rome herſelf received not ſo great advantages from her patriot, as Britain will from this admirable repreſentation of him; our Britiſh Cato improves our language as well as our morals; nor will it be in the power of tyrants to rob us of him, (or to uſe the laſt line of an epigram to the author)—

In vain your Cato ſtabs, he cannot die.

I am, Sir, your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

WILLIAM LIZARD.

OXON. ALL-SOULS COLL. MAY 6.

OXON, CHRIST-CHURCH, MAY 7.

MR. IRONSIDE,

YOU are, I perceive, a very wary old fellow, more cautious than a late brother-writer of your's, who at the rehearſal of a new play, would, at the hazard of his judgment, endeavour to prepoſſeſs the town in its favour; whereas you very prudently waited until the tragedy of Cato had gained an univerſal and irreſiſtible applauſe, and then with great boldneſs venture to pronounce your opinion of it to be the ſame with that of all mankind. I will leave you to conſider whether ſuch a conduct becomes a Guardian, who ought to point out to us proper entertainments, and inſtruct us when to beſtow our applauſe. However, in ſo plain a caſe, we did not wait for your directions; and I muſt tell you, that none here were earlier or louder in their praiſes of Cato, than we at Chriſt-Church. This may, I hope, convince you, that we do not deſerve the character (which envious dull fellows give us) of allowing nobody to have wit or parts but thoſe of our own body, eſpecially when I let you know that we are many of us, your affectionate humble ſervants.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

OXON. WAD. COLL. MAY 7.

MR. IRONSIDE,

WERE the ſeat of the Muſes ſilent while London is ſo loud in their applauſe of Cato, the Univerſity's title to that

to that name might very well be ſuſpected ;— in juſtice therefore to your Alma Mater, let the world know our opinion of that tragedy here.

The author's other works had raiſed our expectation of it to a very great height, yet it exceeds whatever we could promiſe ourſelves from ſo great a genius.

Cæſar will no longer be a hero in our declamations : this tragedy has at once ſtripped him of all the flattery and falſe colours, which hiſtorians and the claſſic authors had thrown upon him ; and we ſhall for the future treat him as a murderer of the beſt patriot of his age, and a deſtroyer of the liberties of his country. Cato, as repreſented in theſe ſcenes, will caſt a blacker ſhade on the memory of that uſurper, than the picture of him did upon his triumph. Had this finiſhed dramatic piece appeared ſome hundred years ago, Cæſar would have loſt ſo many centuries of fame, and monarchs had diſdained to let themſelves be called by his name. However, it will be an honour to the times we live in, to have had ſuch a work produced in them ; and a pretty ſpeculation for poſterity to obſerve, that the tragedy of Cato was acted with general applauſe in 1713. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant, &c. A. B.

P. S. The French tranſlation of Cato now in the preſs, will, I hope, be in uſum Delphini.

No. LX. WEDNESDAY, MAY 20.

Nihil legebat quod non excerperet. PLIN. EPIST.
He pick'd ſomething out of every thing he read.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

THERE is nothing in which men deceive themſelves more ridiculouſly than in point of Reading, and which, as it is commonly practiſed under the notion of improvement, has leſs advantage. The generality of readers who are pleaſed with wandering over a number of books almoſt at the ſame inſtant, or, if confined to one, who purſue the author with much hurry and impatience to his laſt page, muſt, without doubt, be allowed to be notable digeſters. This unſettled way of reading naturally ſeduces us into as undetermined a manner of thinking, which unprofitably fatigues the imagination, when a continued chain of thought would probably produce ineſtimable concluſions. All authors are eligible either for their matter or ſtyle ; if for the firſt, the elucidation and diſpoſition of it into proper lights, ought to employ a judicious reader : if for the laſt, he ought to obſerve how ſome common words are ſtarted into a new ſignification ; how ſuch epithets are beautifully reconciled to things that ſeemed incompatible ; and muſt often recommend the whole ſtructure of a period, becauſe by the leaſt tranſpoſition, that aſſemblage of words which is called a ſtyle, becomes utterly annihilated. The ſwift diſpatch of common readers not only eludes their memory, but betrays their apprehenſion, when the turn of thought and expreſſion would inſenſibly grow natural to them, would they but give themſelves time to receive the impreſſion. Suppoſe we fix one of theſe readers in an eaſy-chair, and obſerve him paſſing through a book with a grave ruminating face, how ridiculouſly muſt he look, if we deſire him to give an account of an author he has juſt read over ; and how unheeded muſt the general character of it be, when given by one of theſe ſerene unobſervers ? The common defence of theſe people is, that they have no deſign in reading but for pleaſure, which I think ſhould rather ariſe from the reflection and remembrance of what one has read, than from the tranſient ſatisfaction of what one does, and we ſhould be pleaſed proportionably as we are profited. It is prodigious arrogance in any one to imagine, that by one haſty courſe through a book, he can fully enter into the ſoul and ſecrets of a writer, whoſe life, perhaps, has been buſied in the production. Books that do not immediately concern ſome profeſſion or ſcience, are generally run over as mere empty entertainments, rather than as matter of improvement, though, in my opinion, a refined ſpeculation upon

morality, or hiſtory, requires as much time and capacity to collect and digeſt, as the moſt abſtruſe treatiſe of any profeſſion; and I think, beſides, there can be no book well written, but what muſt neceſſarily improve the underſtanding of the reader, even in the very profeſſion to which he applies himſelf. For to reaſon with ſtrength, and expreſs himſelf with propriety, muſt equally concern the divine, the phyſician, and the lawyer. My own courſe of looking into books has occaſioned theſe reflections, and the following account may ſuggeſt more.

Having been bred up under a relation that had a pretty large ſtudy of books, it became my province once a week to duſt them. In the performance of this my duty, as I was obliged to take down every particular book, I thought there was no way to deceive the toil of my journey through the different abodes and habitations of theſe authors, but by reading ſomething in every one of them; and in this manner to make my paſſage eaſy from the comely folio in the upper ſhelf or region, even through the crowd of duodecimos in the lower. By frequent exerciſe, I became ſo great a proficient in this tranſitory application to books, that I could hold open half a dozen ſmall authors in my hand, graſping them with as ſecure a dexterity as a drawer doth his glaſſes, and feaſting my curious eye with all of them at the ſame inſtant. Through theſe methods the natural irreſolution of my youth was much ſtrengthened; and having no leiſure, if I had inclination, to make pertinent obſervations in writing, I was thus confirmed a very early wanderer. When I was ſent to Oxford, my chiefeſt expence run upon books, and my only conſideration in ſuch expence upon numbers; ſo that you may be ſure I had what they call a choice collection, ſometimes buying by the pound, ſometimes by the dozen, and at other times by the hundred. For the more pleaſant uſe of a multitude of books, I had, by frequent conferences with an ingenious joiner, contrived a machine of an orbicular ſtructure, that had its particular receptions for a dozen authors, and which, with the leaſt touch of the finger, would whirl round, and preſent the reader at once with a delicious view of its full furniture. Thrice a day did I change, not only the books but the languages; and had uſed my eye to ſuch a quick ſucceſſion of objects, that in the moſt precipitate twirl I could catch a ſentence out of every author, as it paſſed fleeting by me. Thus my hours, days, and years, flew unprofitably away, but yet were agreeably lengthened by being diſtinguiſhed with this endearing variety; and I cannot but think myſelf very fortunate in my contrivance of this engine, with its ſeveral new editions and amendments, which have contributed ſo much to the delight of all ſtudious vagabonds. When I had been reſident the uſual time at Oxford that gains one admiſſion into the public library, I was the happieſt creature on earth, promiſing to myſelf moſt delightful travels through this new world of literature. Sometimes you might ſee me mounted upon a ladder, in ſearch of ſome Arabian manuſcripts, which had ſlept in a certain corner undiſturbed for many years. Once I had the misfortune to fall from this eminence, and catching at the chains of the books, was ſeen hanging in a very merry poſture, with two or three large folios rattling about my neck, till the humanity of Mr. Crab, the librarian diſentangled us.

As I always held it neceſſary to read in public places, by way of oſtentation, but could not poſſibly travel with a library in my pockets, I took the following method to gratify this errantry of mine. I contrived a little pocket-book, each leaf of which was a different author, ſo that my wandering was indulged and concealed within the ſame incloſure.

This extravagant humour, which ſhould ſeem to pronounce me irrecoverable, had the contrary effect; and my hand and eye being thus confined to a ſingle book, in a little time reconciled me to the peruſal of a ſingle author. However, I choſe ſuch a one as had as little connection as poſſible, turning to the Proverbs of Solomon, where the beſt inſtructions are thrown together in the moſt beautiful range imaginable, and where I found all that variety which I had before ſought in ſo many different authors, and which was ſo neceſſary to beguile my attention. By theſe proper degrees, I have made ſo glorious a reformation in my ſtudies, that I can keep company with Tully in his moſt extended periods, and work through the continued narrations of the moſt prolix hiſ-

torian. I now read nothing without making exact collections, and ſhall ſhortly give the world an inſtance of this in the publication of the following diſcourſes. The firſt is a learned controverſy about the exiſtence of Griffins; in which I hope to convince the world, that notwithſtanding ſuch a mixed creature has been allowed by Ælian, Solinus, Mela, and Herodotus, that they have been perfectly miſtaken in that matter; and ſhall ſupport myſelf by the authority of Albertus, Pliny, Aldrovandus, and Matthias Michovius, which two laſt have clearly argued that animal out of the creation.

The ſecond is a treatiſe of Sternutation, or Sneezing, with the original cuſtom of Saluting or Bleſſing upon that motion; as alſo with a problem from Ariſtotle, ſhewing why ſneezing from noon to night was innocent enough; from night to noon, extremely unfortunate.

The third, and moſt curious, is my diſcourſe upon the nature of the Lake Aſphaltites, or the Lake of Sodom, being a very careful enquiry whether brickbats and iron will ſwim in that lake, and feathers ſink, as Pliny and Mandevill have averred.

The diſcuſſing theſe difficulties without perplexity or prejudice, the labour in collecting and collating matters of this nature, will, I hope, in a great meaſure atone for the idle hours I have trifled away in matters of leſs importance. I am, Sir,

your humble ſervant.

No. LXI. THURSDAY, MAY 21.

———Primaque e cæde ferarum
Incaluiſſe putem maculatum ſanguino ferrum.

OVID. MET. L. 15. V. 106.

Th' eſſay of bloody feats on brutes began,
And after forg'd the ſword to murder man. DRYDEN.

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no leſs in proportion accountable for the ill uſe of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exerciſe of tyranny over their own ſpecies. The more entirely the inferior creation is ſubmitted to our power, the more anſwerable we ſhould ſeem for our miſmanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders theſe creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life for their ill treatment in this.

It is obſervable of thoſe noxious animals, which have qualities moſt powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unleſs provoked or neceſſitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, ſeeks out and purſues even the moſt inoffenſive animals on purpoſe to perſecute and deſtroy them.

Montaigne thinks it ſome reflection upon human nature itſelf that few people take delight in ſeeing beaſts careſs or play together, but almoſt every one is pleaſed to ſee them lacerate and worry one another. I am ſorry this temper is become almoſt a diſtinguiſhing character of our nation, from the obſervation which is made by foreigners of our beloved paſtimes, Bear-baiting, Cock-fighting, and the like. We ſhould find it hard to vindicate the deſtroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonneſs; yet it is this principle our children are bred up; and one of the firſt pleaſures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almoſt as ſoon as we are ſenſible what life is ourſelves, we make it our ſport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good uſe might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and inſects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or puniſhed them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exerciſe of humanity, and improving their very diverſion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, ſome advantage might be taken of the common notion, that it is ominous, or unlucky, to deſtroy ſome ſorts of birds, as ſwallows or martins; this opinion might poſ-

ſibly ariſe from the confidence theſe birds ſeem to put in us by building under our roofs, ſo that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hoſpitality to murder them. As for the robin-red-breaſts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their ſecurity to the old ballad of the Children in the Wood. However it be, I do not know, I ſay, why this prejudice, well improved, and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preſervation of many innocent creatures, which are now expoſed to all the wantonneſs of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reaſon, to be treated as common enemies wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has coſt at leaſt nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: ſcarce a boy in the ſtreets but has in this point outdone Hercules himſelf, who was famous for killing a monſter that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animoſity againſt this uſeful domeſtic may be any cauſe of the general perſecution of owls, (who are a ſort of feathered cats) or whether it be only an unreaſonable pique the moderns have taken to a ſerious countenance, I ſhall not determine: though I am inclined to believe the former; ſince I obſerve the ſole reaſon alledged for the deſtruction of frogs, is becauſe they are like toads. Yet, amidſt all the misfortunes of theſe unfriended creatures, it is ſome happineſs that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for ſhould our countrymen refine upon the French never ſo little, it is not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs, may be yet reſerved.

When we grow up to men, we have another ſucceſſion of ſanguinary ſports; in particular Hunting. I dare not attack a diverſion which has ſuch an authority and cuſtom to ſupport it; but muſt have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exerciſe, with the example and number of the chacers, not a little contribute to reſiſt thoſe checks, which compaſſion would naturally ſuggeſt in behalf of the animal purſued. Nor ſhall I ſay with Monſieur Fleury, that this ſport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I muſt animadvert upon a certain cuſtom yet in uſe with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that ſavage compliment our huntſmen paſs upon ladies of quality, who are preſent at the death of a ſtag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpleſs, trembling, and weeping creature.

———*Queſtuque cruentus,*
Atque imploranti ſimilis.———

———That lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life.

But if our ſports are deſtructive, our gluttony is more ſo, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobſters roaſted alive, pigs whipped to death, fowls ſewed up are teſtimonies of our outrageous luxury. Thoſe who (as Seneca expreſſes it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conſcience and nauſeated ſtomach, have a juſt reward of their gluttony in the diſeaſes it brings with it; for human ſavages, like other wild beaſts, find ſnares and poiſon in the proviſions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their deſtruction. I know nothing more ſhocking or horrid than the proſpect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, beſtrewed with the ſcattered heads and mangled limbs of thoſe who were ſlain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more ſtrokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a ſaying of Cato to this effect—That it is no eaſy taſk to preach to the belly, which has no ears. 'Yet if,' ſays he, 'we are aſhamed to be ſo out of faſhion 'as not to offend, let us at leaſt offend with 'ſome diſcretion and meaſure. If we kill an 'animal for our proviſion, let us do it with 'the meltings of compaſſion, and without tormenting it. Let us conſider, that it is, in its 'own nature, cruelty to put a living creature 'to death; we at leaſt deſtroy a ſoul that has 'ſenſe and perception.'—In the life of Cato the Cenſor, he takes occaſion, from the ſevere diſpoſition of that man, to diſcourſe in this manner—'It ought to be eſteemed a happineſs to 'mankind, that our humanity has a wider 'ſphere to exert itſelf in than bare juſtice. It 'is no more than the obligation of our very 'birth to practiſe equity to our own kind; but 'humanity may be extended through the whole 'order of creatures, even to the meaneſt.

Such actions of charity are the overflowings 'of a mild good-nature on all below us. It is 'certainly the part of a well-natured man to 'take care of his horſes and dogs, not only in 'expectation of their labour while they are 'foals and whelps, but even when their old age 'has made them incapable of ſervice.'

Hiſtory tells us of a wiſe and polite nation that rejected a perſon of the firſt quality, who ſtood for a judiciary office, only becauſe he had been obſerved in his youth to take pleaſure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another that expelled a man out of the ſenate, for daſhing a bird againſt the ground which had taken ſhelter in his boſom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind: I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatiſe to ſhew, how far a man, ſuppoſed to have ſubſiſted in a deſart iſland, without any inſtruction, or ſo much as the ſight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philoſophy and virtue. One of the firſt things he makes him obſerve is, that univerſal benevolence of nature in the protection and preſervation of its creatures. In imitation of which, the firſt act of virtue he thinks his ſelf-taught philoſopher would of courſe fall into is, to relieve and aſſiſt all the animals about him in their wants and diſtreſſes.

Ovid has ſome very tender and pathetic lines applicable to this occaſion.

Quid meruiſtis, oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar?
Mollia quæ nobis veſtras velamina lanas
Præbetis; vitâque magis quàm morte juvatis.
Quid meruere boves, animal ſine fraude doliſque,
Innocuum, ſimplex, natum tolerare labores?
Immemor eſt demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare ſuum———

MET. l. 15. v. 116.

Quàm malè conſuevit, quàm ſe parat ille cruori
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, et immotas præbet mugitibus aures!
Aut qui vagitus ſimiles puerilibus hædum
Edentem jugulare poteſt!—— Ib. v. 463.

The ſheep was ſacrific'd on no pretence,
But meek and unreſiſting innocence.
A patient, uſeful creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly fleece, that cloath'd her murderer;
And daily to give down the milk ſhe bred,
A tribute for the graſs on which ſhe fed.
Living, both food and raiment ſhe ſupplies,
And is of leaſt advantage when ſhe dies.
How did the toiling ox his death deſerve?
A downright ſimple drudge, and born to ſerve.
O tyrant! with what juſtice canſt thou hope
The promiſe of the year, a plenteous crop;
When thou deſtroy'ſt thy lab'ring ſteer, who till'd,
And plough'd with pains thy elſe ungrateful field
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
That neck, with which the ſurly clods he broke;
And to the hatchet yield thy huſbandman,
Who finiſh'd autumn, and the ſpring began?

What more advance can mortals make in ſin
So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:
Deaf to the harmleſs kid, that, ere he dies
All methods to ſecure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain the children's cries.

DRYDEN.

Perhaps that voice or cry ſo nearly reſembling the human with which Providence has endued ſo many different animals, might purpoſely be given them to move our pity, and prevent thoſe cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow-creatures.

There is a paſſage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingneſs to deſtroy Nineveh, where methinks that compaſſion of the Creator, which extends to the meaneſt rank of his creatures, is expreſſed with wonderful tenderneſs—'Should I not ſpare Nineveh, that 'great city, wherein are more than ſixſcore 'thouſand perſons——and alſo much cattle?' And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good-nature of this ſort, with a bleſſing in form annexed to it, in theſe words—'If 'thou ſhalt find a bird's neſt in the way, thou 'ſhalt not take the dam with the young: but 'thou ſhalt in any wiſe let the dam go; that it 'may be well with thee, and that thou may'ſt 'prolong thy days.'

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to thoſe animals that ſerve us. As for ſuch as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to deſtroy them; and for thoſe that are neither of advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole matter, with regard to each of theſe conſiderations, is ſet in a very agreeable light in one of the Perſian fables of Pilpay, with which I ſhall end this paper.

A traveller paſſing through a thicket, and ſeeing a few ſparks of a fire, which ſome paſſengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a ſudden the ſparks caught hold of a buſh, in the midſt of which lay an adder, and ſet it in flames. The adder entreated the traveller's aſſiſtance, who tying a bag to the end of his ſtaff, reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleaſed, but never more be hurtful to men, ſince he owed his life to a man's compaſſion. The adder, however, prepared to ſting him; and when he expoſtulated how unjuſt it was to retaliate good with evil—'I ſhall do no more,' ſaid the adder, 'than what you men practiſe 'every day, whoſe cuſtom it is to requite be-'nefits with ingratitude. If you cannot deny 'this truth, let us refer it to the firſt we meet. The man conſented; and ſeeing a tree, put the queſtion to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompenſed? 'If you mean ac-'cording to the uſage of men,' replied the tree, 'by its contrary: I have been ſtanding 'here theſe hundred years to protect them 'from the ſcorching ſun, and in requital they 'have cut down my branches, and are going 'to ſaw my body into planks.' Upon this the adder inſulting the man, he appealed to a ſecond evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a cow. The ſame demand was made, and much the ſame anſwer given, that among men it was certainly ſo. I know 'it,' ſaid the cow, 'by woful experience; 'for I have ſerved a man this long time with 'milk, butter, and cheeſe, and brought him 'beſides a calf every year; but now I am old, 'he turns me into this paſture with deſign to 'ſell me to a butcher, who will ſhortly make 'an end of me.' The traveller upon this ſtood confounded, but deſired, of courteſy, one trial more to be finally judged by the next beaſt they ſhould meet. This happened to be the fox, who, upon hearing the ſtory in all its circumſtances, could not be perſuaded it was poſſible for the adder to enter in ſo narrow a bag. The adder, to convince him, went in again; when the fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power; and with that he faſtened the bag, and cruſhed him to pieces.

No. LXII. FRIDAY, MAY 22.

O fortunatos nimium, ſua ſi bona norint! VIRG. GEORG. 2. v. 458.

Too happy, if they knew their happy ſtate!

UPON the laſt election of King's Scholars, my curioſity drew me to Weſtminſter-School. The ſight of a place where I had not been for many years, revived in my thoughts the tender images of my childhood, which by a great length of time had contracted a ſoftneſs that rendered them inexpreſſibly agreeable. As it is uſual with me to draw a ſecret unenvied pleaſure from a thouſand incidents overlooked by other men, I threw myſelf into a ſhort tranſport, forgetting my age, and fancying myſelf a ſchool boy.

This imagination was ſtrongly favoured by the preſence of ſo many young boys, in whoſe looks were legible the ſprightly paſſions of that age, which raiſed in me a ſort of ſympathy. Warm blood thrilled through every vein; the faded memory of thoſe enjoyments that once gave me pleaſure, put on more lively colours, and a thouſand gay amuſements filled my mind.

It was not without regret that I was forſaken by this waking dream. The cheapneſs of puerile delights, the guiltleſs joy they leave upon the mind, the blooming hopes that lift up the ſoul in the aſcent of life, the pleaſure that attends the gradual opening of the imagination and the dawn of reaſon, made me think moſt men found that ſtage the moſt agreeable part of their journey.

When men come to riper years, the innocent diverſions which exalted the ſpirits, and produced health of body, indolence of mind, and refreſhing ſlumbers, are too often exchanged for criminal delights, which fill the ſoul with anguiſh, and the body with diſeaſe. The

grateful employment of admiring and raiſing themſelves to an imitation of the polite ſtyle, beautiful images, and noble ſentiments of ancient authors, is abandoned for law Latin, the lucubrations of our paltry news mongers, and that ſwarm of vile pamphlets which corrupt our taſte, and infeſt the public. The ideas of virtue which the characters of heroes had imprinted on their minds, inſenſibly wear out, and they come to be influenced by the nearer examples of a degenerate age.

In the morning of life when the ſoul firſt makes her entrance into the world, all things look freſh and gay: their novelty ſurprizes, and every little glitter or gaudy colour tranſports the ſtranger. But by degrees the ſenſe grows callous, and we loſe that exquiſite reliſh of trifles, by the time our minds ſhould be ſuppoſed ripe for rational entertainments. I cannot make this reflection without being touched with a commiſeration of that ſpecies called Beaus, the happineſs of thoſe men neceſſarily terminating with their childhood; who, from a want of knowing other purſuits, continue a fondneſs for the delights of that age after the reliſh of them is decayed.

Providence hath with a bountiful hand prepared variety of pleaſures for the various ſtages of life. It behoves us not to be wanting to ourſelves, in forwarding the intention of nature, by the culture of our minds, and a due preparation of each faculty for the enjoyment of thoſe objects it is capable of being affected with.

As our parts open and diſplay by gentle degrees, we riſe from the gratifications of ſenſe, to reliſh thoſe of the mind. In the ſcale of pleaſure, the loweſt are ſenſual delights, which are ſucceeded by the more enlarged views and gay portraitures of a lively imagination; and theſe give way to the ſublimer pleaſures of reaſon, which diſcovers the cauſes and deſigns, the frame, connexion, and ſymmetry of things, and fills the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order, and truth.

Hence I regard our public ſchools and univerſities, not only as nurſeries of men for the ſervice of the church and ſtate, but alſo as places deſigned to teach mankind the moſt refined luxury, to raiſe the mind to its due perfection, and give it a taſte for theſe entertainments which afford the higheſt tranſport, without the groſſneſs or remorſe that attends vulgar enjoyments.

In thoſe bleſſed retreats men enjoy the ſweets of ſolitude, and yet converſe with the greateſt genii that have appeared in every age, wander through the delightful mazes of every art and ſcience, and, as they gradually enlarge their ſphere of knowledge, at once rejoice in their preſent poſſeſſions, and are animated by the boundleſs proſpect of future diſcoveries. *There* a generous emulation, a noble thirſt of fame, a love of truth and honourable regards, reign in minds as yet untainted from the world. *There* the ſtock of learning tranſmitted down from the ancients, is preſerved, and receives a daily increaſe; and it is *thence* propagated by men who, having finiſhed their ſtudies, go into the world, and ſpread that general knowledge and good taſte throughout the land, which is ſo diſtant from the barbariſm of its ancient inhabitants, or the fierce genius of its invaders. And as it is evident that our literature is owing to the ſchools and univerſities, ſo it cannot be denied that theſe are owing to our religion.

It was chiefly, if not altogether, upon religious conſiderations, that princes, as well as private perſons, have erected colleges, and aſſigned liberal endowments to ſtudents and profeſſors. Upon the ſame account they meet with encouragement and protection from all Chriſtian ſtates, as being eſteemed a neceſſary means to have the ſacred oracles and primitive traditions of Chriſtianity preſerved and underſtood. And it is well known, that a long night of ignorance and ſuperſtition, the reformation of the church and that of learning began together, and made proportionable advances, the latter having been the effect of the former, which of courſe engaged men in the ſtudy of the learned languages and of antiquity.

Or, if a free-thinker is ignorant of theſe facts, he may be convinced from the manifeſt reaſon of the thing. Is it not plain that our ſkill in literature is owing to the knowledge of Greek and Latin, which that they are ſtill preſerved among us, can be aſcribed only to a religious regard? What elſe ſhould be the cauſe why the youth of Chriſtendom, above the reſt of mankind, are educated in the painful ſtudy of thoſe dead languages; and that religious ſocieties ſhould peculiarly be

employed in acquiring that ſort of knowledge, and teaching it to others?

And it is more than probable, that in caſe our free-thinkers could once atchieve their glorious deſign of ſinking the credit of the Chriſtian religion, and cauſing thoſe revenues to be withdrawn, which their wiſer forefathers had appointed to the ſupport and encouragement of its teachers, in a little time the Shaſter would be as intelligible as the Greek Teſtament; and we, who want that ſpirit and curioſity which diſtinguiſhed the ancient Grecians, ſhould by degrees relapſe into the ſame ſtate of barbariſm which overſpread the northern nations before they were enlightened by Chriſtianity.

Some, perhaps, from the ill tendency and vile taſte which appear in their writings, may ſuſpect that the Free-thinkers are carrying on a malicious deſign againſt the Belles Lettres: for my part, I rather conceive them as unthinking wretches of ſhort views and narrow capacities, who are not able to penetrate into the cauſes or conſequences of things.

No. LXIII. SATURDAY, MAY 23.

Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀλλὰ σὺ ῥῦσαι ὑπ' ἠέρος υἷας Ἀχαιῶν,
Ποίησον δ' αἴθρην, δὸς δ' ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἰδέσθαι,
Ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὄλεσσον. HOM. IL. 17. v. 645.

O king! O father! hear my humble prayer;
Diſpel this cloud, the light of Heaven reſtore,
Give me to ſee, and Ajax aſks no more:
If Greece muſt periſh, we thy will obey,
But let us periſh in the face of day! POPE.

I AM obliged, for many reaſons, to inſert this firſt letter, though it takes me out of my way, eſpecially on a Saturday; but the ribaldry of ſome part of that will be abundantly made up by the quotation in the ſecond.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR, FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1713.

THE Examiner of this day conſiſts of reflections upon the letter I writ to you, publiſhed in yours of the twelfth inſtant. The ſentence upon which he ſpends moſt of his invectives is this: 'I will give myſelf no manner of liberty to make gueſſes at him, if I 'may ſay him; for though ſometimes I have 'been told by familiar friends, that they ſaw 'me ſuch a time talking to the Examiner; 'others, who have raillied me upon the ſins 'of my youth, tell me it is credibly reported 'that I have formerly lain with the Examiner.'

Now, Mr. Ironſide, what was there in all this but ſaying—'I cannot tell what to do in 'this caſe: there has been named for this paper 'one for whom I have a value, and another 'whom I cannot but neglect?' I have named no man; but if there be any gentleman who wrongfully lies under the imputation of being, or aſſiſting the Examiner, he would do well to do himſelf juſtice, under his own hand, in the eye of the world. As to the exaſperated miſtreſs, the Examiner demands in her behalf, 'a 'reparation for offended innocence.' This is pleaſant language, when ſpoken of this perſon; he wants to make me unſay what he makes me to have ſaid before. I declare then it was a falſe report which was ſpread concerning me and a lady, ſometimes reputed the author of the Examiner; and I can now make her no reparation but in begging her pardon, that I never lay with her.

I ſpeak all this only in regard to the Examiner's offended innocence, and will make no reply as to what relates merely to myſelf. I have ſaid before, he is welcome from henceforward to treat me as he pleaſes. But the bit of Greek, which I intreat you to put at the front of to-morrow's paper, ſpeaks all my ſenſe on this occaſion. It is a ſpeech put in the mouth of Ajax, who is engaged in the dark: he cries out to Jupiter—'Give me but 'day-light, let me but ſee my foe, and let him 'deſtroy me if he can.'

But when he repeats his ſtory of the general for life, I cannot hear him with ſo much patience. He may inſinuate what he pleaſes to the miniſtry of me; but I am ſure I could not, i

I would by detraction, do them more injury than he does by his ill-placed, ignorant, nauſeous flattery. One of them, whoſe talent is addreſs, and ſkill in the world, he calls Cato; another, whoſe praiſe is converſation-wit and a taſte for pleaſures, is alſo Cato. Can any thing in nature be more out of character; or more expoſe thoſe whom he would recommend to the raillery of his adverſaries, than comparing theſe to Cato! But gentlemen of their eminence are to be treated with reſpect, and not to ſuffer becauſe a ſycophant has applauded them in a wrong place.

As much as he ſays I am in defiance with thoſe in preſent power, I will lay before them one point that would do them more honour than any one circumſtance in their whole adminiſtration; which is, to ſhew their reſentment of the Examiner's nauſeous applauſe of themſelves, and licentious calumny of their predeceſſors. Till they do themſelves that juſtice, men of ſenſe will believe they are pleaſed with the adulation of a proſtitute, who heaps upon them injudicious applauſes, for which he makes way, by random abuſe upon thoſe who are in preſent poſſeſſion of all that is laudable. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

RICHARD STEELE.

TO MR. IRONSIDE.

SIR,

A MIND ſo well qualified as yours, muſt receive every day large improvements, when exerciſed upon ſuch truths which are the glory of our natures; ſuch as thoſe which lead us to an endleſs happineſs in our life ſucceeding this. I herewith ſend you Dr. Lucas's Practical Chriſtianity for your ſerious peruſal. If you have already read it, I deſire you would give it to one of your friends who has not. I think you cannot recommend it better than in inſerting, by way of ſpecimen, theſe paſſages which I point to you, as follow.

'That I have in this ſtate I am now in, a '*ſoul* as well as a *body*, whoſe intereſt concerns 'me, is a truth my ſenſe ſufficiently diſcovers: 'for I feel *joys* and *ſorrows*, which do not 'make their abode in the organs of the *body*, 'but in the inmoſt receſſes of the mind; *pains* 'and *pleaſures*, which ſenſe is too groſs and 'heavy to partake of, as the *peace* or *trouble* 'of conſcience in the reflection upon good or 'evil actions, the *delight* or *vexation* of the 'mind, in the contemplation of, or a fruitleſs enquiry after, excellent and important 'truths.

'And ſince I have ſuch a ſoul capable of 'happineſs or miſery, it naturally follows, 'that it were ſottiſh and unreaſonable to *loſe* 'this ſoul for the *gain* of the whole world. 'For my ſoul is *I myſelf*; and if *that* be miſerable, I muſt needs be ſo. Outward circumſtances of fortune may give the world 'occaſion to *think* me happy, but they never 'can *make* me ſo. Shall I call myſelf happy, 'if diſcontent and ſorrow eat out the life and 'ſpirit of my ſoul? if luſts and paſſions riot 'and mutiny in my boſom? if my ſins ſcatter 'an uneaſy ſhame all over me, and my guilt 'appals and frights me? What avails it me, 'that my rooms are ſtately, my tables full, 'my attendants numerous, and my attire 'gaudy, if all this while my very *being* pines 'and languiſhes away? *Theſe*, indeed, are 'rich and pleaſant things, but I nevertheleſs 'am a poor and miſerable man: therefore I 'conclude, that whatever this thing be I call 'a ſoul, though it were a periſhing, dying 'thing, and would not outlive the body, yet 'it were my wiſdom and intereſt to prefer its 'content and ſatisfaction before all the world, 'unleſs I could chuſe to be *miſerable*, and *de*'*light* to be *unhappy*.

'This very conſideration, ſuppoſing the 'uncertainty of another world, would yet 'ſtrongly engage me to the ſervice of religion; for all it aims at, is to baniſh ſin out 'of the world, which is the ſource and original 'of all the troubles that diſquiet the mind. '1. Sin, in its very eſſence, is nothing elſe 'but diſordered, diſtempered paſſions; affections fooliſh and prepoſterous in their choice, 'or wild and extravagant in their proportion, 'which our own experience ſufficiently convinces us to be painful and uneaſy. 2. It 'engages us in deſperate hazards, wearies us 'with daily toils, and often buries us in the 'ruins we bring upon ourſelves: and, *laſtly*, 'it fills our hearts with diſtruſt, and fear, and 'ſhame; for we ſhall never be able to perſuade ourſelves *fully*, that there is no difference between good and evil, that there is 'no God, or none that concerns himſelf at 'the actions of this life; and if we cannot,

'we can never rid ourſelves of the pangs and 'ſtings of a troubled conſcience, we ſhall ne- 'ver be able to eſtabliſh a peace and calm in 'our boſoms, and ſo enjoy our pleaſure 'with a clear and uninterrupted freedom. But 'if we could perſuade ourſelves into the ut- 'moſt height of atheiſm, yet ſtill we ſhall be 'under theſe two ſtrange inconveniencies: '1. That a life of ſin will be ſtill irregular 'and diſorderly, and therefore troubleſome; '2. That we ſhould have diſmantled our ſouls 'of their greateſt ſtrength, diſarmed them of 'that faith which can only ſupport them under 'the afflictions of this preſent life.'

No. LXIV. MONDAY, MAY 25.

——Levium ſpectacula rerum.

VIRG. GEORG. 4. v. 3.

Trifles ſet out to ſhew.

I AM told by ſeveral perſons whom I have taken into my ward, that it is to their great damage I have digreſſed ſo much of late from the natural courſe of my Precautions. They have addreſſed and petitioned me with appellations and titles, which admoniſh me to be that ſort of patron which they want me to be, as follows.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ. PATRON OF THE INDUSTRIOUS.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF JOHN LONGBOTTOM, CHARLES LILLY, BAT PIDGEON, AND J. NORWOOD, CAPITAL ARTIFICERS;

Moſt humbly ſheweth,

THAT your Petitioners behold with great ſorrow, your honour employing your important moments in remedying matters which nothing but time can cure, and which do not ſo immediately, or at leaſt ſo profeſſedly, appertain to your office, as do the concerns of us your petitioners, and other handicraft perſons, who excel in their different and reſpective dexterities.

That as all mechanics are employed in accommodating the dwellings, cloathing the perſons, or preparing the diet of mankind, your petitioners ought to be placed firſt in your Guardianſhip, as being uſeful in a degree ſuperior to all other workmen, and as being wholly converſant in clearing and adorning the head of man.

That the ſaid Longbottom, above all the reſt of mankind, is ſkilful in taking off that horrid excreſcence on the chins of all males, and caſting, by the touch of his hand, a chearfulneſs where that excreſcence grew; an art known only to this your artificer.

That Charles Lilly prepares ſnuff and perfumes which refreſh the brain in thoſe that have too much for their quiet, and gladdens it in thoſe who have too little to know the want of it.

That Bat Pidgeon cuts the luxuriant locks growing from the upper part of the head, in ſo artful a manner, with regard to the viſage, that he makes the ringlets, falling by the temples, conſpire with the brows and laſhes of the eye, to heighten the expreſſions of modeſty, and intimations of good-will, which are moſt infallibly communicated by ocular glances.

That J. Norwood forms periwigs, with reſpect to particular perſons and viſages, on the ſame plan that Bat Pidgeon corrects natural hair; that he has a ſtrict regard to the climate under which his cuſtomer was born, before he pretends to cover his head; that no part of his wig is compoſed of hair which grew twenty miles from the buyer's place of nativity; that the very neck-lock grew in the ſame country, and all the hair to the face in the very pariſh where he was born.

That theſe your cephalic operators humbly entreat your more frequent attention to the mechanic arts, and that you would place your petitioners at the head of the family of the coſmetics, and your petitioners ſhall ever pray, &c.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ. GUARDIAN OF GOOD FAME.

THE MEMORIAL OF ESAU RINGWOOD

Sheweth,

THAT though nymphs and ſhepherds, ſonnets and complaints, are no more to be ſeen or heard in the foreſts and chaces of Great Britain, yet are not the huntſmen who

who now frequent the woods ſo barbarous as repreſented in the Guardian of the twenty-firſt inſtant; that the knife is not preſented to the lady of quality by the huntſmen to cut the throat of the deer; but after he is killed, that inſtrument is given her, as the animal is now become food, in token that all our labour, joy, and exultation in the purſuit were excited from the ſole hope of making the ſtag an offering to her table; that your honour has detracted from the humanity of ſportſmen in this repreſentation: that they demand you would retract your error, and diſtinguiſh Britons from Scythians.

P. S. Repent, and eat veniſon.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ. AVENGER OF DETRACTION.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF SUSANNAH HOW-D'YE-CALL,

Moſt humbly ſheweth,

THAT your petitioner is mentioned at all viſits, with an account of facts done by her of ſpeeches ſhe has made, and of journeys ſhe has taken, to all which circumſtances your petitioner is wholly a ſtranger; that in every family in Great Britain, glaſſes and cups are broken, and utenſils diſplaced, and all theſe faults laid upon Mrs. How-d'ye-call; that your petitioner has applied to counſel, upon theſe grievances; that your petitioner is adviſed, that her caſe is the ſame with that of John-a-Styles, and that ſhe is abuſed only by way of form; your petitioner therefore moſt humbly prays, that in behalf of herſelf, and all others defamed under the term of Mr. or Mrs. How-d'ye-call, you will grant her and them the following conceſſions: that no reproach ſhall take place where the perſon has not an opportunity of defending himſelf; that the phraſe of a *certain perſon* means no certain perſon; that the *How-d'ye-calls, ſome people, a certain ſet of men, there are folks now-a-days*, and *things are come to that paſs*, are words that ſhall concern nobody after the preſent Monday in Whitſun-week 1713.

That it is baſeneſs to offend any perſon, except the offender expoſes himſelf to that perſon's examination; that no woman is defamed by any man, without he names her name; that exaſperated miſtreſs, falſe-fair, and the like, ſhall from the ſaid Whitſun Monday, ſignify no more than Cloe, Corinna, or Mrs. How-d'ye-call; that your petitioner being an old maid, may be joined in marriage to John-a-Nokes, or, in caſe of his being reſolved upon celibacy, to Tom Long the carrier, and your petitioner ſhall ever pray, &c.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF HUGH POUNCE, OF GRUB-STREET,

Sheweth,

THAT in your firſt paper you have touched upon the affinity between all arts which concern the good of ſociety, and profeſſed that you ſhould promote a good underſtanding between them.

That your petitioner is ſkilful in the art and myſtery of writing verſes or diſtichs.

That your petitioner does not write for vainglory, but for the uſe of ſociety.

That like the art of painting upon glaſs, the more durable work of writing upon iron is almoſt loſt.

That your petitioner is retained as poet to the ironmongers company.

Your petitioner therefore humbly deſires you would protect him in the ſole making of poſies for knives, and all manner of learning to be wrought on iron, and your petitioner ſhall ever pray.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

THOUGH every body has been talking or writing on the ſubject of Cato, ever ſince the world was obliged with that tragedy, there has not methinks, been an examination of it, which ſufficiently ſhows the ſkill of the author merely as a poet. There are peculiar graces which ordinary readers ought to be inſtructed how to admire; among others, I am charmed with his artificial expreſſions in well-adapted ſimilies; there is no part of writing in which it is more difficult to ſucceed, for on ſublime occaſions it requires at once the utmoſt ſtrength of the imagination, and the ſevereſt correction of the judgment. Thus Syphax, when he is forming to himſelf the ſudden and unexpected deſtruction which is to befal the man he hates, expreſſes himſelf in an image which none but a Numidian could have a lively ſenſe of; but yet if the author had ranged over

all the objects on the face of the earth, he could not have found a repreſentation of a diſaſter ſo great, ſo ſudden, and ſo dreadful as this:

So where our wide Numidian waſtes extend,
Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes deſcend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the ſands, and ſweep whole plains away,
The helpleſs traveller, with wild ſurpriſe,
Sees the dry deſart all around him riſe;
And, ſmother'd in the duſty whirlwind, dies.

When Sempronius promiſes himſelf the poſſeſſion of Martia by a rape, he triumphs in the proſpect, and exults in his villainy, by repreſenting it to himſelf in a manner wonderfully ſuited to the vanity and impiety of his character.

So Pluto, ſeiz'd of Proſerpine, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid;
There grimly ſmil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd Jove his ſunſhine and his ſkies.

Pray, old Neſtor, trouble thyſelf no more with the ſquabbles of old lovers; tell them from me, now they are paſt the ſins of the fleſh, they are got into thoſe of the ſpirit: deſire hurts the ſoul leſs than malice; it is not now, as when they were Sappho and Phaon. I am, Sir, your affectionate humble ſervant,

A. B.

No. LXV. TUESDAY, MAY 26.

———*Inter ſcabiem tantam et contagia*——— HOR. EP. 12. L. 1. V. 13.

Amidſt the poiſon of ſuch infectious times.

THERE is not any where, I believe, ſo much talk about religion, as among us in England; nor do I think it poſſible for the wit of man to deviſe forms of addreſs to the Almighty, in more ardent and forcible terms than are every where to be found in our Book of Common Prayer. And yet I have heard it read with ſuch a negligence, affectation, and impatience, that the efficacy of it has been apparently loſt to all the congregation. For my part, I make no ſcruple to own it, that I go ſometimes to a particular place in the city, far diſtant from my own home, to hear a gentleman, whoſe manner I admire, read the Liturgy: I am perſuaded devotion is the greateſt pleaſure of his ſoul, and there is none hears him read without the utmoſt reverence. I have ſeen the young people who have been interchanging glances of paſſion to each other's perſons, checked into an attention to the ſervice at the interruption which the authority of his voice has given them. But the other morning I happened to riſe earlier than ordinary, and thought I could not paſs my time better than to go upon the admonition of the morning bell to the church prayers at ſix of the clock. I was there the firſt of any in the congregation, and had the opportunity, however I made uſe of it, to look back on all my life, and contemplate the bleſſing and advantage of ſuch ſtated early hours for offering ourſelves to our Creator, and prepoſſeſſing ourſelves with the love of Him, and the hopes we have from Him, againſt the ſnares of buſineſs and pleaſure in the enſuing day. But whether it be that people think fit to indulge their own eaſe in ſome ſecret, pleaſing fault, or whatever it was, there was none at the confeſſion but a ſet of poor ſcrubs of us, who could ſin only in our wills, whoſe perſons could be no temptation to one another, and might have, without interruption from any body elſe, humble, lowly hearts, in frightful looks and dirty dreſſes, at our leiſure. When we poor ſouls had preſented ourſelves with a contrition ſuitable to our worthleſsneſs ſome pretty young ladies, in mobbs, popped in here and there about the church, clattering the pew-door after them, and ſquatting into a whiſper behind their fans. Among others, one of Lady Lizard's daughters, and her hopeful maid, made their entrance: the young lady did not omit the ardent form behind the fan, while the maid immediately gaped round her to look for ſome other devout perſon, whom I ſaw at a diſtance very well dreſſed; his air and habit a little military, but in the pertneſs not the true poſſeſſion of the martial character. This

jackanapes was fixed at the end of a pew, with the utmoſt impudence, declaring, by a fixed eye on that ſeat where our beauty was placed, the object of his devotion. This obſcene ſight gave me all the indignation imaginable, and I could attend to nothing but the reflection that the greateſt affronts imaginable are ſuch as no one can take notice of. Before I was out of ſuch vexatious inadvertencies to the buſineſs of the place, there was a great deal of good company now come in. There was a good number of very janty flatterns, who gave us to underſtand, that it is neither dreſs nor art to which they were beholden for the ſame admiration. Beſides theſe, there were alſo by this time arrived two or three ſets of whiſperers, who carry on moſt of their calumnies by what they entertain one another with in that place, and we were now altogether very good company. There were indeed a few in whoſe looks there appeared an heavenly joy and gladneſs upon the entrance of a new day, as if they had gone to ſleep with expectation of it. For the ſake of theſe it is worth while that the church keeps up ſuch early mattins throughout the cities of London and Weſtminſter; but the generality of thoſe who obſerve that hour, perform it with ſo taſteleſs a behaviour, that it appears a taſk rather than a voluntary act. But of all the world, thoſe familiar ducks who are, as it were at home in the church, and by frequently meeting there, throw the time of prayer very negligently into their common life, and make their coming together in that place as ordinary as any other action, and do not turn their converſation upon any improvements ſuitable to the true deſign of that houſe, but on trifles below even their worldly concerns and characters; theſe are little groups of acquaintance diſperſed in all parts of the town, who are, forſooth, the only people of unſpotted characters, and throw all the ſpots that ſtick on thoſe of other people. Malice is the ordinary vice of thoſe who live in the mode of religion, without the ſpirit of it. The pleaſurable world are hurried by their paſſions above the conſideration of what others think of them, into a purſuit of irregular enjoyments: while theſe, who forbear the gratifications of fleſh and blood, without having won over the ſpirit to the intereſts of virtue, are implacable in defamations on the errors of ſuch who offend without reſpect to fame. But the conſideration of perſons whom one cannot but take notice of, when one ſees them in that place, has drawn me out of my intended talk, which was to bewail that people do not know the pleaſure of early hours, and of dedicating their firſt moments of the day, with joy and ſingleneſs of heart, to their Creator. Experience would convince us, that the earlier we left our beds, the ſeldomer ſhould we be confined to them.

One great good which would alſo accrue from this, were it become a faſhion, would be, that it is poſſible our chief divines would condeſcend to pray themſelves, or at leaſt thoſe whom they ſubſtitute would be better ſupplied, than to be forced to appear at thoſe oraiſons in a garb and attire which makes them appear mortified with worldly want, and not abſtracted from the world by the contempt of it. How is it poſſible for a gentleman under the income of fifty pounds a year, to be attentive to ſublime things? He muſt riſe and dreſs like a labourer for ſordid hire, inſtead of approaching his place of ſervice with the utmoſt pleaſure and ſatisfaction, that now he is going to be mouth of a crowd of people who have laid aſide all the diſtinctions of this contemptible being, to beſeech a protection under its manifold pains and diſadvantages, or a releaſe from it, by his favour who ſent them into it. He would, with decent ſuperiority, look upon himſelf as orator before the throne of grace, for a crowd, who hang upon his words, while he aſks for them all that is neceſſary in a tranſitory life; from the aſſurance that a good behaviour, for a few moments in it, will purchaſe endleſs joy and happy immortality.

But who can place himſelf in this view, who, though not pinched with want, is diſtracted with care from the fear of it? No: a man in the leaſt degree below the ſpirit of a ſaint or a martyr, will loll, huddle over his duty, look confuſed, or aſſume a reſolution in his behaviour which will be quite as ungraceful, except he is ſupported above the neceſſities of life.

'Power and commandment to his miniſter 'to declare and pronounce to his people,' is mentioned with a very unguarded air, when the ſpeaker is known in his own private

condition to be almoſt an object of their pity and charity. This laſt circumſtance, with many others here looſely ſuggeſted, are the occaſion that one knows not how to recommend to ſuch as have not already a fixed ſenſe of devotion, the pleaſure of paſſing the earlieſt hours of the day in a public congregation. But were this morning ſolemnity as much in vogue even as it is now at more advanced hours of the day, it would neceſſarily have ſo good an effect upon us, as to make us more diſengaged and chearful in converſation, and leſs artful and inſincere in buſineſs. The world would be quite another place than it is now, the reſt of the day; and every face would have an alacrity in it, which can be borrowed from no other reflections but thoſe which give us the aſſured protection of Omnipotence.

No. LXVI. WEDNESDAY, MAY 27.

Sæpe tribus lectis videas coenare quaternos:
E quibus unus avet quavis aſpergere cunctos,
Præter eum qui præbet aquam: poſt, hunc quoque———

HOR. SAT. 4. L. 1. V. 86.

Set twelve at ſupper; one above the reſt
Takes all the talk, and breaks a ſcurvy jeſt
On all, except the maſter of the feaſt:
At laſt on him———

THE following letter is full of imagination, and, in a fabulous manner, ſets forth a connection between things, and an alliance between perſons that are very diſtant and remote to common eyes. I think I know the hand to be that of a very ingenious man *, and ſhall therefore give it to the reader without farther preface.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

THERE is a ſet of mankind, who are wholly employed in the ill-natured office of gathering up a collection of ſtories that leſſen the reputation of others, and ſpreading them abroad with a certain air of ſatisfaction. Perhaps, indeed, an innocent unmeaning curioſity, a deſire of being informed concerning thoſe we live with, or a willingneſs to profit by reflection upon the actions of others, may ſometimes afford an excuſe, or ſometimes a defence, for inquiſitiveneſs; but certainly it is, beyond all excuſe, a tranſgreſſion againſt humanity, to carry the matter farther, to tear off the dreſſings, as I may ſay, from the wounds of a friend, and expoſe them to the air in cruel fits of diverſion; and yet we have ſomething more to bemoan, an outrage of a higher nature, which mankind is guilty of when they are not content to ſpread the ſtories of folly, frailty, and vice, but even enlarge them, or invent new ones, and blacken characters, that we may appear ridiculous or hateful to one another. From ſuch practices as theſe it happens that ſome feel a ſorrow, and others are agitated with a ſpirit of revenge; that ſcandals or lyes are told, becauſe another has told ſuch before; that reſentments and quarrels ariſe, and affronts and injuries are given, received, and multiplied, in a ſcene of vengeance.

All this I have often obſerved with abundance of concern; and having a perfect deſire to further the happineſs of mankind, I lately ſet myſelf to conſider the cauſes from whence ſuch evils ariſe, and the remedies which may be applied. Whereupon I ſhut my eyes to prevent a diſtraction from outward objects, and a while after ſhot away, upon an impulſe of thought, into the world of ideas, where abſtracted qualities became viſible in ſuch appearances as were agreeable to each of their natures.

That part of the country where I happened to light, was the moſt noiſy that I had ever known. The winds whiſtled, the leaves ruſtled, the tongues of men were heard, and the echo mingled ſomething of every ſound in its repetition, ſo that there was a ſtrange confuſion and uproar of ſounds about me. At length, as the noiſe ſtill increaſed, I could diſcern a

* Dr. Parnel.

man habited like a herald, and, (as I afterwards underſtood) called Novelty, that came forward proclaiming a ſolemn day to be kept at the houſe of Common Fame. Immediately behind him advanced three nymphs, who had monſtrous appearances. The firſt of theſe was Curioſity, habited like a virgin, and having an hundred ears about her head to ſerve her enquiries. The ſecond of theſe was Talkativeneſs, a little better grown; ſhe ſeemed to be like a young wife, and had an hundred tongues to ſpread her ſtories. The third was Cenſoriouſneſs, habited like a widow, and ſurrounded with an hundred ſquinting eyes of a malignant influence, which ſo obliquely darted on all around, that it was impoſſible to ſay which of them had brought in the information ſhe boaſted of. Theſe, as I was informed, had been very inſtrumental in preſerving and rearing Common Fame, when upon her birth-day ſhe was ſhuffled into a crowd, to eſcape the ſearch which Truth might have made after her parents. Curioſity found her there, Talkativeneſs conveyed her away, and Cenſoriouſneſs ſo nurſed her up, that in a ſhort time ſhe grew to a prodigious ſize, and obtained an empire over the univerſe; wherefore the Power, in gratitude for theſe ſervices, has ſince advanced them to her higheſt employments. The next who came forward in the proceſſion was a light damſel, called Credulity, who carried behind them the lamp, the ſilver veſſel with a ſpout, and other inſtruments proper for this ſolemn occaſion. She had formerly ſeen theſe three together; and conjecturing, from the number of their ears, tongues, and eyes, that they might be the proper Genii of Attention, Familiar Converſe, and Ocular Demonſtration, ſhe from that time gave herſelf up to attend them. The laſt who followed were ſome who had cloſely muffled themſelves in upper garments, ſo that I could not diſcern who they were; but juſt as the foremoſt of them was come up—'I am glad,' ſays ſhe, calling me by my name, 'to meet you at this 'time; ſtay cloſe by me, and take a ſtrict ob'ſervation of all that paſſes.' Her voice was ſweet and commanding; I thought I had ſomewhere heard it; and from her, as I went along, I learned the meaning of every thing which offered.

We now marched forward through the Rookery of Rumours, which flew thick and with a terrible din all around us. At length we arrived at the houſe of Common Fame, where a hecatomb of reputations was that day to fall for her pleaſure. The houſe ſtood upon an eminence, having a thouſand paſſages to it, and a thouſand whiſpering holes for the conveyance of ſound. The hall we entered was formed with the art of a muſic-chamber for the improvement of noiſes. Reſt and ſilence are baniſhed the place; Stories of different natures wander in light flocks all about, ſometimes truths and lyes, or ſometimes lyes themſelves, claſhing againſt one another. In the middle ſtood a table, painted after the manner of the remoteſt Aſiatic countries, upon which the lamp, the ſilver veſſel, and cups of white earth, were planted in order. Then dried herbs were brought, collected for the ſolemnity in moonſhine; and water being put to them, there was a greeniſh liquor made, to which they added the flower of milk, and an extraction from the canes of America, for performing a libation to the infernal Powers of Miſchief. After this, Curioſity, retiring to a withdrawing-room, brought forth the victims, being to appearance a ſet of ſmall waxen images, which ſhe laid upon the table one after another. Immediately then Talkativeneſs gave each of them the name of ſome one, whom for that time they were to repreſent; and Cenſoriouſneſs ſtuck them all about with black pins, ſtill pronouncing at every one ſhe ſtuck, ſomething to the prejudice of the perſons repreſented. No ſooner were theſe rites performed, and incantations uttered, but the ſound of a ſpeaking-trumpet was heard in the air, by which they knew the deity of the place was propitiated and aſſiſting. Upon this the ſky grew darker, and a ſtorm aroſe, and murmurs, ſighs, groans, cries, and the words of grief or reſentment, were heard within it. Thus the three ſorcereſſes diſcovered that they, whoſe names they had given to the images, were already affected with what was done to them in effigy. The knowledge of this was received with the loudeſt laughter, and in many congratulatory words they applauded one another's wit and power.

As matters were at this high point of diſorder, the muffled lady, whom I attended on, being no longer able to endure ſuch barbarous proceedings, threw off her upper garment of

Reſerve, and appeared to be Truth. As ſoon as ſhe had confeſſed herſelf preſent, the ſpeaking-trumpet ceaſed to ſound, the ſky cleared up, the ſtorm abated, the noiſes which were heard in it ended, the laughter of the company was over, and ſerene light, until then unknown to the place, diffuſed around it. At this the detected ſorcereſſes endeavoured to eſcape in a cloud which I ſaw began to thicken round them: but was ſoon diſperſed, their charms being controuled, and prevailed over, by the ſuperior divinity. For my part, I was exceedingly glad to ſee it ſo, and began to conſider what puniſhment ſhe would inflict upon them. I fancied it would be proper to cut off Curioſity's ears, and fix them to the eaves of the houſes; to nail the tongues of Talkativeneſs to Indian tables, and to put out the eyes of Cenſoriouſneſs with a flaſh of her light. In reſpect of Credulity, I had indeed ſome little pity, and had I been judge, ſhe might, perhaps have eſcaped with a hearty reproof.

But I ſoon found that the diſcerning judge had other deſigns. She knew them for ſuch as will not be deſtroyed entirely while mankind is in being, and yet ought to have a brand and puniſhment affixed to them that they may be avoided. Wherefore ſhe took a ſeat for judgment, and had the criminals brought forward by Shame ever bluſhing, and Trouble with a whip of many laſhes; two phantoms who had dogged the proceſſion in diſguiſe, and waited until they had authority from Truth to lay hands upon them. Immediately then ſhe ordered Curioſity and Talkativeneſs to be fettered together, that the one ſhould never ſuffer the other to reſt, nor the other ever let her remain undiſcovered. Light Credulity ſhe linked to Shame, at the tormentor's own requeſt, who was pleaſed to be thus ſecure that her priſoner could not eſcape; and this was done partly for her puniſhment, and partly for her amendment. Cenſoriouſneſs was alſo in like manner begged by Trouble, and had her aſſigned for an eternal companion. After they were thus chained with one another, by the judge's order, ſhe drove them from the preſence to wander for ever through the world, with Novelty ſtalking before them.

The cauſe being now over, ſhe retreated from ſight within the ſplendor of her own glory; which leaving the houſe it had brightened, the ſounds that were proper to the place began to be as loud and confuſed as when we entered; and there being no longer a clear diſtinguiſhed appearance of any objects repreſented to me, I returned from the excurſion I had made in fancy.

No. LXVII. THURSDAY, MAY 28.

——Ne forte pudori
Sic tibi muſa lyræ ſolers, et cantor Apollo. HOR. ARS POET. v. 406.

Bluſh not to patronize the muſe's ſkill.

IT has been remarked by curious obſervers, that poets are generally longlived, and run beyond the uſual age of man, if not cut off by ſome accident or exceſs; as Anacreon, in the midſt of a very merry old age, was choaked with a grape-ſtone. The ſame redundancy of ſpirits, that produces the poetical flame, keeps up the vital warmth, and adminiſters uncommon fuel to life. I queſtion not but ſeveral inſtances will occur to my reader's memory, from Homer down to Mr. Dryden. I ſhall only take notice of two who have excelled in Lyrics, the one an ancient, and the other a modern. The firſt gained an immortal reputation by celebrating ſeveral jockeys in the Olympic Games; the laſt has ſignalized himſelf on the ſame occaſion by the ode that begins—'To 'horſe, brave boys, to Newmarket, to horſe.' My reader will, by this time, know that the two poets I have mentioned are Pindar and Mr. D'Urfey. The former of theſe is long ſince laid in his urn, after having, many years together, endeared himſelf to all Greece by his tuneful compoſitions. Our countryman is ſtill living, and in a blooming old age, that ſtill promiſes many muſical productions; for if I am not miſtaken, our Britiſh ſwan will ſing to the laſt. The beſt judges who have peruſed his ſong on the Moderate Man, do not diſcover any decay in his parts, but

think it deſerves a place among the fineſt of thoſe works with which he obliged the world in his more early years.

I am led into this ſubject by a viſit which I lately received from my good old friend and contemporary. As we both flouriſhed together in King Charles the Second's reign, we diverted ourſelves with the remembrance of ſeveral particulars that paſſed in the world before the greateſt part of my readers were born, and could not but ſmile to think how inſenſibly we were grown into a couple of venerable old gentlemen. Tom obſerved to me, that, after having written more odes than Horace, and about four times as many comedies as Terence, he was reduced to great difficulties by the importunities of a ſet of men, who, of late years, had furniſhed him with the accommodations of life, and would not, as we ſay, be paid with a ſong. In order to extricate my old friend, I immediately ſent for the three directors of the play-houſe, and deſired them that they would in their turn do a good office for a man who, in Shakeſpeare's phraſe, had often filled their mouths, I mean with pleaſantry and popular conceits. They very generouſly liſtened to my propoſal, and agreed to act the Plotting Siſters, (a very taking play of my old friend's compoſing) on the 15th of the next month, for the benefit of the author.

My kindneſs to the agreeable Mr. D'Urfey will be imperfect, if, after having engaged the players in his favour, I do not get the town to come into it. I muſt therefore heartily recommend to all the young ladies, my diſciples, the caſe of my old friend, who has often made their grandmothers merry, and whoſe ſonnets have perhaps lulled aſleep many a preſent toaſt, when ſhe lay in her cradle.

I have already prevailed on my Lady Lizard to be at the houſe in one of the front boxes; and deſign, if I am in town, to lead her in myſelf at the head of her daughters. The gentleman I am ſpeaking of has laid obligations on ſo many of his countrymen, that I hope they will think this but a juſt return to the good ſervice of a veteran poet.

I myſelf remember King Charles the Second leaning on Tom D'Urfey's ſhoulder more than once, and humming over a ſong with him. It is certain that monarch was not a little ſupported by 'Joy to Great Cæſar,' which gave the Whigs ſuch a blow as they were not able to recover that whole reign. My friend afterwards attacked Popery with the ſame ſucceſs, having expoſed Bellarmine and Porto-Carero more than once in ſhort ſatirical compoſitions, which have been in every body's mouth. He has made uſe of Italian tunes and ſonatas for promoting the Proteſtant intereſt, and turned a conſiderable part of the Pope's muſic againſt himſelf. In ſhort, he has obliged the court with political ſonnets, the country with dialogues and paſtorals, the city with deſcriptions of a lord-mayor's feaſt, not to mention his little ode upon Stool-Ball, with many others of the like nature.

Should the very individuals he has celebrated make their appearance together, they would be ſufficient to fill the playhouſe. Pretty Peg of Windſor, Gillian of Croydon, with Dolly and Molly, and Tommy and Johny, with many others to be met with in the muſical miſcellanies, entitled, 'Pills to purge 'Melancholy,' would make a good benefit night.

And as my friend, after the manner of the old lyrics, accompanies his works with his own voice, he has been the delight of the moſt polite companies and converſations from the beginning of King Charles the Second's reign to our preſent times. Many an honeſt gentleman has got a reputation in his country by pretending to have been in company with Tom D'Urfey.

I might here mention ſeveral other merits in my friend; as enriching our language with a multitude of rhimes, and bringing words together, that, without his good offices, would never have been acquainted with one another, ſo long as it had been a tongue. But I muſt not omit that my old friend angles for a trout the beſt of any man in England. May flies come in late this ſeaſon, or I myſelf ſhould, before now, have had a trout of his hooking.

After what I have ſaid, and much more that I might ſay, on this ſubject, I queſtion not but the world will think that my old friend ought not to paſs the remainder of his life in a cage like a ſinging-bird, but enjoy all that Pindaric liberty which is ſuitable to a man of his genius. He has made the world

merry, and I hope they will make him eaſy ſo long as he ſtays among us. This I will take upon me to ſay, they cannot do a kindneſs to a more diverting companion, or a more chearful, honeſt, and good-natured man.

No. LXVIII. FRIDAY, MAY 29.

Inſpicere, tanquam in ſpeculum, in vitas omnium
Jubeo, atque ex aliis ſumere exemplum ſibi.

TER. ADELPH. ACT. 3. SC. 4.

My advice to him is, to conſult the lives of other men as he would a looking-glaſs, and from thence fetch examples for his own imitation.

THE paper of to-day ſhall conſiſt of a letter from my friend Sir Harry Lizard, which, with my anſwer, may be worth the peruſal of young men of eſtates, and young women without fortunes. It is abſolutely neceſſary, that in our firſt vigorous years we lay down ſome law to ourſelves for the conduct of future life, which may at leaſt prevent eſſential misfortunes. The cutting cares which attend ſuch an affection as that againſt which I forewarn my friend Sir Harry, are very well known to all who are called the men of pleaſure; but when they have oppoſed their ſatisfactions to their anxieties in an impartial examination, they will find their life not only a dream, but a troubled and vexatious one.

DEAR OLD MAN,

I BELIEVE you are very much ſurprized, that in the ſeveral letters I have written to you, ſince the receipt of that wherein you recommend a young lady for a wife to your humble ſervant, I have not made the leaſt mention of that matter. It happens at this time that I am not much inclined to marry; there are very many matches in our country, wherein the parties live ſo inſipidly, or ſo vexatiouſly, that I am afraid to venture from their example. Beſides, to tell you the truth, good Neſtor, I am informed your fine young woman is ſoon to be diſpoſed of elſewhere. As to the young ladies of my acquaintance in your great town, I do not know one whom I could think of as a wife, who is not either prepoſſeſſed with ſome inclination for ſome other man, or affects pleaſures and entertainments, which ſhe prefers to the converſation of any man living. Women of this kind are the moſt frequently met with of any ſort whatever; I mean the moſt frequent among people of condition, that is to ſay, ſuch are eaſily to be had as would ſit at the head of your eſtate and table, lie-in by you for the ſake of receiving viſits in pomp at the end of the month, and enjoy the like gratifications from the ſupport of your fortune; but you yourſelf would ſignify no more to one of them than a name in truſt in a ſettlement which conveys land and goods, but has no right for its own uſe. A woman of this turn can no more make a wife, than an ambitious man can be a friend; they both ſacrifice all the true taſtes of being, and motives of life, for the oſtentation, the noiſe, and the appearance of it. Their hearts are turned to unnatural objects, and as the men of deſign can carry them on with an excluſion of their daily companions, ſo women of this kind of gaiety can live at bed and board with a man, without any affection to his perſon. As to any woman that you examine hereafter for my ſake, if you can poſſibly, find a means to converſe with her at ſome country ſeat. If ſhe has no reliſh for rural views, but is undelighted with ſtreams, fields, and groves, I deſire to hear no more of her; ſhe has departed from nature, and is irrecoverably engaged in vanity.

I have ever been curious to obſerve the arrogance of a town-lady when ſhe firſt comes down to her huſband's ſeat, and beholding her country neighbours, wants ſomebody to laugh with her at the frightful things to whom ſhe herſelf is equally ridiculous. The pretty pitty-pat ſtep, the playing head, and the fall-back in the curtſey, ſhe does not imagine, make her as unconverſable and inacceſſible to our plain people, as the loud voice, and ungainly ſtride, render one of our huntreſſes

to her. In a word, dear Neſtor, I beg you to ſuſpend all inquiries towards my matrimony until you hear further from, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt humble ſervant.

HARRY LIZARD.

A certain looſe turn in this letter, mixed indeed with ſome real exceptions to the too frequent ſilly choice made by country gentlemen, has given me no ſmall anxiety: and I have ſent Sir Harry an account of my ſuſpicions as follows.

TO SIR HARRY LIZARD.

SIR,

YOUR letter I have read over two or three times, and muſt be ſo free with you as to tell you it has in it ſomething which betrays you have loſt that ſimplicity of heart, with relation to love, which I promiſed myſelf would crown your days with happineſs and honour. The alteration of your mind towards marriage, is not repreſented as flowing from diſcretion or warineſs in the choice, but a diſinclination to that ſtate in general; you ſeem ſecretly to propoſe to yourſelf (for I will think no otherwiſe of a man of your age and temper) all its ſatisfactions out of it, and to avoid the care and inconveniencies that attend thoſe who enter into it. I will not urge at this time the greateſt conſideration of all, to wit, regard of innocence; but having, I think, in my eye, what you aim at, I muſt, as I am your friend, acquaint you, that you are going into a wilderneſs of cares and diſtractions, from which you will never be able to extricate yourſelf, while the compunctions of honour and pity are yet alive in you.

Without naming names, I have long ſuſpected your deſigns upon a young gentlewoman in your neighbourhood; but give me leave to tell you, with all the earneſtneſs of a faithful friend, that to enter into a criminal commerce with a young woman of merit, whom you find innocent, is, of all the follies in this life, the moſt fruitful of ſorrow. You muſt make your approaches to her with the benevolence and language of a good angel, in order to bring upon her pollution and ſhame, which is the work of a demon: the faſhion of the world, the warmth of youth, and the affluence of fortune, may, perhaps, make you look upon me in this talk, like a poor well-meaning old man, who is paſt thoſe ardencies in which you at preſent triumph; but believe me, Sir, if you ſucceed in what I fear you deſign, you will find the ſacrifice of beauty and innocence ſo ſtrong an obligation upon you, that your whole life will paſs away in the worſt condition imaginable, that of doubt and irreſolution; you will ever be deſigning to leave her, and never do it; or elſe leave her for another, with a conſtant longing after her. He is a very unhappy man who does not reſerve the moſt pure and kind affections of his heart for his marriage-bed; he will otherwiſe be reduced to this melancholy circumſtance, that he gave his miſtreſs that kind of affection which was proper for his wife, and has not for his wife either that, or the uſual inclination which men beſtow upon their miſtreſſes. After ſuch an affair as this, you are a very lucky man if you find a prudential marriage is only inſipid, and not actually miſerable; a woman, of as ancient a family as your own, may come into the houſe of the Lizards, murmur in your bed, growl at your table, rate your ſervants, and inſult yourſelf: while you bear all this with this unhappy reflection at the botom of your heart—'This 'is all for the injured——' The heart is ungovernable enough, without being biaſſed by prepoſſeſſions; how emphatically unhappy, therefore, is he who, beſides the natural vagrancy of affection, has a paſſion to one particular object in which he ſees nothing but what is lovely, except what proceeds from his own guilt againſt it? I ſpeak to you, my dear friend, as one who tenderly regards your welfare, and beg of you to avoid this great error, which has rendered ſo many agreeable men unhappy before you. When a man is engaged among the diſſolute, gay, and artful of the fair ſex, a knowledge of their manners and deſigns, their favours unindeared by truth, their feigned ſorrows and groſs flatteries, muſt in time reſcue a reaſonable man from the enchantment; but in a caſe wherein you have none but yourſelf to accuſe, you will find the beſt part of a generous mind torn away with her, when even you take your leave of an injured, deſerving woman. Come to town; fly from Olinda to your obedient humble ſervant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

No. LXIX. SATURDAY, MAY 30.

Jupiter eſt quodcunque vides—— LUCAN.
Where-e'er you turn your eyes, 'tis God you ſee.

I HAD this morning a very valuable and kind preſent ſent me, of a tranſlated work of a moſt excellent foreign writer, who makes a very conſiderable figure in the learned and Chriſtian world. It is entitled, 'A Demonſtration of the Exiſtence, Wiſdom, and Omnipotence of God,' drawn from the knowledge of nature, particularly of man, and fitted to the meaneſt capacity, by the Archbiſhop of Cambray, author of Telemachus, and tranſlated from the French by the ſame hand that Engliſhed that excellent piece. This great author, in the writings which he has before produced, has manifeſted an heart full of virtuous ſentiments, great benevolence to mankind, as well as a ſincere and fervent piety towards his Creator. His talents and parts are a very great good to the world, and it is a pleaſing thing to behold the polite arts ſubſervient to religion, and recommending it from its natural beauty. Looking over the letters of my correſpondents, I find one which celebrates this treatiſe, and recommends it to my readers.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

I THINK I have ſomewhere read, in the writings of one whom I take to be a friend of yours, a ſaying which ſtruck me very much, and as I remember it was to this purpoſe: 'The exiſtence of a God is ſo far from being 'a thing that wants to be proved, that I think 'it is the only thing of which we are certain.' This is a ſprightly and juſt expreſſion; however, I dare ſay, you will not be diſpleaſed that I put you in mind of ſaying ſomething on the Demonſtration of the Biſhop of Cambray. A man of his talents views all things in a light different from that in which ordinary men ſee them, and the devout diſpoſition of his ſoul turns all thoſe talents to the improvement of the pleaſures of a good life. His ſtile cloaths philoſophy in a dreſs almoſt poetic, and his readers enjoy in full perfection the advantage, while they are reading him, of being what he is. The pleaſing repreſentation of the animal powers in the beginning of his work, and his conſideration of the nature of man with the addition of reaſon in the ſubſequent diſcourſe, impreſſes upon the mind a ſtrong ſatisfaction in itſelf, and gratitude towards Him who beſtowed that ſuperiority over the brute world. Theſe thoughts had ſuch an effect upon the author himſelf, that he has ended his diſcourſe with a prayer. This adoration has a ſublimity in it befitting his character, and the emotions of his heart flow from wiſdom and knowledge. I thought it would be proper for Saturday's paper, and have tranſlated it to make you a preſent of it. I have not, as the tranſlator was obliged to do, confined myſelf to an exact verſion from the original, but have endeavoured to expreſs the ſpirit of it, by taking the liberty to render his thoughts in ſuch a way as I ſhould have uttered them if they had been my own. It has been obſerved, that the private letters of great men are the beſt pictures of their ſouls; but certainly their private devotions would be ſtill more inſtructive, and I know not why they ſhould not be as curious and entertaining.

If you inſert this prayer, I know not but I may ſend you, for another occaſion, one uſed by a very great wit of the laſt age, which has alluſions to the errors of a very wild life, and I believe you will think it written with an uncommon ſpirit. The perſon whom I mean was an excellent writer, and the publication of this prayer of his may be, perhaps, ſome kind of antidote againſt the infection in his other writings. But this ſupplication of the biſhop has in it a more happy and untroubled ſpirit; it is (if that is not ſaying ſomething too fond) the worſhip of an angel concerned for thoſe who had fallen, but himſelf ſtill in the ſtate of glory and innocence. The book ends with an act of devotion, to this effect:

'O my God, if the greater number of mankind do not diſcover Thee in that glorious 'ſhow of nature which thou haſt placed before 'our eyes, it is not becauſe Thou art far from 'every one of us; Thou art preſent to us more 'than any object which we touch with our 'hands; but our ſenſes, and the paſſions 'which they produce in us, turn our attention 'from Thee. Thy light ſhines in the midſt 'of darkneſs, but the darkneſs comprehends 'it not. Thou, O Lord, doſt every way diſplay thyſelf. Thou ſhineſt in all thy works, 'but art not regarded by heedleſs and unthinking man. The whole creation talks aloud 'of Thee, and echoes with the repetitions of 'thy holy name. But ſuch is our inſenſibility, 'that we are deaf to the great and univerſal 'voice of nature. Thou art every where 'about us, and within us; but we wander 'from ourſelves, become ſtrangers to our own 'ſouls, and do not apprehend thy preſence. 'O Thou, who art the eternal fountain of light 'and beauty, who art the ancient of days, 'without beginning and without end; O 'Thou, who art the life of all that truly 'live, thoſe can never fail to find Thee, who 'ſeek for Thee within themſelves. But alas, 'the very gifts which Thou beſtoweſt upon us, 'do ſo employ our thoughts, that they hinder 'us from perceiving the hand which conveys 'them to us. We live by Thee, and yet we 'live without thinking on Thee; but, O Lord, 'what is life in the ignorance of Thee? A dead 'unactive piece of matter, a flower that 'withers, a river that glides away, a palace 'that haſtens to its ruin, a picture made up of 'fading colours, a maſs of ſhining ore, ſtrike 'our imaginations, and make us ſenſible of 'their exiſtence. We regard them as objects 'capable of giving us pleaſure, not conſidering 'that thou conveyeſt through them all the 'pleaſure which we imagine they give us. 'Such vain empty objects that are only the ſhadows of being, are proportioned to our low 'and grovelling thoughts. That beauty which 'Thou haſt poured out on thy creation, is as 'a veil which hides thee from our eyes. As 'Thou art a being too pure and exalted to paſs 'through our ſenſes, Thou art not regarded 'by men, who have debaſed their nature, and 'have made themſelves like the beaſts that 'periſh. So infatuated are they, that, notwithſtanding they know what is wiſdom and 'virtue, which have neither ſound, nor colour, 'nor ſmell, nor taſte, nor figure, nor any 'other ſenſible quality, they can doubt of thy 'exiſtence, becauſe thou art not apprehended 'by the groſſer organs of ſenſe. Wretches 'that we are! we conſider ſhadows as realities, 'and truth as a phantom. That which is 'nothing is all to us, and that which is 'all appears to us nothing. What do we 'ſee in all nature but Thee, O my God! 'Thou, and only Thou, appeareſt in every 'thing. When I conſider Thee, O Lord, 'I am ſwallowed up and loſt in contemplation of Thee. Every thing beſides 'thee, even my own exiſtence, vaniſhes and 'diſappears in the contemplation of Thee. 'I am loſt to myſelf, and fall into nothing, 'when I think on thee. The man who does 'not ſee thee has beheld nothing; he who 'does not taſte Thee, has a reliſh of nothing; 'his being is vain, and his life but a dream. 'Set up Thyſelf, O Lord, ſet up Thyſelf, that 'we may behold thee. As wax conſumes before the fire, and as the ſmoke is driven away, 'ſo let thine enemies vaniſh out of thy preſence. 'How unhappy is that ſoul who, without the 'ſenſe of Thee, has no God, no hope, no 'comfort to ſupport him? But how happy the 'man who ſearches, ſighs, and thirſts after 'thee! But he only is fully happy on whom 'Thou lifteſt up the light of thy countenance, 'whoſe tears thou haſt wiped away, and who 'enjoys in thy loving-kindneſs the completion 'of all his deſires. How long, how long, 'O Lord, ſhall I wait for that day, when I 'ſhall poſſeſs, in thy preſence, fulneſs of joy, 'and pleaſures for evermore? O my God, 'in this pleaſing hope, my bones rejoice, 'and cry out, "Who is like unto thee!" 'My heart melts away, and my ſoul faints 'within me, when I look up to Thee, who 'art the God of my life, and my portion to 'all eternity!'

No. LXX. MONDAY, JUNE 1.

——Mentisque capacius altæ.

OVID. MET. L. I. V. 76.

Of thoughts enlarg'd, and more exalted mind.

AS I was the other day taking a ſolitary walk in St. Paul's, I indulged my thoughts in the purſuit of a certain analogy between that fabric and the Chriſtian church in the largeſt ſenſe. The divine order and œconomy of the one ſeemed to be emblematically ſet forth by the juſt, plain, and majeſtic architecture, of the other. And as the one conſiſts of a great variety of parts united in the ſame regular deſign, according to the trueſt art, and moſt exact proportion; ſo the other contains a decent ſubordination of members, various ſacred inſtitutions, ſublime doctrines, and ſolid precepts of morality digeſted into the ſame deſign, and with an admirable concurrence tending to one view, the happineſs and exaltation of human nature.

In the midſt of my contemplation, I beheld a fly upon one of the pillars; and it ſtraightway came into my head, that this fly was a Free-Thinker. For it required ſome comprehenſion in the eye of the ſpectator, to take in at one view the various parts of the building, in order to obſerve their ſymmetry and deſign. But to the fly, whoſe proſpect was confined to a little part of one of the ſtones of a ſingle pillar, the joint beauty of the whole, or the diſtinct uſe of its parts, were inconſpicuous, and nothing could appear but ſmall inequalities in the ſurface of the hewn ſtone, which in the view of that inſect ſeemed ſo many deformed rocks and precipices.

The thoughts of a free-thinker are employed on certain minute particularities of religion, the difficulty of a ſingle text, or the unaccountableneſs of ſome ſtep of providence or point of doctrine to his narrow faculties, without comprehending the ſcope and deſign of Chriſtianity, the perfection to which it raiſeth human nature, the light it hath ſhed abroad in the world, and the cloſe connection it hath as well with the good of public ſocieties as with that of particular perſons.

This raiſed in me ſome reflections on that frame or diſpoſition which is called 'largeneſs 'of mind,' its neceſſity towards forming a true judgment of things, and where the ſoul is not incurably ſtinted by nature, what are the likelieſt methods to give it enlargement.

It is evident that philoſophy doth open and enlarge the mind, by the general views to which men are habituated in that ſtudy, and by the contemplation of more numerous and diſtant objects than fall within the ſphere of mankind in the ordinary purſuits of life. Hence it comes to paſs that philoſophers judge of moſt things very differently from the vulgar. Some inſtances of this may be ſeen in the Theætetus of Plato, where Socrates makes the following remarks, among others of the like nature.

'When a philoſopher hears ten thouſand 'acres mentioned as a great eſtate, he looks 'upon it as an inconſiderable ſpot, having 'been uſed to contemplate the whole globe of 'earth. Or when he beholds a man elated 'with the nobility of his race, becauſe he can 'reckon a ſeries of ſeven rich anceſtors; the 'philoſopher thinks him a ſtupid, ignorant 'fellow, whoſe mind cannot reach to a general 'view of human nature, which would ſhew 'him that we have all innumerable anceſtors, 'among whom are crowds of rich and poor, 'kings and ſlaves, Greeks and Barbarians.' Thus far Socrates, who was accounted wiſer than the reſt of the Heathens, for notions which approach the neareſt to Chriſtianity.

As all parts and branches of philoſophy, or ſpeculative knowledge, are uſeful in that reſpect, aſtronomy is peculiarly adapted to remedy a little and narrow ſpirit. In that ſcience there are good reaſons aſſigned to prove the ſun an hundred thouſand times bigger than our earth, and the diſtance of the ſtars ſo prodigious, that a cannon-bullet, continuing in its ordinary rapid motion, would not arrive from

hence at the neareſt of them in the ſpace of an hundred and fifty thouſand years. Theſe ideas wonderfully dilate and expand the mind. There is ſomething in the immenſity of this diſtance, that ſhocks and overwhelms the imagination; it is too big for the graſp of a human intellect: eſtates, provinces, and kingdoms, vaniſh at its preſence. It were to be wiſhed a certain prince, who hath encouraged the ſtudy of it in his ſubjects, had been himſelf a proficient in aſtronomy. This might have ſhewed him how mean an ambition that was, which terminated in a ſmall part of what is itſelf but a point, in reſpect to that part of the univerſe which lies within our view.

But the Chriſtian religion ennobleth and enlargeth the mind beyond any other profeſſion or ſcience whatſoever. Upon that ſcheme, while the earth, and the tranſient enjoyments of this life, ſhrink into the narroweſt dimenſions, and are accounted as 'the duſt of a balance, the drop of a bucket, yea, leſs than 'nothing,' the intellectual world opens wider to our view: the perfections of the Deity, the nature and excellence of virtue, the dignity of the human ſoul, are diſplayed in the largeſt characters. The mind of man ſeems to adapt itſelf to the different nature of its objects; it is contracted and debaſed by being converſant in little and low things, and feels a proportionable enlargement ariſing from the contemplation of theſe great and ſublime ideas.

The greatneſs of things is comparative; and this does not only hold, in reſpect of extenſion, but likewiſe in reſpect of dignity, duration, and all kinds of perfection. Aſtronomy opens the mind, and alters our judgment, with regard to the magnitude of extended beings; but Chriſtianity produceth an univerſal greatneſs of ſoul. Philoſophy increaſeth our views in every reſpect, but Chriſtianity extends them to a degree beyond the light of nature.

How mean muſt the moſt exalted potentate upon earth appear to that eye which takes in innumerable orders of bleſſed ſpirits, differing in glory and perfection? How little muſt the amuſements of ſenſe, and the ordinary occupations of mortal men, ſeem to one who is engaged in ſo noble a purſuit, as the aſſimilation of himſelf to the Deity, which is the proper employment of every Chriſtian!

And the improvement which grows from habituating the mind to the comprehenſive views of religion, muſt not be thought wholly to regard the underſtanding. Nothing is of greater force to ſubdue the inordinate motions of the heart, and to regulate the will. Whether a man be actuated by his paſſions or his reaſon, theſe are firſt wrought upon by ſome object, which ſtirs the ſoul in proportion to its apparent dimenſions. Hence irreligious men, whoſe ſhort proſpects are filled with earth, and ſenſe, and mortal life, are invited, by theſe mean ideas, to actions proportionably little and low. But a mind, whoſe views are enlightened and extended by religion, is animated to nobler purſuits by more ſublime and remote objects.

There is not any inſtance of weakneſs in the Free-thinkers that raiſes my indignation more, than their pretending to ridicule Chriſtians, as men of narrow underſtandings, and to paſs themſelves upon the world for perſons of ſuperior ſenſe, and more enlarged views. But I leave it to any impartial man to judge which hath the nobler ſentiments, which the greater views; he whoſe notions are ſtinted to a few miſerable inlets of ſenſe, or he whoſe ſentiments are raiſed above the common taſte by the anticipation of thoſe delights which will ſatiate the ſoul, when the whole capacity of her nature is branched out into new faculties? He who looks for nothing beyond this ſhort ſpan of duration, or he whoſe aims are co-extended with the endleſs length of eternity? He who derives his ſpirit from the elements, or he who thinks it was inſpired by the Almighty?

No. LXXI. TUESDAY, JUNE 2.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit eſculetis;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix. HOR. OD. 22. L. I. V. 13.

No beaſt, of more portentous ſize,
In the Hercinian foreſt lies;
Nor fiercer, in Numidia bred,
With Carthage were in triumph led. ROSCOMMON.

I QUESTION not but my country cuſtomers will be ſurpriſed to hear me complain, that this town is, of late years, very much infeſted with lions; and will, perhaps, look upon it as a ſtrange piece of news, when I aſſure them that there are many of theſe beaſts of prey who walk our ſtreets in broad day-light, beating about from coffee-houſe to coffee-houſe, and ſeeking whom they may devour.

To unriddle this paradox, I muſt acquaint my rural reader, that we polite men of the town give the name of a lion to any one who is a great man's ſpy. And whereas I cannot diſcharge my office of Guardian, without ſetting a mark on ſuch a noxious animal, and cautioning my wards againſt him, I deſign this whole paper as an eſſay upon the Political Lion.

It has coſt me a great deal of time to diſcover the reaſon of this appellation, but after many diſquiſitions and conjectures on ſo obſcure a ſubject, I find there are two accounts of it more ſatisfactory than the reſt. In the republic of Venice, which has always been the mother of politics, there are, near the Doge's palace, ſeveral large figures of lions, curiouſly wrought in marble, with mouths gaping in a moſt enormous manner. Thoſe who have a mind to give the ſtate any private intelligence of what paſſes in the city, put their hands into the mouth of one of theſe lions, and convey into it a paper of ſuch private informations as any way regard the intereſt or ſafety of the commonwealth. By this means all the ſecrets of ſtate come out of the lion's mouth. The informer is concealed; it is the lion that tells every thing. In ſhort, there is not a miſmanagement in office, or a murmur in converſation, which the lion does not acquaint the government with. For this reaſon, ſay the learned, a ſpy is very properly diſtinguiſhed by the name of lion.

I muſt confeſs this etymology is plauſible enough, and I did for ſome time acquieſce in it, until about a year or two ago I met with a little manuſcript which ſets this whole matter in a clear light. 'In the reign of Queen Elizabeth,' ſays my author, 'the renowned Walſingham had many ſpies in his ſervice, from 'whom the government received great advantage. The moſt eminent among them was 'the ſtateſman's barber, whoſe ſirname was 'Lion. This fellow had an admirable knack 'of fiſhing out the ſecrets of his cuſtomers, 'as they were under his hands. He would 'rub and lather a man's head, until he had 'got out every thing that was in it. He had 'a certain ſnap in his fingers, and a volubility 'in his tongue, that would engage a man to 'talk with him whether he would or no. By 'this means he became an inexhauſtible fund 'of private intelligence, and ſo ſignalized 'himſelf in the capacity of a ſpy, that from 'his time a maſter-ſpy goes under the name of 'a Lion.

'Walſingham had a moſt excellent penetration, and never attempted to turn any man 'into a lion whom he did not ſee highly qualified for it, when he was in his human condition. Indeed, the ſpeculative men of thoſe 'times ſay of him, that he would now and 'then play them off, and expoſe them a little 'unmercifully; but that, in my opinion, 'ſeems only good policy, for otherwiſe they 'might ſet up for men again, when they 'thought fit, and deſert his ſervice. But, 'however, though in that very corrupt age 'he made uſe of theſe animals, he had a great 'eſteem for true men, and always exerted

'the higheſt generoſity in offering them more, 'without aſking terms of them, and doing 'more for them out of mere reſpect for their 'talents, though againſt him, than they could 'expect from any other miniſter whom they 'had ſerved *never* ſo conſpicuouſly. This 'made Raleigh, who profeſſed himſelf his op-'ponent, ſay one day to a friend—"Pox take "this Walſingham, he baffles every body; he "won't ſo much as let a man hate him in pri-"vate" True it is, that by the wanderings, 'roarings, and lurkings of his lions, he knew 'the way to every man breathing, who had 'not a contempt for the world itſelf: he had 'lions rampant whom he uſed for the ſervice 'of the church, and couchant who were to 'lie down for the queen. They were ſo much 'at command, that the couchant would act as 'rampant, and the rampant as couchant, 'without being the leaſt out of countenance, 'and all this within four and twenty hours. 'Walſingham had the pleaſanteſt life in the 'world; for, by the force of his power 'and intelligence, he ſaw men as they really 'were, and not as the world thought of 'them: all this was principally brought 'about by feeding his lions well, or keeping 'them hungry, according to their different 'conſtitutions.'

Having given this ſhort, but neceſſary account of this ſtateſman and his barber, who, like the taylor in Shakeſpeare's Pyramus and Thyſbe, was a man made as other men are, notwithſtanding he was a nominal lion, I ſhall proceed to the deſcription of this ſtrange ſpecies of creatures. Ever ſince the wiſe Walſingham was ſecretary in this nation, our ſtateſmen are ſaid to have encouraged the breed among us, as very well knowing that a lion in our Britiſh arms is one of the ſupporters of the crown, and that it is impoſſible for a government, in which there are ſuch a variety of factions and intrigues, to ſubſiſt without this neceſſary animal.

A lion, or maſter-ſpy, hath ſeveral jack-calls under him, who are his retailers in intelligence, and bring him in materials for his report; his chief haunt is a coffee-houſe, and as his voice is exceeding ſtrong, it aggravates the ſound of every thing it repeats.

As the lion generally thirſts after blood, and is of a fierce and cruel nature, there are no ſecrets which he hunts after with more delight, than thoſe that cut off heads, hang, draw, and quarter, or end in the ruin of the perſon who becomes his prey. If he gets the wind of any word or action that may do a man good, it is not for his purpoſe, he quits the chace and falls into a more agreeable ſcent.

He diſcovers a wonderful ſagacity in ſeeking after his prey. He couches and friſks about in a thouſand ſportful motions to draw it within his reach, and has a particular way of imitating the ſound of the creature whom he would enſnare; an artifice to be met with in no beaſt of prey, except the hyæna and the political lion.

You ſeldom ſee a cluſter of news-mongers without a lion in the midſt of them. He never miſſes taking his ſtand within ear-ſhot of one of thoſe little ambitious men, who ſet up for orators in places of public reſort. If there is a whiſpering-hole, or any public-ſpirited corner in a coffee-houſe, you never fail of ſeeing a lion couched upon his elbow in ſome part of the neighbourhood.

A lion is particularly addicted to the peruſal of every looſe paper that lies in his way. He appears more than ordinarily attentive to what he reads, while he liſtens to thoſe who are about him. He takes up the Poſt-man, and ſnuffs the candle that he may hear the better by it. I have ſeen a lion pore upon a ſingle paragraph in an old gazette for two hours together, if his neighbours have been talking all that while.

Having given a full deſcription of this monſter, for the benefit of ſuch innocent perſons as may fall into his walks, I ſhall apply a word or two to the lion himſelf, whom I would deſire to conſider that he is a creature hated both by God and man, and regarded with the utmoſt contempt even by ſuch as make uſe of him. Hangmen and executioners are neceſſary in a ſtate, and ſo may the animal I have been here mentioning; but how deſpicable is the wretch that takes on him ſo vile an employment! There is ſcarce a being that would not ſuffer by a compariſon with him, except that being only who acts the ſame kind of part, and is both the tempter and accuſer of mankind.

N. B. Mr. Ironſide has, within five weeks laſt paſt, muzzled three lions, gorged five, and

killed one. On Monday next the ſkin of the dead one will be hung up in terrorem, at Button's coffee-houſe, over againſt Tom's in Covent Garden. ☞ *

No. LXXII. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3.

———In vitium Libertas excidit, et vim
Dignam lege regi——— HOR. ARS. POET. v. 282.

———Its liberty was turn'd to rage;
Such rage as civil power was forc'd to tame. CREECH.

OXFORD is a place which I am more inquiſitive about than even that of my nativity; and when I have an account of any ſprightly ſaying, or riſing genius from thence, it brings my own youthful days into my mind, and throws me forty years back into life. It is for this reaſon, that I have thought myſelf a little neglected of late by Jack Lizard, from whom I uſed to hear at leaſt once a week. The laſt poſt brought me his excuſe, which is, that he hath been wholly taken up in preparing ſome exerciſes for the theatre. He tells me likewiſe, that the talk there is about a Public Act, and that the gay part of the univerſity have great expectation of a Terræ-filius, who is to laſh and ſting all the world in a ſatirical ſpeech. Againſt the great licence which hath heretofore been taken in theſe libels, he expreſſes himſelf with ſuch humanity, as is very unuſual in a young perſon, and ought to be cheriſhed and admired. For my own part, I ſo far agree with him, that if the Univerſity permits a thing, which I think much better let alone, I hope thoſe whoſe duty it is to appoint a proper perſon for that office, will take care that he utter nothing unbecoming a gentleman, a ſcholar, and a Chriſtian. Moreover, I would have them conſider that their learned body hath already enemies enough; who are prepared to aggravate all irreverent inſinuations, and to interpret all oblique indecencies, who will triumph in ſuch a victory, and bid the Univerſity thank herſelf for the conſequences.

In my time I remember the Terræ-filius contented himſelf with being bitter upon the Pope, or chaſtiſing the Turk; and raiſed a ſerious and manly mirth, and adapted to the dignity of his auditory, by expoſing the falſe reaſoning of the heretick, or ridiculing the clumſy pretenders to genius and politeneſs. In the jovial reign of King Charles the Second, wherein never did more wit or more ribaldry abound, the faſhion of being arch upon all that was grave, and waggiſh upon the ladies, crept into our ſeats of learning upon theſe occaſions. This was managed groſsly and aukwardly enough, in a place where the general plainneſs and ſimplicity of manners could ill bear the mention of ſuch crimes, as in courts and great cities are called by the ſpecious names of air and gallantry. It is to me amazing, that ever any man bred up in the knowledge of virtue and humanity, ſhould ſo far caſt off all ſhame and tenderneſs, as to ſtand up in the face of thouſands, and utter ſuch contumelies as I have read and heard of. Let ſuch an one know, that he is making fools merry, and wiſe men ſick; and that in the eye of conſidering perſons, he hath leſs compunction than the common hangman, and leſs ſhame than a proſtitute.

Infamy is ſo cutting an evil, that moſt perſons who have any elevation of ſoul, think it worſe than death. Thoſe who have it not in their power to revenge it, often pine away in anguiſh, and loath their being; and thoſe who have, enjoy no reſt until they have vengeance. I ſhall therefore make it the buſineſs of this paper, to ſhew how baſe and ungenerous it is to traduce the women, and how dangerous to expoſe men of learning and character, who have generally been the ſubjects of theſe invectives.

It hath been often ſaid, that women ſeem formed to ſoften the boiſterous paſſions, and ſooth the cares and anxieties to which men are expoſed in the many perplexities of life. That

* *The mark of Addiſon's Papers in the Guardian. See "The Publiſher to the Reader." This Paper, No. 71, is re-printed by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of Addiſon's "Works," in 4to, vol. iv. p. 131.*

having weaker bodies, and leſs ſtrength of mind than man, nature hath poured out her charms upon them, and given them ſuch tenderneſs of heart, that the moſt delicate delight we receive from them, is in thinking them entirely ours, and under our protection. Accordingly we find, that all nations have paid a decent homage to this weaker and lovelier part of the rational creation, in proportion to their removal from ſavageneſs and barbariſm. Chaſtity and truth are the only due returns that they can make for this generous diſpoſition in the nobler ſex. For beauty is ſo far from ſatisfying us of itſelf, that whenever we think that it is communicated to others, we behold it with regret and diſdain. Whoever therefore robs a woman of her reputation, deſpoils a poor defenceleſs creature of all that makes her valuable, turns her beauty into loathſomeneſs, and leaves her friendleſs, abandoned, and undone. There are many tempers ſo ſoft, that the leaſt calumny gives them pains they are not able to bear. They give themſelves up to ſtrange fears, gloomy reflections, and deep melancholy. How ſavage muſt he be who can ſacrifice the quiet of ſuch a mind to a tranſient burſt of mirth! Let him who wantonly ſports away the peace of a poor lady, conſider what diſcord he ſows in families; how often he wrings the heart of an hoary parent; how often he rouſes the fury of a jealous huſband; how he extorts from the abuſed woman curſes, perhaps not unheard, and poured out in the bitterneſs of her ſoul! What weapons hath ſhe wherewith to repel ſuch an outrage! How ſhall ſhe oppoſe her ſoftneſs and imbecillity to the hardened forehead of a coward, who hath trampled upon weakneſs that could not reſiſt him? to a buffoon, who hath ſlandered innocence to raiſe the laughter of fools? who hath 'ſcattered fire-'brands, arrows, and death, and ſaid—"Am "I not in ſport."

Irreverent reflections upon men of learning and note, if their character be ſacred, do great diſſervice to religion, and betray a vile mind in the author. I have therefore always thought, with indignation, upon that 'accuſer of the 'brethren,' the famous Antiquary,* whoſe employment it was for ſeveral years, to take up all the ill-natured ſtories that have been faſtened upon celebrated men, and tranſmit them to poſterity with cruel induſtry, and malicious joy. Though the good men, ill-uſed, may out of a meek and chriſtian diſpoſition, ſo far ſubdue their natural reſentment, as to neglect and forgive; yet the inventors of ſuch calumnies will find generous perſons whoſe bravery of mind makes them think themſelves proper inſtruments to chaſtiſe ſuch inſolence. And I have, in my time, more than once known the diſcipline of the blanket adminiſtered to the offenders, and all their ſlanders anſwered by that kind of ſyllogiſm which the ancient Romans called the Argumentum Bacillinum.†

I have leſs compaſſion for men of ſprightly parts and genius, whoſe characters are played upon, becauſe they have it in their power to revenge themſelves tenfold. But I think, of all the claſſes of mankind, they are the moſt pardonable if they pay the ſlanderer in his own coin: for their names being already blazed abroad in the world, the leaſt blot thrown upon them is diſplayed far and wide; and they have this ſad privilege above the men in obſcurity, that the diſhonour travels as far as their fame. To be even therefore with their enemy, they are but too apt to diffuſe his infamy as far as their own reputation; and, perhaps, triumph in ſecret, that they have it in their power to make his name the ſcoff and deriſion of after-ages. This, I ſay, they are too apt to do. For ſometimes they reſent the expoſing of their little affectations of ſlips in writings as much as wounds upon their honour. The firſt are trifles they ſhould laugh away, but the latter deſerves their utmoſt ſeverity.

I muſt confeſs a warmth againſt the buffooneries mentioned in the beginning of this paper, as they have ſo many circumſtances to aggravate their guilt. A licence for a man to ſtand up in

* *Mr. Anthony à Wood. He was born in* 1632, *and died in* 1695; *aged* 64. *His life, written by himſelf, was publiſhed by Mr. T. Hearne, at the Clarendon preſs,* 8vo. 1772. *He was himſelf very roughly handled by Mr. Shirley the* Terræ-filius *of Trinity College. See "His life," abovementioned, p.* 253, *&c.*

† "*Becauſe* Courting *in Lent, i. e. the endeavours of one party to run down and confute another in "diſputations, did commonly end in blows and domeſtic quarrels* [*the refuge of the vanquiſhed ſide*], "*Dr. John Fell, by his authority,*" *as Vice Chancellor did annul that cuſtom, ſome time between* 1666 *and* 1669. WOOD'S "Athenæ Oxon." *Vol. II. p.* 603. *Edit.* 1691.

the ſchools of the prophets, in a grave decent habit, and audaciouſly vent his obloquies againſt the doctors of our church, and directors of our young nobility, gentry, and clergy, in their hearing and before their eyes; to throw calumnies upon poor defenceleſs women, and offend their ears with naufeous ribaldry, and name their names at length in a public theatre, when a queen * is upon the throne: ſuch a licence as this never yet gained ground in our play-houſes; and I hope will not need a law to forbid it. Were I to adviſe in this matter, I ſhould repreſent to the orator how noble a field there lay before him for panegyric; what a happy opportunity he had of doing juſtice to the great men who once were of that famous body, or now ſhine forth in it; nor ſhould I neglect to inſinuate the advantages he might propoſe by gaining their friendſhip, whoſe worth, by a contrary treatment, he will be imagined not to know, or to envy. This might reſcue the name from ſcandal; and if, as it ought, this performance turned ſolely upon matters of wit and learning, it might have the honour of being one of the firſt productions of the magnificent printing-houſe juſt erected in Oxford †.

This paper is written with a deſign to make my journey to Oxford agreeable to me, where I deſign to be at the public Act. If my advice is neglected, I ſhall not ſcruple to inſert in the Guardian whatever the men of letters and genius tranſmit to me, in their own vindication; and I hereby promiſe, that I myſelf will draw my pen in defence of all injured women. ‡

No. LXXIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 4.

In amore hæc inſunt omnia. TER. EUN. ACT. 1. SC. 1.

All theſe things are inſeparable from love.

IT is a matter of great concern that there come ſo many letters to me, wherein I ſee parents make love for their children; and, without any manner of regard to the ſeaſon of life, and the reſpective intereſts of their progeny, judge of their future happineſs by the rules of ordinary commerce. When a man falls in love in ſome families, they uſe him as if his land was mortgaged to them, and he cannot diſcharge himſelf, but by really making it the ſame thing in an unreaſonable ſettlement, or foregoing what is dearer to him than his eſtate itſelf. Theſe extortioners are, of all others, the moſt cruel; and the ſharks, who prey upon the inadvertency of young heirs, are more pardonable than thoſe who treſpaſs upon the good opinion of thoſe who treat with them upon the foot of choice and reſpect. The following letters may place in the reader's view uneaſineſſes of this ſort, which may perhaps be uſeful to ſome under the circumſtances mentioned by my correſpondents.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

FROM A CERTAIN TOWN IN CUMBERLAND, MAY 21.

VENERABLE SIR,

IT is impoſſible to expreſs the univerſal ſatisfaction your Precautions give in a country ſo far north as ours; and indeed it were impertinent to expatiate in a caſe that is by no means particular to ourſelves, all mankind, who wiſh well to one another, being equally concerned in their ſucceſs. However, as all nations have not the genius, and each particular man has his different views and taſte, we northerns cannot but acknowledge our obligations, in a more eſpecial manner, for your Matrimonial Precautions, which we more immediately are intereſted in. Our climate has ever been recorded as friendly to the continuation of our kind; and the ancient hiſtories are not more full of their Goths and Vandals, that in ſwarms overſpread all Europe, than modern ſtory of its Yorkſhire hoſtlers and attornies who are remarkably eminent and beneficial in every market-town, and moſt inns of this kingdom. I ſhall not here preſume to enter, with the ancient ſages, into a particular reaſoning upon the caſe, as whether it proceeds from the cold temper of the air, or the particular conſtitutions of the perſons, or both; from the faſhionable want of artifice in the women, and their entire ſatisfaction in one conqueſt only, or the happy ignorance in the men of thoſe ſouthern vices which effeminate mankind.

From this encomium, I do not queſtion but

* *Queen* ANNE, *mentioned merely as a Queen.*

† *The Clarendon printing-houſe.*

‡ *See* N° 10, N° 15, Notes.

by this time you infer me happy already in the legal poſſeſſion of ſome fair-one, or in a probable way of being ſo. But, alas! neither is my caſe, and from the cold damp which this minute ſeizes upon my heart, I preſage never will. What ſhall I do? To complain here is to talk to winds, or mortals as regardleſs as they: the tempeſtuous ſtorms in the neighbouring mountains, are not more relentleſs, or the crags more deaf, than the old gentleman is to my ſighs and prayers. The lovely Paſtorella indeed hears and gently ſighs, but it is only to increaſe my tortures; ſhe is too dutiful to diſobey a father, and I neither able nor forward to receive her by an act of diſobedience.

As to myſelf, my humour, until this accident ruffled it, has ever been gay and thoughtleſs, perpetually toying amongſt the women, dancing briſkly and ſinging ſoftly. For I take it, more men miſcarry among them for having too much than too little underſtanding. Paſtorella ſeems willing to relieve me from my frights; and by her conſtant carriage, by admitting my viſits at all hours, has convinced all hereabouts of my happineſs with her, and occaſioned a total defection amongſt her former lovers, to my infinite contentment. Ah! Mr. Ironſide, could you but ſee in a calm evening the profuſion of eaſe and tenderneſs betwixt us! The murmuring river that glides gently by, the cooing turtles in the neighbouring groves, are harſh, compared to her more tuneful voice. The happy pair, firſt joined in Paradiſe, not more enamoured walked! more ſweetly loved! But alas! what is all this! an imaginary joy, in which we trifle away our precious time, without coming together for ever. That muſt depend upon the old gentleman, who ſees I cannot live without his daughter, and knows I cannot, upon his terms, be ever happy with her. I beg of you to ſend for us all up to town together, that we may be heard before you (for we all agree in a deference to your judgment) upon theſe heads, Whether the authority of a father ſhould not accommodate itſelf to the liberty of a free-born Engliſh woman?

Whether, if you think fit to take the old gentleman into your care, the daughter may not chuſe her lover for her guardian?

Whether all parents are not obliged to provide for the juſt paſſions of their children when grown up, as well as food and raiment in their tender years?

Theſe and ſuch points being unſettled in the world, are cauſe of great diſtraction; and it would be worthy your great age and experience to conſider them diſtinctly for the benefit of domeſtic life. All which, moſt venerable Neſtor, is humbly ſubmitted by all your northern friends, as well as your moſt obedient and devoted humble ſervant,

PASTOR FIDO.

MR. IRONSIDE,

WE who ſubſcribe this are man and wife, and have been ſo theſe fifteen years: but you muſt know we have quarrelled twice a day ever ſince we came together, and at the ſame time have a very tender regard for one another. We obſerve this habitual diſputation has an ill effect upon our children, and they loſe their reſpect towards us from this Jangling of ours. We lately entered into an agreement, that from that time forward, when either ſhould fall into paſſion, the party angry ſhould go into another room, and write a note to the other by one of the children, and the perſon writ to, right or wrong, beg pardon; becauſe the writing to avoid paſſion, is in itſelf an act of kindneſs. This little method, with the ſmiles of the meſſengers, and other nameleſs incidents in the management of this correſpondence with the next room, has produced inexpreſſible delight, made our children and ſervants chearful under our care and protection, and made us ourſelves ſenſible of a thouſand good qualities we now ſee in each other, which could not before ſhine out, becauſe of our mutual impatience.

Your humble ſervants,

PHILIP and MARY.

P. S. Since the above, my wife is gone out of the room, and writes word by Billy that ſhe would have in the above letter, the words 'jangling of ours,' changed into the words, 'theſe our frequent debates.' I allow of the amendment, and deſire you would underſtand accordingly, that we never Jangled, but went into Frequent Debates, which were always held in a Committee of the whole houſe.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SAGACIOUS SIR,

WE married men reckon ourſelves under your ward, as well as thoſe who live in a leſs regular condition. You muſt know I have a wife, who is one of thoſe good women

who are never very angry or very much pleaſed. My dear is rather inclined to the former, and will walk about in ſoliloquy, dropping ſentences to herſelf of management, ſaying, ſhe will ſay nothing, but ſhe knows when her head is laid what—and the reſt of that kind of expreſſions. I am never inquiſitive to know what is her grievance, becauſe I know it is only conſtitution. I call her by the kind appellation of My gentle Murmur, and I am ſo uſed to hear her, that I believe I could not ſleep without it. It would not be amiſs if you communicated this to the public, that many who think their wives angry, may know they are only not pleaſed, and that very many come into this world, and go out of it at a very good old age, without having ever been much tranſported with joy or grief in their whole lives.

Your humble ſervant,

ARTHUR SMOOTH.

MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

I AM now three and twenty, and in the utmoſt perplexity how to behave myſelf towards a gentleman, whom my father has admitted to viſit me as a lover. I plainly perceive my father deſigns to take the advantage of his paſſion towards me, and require terms of him which will make him fly off. I have orders to be cold to him in all my behaviour; but if you inſert this letter in the Guardian, he will know that the diſtance is conſtrained. I love him better than life, am ſatisfied with the offer he has made, and deſire him to ſtick to it, that he may not hereafter think he has purchaſed me too dear. My mother knows I love him ſo, that my father muſt comply. Your thankful ward,

SUSANNA——

P. S. I give my ſervice to him, and deſire the ſettlement may be ſuch as ſhows I have my thoughts fixed upon my happineſs in being his wife, rather than his widow*.

No. LXXIV. FRIDAY, JUNE 5.

Magne parens, ſancta quam majeſtate verendus! BUCH.
Great parent! how majeſtic! how adorable!

I WILL make no apology for preferring this letter, and the extract following, to any thing elſe which I could poſſibly inſert.

SIR, CAMBRIDGE, MAY, 31.

YOU having been pleaſed to take notice of what you conceived excellent in ſome of our Engliſh divines, I have here preſumed to ſend a ſpecimen, which, if I am not miſtaken, may, for acuteneſs of judgment, ornament of ſpeech, and true ſublime, compare with any of the choiceſt writings of the church, who lived neareſt to the apoſtles times. The ſubject is no leſs than that of God himſelf; and the deſign, beſides doing ſome honour to our own nation, is to ſhew by a freſh example, to what a height and ſtrength of thought a perſon who appears not to be by nature endued with the quickeſt parts, may arrive through a ſincere and ſteady practice of the Chriſtian religion, I mean, as taught and adminiſtered in the church of England: which will, at the ſame time, prove that the force of ſpiritual aſſiſtance is not at all abated by length of time, or the iniquity of mankind; but that if men were not wanting to themſelves, and (as our excellent author ſpeaks) could but be perſuaded to conform to our church's rules, they might ſtill live as the primitive Chriſtians did, and come ſhort of none of thoſe eminent ſaints for virtue and holineſs. The author from whom this collection is made, is Biſhop Beveridge, Vol. II. Serm. i. †

PHILOTHEUS.

In treating upon that paſſage in the book of Exodus, where Moſes being ordered to lead the children of Iſrael out of Egypt, he aſked God what name he ſhould mention him by to that people; in order to diſpoſe them to obey Him; and God anſwered, *I Am that I Am*; and bade him

* *See* N° 10, N° 15, *and* Notes.

† "*One hundred and fifty Sermons and Diſcourſes on ſeveral ſubjects.*" *Lond.* 1708. 12 *vols*, 8*vo*. *Reprinted* Ibidem, 1719. 2 *vols*, folio. *The author of theſe poſthumous publications was born at Barrow in Leiceſterſhire, in* 1638; *and died at his lodgings in the Cloiſters in Weſtminſter-Abbey, in the* 71*ſt year of his age, March* 5, 1707-8, *about three years and an half after his promotion to the ſee of St. Aſaph. Much cannot be ſaid for the ſolidity of this prelate's reaſonings, the judicioufneſs of his expoſitions, or the elegant ſtyle and taſte of his writings; but his honeſty and goodneſs will always be had in reverence.*

tell them, *I Am hath ſent me unto you*; the admirable author thus diſcourſes: 'GOD having 'been pleaſed to reveal himſelf to us under this 'name or title, *I am that I am*, He thereby 'ſuggeſts to us, that he would not have 'us apprehend of Him, as of any particular 'or limited Being, but as *a Being in general*, 'or *the Being of all beings*; who giveth *being* 'to, and therefore exerciſeth authority over all, 'things in the world. He did not anſwer Mo'ſes, I am the great, the living, the true, the 'everlaſting God; he did not ſay, I am the 'almighty Creator, Preſerver and Governor of 'the whole world, but *I Am that I am*: inti'mating, that if Moſes deſired ſuch a name of 'God as might fully deſcribe his nature as in 'itſelf, that is a thing impoſſible, there being 'no words to be found in any language, 'whereby to expreſs the glory of an infinite 'Being, eſpecially ſo as that finite creatures 'ſhould be able fully to conceive it. Yet, 'however, in theſe words He is pleaſed to ac'quaint us what kind of thoughts he would 'have us entertain of him: inſomuch, that 'could we but rightly apprehend what is couch'ed under and intended by them, we ſhould 'doubtleſs have as high and true conception of 'God as it is poſſible for creatures to have. ——The anſwer given ſuggeſts farther to us theſe following notions of the moſt high God. 'Firſt, that he is *one Being*, exiſting *in and of* '*himſelf*: his *unity* is implied in that he ſaith, '*I*; his *exiſtence*, in that he ſaith, *I Am*; his '*exiſtence in and of himſelf*, in that he ſaith, *I* '*Am that I am*, that is, *I am in and of myſelf*, 'not receiving any thing from, nor depending 'upon any other——The ſame expreſſion im'plies, that as *GOD is only One*, ſo that He is '*a moſt pure and ſimple Being*; for here, we 'ſee, He admits nothing into the manifeſtation 'of himſelf but *pure eſſence*, ſaying, *I Am that* '*I Am*, that is, *Being itſelf*, without any mix'ture or compoſition. And therefore we muſt 'not conceive of *GOD*, as made up of ſeveral 'parts, or faculties, or ingredients, but only 'as *One* who *is that He is*, and whatſoever *is in* '*Him, is Himſelf*: and although we read of ſe'veral properties attributed to Him in Scrip'ture, as *wiſdom, goodneſs, juſtice*, &c. we 'muſt not apprehend them to be ſeveral pow'ers, habits, or qualities, as they are in us; 'for as they are in *GOD*, they are neither diſ'tinguiſhed from one another, nor from his '*nature* or *eſſence*, in whom they are ſaid to be. 'In whom, I ſay, they are ſaid to be: for 'to ſpeak properly, they are not *in Him*, but 'are his very *eſſence*, or *nature itſelf*; which 'acting ſeverally upon ſeveral objects, ſeems to 'us to act from ſeveral properties or perfections 'in Him; whereas all the difference is only in 'our different apprehenſions of the ſame thing. 'GOD in himſelf is a *moſt ſimple and pure act* '*itſelf*; which ſeeing it bringeth upon every 'creature what it deſerves, we conceive of it 'as of ſeveral divine perfections in the ſame 'Almighty Being. Whereas *GOD*, whoſe 'underſtanding is infinite as Himſelf, doth not 'apprehend himſelf under the diſtinct notions 'of *wiſdom*, or *goodneſs*, or *juſtice*, or the like, 'but only as *Jehovah*: and therefore, in this 'place, he doth not ſay, *I am wiſe*, or *juſt*, or '*good*, but ſimply, *I am that I am*.'

Having thus offered at ſomething towards the explication of the firſt of theſe myſterious ſayings in the anſwer *God* made to *Moſes*, when he deſigned to encourage him to lead his people out of *Egypt*, he proceeds to conſider the other, whereby *GOD* calls himſelf abſolutely *I AM*. Concerning which he takes notice, that 'though '*I AM* be commonly a verb of the firſt perſon, 'yet it is here uſed as a noun ſubſtantive, or 'proper name, and is the nominative caſe to 'another verb of the third perſon in theſe words '—*I Am hath ſent me unto you*. A ſtrange ex'preſſion! But when *GOD* ſpeaks of himſelf, 'He cannot be confined to grammar rules, be'ing infinitely above and beyond the reach of 'all languages in the world. And therefore it 'is no wonder that when he would reveal 'Himſelf, he goes out of our common way of 'ſpeaking one to another, and expreſſeth Him'ſelf in a way peculiar to himſelf, and ſuch as 'is ſuitable and proper to his own nature and 'glory.

'Hence, therefore, as when He ſpeaks of '*Himſelf* and his own *eternal eſſence*, he ſaith— '*I Am that I Am*; ſo when He ſpeaks of *Himſelf*, 'with reference to his creatures, and eſpecially 'to his people, he ſaith—*I am*. He doth not 'ſay—*I am their light, their life, their guide,* '*their ſtrength, or tower*; but only—*I am*: he 'ſets, as it were, his hand to a blank, that 'his people may write under it what they 'pleaſe that is good for them. As if He ſhould

'ſay—*Are they weak? I am ſtrength. Are they poor? I am riches. Are they in trouble? I am comfort. Are they ſick? I am health. Are they dying? I am life. Have they nothing? I am all things.* I am *wiſdom and power*, I am *juſtice and mercy*, I am *grace and goodneſs*, I am *glory, beauty, holineſs, eminency, ſupereminency, perfection, all-ſufficiency, eternity, Jehovah, I Am. Whatſoever is ſuitable to their nature, or convenient for them in their ſeveral conditions, that I Am: whatſoever is amiable in itſelf, or deſirable unto them, that I am: whatſoever is pure and holy, whatſoever is great or pleaſant, whatſoever is good or needful to make men happy, that I Am.* So that, in ſhort, *GOD* here repreſents himſelf unto us as an *Univerſal Good*, and leaves us to make the application of it to ourſelves, according to our ſeveral wants, capacities, and deſires, by ſaying only in general—*I Am.*'

Again, page 27, he thus diſcourſes: 'There is more ſolid joy and comfort, more real delight and ſatisfaction of mind, in one ſingle thought of *GOD*, rightly formed, than all the riches, and honours, and pleaſures of this world, put them all together, are able to afford—Let us then call in all our ſcattered thoughts from all things here below, and raiſe them up and unite them all to the moſt High *GOD*; apprehending him under the idea, image, or likeneſs of any thing elſe, but as infinitely greater, and higher, and better than all things; as one exiſting *in* and *of himſelf*, and giving eſſence and exiſtence to all things in the world beſides Himſelf; as one ſo *pure* and *ſimple*, that there is nothing in *Him* but *Himſelf*, but *Eſſence* and *Being itſelf*; as one ſo *infinite* and *omnipotent*, that whereſoever any thing elſe is in the whole world, there *He* is, and beyond the world where nothing elſe is, there all things are, becauſe *He* is there, as one ſo *wiſe*, ſo *knowing*, ſo *omniſcient*, that He at this very moment, and always, ſees what all the angels are doing in heaven; what all the fowls are doing in the air; what all the fiſhes are doing in the waters; what all the devils are doing in hell; what all the men and beaſts, and the very inſects, are doing upon earth; as one ſo *powerful* and *omnipotent*, that He can do whatſoever he will, only by willing it ſhould be done; as one ſo *great*, ſo *good*, ſo *glorious*, ſo *immutable*, ſo *tranſcendent*, ſo *infinite*, ſo *incomprehenſible*, ſo *eternal*, what ſhall I ſay? ſo *Jehovah*, that the more we think of Him, the more we admire Him, the more we adore Him, the more we love Him, the more we may and ought: our higheſt conceptions of Him being as much beneath him, as our greateſt ſervices come ſhort of what we owe him.

'Seeing therefore we cannot think of God ſo highly as He is, let us think of Him as highly as we can: and for that end let us get above ourſelves, and above the world, and raiſe our thoughts higher and higher, and higher ſtill; and when we have got them up as high as poſſibly we can, let us apprehend *a Being* infinitely higher than the higheſt of them; and then finding ourſelves at a loſs, amazed, confounded, at ſuch an infinite height of infinite perfections, let us fall down in humble and hearty deſires to be freed from thoſe dark priſons wherein we are now immured, that we may take our flight into eternity, and there (through the merits of our bleſſed Saviour) ſee this infinite Being *face to face*, and enjoy Him for ever.'

No. LXXV. SATURDAY, JUNE 6.

Hic eſt, aut nuſquam, quod quærimus. HOR. EP. 17. L. I. V. 39.

——Here or no where, may we hope to find
What we deſire. CREECH.

THIS paper ſhall conſiſt of extracts from two great divines, but of very different genius. The one is to be admired for convincing the underſtanding, the other for inflaming the heart. The former urges us in this plain and forcible manner to an

enquiry into religion, and practising its precepts.

'Suppose the world began some time to be; 'it must either be made by counsel and design, 'that is, produced by some Being that knew 'what it did, that did contrive it and frame it 'as it is; which it is easy to conceive, a Be- 'ing that is infinitely good and wise, and pow- 'erful, might do: but this is to own a God. 'Or else the matter of it being supposed to have 'been always, and in continual motion and 'tumult, it at last happened to fall into this 'order, and the parts of matter, after various 'agitations, were at length entangled and 'knit together in this order, in which we see 'the world to be. But can any man think this 'reasonable to imagine, that in the infinite va- 'riety which is in the world, all things should 'happen by chance, as well and as orderly as 'the greatest wisdom could have contrived 'them? Whoever can believe this, must do it 'with his will, and not with his understand- 'ing.

'Supposing the reasons for and against the 'principles of religion were equal, yet the 'danger and hazard is so unequal, as would 'sway a prudent man to the affirmative. Sup- 'pose a man believe there is no God, nor life 'after this, and suppose he be in the right, but 'not certain that he is, (for that I am sure in 'this case is impossible) all the advantage he 'hath by this opinion relates only to this 'world, and this present time; for he cannot 'be the better for it when he is not. Now 'what advantage will it be to him in this life; 'He shall have the more liberty to do what he 'pleaseth; that is, it furnisheth him with a 'stronger temptation to be intemperate, and 'lustful, and unjust, that is, to do those 'things which prejudice his body and his 'health, which cloud his reason, and darken 'his understanding, which will make him 'enemies in the world; will bring him into 'danger. So that it is no advantage to any 'man to be vicious; and yet this is the great- 'est use that is made of atheistical principles, 'to comfort men in their vicious courses. But 'if thou hast a mind to be virtuous, and tem- 'perate, and just, the belief of the principles 'of religion will be no obstacle, but a further- 'ance to thee in this course. All the advan- 'tage a man can hope for by disbelieving the 'principles of religion, is to escape trouble 'and persecution in this world, which may 'happen to him upon account of religion. But 'supposing there be a God and a life after this; 'then what a vast difference is there of the con- 'sequences of these opinions? As much as be- 'tween finite and infinite, time and eternity.

'To persuade men to believe the scriptures, 'I only offer this to men's consideration. If 'there be a God, whose providence governs 'the world, and all the creatures in it, is it not 'reasonable to think that he hath a particular 'care of men, the noblest part of this visible 'world? And seeing he hath made them ca- 'pable of eternal duration; that he hath pro- 'vided for their eternal happiness, and suffi- 'ciently revealed to them the way to it, and 'the terms and conditions of it! Now let any 'man produce any book in the world, that 'pretends to be from God, and to do this; 'that for the matter of it is so worthy of God, 'the doctrines whereof are so useful, and the 'precepts so reasonable, and the arguments so 'powerful, the truth of all which was con- 'firmed by so many great and unquestionable 'miracles, the relation of which has been 'transmitted to posterity in public and authen- 'tic records, written by those who were eye 'and ear witnesses of what they wrote, and 'free from suspicion of any worldly interest and 'design; let any produce a book like to 'this, in all these respects; and which, over 'and besides, hath by the power and reasona- 'bleness of the doctrines contained in it, pre- 'vailed so miraculously in the world, by weak 'and inconsiderable means, in opposition to all 'the wit and power of the world, and under 'such discouragements as no other religion was 'ever assaulted with; let any man bring forth 'such a book, and he hath my leave to believe 'it as soon as the Bible. But if there be none 'such, as I am well assured there is not, then 'every one that thinks God hath revealed him- 'self to men, ought to embrace and entertain 'the doctrine of the Holy Scriptures, as re- 'vealed by God.

'And now having presented men with such 'arguments and considerations as are proper, 'and, I think, sufficient to induce belief, I 'think it not unreasonable to intreat and urge

'men diligently and impartially to conſider 'theſe matters; and if there be weight in theſe 'conſiderations to ſway reaſonable men, that 'they would not ſuffer themſelves to be biaſſed 'by prejudice or paſſion, or intereſt, to a con-'trary perſuaſion. Thus much I may with 'reaſon deſire of men: for though men cannot 'believe what they will, yet men may, if 'they will, conſider things ſeriouſly and im-'partially, and yield or withhold their aſſent, 'as they ſhall ſee cauſe, after a thorough 'ſearch and examination.

'If any man will offer a ſerious argument 'againſt any of the principles of religion, and 'will debate the matter ſoberly, as one that 'conſiders the infinite conſequences of theſe 'things one way or other, and would gladly 'be ſatisfied, he deſerves to be heard what he 'can ſay; but if a man will turn religion into 'raillery, and confute it by two or three bold 'jeſts, he doth not make religion, but himſelf, 'ridiculous, in the opinion of all conſiderate 'men, becauſe he ſports with his life.

'So that it concerns every man that would 'not trifle away his ſoul, and fool himſelf into 'irrevocable miſery, with the greateſt ſeriouſ-'neſs to enquire into theſe things, whether 'they be ſo or no, and patiently to conſider 'the arguments that are brought for them.

'And when you are examining theſe mat-'ters, do not take into conſideration any ſen-'ſual or worldly intereſt; but deal fairly and 'impartially with yourſelves. Think with 'yourſelves that you have not the making of 'things true and falſe, that the principles of 'religion are either true or falſe, before you 'think of them. The truth of things is al-'ready fixed; either there is a God, or no 'God; either your ſouls are immortal, or 'they are not; either the Scriptures are a di-'vine revelation, or an impoſture; one of 'theſe is certain and neceſſary, and they are 'not now to be altered: things will not com-'ply with your conceits, and bend themſelves 'to your intereſts; therefore do not think 'what you would have to be; but conſider 'impartially what is.'

The other great writer is particularly uſeful in his rapturous ſoliloquies, wherein he thinks of the Deity with the higheſt admiration, and beholds himſelf with the moſt contrite lowlineſs. 'My preſent buſineſs, ſays he, 'is to 'treat of God, his being, and attributes; but "who is ſufficient for theſe things?" At leaſt, 'who am I, a ſilly worm, that I ſhould take 'upon me to ſpeak of Him, by whom alone 'I ſpeak; and being myſelf but a finite ſin-'ful creature, ſhould ſtrive to unveil the na-'ture of the infinite and moſt holy God! 'Alas! I cannot ſo much as begin to think of 'him, but immediately my thoughts are con-'founded, my heart is perplexed, my mind 'amazed, my head turns round, my whole 'ſoul ſeems to be unhinged and overwhelmed 'within me. His mercy exalts me: His juſ-'tice depreſſeth me. His wiſdom aſtoniſheth 'me. His power affrights me. His glory 'dazzles mine eyes; and "by reaſon of his "highneſs," as Job ſpeaks, 'I cannot en-'dure: but the leaſt glimpſe of Him makes 'me "abhor myſelf, and repent in duſt and "aſhes" before him.'

No. LXXVI. MONDAY, JUNE 8.

——Solòs aio bene vivere, quorum
Conſpicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis. HOR. EP. 15. L. I. V. 45.

——Thoſe are bleſt, and only thoſe,
Whoſe ſtately houſe their hidden treaſure ſhows. CREECH.

I EVER thought it my duty to preſerve peace and love among my Wards. And ſince I have ſet up for an univerſal Guardian, I have laid nothing more to heart than the differences and quarrels between the landed and the trading intereſts of my country, which indeed comprehend the whole. I ſhall always contribute, to the utmoſt of my power, to reconcile theſe intereſts to each other, and to make them both ſenſible that their mutual happineſs depends upon their being friends.

They mutually furniſh each other with all

the neceſſaries and conveniencies of life; the land ſupplies the traders with corn, cattle, wool, and generally all the materials, either for their ſubſiſtence or their riches; the traders in return provide the gentlemen with houſes, cloaths, and many other things, without which their life at beſt would be uncomfortable. Yet theſe very intereſts are almoſt always claſhing; the traders conſider every high duty upon any part of their trade, as proceeding from jealouſy in the gentlemen of their rivalling them too faſt; and they are often enemies on this account. The gentlemen, on the other hand, think they can never lay too great a burden upon trade, though in every thing they eat, and drink, and wear, they are ſure to bear the greateſt part themſelves.

I ſhall endeavour, as much as poſſible, to remove this emulation between the parties; and, in the firſt place, to convince the traders that in many inſtances high duties may be laid upon their imports to enlarge the general trade of the kingdom. For example, if there ſhould be laid a prohibition, or high duties which ſhall amount to a prohibition, upon the imports from any other country which takes from us a million ſterling every year, and returns us nothing elſe but manufactures for the conſumption of our own people, it is certain this ought to be conſidered as the increaſe of our trade in general; for if we want theſe manufactures we ſhall either make them ourſelves, or, which is the ſame thing, import them from other countries in exchange for our own; in either of which caſes our foreign or inland trade is enlarged, and ſo many more of our own people are employed and ſubſiſted for that money which was annually exported; that is, in all probability, a hundred and fifty thouſand of our people, for the yearly ſum of one million. If our traders would conſider many of our prohibitions or high duties in this light, they would think their country and themſelves obliged to the landed intereſt for theſe reſtraints.

Again, gentlemen are too apt to envy the traders every ſum of money they import and gain from abroad, as if it was ſo much loſs to themſelves; but if they could be convinced, that for every million that ſhall be imported and gained by the traders, more than twice that ſum is gained by the landed intereſt, they would never be averſe to the trading part of the nation. To convince them, therefore, that this is the fact, ſhall be the remaining part of this diſcourſe.

Let us ſuppoſe then, that a million, or, if you pleaſe, that twenty millions were to be imported, and gained by trade, to what uſes could it be applied? and which would be the greateſt gainers, the landed or the trading intereſt? Suppoſe it to be twenty millions.

It cannot at all be doubted, that a part of the aforementioned ſum would be laid out in luxury, ſuch as the magnificence of buildings, the plate and furniture of houſes, jewels, and rich apparel, the elegance of diet, the ſplendor of coaches and equipage, and ſuch other things as are an expence to the owners, and bring in no manner of profit. But becauſe it is ſeldom ſeen that perſons who by great induſtry have gained eſtates are extravagant in their luxury, and becauſe the revenue muſt be ſtill ſufficient to ſupport the annual expence, it is hard to conceive that more than two of the twenty millions can be converted into this dead ſtock, at leaſt eighteen muſt ſtill be left to raiſe an annual intereſt to the owners; and the revenue from the eighteen millions, at ſix per centum, will be little more than one million per annum.

Again, a part of the twenty millions is very likely to be converted to increaſe the ſtock of our inland trade, in which is comprehended that upon all our farms. This is the trade which provides for the annual conſumption of our people, and a ſtock of the value of two years conſumption is generally believed to be ſufficient for this purpoſe. If the eighteen millions above-mentioned will not raiſe a revenue of more than one million per annum, it is certain that no more than this laſt value can be added to our annual conſumption, and that two of the twenty millions will be ſufficient to add to the ſtock of our inland trade.

Our foreign trade is conſidered upon another foot; for though it provides in part for the annual conſumption of our own people, it provides alſo for the conſumption of foreign nations. It exports our ſuperfluous manufactures, and ſhould make returns of bullion, or other durable treaſure. Our foreign trade, for forty years laſt paſt, in the judgment of the moſt intelligent perſons, has been managed by a ſtock not leſs than four, and not exceeding eight millions, with which laſt ſum they think it is driven at this time, and that it

cannot be carried much farther, unleſs our merchants ſhall endeavour to open a trade to 'Terra Auſtralis Incognita,' or ſome place that would be equivalent. It will therefore be a very large allowance, that one of the twenty millions can be added to the capital ſtock of our foreign trade.

There may be another way of raiſing intereſt; that is, by laying up, at a cheap time, corn or other goods or manufactures that will keep, for the conſumption of future years, and when the markets may happen to call for them at an advanced price. But as moſt goods are periſhable, and waſte ſomething every year, by which means a part of the principal is ſtill loſt, and as it is ſeldom ſeen that theſe engroſſers get more than their principal, and the common intereſt of their money, this way is ſo precarious and full of hazard, that it is very unlikely any more than three of the twenty millions will be applied to engroſſing. It were to be wiſhed the engroſſers were more profitable traders for themſelves; they are certainly very beneficial for the commonwealth; they are a market for the rich in a time of plenty, and ready at hand with relief for the poor in a time of dearth. They prevent the exportation of many neceſſaries of life, when they are very cheap, ſo that we are not at the charge of bringing them back again, when they are very dear. They ſave the money that is paid to foreign countries for intereſt and warehouſe-room; but there is ſo much hazard, and ſo little profit, in this buſineſs, that if twenty millions were to be imported, ſcarce three of them would be applied to the making magazines for the kingdom.

If any of the money ſhould be lent at intereſt to perſons that ſhall apply the ſame to any of the purpoſes above-mentioned, it is ſtill the ſame thing. If I have given good reaſons for what I have ſaid, no more than eight of the twenty millions can be applied either to our ſtock of luxury, our ſtock in inland or foreign trade, or our ſtores or magazines. So that ſtill there will remain twelve millions, which are now no otherwiſe to be diſpoſed of than in buying of lands or houſes, or our new parliamentary funds, or in being lent out at intereſt upon mortgages of thoſe ſecurities, or to perſons who have no other ways to repay the value than by part of the things themſelves.

The queſtion then is what effect theſe twelve millions will have towards reducing the intereſt of money, or raiſing the value of eſtates; for as the former grows leſs, the latter will ever riſe in proportion. For example, while the intereſt of money is five per cent. per annum, a man lends two thouſand pounds to raiſe a revenue of one hundred pounds per annum, by the intereſt of his money; and, for the ſame reaſon, he gives two thouſand pounds, or more, to purchaſe an eſtate of one hundred pounds per annum. Again, if the intereſt of money ſhall fall one per cent. he muſt be forced to lend two thouſand four hundred pounds to gain the revenue of one hundred pounds per annum, and for the ſame reaſon he muſt give at leaſt two thouſand four hundred pounds to purchaſe an eſtate of the ſame yearly rent. Therefore, if theſe twelve millions newly gained ſhall reduce one per cent. of the preſent intereſt of money, they muſt of neceſſity increaſe every eſtate at leaſt four years value in the purchaſe.

It is ever eaſier to meet with men that will borrow money than ſell their eſtates. An evidence of this is, that we never have ſo good a revenue by buying as by lending. The firſt thing, therefore, that will be attempted with theſe twelve millions, is to lend money to thoſe that want it. This can hardly fail of reducing one per cent. of the preſent intereſt of money, and conſequently of raiſing every eſtate four years value in the purchaſe.

For, in all probability, all the money or value now in England, not applied to any of the uſes above-mentioned, and which therefore lies dead, or affords no revenue to the owners, until it can be diſpoſed of to ſuch uſes, doth not exceed twelve millions; yet this ſum, whatever it is, is ſufficent to keep down money to the preſent intereſt, and to hold up lands to their preſent value. One would imagine, then, if this ſum ſhould be doubled, if twelve millions extraordinary ſhould be added to it, they ſhould reduce half the preſent intereſt of money, and double the preſent value of eſtates. But it will eaſily be allowed they muſt reduce one per cent of the preſent intereſt of money, and add the value of four years rent to the purchaſe of every eſtate.

To confirm the belief of this, an argument might be taken from what really happened in the province of Holland before the year one

thouſand ſix hundred and ſeventy. I think it is in Sir William Temple's Obſervations upon the United Netherlands. The government there was indebted about thirteen millions, and paid the intereſt of five per cent. per annum. They had got a ſum of money, I think not above a million, with which they prepared to diſcharge ſuch a part of the principal. The creditors were ſo unable to find ſo good an intereſt elſewhere, that they petitioned the States to keep their money, with an abatement of one per cent. of their intereſt. The ſame money was offered to the ſame number of other creditors with the ſame ſucceſs, until one per cent. of their whole intereſt was abated, yet at laſt ſuch a part of the principal was diſcharged. And when this ſum came to be lent to private perſons it had the ſame effect; there one per cent. of the common intereſt was abated throughout the whole province, as well between ſubject and ſubject, as between ſubject and governors. And nothing is ſo notorious, as that the value of lands in that country has riſen in proportion, and that eſtates are ſold there for thirty years value of their whole rents. It is not then to be doubted, that twelve millions extraordinary to be lent at intereſt, or purchaſe lands or government ſecurities, muſt have the like effect in England, at leaſt that lands will riſe four years rent in every purchaſe above their preſent value. And how great an improvement muſt this be of the landed intereſt?

The rents of England according to the proportion of the Land-Tax, ſhould be little more than eight millions, yet perhaps they may be twelve. If there is made an addition of four years value in every purchaſe; this, upon all the rents of England, amounts to forty-eight millions. So that by the importation and clear gain of twenty millions by trade, the landed-intereſt gains an improvement of forty-eight millions, at leaſt ſix times as much as all other intereſts joined together.

I ſhould think this argument which I have endeavoured to ſet in a clear light, muſt needs be ſufficient to ſhew that the landed and the trading intereſts cannot in reality but be friends to each other. *

No. LXXVII. TUESDAY, JUNE 9.

——*Certum voto pete finem.* HOR. EP. 2. L. I. V. 56.

——*To wiſhes fix an end.* CREECH.

THE Writers of Morality aſſign two ſorts of Goods, the one is in itſelf deſirable, the other is to be deſired, not on account of its own excellency, but for the ſake of ſome other thing which it is inſtrumental to obtain. Theſe are uſually diſtinguiſhed by the appellations of End and Means. We are prompted by nature to deſire the former, but that we have any appetite for the latter is owing to choice and deliberation.

But as wiſe men engage in the purſuit of means, from a farther view of ſome natural good with which they are connected; fools, who are actuated by imitation and not by reaſon, blindly purſue the means, without any deſign or proſpect of applying them. The reſult whereof is, that they entail upon themſelves the anxiety and toil, but are debarred from the ſubſequent delights which ariſe to wiſer men; ſince their views not reaching the end, terminate in thoſe things, which, although they have a relative goodneſs, yet conſidered abſolutely, are indifferent, or, it may be, evil.

The principle of this miſconduct is a certain ſhort-ſightedneſs of the mind: and as this defect is branched forth into innumerable errors in life, and hath infected all ranks and conditions of men; ſo it more eminently appears in three ſpecies, the Critics, Miſers, and Free-thinkers. I ſhall endeavour to make good this obſervation with regard to each of them. And firſt of the Critic.

Profit and pleaſure are the ends that a reaſonable creature would propoſe to obtain by ſtudy, or indeed by any other undertaking. Thoſe parts of learning which relate to the imagination, as eloquence and poetry, produce an immediate pleaſure in the mind. And ſublime and uſeful truths, when they are conveyed in apt allegories, or beautiful images, make diſtinct and

* *This Paper, N° 76, is aſcribed to* STEELE: *but moſt probably it was written by Mr. Henry Martyn. See* SPECT. *N° 155, Note on Mr. H. Martyn;* GUARD. *N° 10, N°. 15, and* Notes.

laſting impreſſions; by which means the fancy becomes ſubſervient to the underſtanding, and the mind is at the ſame time delighted and inſtructed. The exerciſe of the underſtanding in the diſcovery of truth, is likewiſe attended with great pleaſure, as well as immediate profit. It not only ſtrengthens our faculties, purifies the ſoul, ſubdues the paſſions; but beſides theſe advantages, there is always a ſecret joy that flows from intellectual operations, proportioned to the nobleneſs of the faculty, and not the leſs affecting becauſe inward and unſeen.

But the mere exerciſe of the memory as ſuch, inſtead of bringing pleaſure or immediate benefit, is a thing of vain irkſomeneſs and fatigue, eſpecially when employed in the acquiſition of languages, which is, of all others, the moſt dry and painful occupation. There muſt be therefore ſomething further propoſed, or wiſe men would never engage in it. And, indeed, the very reaſon of the thing plainly intimates that the motives which firſt drew men to affect a knowledge in dead tongues, was that they looked on them as means to convey more uſeful and entertaining knowledge into their minds.

There are nevertheleſs certain critics, who, ſeeing that Greek and Latin are in requeſt, join in a thoughtleſs purſuit of thoſe languages, without any farther view. They look on the ancient authors, but it is with an eye to phraſeology, or certain minute particulars which are valuable for no other reaſon but becauſe they are deſpiſed and forgotten by the reſt of mankind. The divine maxims of morality, the exact pictures of human life, the profound diſcoveries in the arts and ſciences, juſt thoughts, bright images, ſublime ſentiments, are overlooked while the mind is learnedly taken up in verbal remarks.

Was a critic ever known to read Plato with a contemplative mind, or Cicero, in order to imbibe the noble ſentiments of virtue and public ſpirit which are conſpicuous in the writings of that great man; or to peruſe the Greek or Roman hiſtories, with an intention to form his own life upon the plan of the illuſtrious patterns they exhibit to our view? Plato wrote in Greek. Cicero's Latin is fine. And it often lies in a man's way to quote the ancient hiſtorians.

There is no entertainment upon earth more noble and befitting a reaſonable mind, than the peruſal of good authors; or that better qualifies a man to paſs his life with ſatisfaction to himſelf, or advantage to the public. But where men of ſhort views and mean ſouls give themſelves to that ſort of employment which nature never deſigned them for, they, indeed, keep one another in countenance; but inſtead of cultivating and adorning their own minds, or acquiring an ability to be uſeful to the world, they reap no other advantage from their labours than the dry conſolation ariſing from the applauſes they beſtow upon each other.

And the ſame weakneſs, or defect of the mind from whence pedantry takes its riſe, does likewiſe give birth to avarice. Words and money are both to be regarded as only marks of things. And as the knowledge of the one, ſo the poſſeſſion of the other, is of no uſe, unleſs directed to a further end. A mutual commerce could not be carried on among men, if ſome common ſtandard had not been agreed upon, to which the value of all the various products of art and nature were reducible, and which might be of the ſame uſe in the conveyance of property, as words are in that of ideas. Gold by its beauty, ſcarceneſs, and durable nature, ſeems deſigned by Providence to a purpoſe ſo excellent and advantageous to mankind. Upon theſe conſiderations that metal came firſt into eſteem. But ſuch who cannot ſee beyond what is neareſt in the purſuit, beholding mankind touched with an affection for gold, and being ignorant of the true reaſon that introduced this odd paſſion into human nature, imagine ſome intrinſic worth in the metal to be the cauſe of it. Hence the ſame men who, had they been turned towards learning, would have employed themſelves in laying up words in their memory, are by a different application employed to as much purpoſe in treaſuring up gold in their coffers. They differ only in the object; the principle on which they act, and the inward frame of mind, is the ſame in the critic and the miſer.

And upon a thorough obſervation, our modern ſect of free-thinkers will be found to labour under the ſame defect with thoſe two inglorious ſpecies. Their ſhort views are terminated in the next objects, and their ſpecious pretences for liberty and truth are ſo many inſtances of miſtaking the means for the end. But the ſetting theſe points in a clear light muſt be the ſubject of another paper. *

* *This paper N°. 77. is aſcribed to Biſhop Berkeley, on the authority of his ſon, the Rev. George Berkeley, formerly ſtudent of Chriſt Church, and Vicar of Bray in Oxfordſhire. MS. Letter.*

No. LXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, MAY 10.

———*Docebo*
Unde parentur opes; quid alat, formetque poetam.
HOR. ARS. POET. v. 306.

———*I will teach to write,*
Tell what the duty of a poet is,
Wherein his wealth and ornament conſiſt,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd. ROSCOMMON.

IT is no ſmall pleaſure to me, who am zealous in the intereſts of learning, to think I may have the honour of leading the town into a very new and uncommon road of criticiſm. As that kind of literature is at preſent carried on, it conſiſts only in a knowledge of mechanic rules, which contribute to the ſtructure of different ſorts of poetry; as the receipts of good houſewives do to the making puddings of flour, oranges, plumbs, or any other ingredients. It would, methinks, make theſe my inſtructions more eaſily intelligible to ordinary readers, if I diſcourſed of theſe matters in the ſtile in which ladies learned in œconomics dictate to their pupils for the improvement of the kitchen and larder.

I ſhall begin with Epick Poetry, becauſe the critics agree it is the greateſt work human nature is capable of. I know the French have laid down many mechanical rules for compoſitions of this ſort, but at the ſame time they cut off almoſt all undertakers from the poſſibility of ever performing them; for the firſt qualification they unanimouſly require in a poet, is a genius. I ſhall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifeſt, that Epick Poems may be made 'without a genius,' nay without learning or much reading. This muſt neceſſarily be of great uſe to all thoſe poets who confeſs they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. What Moliere obſerves of making a dinner, that any man can do it with money, and if a profeſt cook cannot without, he has his art for nothing *; the ſame may be ſaid of making a poem, it is eaſily brought about by him that has a genius, but the ſkill lies in doing it without one. In purſuance of this end, I ſhall preſent the reader with a plain and certain receipt, by which even ſonneteers and ladies may be qualified for this grand performance.

I know it will be objected, that one of the chief qualifications of an Epick Poet, is to be knowing in all arts and ſciences. But this ought not to diſcourage thoſe that have no learning, as long as indexes and dictionaries may be had, which are the compendium of all knowledge. Beſides, ſince it is an eſtabliſhed rule, that none of the terms of thoſe arts and ſciences are to be made uſe of, one may venture to affirm, our poet cannot impertinently offend in this point. The learning which will be more particularly neceſſary to him is the ancient geography of towns, mountains, and rivers: for this let him take Cluverius, value four-pence.

Another quality required is a complete ſkill in languages. To this I anſwer, that it is notorious perſons of no genius have been oftentimes great linguiſts. To inſtance in the Greek, of which there are two ſorts; the original Greek, and that from which our modern authors tranſlate. I ſhould be unwilling to promiſe impoſſibilities; but, modeſtly ſpeaking, this may be learned in about an hour's time with eaſe. I have known one, who became a ſudden profeſſor of Greek, immediately upon application of the left-hand page of the Cambridge Homer to his eyes. It is, in theſe days, with authors as with other men, the well-bred are familiarly acquainted with them at firſt ſight; and as it is ſufficient for a good general to have ſurveyed the ground he is to conquer, ſo it is enough for a good poet to have ſeen the author he is to be maſter of. But to proceed to the purpoſe of this paper.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPICK POEM.

FOR THE FABLE.

Take out of any old poem, hiſtory-book, romance, or legend, for inſtance, Geffry of Mon-

* *The meaning is,* his art is good for nothing.

mouth, or Don Belianis of Greece) thoſe parts of ſtory which afford moſt ſcope for long deſcriptions; put theſe pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may chuſe for the ſound of his name, and put him into the midſt of theſe adventures: there let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being neceſſary that the concluſion of an Epic Poem be fortunate.

To make an epiſode. Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of uſe, applied to any other perſon; who may be loſt and evaporate in the courſe of the work, without the leaſt damage to the compoſition.

For the moral and allegory. Theſe you may extract out of the fable afterwards at your leiſure. Be ſure you ſtrain them ſufficiently.

FOR THE MANNERS.

For thoſe of the hero, take all the beſt qualities you can find in all the celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a conſiſtency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be ſure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and, to prevent any miſtake which the world may be ſubject to, ſelect from the alphabet thoſe capital letters that compoſe his name, and ſet him at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not abſolutely obſerve the exact quantity of theſe virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be neceſſary for the hero of a poem to be an honeſt man. For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occaſion ſerves.

FOR THE MACHINES.

Take of Deities, male and female, as many as you can uſe. Separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occaſions to make uſe of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradiſe, and extract your ſpirits from Taſſo. The uſe of theſe machines is evident; for ſince no Epick Poem can poſſibly ſubſiſt without them, the wiſeſt way is to reſerve them for your greateſt neceſſities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourſelf by your own wits, ſeek relief from Heaven, and the Gods will do your buſineſs very readily. This is according to the direct preſcriptions of Horace in his Art of Poetry.—

Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit——— v. 191.

Never preſume to make a god appear.
But for a buſineſs worthy of a god.

ROSCOMMON.

That is to ſay, a poet ſhould never call upon the gods for their aſſiſtance, but when he is in great perplexity.

FOR THE DESCRIPTIONS.

For a tempeſt. Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auſter, and Boreas, and caſt them together in one verſe. Add to theſe of rain, lightning, and of thunder, (the loudeſt you can) *quantum ſufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your deſcription here and there with a quickſand. Brew your tempeſt well in your head before you ſet it a blowing.

For a battle. Pick a large quantity of images and deſcriptions from Homer's Iliad's, with a ſpice or two of Virgil; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a ſkirmiſh. Seaſon it well with ſimiles, and it will make an excellent battle.

For burning a town. If ſuch a deſcription be neceſſary, becauſe it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the Theory of the Conflagration, * well circumſtanced, and done into verſe, will be a good ſuccedaneum.

As for ſimiles and metaphors, they may be found all over the creation, the moſt ignorant may gather them, but the danger is in applying them. For this adviſe with your bookſeller.

FOR THE LANGUAGE.

(I mean the diction.) Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton; for you will find it eaſier to imitate him in this than any thing elſe. Hebraiſms and Greciſms

* *From Lib. III.* De conflagratione Mundi *of* "*Telluris Theoria Sacra*" *publiſhed in* 4*to*, 1689, *by Dr. Thomas Burnet, Maſter of the Charter-Houſe.* *See* SPECT. *N*° 146.

Greciſms are to be found in him, without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter, who (like our poet) had no genius, make his daubings to be thought originals by ſetting them in the ſmoke; you may in the ſame manner give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening it up and down with Old Engliſh. With this you may be eaſily furniſhed, upon any occaſion, by the Dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.

I muſt not conclude, without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point; which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I ſhould adviſe rather to take their warmeſt thoughts, and ſpread them abroad upon the paper; for they are obſerved to cool before they are read *.

No. LXXIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 11.

——Præclara et pulchra minantem
Vivere nec recte, nec ſuaviter. HOR. EP. 8. L. 1. V. 3.

——I make a noiſe, a gaudy ſhow,
I promiſe mighty things, I nobly ſtrive;
Yet what an ill, unpleaſant life I live. CREECH.

IT is an employment worthy a reaſonable creature, to examine into the diſpoſition of men's affections towards each other, and as far as one can, to improve all tendencies to good-nature and charity. No one could be unmoved with this epiſtle, which I received the other day from one of my correſpondents, and which is full of the moſt ardent benevolence.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

I SELDOM read your political, your critical, your ludicrous, or, if you will call them ſo, your polite papers, but, when I obſerve any thing which I think written for the advancement of good-will amongſt men, and laying before them objects of charity, I am very zealous for the promotion of ſo honeſt a deſign. Believe me, Sir, want of wit, or wiſdom, is not the infirmity of this age; it is the ſhameful application of both that is the crying evil. As for my own part, I am always endeavouring at leaſt to be better, rather than richer or wiſer. But I never lamented that I was not a wealthy man ſo heartily as the other day. You muſt underſtand that I now-and-then take a walk of mortification, and paſs a whole day in making myſelf profitably ſad. I for this end viſit the hoſpitals about this city; and when I have rambled about the galleries at Bedlam, and ſeen for an hour the utmoſt of all lamentable objects, human reaſon diſtracted; when I have from grate to grate offered up my prayers for a wretch who has been reviling me; for a figure that has ſeemed petrified with anguiſh; for a man that has held up his face in a poſture of adoration towards Heaven to utter execrations and blaſphemies; I ſay, when I have beheld all theſe things, and thoroughly reflected on them, until I have ſtartled myſelf out of my preſent ill courſe, I have thought fit to paſs to the obſervation of leſs evils, and relieve myſelf by going to thoſe charitable receptacles about this town, appointed only for bodily diſtreſſes. The gay and frolic part of mankind are wholly unacquainted with the numbers of their fellow-creatures, who languiſh under pain and agony, for want of a trifle out of that expence by which thoſe fortunate perſons purchaſe the gratification of a ſuperfluous paſſion or appetite. I ended the laſt of theſe pilgrimages which I made, at St. Thomas's Hoſpital in Southwark. I had ſeen all the variety of woe which can ariſe from the diſtempers which attend human frailty; but the circumſtance which occaſioned this letter, and gave me the quickeſt compaſſion, was beholding a little boy of ten years of age, who was juſt then to be expelled the houſe as incurable. My heart melted within me to think what would become of the poor child, who, as I was informed, had not a farthing in the world, nor father nor mother, nor friend to help it. The infant ſaw my ſorrow for it, and came towards me, and bid me ſpeak that it might die in the houſe.

* *This Paper No. 78, is aſcribed to Pope on the authority of Steele himſelf, who in "The Publiſher to the Reader" tells us, that the Receipt to make an Epic Poem had Mr. Pope for its author.*

Alas!

There are crowds cured in this place, and the ſtrict care taken, in the diſtribution of the charity, for wholeſome food, good phyſic, and tender care in behalf of the patients; but the proviſion is not large enough for thoſe whom they do not deſpair of recovering, which makes it neceſſary to turn out the incurable, for the ſake of thoſe whom they can relieve. I was informed this was the fate of many in a year, as well as of this poor child, who, I ſuppoſe, corrupted away, yet alive in the ſtreets. He was to be ſure removed when he was only capable of giving offence, though avoided when ſtill an object of compaſſion. There are not words to give mankind compunction enough on ſuch an occaſion; but I aſſure you I think the miſerable have a property in the ſuperfluous poſſeſſions of the fortunate; though I deſpair of ſeeing right done them until the day wherein thoſe diſtinctions ſhall ceaſe for ever, and they muſt both give an account for their behaviour under their reſpective ſufferings and enjoyments. However, you would do your part as a Guardian, if you would mention, in the moſt pathetic terms, theſe miſerable objects, and put the good part of the world in mind of exerting the moſt noble benevolence that can be imagined, in alleviating the few remaining moments of the incurable.

A gentleman who belonged to the hoſpital, was ſaying, he believed it would be done as ſoon as mentioned, if it were propoſed that a ward might be erected for the accommodation of ſuch as have no more to do in this world, but reſign themſelves to death. I know no readier way of communicating this thought to the world than by your paper. If you omit to publiſh this, I ſhall never eſteem you to be the man you pretend; and ſo recommending the incurable to your Guardianſhip, I remain, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

PHILANTHROPOS.

It muſt be confeſſed, that if one turns one's eyes round theſe cities of London and Weſtminſter, one cannot overlook the exemplary inſtances of heroic charity, in providing reſtraints for the wicked, inſtructions for the young, food and raiment for the aged, with regard alſo to all other circumſtances and relations of human life; but it is to be lamented that theſe proviſions are made only by the middle kind of people, while thoſe of faſhion and power are raiſed above the ſpecies itſelf, and are unacquainted or unmoved with the calamities of others. But, alas! how monſtrous is this hardneſs of heart? How is it poſſible that the returns of hunger and thirſt ſhould not importune men, though in the higheſt affluence, to conſider the miſeries of their fellow-creatures, who languiſh under neceſſity? But as I hinted juſt now, the diſtinctions of mankind are almoſt wholly to be reſolved into thoſe of the rich and the poor; for as certainly as wealth gives acceptance and grace to all that its poſſeſſor ſays or does, ſo poverty creates diſeſteem, ſcorn, and prejudice, to all the undertakings of the indigent. The neceſſitous man has neither hands, lips, or underſtanding, for his own or friend's uſe, but is in the ſame condition with the ſick, with this difference only, that his is an infection no man will relieve, or aſſiſt; or, if he does, it is ſeldom with ſo much pity as contempt, and rather for the oſtentation of the phyſician, than compaſſion on the patient: it is a circumſtance, wherein a man finds all the good he deſerves inacceſſible, all the ill unavoidable; and the poor hero is as certainly ragged, as the poor villain hanged. Under theſe preſſures the poor man ſpeaks with heſitation, undertakes with irreſolution, and acts with diſappointment: he is ſlighted in mens converſations, overlooked in their aſſemblies, and beaten at their doors. But from whence, alas! has he this treatment? from a creature that has only the ſupply of, but not an exemption from, the wants, for which he deſpiſes him: yet ſuch is the unaccountable inſolence of man, that he will not ſee that he who is ſupported is in the ſame claſs of natural neceſſity with him that wants a ſupport; and to be helped implies to be indigent. In a word, after all you can ſay of a man, conclude that he is rich, and you have made him friends; nor have you utterly overthrown a man in the world's opinion, until you have ſaid he is poor. This is the emphatical expreſſion of praiſe and blame; for men ſo ſtupidly forget their natural impotence and want, that riches

and poverty have taken in our imagination the place of innocence and guilt.

Reflections of this kind do but waſte one's being, without capacity of helping the diſtreſſed; yet though I know no way to do any ſervice to my brethren under ſuch calamities, I cannot help having ſo much reſpect for them as to ſuffer with them in a fruitleſs fellow-feeling *

No. LXXX. FRIDAY, JUNE 12.

——— *Cæleſtibus iræ.* VIRG. ÆN. I. V. 11.
Anger in heavenly minds.

I HAVE found by experience, that it is impoſſible to talk diſtinctly without defining the words of which we make uſe. There is not a term in our language which wants explanation ſo much as the word *Church*. One would think when people utter it, they ſhould have in their minds ideas of virtue and religion; but that important monoſyllable drags all the other words in the language after it, and it is made uſe of to expreſs both praiſe and blame according to the character of him who ſpeaks it. By this means it happens, that no one knows what his neighbour means when he ſays ſuch a one is for or againſt the church. It has happened that the perſon who is ſeen every day at church has not been in the eye of the world a church-man; and he who is very zealous to oblige every man to frequent it, but himſelf, has been held a very good ſon of the church. This prepoſſeſſion is the beſt handle imaginable for politicians to make uſe of for managing the loves and hatreds of mankind to the purpoſes to which they would lead them. But this is not a thing for fools to meddle with, for they only bring diſeſteem upon thoſe whom they attempt to ſerve, when they unſkilfully pronounce terms of art. I have obſerved great evils ariſe from this practice; and not only the cauſe of piety, but alſo the ſecular intereſt of clergymen, has extremely ſuffered by the general unexplained ſignification of the word *Church*.

The Examiner, upon the ſtrength of being a received church-man, has offended in this particular more groſsly than any man ever did before, and almoſt as groſsly as ever he himſelf did, ſuppoſing the allegations in the following letter are juſt. To ſlander any man is a very heinous offence; but the crime is ſtill greater, when it falls upon ſuch as ought to give example to others. I cannot imagine how the Examiner can diveſt any part of the clergy of the reſpect due to their characters, ſo as to treat them as he does, without an indulgence unknown to our religion, though taken up in the name of it, in order to diſparage ſuch of its communicants as will not ſacrifice their conſciences to their fortunes. This confuſion and ſubdiviſion of intereſts and ſentiments among people of the ſame communion, is what would be a very good ſubject of mirth; but when I conſider againſt whom this inſult is committed, I think it too great, and of too ill a conſequence, to be in good humour on the occaſion.

SIR, JUNE 9, 1713.

YOUR character of Univerſal Guardian, joined to the concern you ought to have for the cauſe of virtue and religion, aſſure me you will not think that *clergymen*, when injured, have the leaſt right to your protection; and it is from that aſſurance I trouble you with this, to complain of the Examiner, who calumniates as freely as he commends, and whoſe *invectives* are as groundleſs as his *panegyrics*.

In his paper of the eighth inſtant, after a moſt furious invective againſt many noble *lords*, a conſiderable number of the *commons*, and a very great part of her majeſty's good ſubjects, as diſaffected and full of diſcontent, (which, by the way, is but an aukward compliment to the Prince, whoſe greateſt glory it is to reign in the hearts of her people) that the *clergy* may not go without their ſhare of his reſentment, he concludes with a moſt malicious reflection upon ſome of them. He names indeed nobody, but points to Windſor and St. Paul's, where he tells us, ſome are diſreſpectful to the Queen, and enemies to her peace; moſt

* *See N°.* 10, *N°.* 15, Notes. *There is little doubt but that the concluſion of this fine Paper was written by* STEELE.

odious characters, especially in clergymen, whose profession is *peace*; and to whose duty and affection her majesty has a more immediate right, by her singular piety and great goodness to them. 'They have sucked in,' he says, 'this warlike principle from their arbitrary 'patrons.' It is not enough, it seems, to calumniate *them*, unless their patrons also be insulted, no less patrons than the late King and the Duke of Marlborough. These are his *arbitrary* men; though nothing be more certain than that without the *King*, the shadow of a *legal* government had not been left to us; nor did there ever live a man, who in the nature and temper of him, less deserved the character of *arbitrary* than the *Duke*. How now is this terrible charge against those clergymen supported? Why, as to St. Paul's, the fact according to him, is this: 'Some of the church, 'to affront the queen, on the day the peace 'was proclaimed, gave orders for parochial 'prayers only, without singing, as is used 'upon Fast-days, though in this particular 'their inferiors were so very honest to disobey 'them.' This the Examiner roundly affirms after his usual manner, but without the least regard to truth; for it is fallen in my way, without enquiring, to be exactly informed of this matter, and therefore I take upon me, in their vindication, to assure you, that every part of what is said is absolutely false, and the truth is just the reverse. The *inferiors* desired there might be only *parochial* prayers; but the person applied to was aware to what construction it might be liable, and therefore would not consent to the request, though very innocent and reasonable. The case was this; the *procession* of the ceremony had reached Ludgate just at the time of prayers, and there was such a prodigious concourse of people, that one of the *vergers* came to the *residentiary* in waiting, to represent, that it would be impossible to have prayers that afternoon; that the crowds all round the church were so great, there would be no getting in: but it was insisted, that there must be prayers, only the *tolling* of the bell should be deferred a little until the head of the procession was got beyond the church. When the bell had done, and none of the quire appeared, but one to read it, it was upon this again represented, that there could be only *parochial* prayers, a thing that sometimes happens twice or thrice, perhaps, in a year, when upon some allowable occasion the absence of the *quiremen* is so great, as not to leave the necessary voices for cathedral service; which very lately was the case upon a performance of the thanksgiving music at Whitehall. So that had the prayers, on this occasion, been *parochial* only, it had been neither new nor criminal, but necessary and unavoidable, unless the Examiner can tell how the service may be sung decently without singing men. However, to leave *informers* no room for calumny, it was expressly urged, that *parochial* prayers, on such a day, would look ill; that therefore, if possible, it should be avoided, and the service should be begun as usual, in hopes one or two of the quire might come in before the *psalms*; and the verger was ordered to look out, if he could see any of the quire, to hasten them to their places; and so it proved, two of the best *voices* came in time enough, and the service was performed cathedral-wise, though in a manner, to bare walls, with an anthem suitable to the day. This is the fact on which the Examiner grounds a charge of *factious and seditious* principles against some at St. Paul's; and I am persuaded there is as little truth in what he charges some of Windsor with, though I know not certainly whom he means. Were I disposed to expostulate with the Examiner, I would ask him if he seriously thinks this be *answering her majesty's intentions?* Whether disquieting the minds of her people is the way *to calm them?* or to traduce men of learning and virtue be *to cultivate the arts of peace?* But I am too well acquainted with his writings not to see he is past correction; nor does any thing in his paper surprise me, merely because it is false; for, to use his own words, not a day passes with him, but it brings forth a mouse 'or a monster, some ridiculous lye, some vile calumny 'or forgery.' He is almost equally false in every thing he says; but it is not always equally easy to make his falsehood plain and palpable. And it is chiefly for that reason I desire you to give this letter a place in your papers, that those that are willing to be undeceived, may learn from so clear an instance, what a faithful, modest writer this is, who pretends to teach them how to think and speak of things and per-

ſons they know nothing of themſelves. As this is no way diſagreeable to your character of Guardian, your publication of it is a favour, which I flatter myſelf you will not deny to, Sir, your humble ſervant,

*** R. A.

No. LXXXI. SATURDAY, JUNE 13.

Quiete et pure atque eleganter actæ ætatis placida ac lenis recordatio. CICERO.
The calm and ſoothing remembrance of a life paſſed with quiet, innocence and elegance.

THE paper which was publiſhed on the thirtieth of laſt month *, ended with a piece of devotion written by the Archbiſhop of Cambray. It would (as it was hinted in that Precaution) be of ſingular uſe for the improvement of our minds, to have the ſecret thoughts of men of good talents on ſuch occaſions. I ſhall for the entertainment of this day give my reader two pieces, which, if he is curious, will be pleaſing for that reaſon, if they prove to have no other effect upon him. One of them was found in the cloſet of an Athenian libertine, who lived many ages ago, and is a ſoliloquy wherein he contemplates his own life and actions according to the lights men have from nature, and the compunctions of natural reaſon. The other is a prayer of a gentleman who died within a few years laſt paſt; and lived to a very great age, but had paſſed his youth in all the vices in faſhion. The Athenian is ſuppoſed to have been Alcibiades, a man of great ſpirit, extremely addicted to pleaſures, but at the ſame time very capable, and upon occaſion very attentive to buſineſs. He was by nature endued with all the accompliſhments ſhe could beſtow; he had beauty, wit, courage, and a great underſtanding; but in the firſt bloom of his life was arrogantly affected with the advantages he had over others. That temper is pretty viſible in an expreſſion of his, when it was propoſed to him to learn to play upon a muſical inſtrument, he anſwered—'It is not 'for me to give, but to receive delight.' However, the converſation of Socrates, tempered a ſtrong inclination to licentiouſneſs into reflections of philoſophy; and if it had not the force to make a man of his genius and fortune wholly regular, it gave him ſome cool moments, and this following ſoliloquy is ſuppoſed by the learned to have been thrown together before ſome expected engagement, and ſeems to be very much the picture of the man.

'I am now wholly alone; my ears are not 'entertained with muſick, my eyes with beau-'ty, nor any of my ſenſes ſo forcibly affected, 'as to divert the courſe of my inward thoughts: 'methinks there is ſomething ſacred in myſelf, 'now I am alone. What is this being of 'mine? I came into it without my choice, and 'yet Socrates ſays it is to be imputed to me. In 'this repoſe of my ſenſes wherein they com-'municate nothing ſtrongly to myſelf, I taſte, 'methinks, a being diſtinct from their opera-'tions. Why may not then my ſoul exiſt, 'when ſhe is wholly gone out of theſe organs? 'I can perceive my faculties grow ſtronger, 'the leſs I admit the pleaſure of ſenſe; and 'the nearer I place myſelf to a bare exiſtence, 'the more worthy, the more noble, the more 'celeſtial, does that exiſtence appear to me. 'If my ſoul is weakened rather than improved 'by all that the body adminiſters to her, ſhe 'may reaſonably be ſuppoſed to be deſigned 'for a manſion more ſuitable than this, wherein 'what delights her diminiſhes her excellence, 'and that which afflicts her adds to her perfec-'tion. There is an hereafter; and I will not 'fear to be immortal for the ſake of Athens.'

This ſoliloquy is but the firſt dawnings of thought in the mind of a mere man given up to ſenſuality. The paper which I mention of our contemporary was found in his ſcrutoire after his death, but communicated to a friend or two of his in his life-time. You ſee in it a man wearied with the vanities of this life; and the reflections which the ſucceſs of his wit and gallantry bring upon his old age are not unworthy the obſervation of thoſe who poſſeſs the like advantages.

*** *This day is publiſhed, Verſes on the Peace, by the Scholars of Croyden School. Spoken in Public, May* 13, 1713. *Guard.* in fol. *No.* 74.

*** *A Diſſertation on reading the Claſſicks, and forming a juſt ſtyle. Written in* 1709, *and addreſſed to John Lord Roos Marquis of Granby.* Ibidem. *No.* 76.

* *Guard. No.* 69.

'Oh, Almighty Being! How ſhall I look 'up towards Thee, when I reflect that I am 'of no conſideration but as I have offended? 'My exiſtence, O my God, without thy mercy 'is not to be prolonged in this or another 'world but for my puniſhment. I apprehend, 'Oh my Maker, let it not be too late; I ap-'prehend and tremble at thy preſence; and 'ſhall I not conſider Thee, who art all good-'neſs, but with terror?—Oh, my Redeemer, 'do thou behold my anguiſh. Turn to me, 'thou Saviour of the world; who has offended 'like me?—Oh, my God, I cannot fly out of 'Thy preſence, let me fall down in it. I hum-'ble myſelf in contrition of heart; but, alas! 'I have not only ſwerved from Thee, but have 'laboured againſt Thee. If thou doſt pardon 'what I have committed, how wilt Thou par-'don what I have made others commit? I 'have rejoiced in ill, as in proſperity. For-'give, oh my God, all who have offended by 'my perſuaſion; all who have tranſgreſſed by 'my example. Canſt Thou, O God, accept 'of the confeſſion of old age, to expiate all the 'labour and induſtry of youth ſpent in tranſ-'greſſions againſt Thee? While I am ſtill 'alive, let me implore Thee to recal to Thy 'grace all whom I have made to ſin. Let, O 'Lord, Thy goodneſs admit of his prayer for 'their pardon, by whoſe inſtigation they have 'tranſgreſſed. Accept, O God, of this inter-'val of age, between my ſinful days and the 'hour of my diſſolution, to wear away the 'corrupt habits in my ſoul, and prepare myſelf 'for the manſions of purity and joy. Impute 'not to me, O my God, the offences I may 'give, after my death, to thoſe I leave behind 'me. Let me not tranſgreſs when I am no 'more ſeen; but prevent the ill effects of my 'ill-applied ſtudies, and receive me into thy 'mercy.'

It is the moſt melancholy circumſtance that can be imagined to be on a death-bed, and wiſh all that a man has moſt laboured to bring to paſs were obliterated for ever. How em-phatically worſe is this, than having paſſed all one's days in idleneſs? Yet this is the fre-quent caſe of many men of refined talents. It is, methinks, monſtrous that the love of fame, and value of the faſhion of the world, can tranſport a man ſo far as even in ſolitude to act with ſo little reflection upon his real intereſt. This is premeditated madneſs, for it is an error done with the aſſiſtance of all the faculties of the mind.

When every circumſtance about us is a con-ſtant admonition, how tranſient is every labour of man, it ſhould, methinks, be no hard matter to bring one's ſelf to conſider the empti-neſs of all our endeavours; but I was not a little charmed the other day, when ſitting with an old friend, and communing together on ſuch ſubjects, he expreſſes himſelf after this man-ner:

'It is unworthy a Chriſtian philoſopher to 'let any thing here below ſtand in the leaſt 'competition with his duty. In vain is reaſon 'fortified by faith, if it produces in our prac-'tice no greater effects than what reaſon 'wrought in mere man.

'I contemn, (in dependence on the ſupport 'of Heaven I ſpeak it) I contemn all which 'the generality of mankind call great and glo-'rious. I will no longer think or act like a 'mortal, but conſider myſelf as a being that 'commenced at my birth, and is to endure to 'all eternity. The accident of death will not 'end but improve my being; I will think of 'myſelf, and provide for myſelf as an immor-'tal; and I will do nothing now which I do 'not believe I ſhall approve a thouſand years 'hence *.'

No. LXXXII. MONDAY, JUNE 15.

Cedat uti conviva ſatur—— HOR. SAT. I. L. I. V. 119.

Let him depart like a contented gueſt.

THOUGH men ſee every day people go to their long home, whoare younger than themſelves, they are not ſo apt to be alarmed at that, as at the deceaſe of thoſe who have lived longer in their ſight. They miſs their acquaintance, and are ſurprized at the loſs

* *See* Notes, *on No.* 10 *and No.* 15.

of an habitual object. This gave me so much concern for the death of Mr. William Peer, of the theatre-royal, who was an actor at the Restoration, and took his theatrical degree with Betterton, Kynaston, and Harris. Though his station was humble, he performed it well; and the common comparison with the stage and human life, which has been so often made, may well be brought out upon this occasion. It is no matter, say the moralists, whether you act a prince or a beggar; the business is to do your part well. Mr. William Peer distinguished himself particularly in two characters, which no man ever could touch but himself; one of them was the speaker of the prologue to the play, which is contrived in the tragedy of Hamlet, to awake the conscience of the guilty princes. Mr. William Peer spoke that preface to the play with such an air, as represented that he was an actor, and with such an inferior manner as only acting an actor, as made the others on the stage appear real great persons, and not representatives. This was a nicety in acting that none but the most subtle player could so much as conceive. I remember his speaking these words, in which there is no great matter but in the right adjustment of the air of the speaker, with universal applause—

For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Hamlet says very archly upon the pronouncing of it—'Is this a prologue, or a posy of a ring?' However, the speaking of it got Mr. Peer more reputation, than those who speak the length of a puritan's sermon every night will ever attain to. Besides this, Mr. Peer got great fame on another little occasion. He played the apothecary in Caius Marius, as it is called by Otway; but Romeo and Juliet, as originally in Shakespeare. It will be necessary to recite more out of the play than he spoke, to have a right conception of what Peer did in it. Marius, weary of life, recollects means to be rid of it after this manner—

I do remember an apothecary
That dwelt about this rendezvous of death,
Meagre and very rueful were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones,

When this spectre of poverty appeared, Marius addresses him thus—

I see thou art very poor;
Thou mayest do any thing; here's fifty drachmas;
Get me a draught of what will soonest free
A wretch from all his cares.

When the apothecary objects that it is unlawful, Marius urges,

Art thou so base and full of wretchedness,
Yet fear'st to die? Famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression stareth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang on thy back;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's laws;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Without all this quotation, the reader could not have a just idea of the visage and manner which Peer assumed, when in the most lamentable tone imaginable he consents; and, delivering the poison, like a man reduced to the drinking it himself, if he did not vend it, says to Marius—

My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Take this and drink it off, the work is done.

It was an odd excellence, and a very particular circumstance this of Peer's; that his whole action of life depended upon speaking five lines better than any man else in the world. But this eminence lying in so narrow a compass, the governors of the theatre observing his talents to lie in a certain knowledge of propriety, and his person admitting him to shine only in the two above parts, his sphere of action were enlarged by the addition of the post of Property-man. This officer has always ready, in a place appointed for him behind the prompter, all such tools and implements as are necessary in the play, and it is his business never to want billet-doux, poison, false-money, thunderbolts, daggers, scrolls of parchment, wine, pomatum, truncheons, and wooden legs, ready at the call of the said prompter, according as his respective utensils were necessary for promoting what was to pass on the stage. The addition of this office, so important to the conduct of the whole affair of the stage, and the good œconomy observed by their present managers in punctual payments, made Mr. Peer's

ſubſiſtence very comfortable. But it frequently happens, that men loſe their virtue in proſperity who were ſhining characters in the contrary condition. Good fortune indeed had no effect on the mind, but very much on the body, of Mr. Peer. For in the ſeventieth year of his age he grew fat, which rendered his figure unfit for the utterance of the five lines above mentioned: he had now unfortunately loſt the wan diſtreſs neceſſary for the countenance of the apothecary, and was too jolly to ſpeak the prologue with the proper humility. It is thought this calamity went too near him. It did not a little contribute to the ſhortening his days; and as there is no ſtate of real happineſs in this life, Mr. Peer was undone by his ſucceſs, and loſt all by arriving at what is the end of all other men's purſuits, his eaſe.

I could not forbear enquiring into the effects Mr. Peer left behind him, but find there is no demand due to him from the houſe, but the following bill:

	l.	s.	d.
For hire of ſix caſe of piſtols - -	0	4	0
A drum for Mrs. Bignall in the Pilgrim	0	4	4
A truſs of ſtraw for the madmen -	0	0	8
Pomatum and vermilion to greaſe the face of the ſtuttering cook -	0	0	8
For boarding a ſetting dog two days to follow Mr. Johnſon, in Epſom Wells - - - - - - - -	0	0	6
For blood in Macbeth - - - - - -	0	0	3
Raiſins and almonds for a witch's banquet - - - - - - - - -	0	0	8

This contemporary of mine, whom I have often rallied for the narrow compaſs of his ſingular perfections, is now at peace, and wants no further aſſiſtance from any man; but men of extenſive genius, now living, ſtill depend upon the good offices of the town.

I am therefore to remind my reader, that on this day being the fifteenth of June, the Plotting Siſters is to be acted for the benefit of the author, my old friend Mr. D'Urfey *. This comedy was honoured with the preſence of King Charles the Second three of its firſt five nights.

My friend has, in this work, ſhewn himſelf a maſter, and made not only the characters of the play, but alſo the furniture of the houſe, contribute to the main deſign. He has made excellent uſe of a table with a carpet, and the key of a cloſet. With theſe two implements, which would, perhaps, have been overlooked by an ordinary writer, he contrives the moſt natural perplexities (allowing only the uſe of theſe houſehold goods in poetry) that ever were repreſented on a ſtage. He has alſo made good advantage of the knowledge of the ſtage itſelf; for in the nick of being ſurpriſed, the lovers are let down and eſcape at a trap-door. In a word, any who have the curioſity to obſerve what pleaſed in the laſt generation, and do not go to a comedy with a reſolution to be grave, will find this evening ample food for mirth †. Johnſon, who underſtands what he does as well as any man, expoſes the impertinence of an old fellow, who has loſt his ſenſes, ſtill purſuing

* *See* GUARD. *No.* 67; Tat. *No.* 1, *No.* 11, *No.* 43; Notes Ibidem, *on Mrs. D'Urfey*; LOVER, *No.* 40, *and* Note. *Ed.* 1789, 8*vo*, *with Notes, &c.*

† *Mr. Thomas D'Urfey was a native of Exeter, and ſaid to be of French extraction, and allied to the houſe of D'Urfee in that kingdom. He was the author and compiler of above thirty dramatic pieces, and of odes, catches, and ſongs, without number. His talent it ſeems conſiſted in ſetting words and rhymes to any tune, and ſinging them in a lively entertaining manner, without ſtammering, as he did very much in his common converſation. It was probably this impediment in his ſpeech, that obliged him to relinquiſh the practice of the law, for which he was firſt deſigned. As he higgled one day in Clare-market about the price of a ſhoulder of mutton; the butcher agreed to let him have it for nothing, if he would cheapen it without ſtuttering, which he readily did to* ſome tune. *D'Urfey is genteely bantered on the pretended nobility of his birth, in the laſt Paper of the* LOVER, *by* STEELE, *who made him, and his writings, frequently the ſubjects of his fine raillery in the* TATLER, *but always in a friendly way, and often with an intention to ſerve him. Tom ſeems to have taken all this jocularity as it was meant, in good part, and to have retained a grateful ſenſe of* STEELE'S *friendſhip for him, to the laſt of a long life; for when he died, in Feb.* 1723, *he left his gold watch and his diamond ring to Sir Richard, who was at the expence of burying him in the porch of St. James's Church-yard. "He is now at peace, and wants no further aſſiſtance;" there can therefore be no*

pleaſures, with great maſtery, The ingenious Mr. Pinkethman is a baſhful rake, and is ſheepiſh without having modeſty, with great ſucceſs. Mr. Bullock ſucceeds Nokes in the art of Bubble; and, in my opinion, is not much below him, for he does excellently that ſort of folly we call abſurdity, which is the very contrary of wit; but, next to that is of all things the propereſt to excite mirth. What is fooliſh is the object of pity; but abſurdity often proceeds from an opinion of ſufficiency, and conſequently is an honeſt occaſion for laughter. Theſe characters in this play cannot chuſe but make it a very pleaſant entertainment, and the decorations of ſinging and dancing will more than repay the good-nature of thoſe who make an honeſt man a viſit of two merry hours to make his following year unpainful.

harm in ſaying that the compaſs of his perfections was very narrow. His plays, &c. were pilfered, and poor things. The reader is doubtleſs abundantly ſatisfied with the account given here of his "Plotting Siſters;" and may ſee a ſimilar account of a ſimilar play, called, "Wonders in the Sun," in Dr. KING's *Works, vol. II. p.* 118. et ſeqq. *ed. cr.* 8*vo.* 3 *vols.* 1776. *It was perhaps on his way from the firſt of theſe plays, that a gentleman ſaid to* DRYDEN, *"Was there ever ſuch ſtuff! I did not think that even this author could have written ſo ill." O Sir [replied the old bard] "you don't know my friend* TOM; *I'll anſwer for him he ſhall write worſe "yet." See* MEDLEY, *No.* 6, *and Sir. J.* HAWKINS's Hiſt. *of* Muſic, *vol. V. p.* 159. et ſeqq. *where there is a fine print of D'Urfey. His "Songs," &c. were publiſhed in* 3 *vols,* 1715, *under the title of "Laugh and be Fat, or, "Pills to purge Melancholy." Theſe, with his other works, were republiſhed, by ſubſcription, in ſix volumes, in* 1719, *with the new title of "Wit and Mirth," or "Pills to purge Melancholy. His operas and comical ſtories were likewiſe printed in* 8*vo.* 1721. *See* TAT. *No.* 1. *No.* 11, *No.* 43. *Notes on T. D'Urfey;* GUARD. *No.* 29. 67.

* *See* TAT. *No.* 188; *and* Note *on Mr. Bullock.*

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

TO

MR. PULTENEY*.

SIR,

THE greateſt honour of human life is to live well with men of merit; and I hope you will pardon me the vanity of publiſhing, by this means, my happineſs in being able to name you among my friends. The converſation of a gentleman, that has a refined taſte of letters, and a diſpoſition in which thoſe letters found nothing to correct, but very much to exert, is a good fortune too uncommon to be enjoyed in ſilence: in others, the greateſt buſineſs of learning is to weed the ſoil; in you, it had nothing elſe to do but to bring forth fruit. Affability, complacency, and generoſity of heart, which are natural to you, wanted nothing from literature, but to refine and direct the application of them. After I have boaſted I had ſome ſhare in your familiarity, I know not how to do you the juſtice of celebrating you for the choice of an elegant and worthy acquaintance, with whom you live in the happy communication of generous ſentiments, which contribute not only to your own mutual entertainment and improvement, but to the honour and ſervice of your country. Zeal for the public good is the characteriſtic of a man of honour and a gentleman, and muſt take place of pleaſures, profits, and all other private gratifications. Who ever wants this motive is an open enemy, or an inglorious neuter to mankind, in proportion to the miſapplied advantages with which nature and fortune have bleſſed him. But you have a ſoul animated with nobler views, and know that the diſtinction of wealth and plenteous circumſtances is a tax upon an honeſt mind, to endeavour, as much as the occurrences of life will give him leave, to guard the properties of others, and be vigilant for the good of his fellow-ſubjects.

This generous inclination no man poſſeſſes in a warmer degree than yourſelf; which that Heaven would reward with long poſſeſſion of that reputation into which you have made ſo early an entrance, the reputation of a man of ſenſe, a good citizen, and agreeable companion, a diſintereſted friend, and an unbiaſſed patriot, is the hearty prayer of,

Sir,

Your moſt obliged,

And moſt obedient humble Servant,

THE GUARDIAN.

* *William Pulteney, eſq. born in* 1682, *had early a ſeat in the Houſe of Commons, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf in oppoſition to Queen Anne's laſt miniſtry. On the acceſſion of king George, he was appointed Secretary at War. Sept.* 27, 1714; *and afterwards Cofferer of the Houſhold. He was at this time the intimate friend of Sir Robert Walpole; but in* 1725, *that Miniſter being ſuſpected of a deſire to extend the bounds of prerogative, Mr. Pulteney entered ſteadily into oppoſition; and at laſt became ſo obnoxious to the Crown, that, July* 1, 1731, *King George II. with his own hand, ſtruck him out of the liſt of Privy Counſellors, and ordered him to be put out of the liſt of all commiſſions of the peace. A proceeding ſo violent in the Miniſtry ſerved only to inflame his reſentment, and increaſe his popularity. Sir Robert reſigning his employments in* 1741, *Mr. Pulteney was again ſworn of the Privy Council; and created Baron of Heydon, Viſcount Pulteney, and Earl of Bath. From that moment his favour with the people was at an end; and the reſt of his life was ſpent in contemning that applauſe which he no longer could ſecure. William Viſcount Pulteney, his only ſon, who was a Lord of the Bedchamber, Aid-de-camp to the King, and Colonel of the Royal Volunteers, going over with his regiment in the defence of Portugal, died Feb.* 16, 1763; *and the Earl dying July* 7, 1764, *the titles became extinct.*

THE

GUARDIAN.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

No. LXXXIII. TUESDAY, JUNE 16, 1713.

Nimirum inſanus paucis videatur, eo quod
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem. HOR. SAT. 3. L. 2. V. 120.

——— *Few think theſe mad; for moſt, like theſe,*
Are ſick and troubled with the ſame diſeaſe. CREECH.

THERE is a reſtleſs endeavour in the mind of man after happineſs. This appetite is wrought into the original frame of our nature, and exerts itſelf in all parts of the creation that are endued with any degree of thought or ſenſe. But as the human mind is dignified by a more comprehenſive faculty than can be found in the inferior animals, it is natural for men not only to have an eye, each to his own happineſs, but alſo to endeavour to promote that of others in the ſame rank of being: and in proportion to the generoſity that is ingredient in the temper of the ſoul, the object of its benevolence is of a larger or narrower extent. There is hardly a ſpirit upon earth ſo mean and contracted, as to centre all regards in its own intereſt, excluſive of the reſt of mankind. Even the ſelfiſh man has ſome ſhare of love, which he beſtows on his family and his friends. A nobler mind hath at heart the common intereſt of the ſociety or country of which he makes a part. And there is ſtill a more diffuſive ſpirit, whoſe being or intentions reach the whole maſs of mankind, and are continued, beyond the preſent age, to a ſucceſſion of future generations.

The advantage ariſing to him who hath a tincture of this generoſity on his ſoul is, that he is affected with a ſublimer joy than can be comprehended by one who is deſtitute of that noble reliſh. The happineſs of the reſt of mankind hath a natural connection with that of a reaſonable mind. And in proportion as the actions of each individual contribute to this end, he muſt be thought to deſerve well or ill both of the world and of himſelf. I have in a late paper * obſerved, that men who have no reach of thought do oft miſplace their affections on the means, without reſpect to the end, and by a prepoſterous deſire of things in themſelves indifferent, forego the enjoyment of that happineſs which thoſe things are inſtrumental to obtain. This obſervation has been conſidered with regard to critics and miſers; I ſhall now apply it to Free-thinkers.

Liberty and truth are the main points which theſe gentlemen pretend to have in view. To proceed, therefore, methodically, I will endeavour to ſhew, in the firſt place, that liberty and truth are not in themſelves deſirable, but only as they relate to a farther end. And, ſecondly, that the ſort of liberty and truth (allowing them thoſe names) which our Free-thinkers uſe all their induſtry to promote, is deſtructive to that end, viz. human happineſs: and conſequently that ſpecies, as ſuch, inſtead of being encouraged or eſteemed, merit the deteſtation and abhorrence of all honeſt men.

* *See Guard. No.* 77.

And, in the laſt place, I deſign to ſhew, that under the pretence of advancing liberty and truth, they do in reality promote the two contrary evils.

As to the firſt point, it has been obſerved, that it is the duty of each particular perſon to aim at the happineſs of his fellow-creatures; and that, as this view is of a wider or narrower extent, it argues a mind more or leſs virtuous. Hence it follows, that a liberty of doing good actions, which conduce to the felicity of mankind, and a knowledge of ſuch truths as might either give us pleaſure in the contemplation of them, or direct our conduct to the great ends of life, are valuable perfections. But ſhall a good man, therefore, prefer a liberty to commit murder or adultery, before the wholeſome reſtraint of divine and human laws? Or ſhall a wiſe man prefer the knowledge of a troubleſome and afflicting truth, before a pleaſant error that would chear his ſoul with joy and comfort, and be attended with no ill conſequences? Surely no man of common ſenſe would thank him who had put it in his power to execute the ſudden ſuggeſtions of a fit of paſſion or madneſs; or imagine himſelf obliged to a perſon, who, by forwardly informing him of ill news, had cauſed his ſoul to anticipate that ſorrow which ſhe would never have felt, ſo long as the ungrateful truth lay concealed.

Let us then reſpect the happineſs of our ſpecies, and in this light examine the proceedings of the Free-thinkers. From what giants and monſters would theſe knight-errants undertake to free the world? From the ties that religion impoſeth on our minds, from the expectation of a future judgment, and from the terrors of a troubled conſcience, not by reforming men's lives, but by giving encouragement to their vices. What are thoſe important truths of which they would convince mankind? That there is no ſuch thing as a wiſe and juſt Providence, that the mind of man is corporeal; that religion is a ſtate-trick, contrived to make men honeſt and virtuous, and to procure a ſubſiſtence to others for teaching and exhorting them to be ſo; that the good tidings of life and immortality brought to light by the goſpel, are fables and impoſtures: from believing that we are made in the image of God, they would degrade us to an opinion that we are on a level with the beaſts that periſh. What pleaſure, or what advantage, do theſe notions bring to mankind? Is it of any uſe to the public that good men ſhould loſe the comfortable proſpect of a reward to their virtue, or the wicked be encouraged to perſiſt in their impiety, from an aſſurance that they ſhall not be puniſhed for it hereafter?

Allowing, therefore, theſe men to be patrons of liberty and truth, yet it is of ſuch truths and that ſort of liberty which make them juſtly be looked upon as enemies to the peace and happineſs of the world. But upon a thorough and impartial view, it will be found that their endeavours, inſtead of advancing the cauſe of liberty and truth, tend only to introduce ſlavery and error among men. There are two parts in our nature; the baſer, which conſiſts of our ſenſes and paſſions; and the more noble and rational, which is properly the human part, the other being common to us with brutes. The inferior part is generally much ſtronger, and has always the ſtart of reaſon, which, if in the perpetual ſtruggle between them, it were not aided from Heaven by religion, would almoſt univerſally be vanquiſhed, and man become a ſlave to his paſſions, which, as it is the moſt grievous and ſhameful ſlavery, ſo it is the genuine reſult of that liberty which is propoſed by overturning religion. Nor is the other part of their deſign better executed. Look into their pretended truths; are they not ſo many wretched abſurdities, maintained in oppoſition to the light of nature and divine revelation by ſly innuendoes and cold jeſts; by ſuch pitiful ſophiſms, and ſuch confuſed and indigeſted notions, that one would vehemently ſuſpect thoſe men uſurped the name of Free-thinkers, with the ſame view that hypocrites do that of godlineſs, that it may ſerve for a cloak to cover the contrary defect?

I ſhall cloſe this diſcourſe with a parallel reflection on theſe three ſpecies, who ſeem to be allied by a certain agreement in mediocrity of underſtanding. A critic is entirely given up to the purſuit of learning; when he has got it, is his judgment clearer, his imagination livelier, or his manners more polite than thoſe of other men? Is it obſerved that a miſer, when he has acquired his ſuperfluous eſtate, eats, drinks, or ſleeps, with more ſatisfaction; that he has a chearfuller mind, or reliſhes any of the en-

joyments of life better than his neighbours? The Free-thinkers plead hard for a licence to think freely; they have it: but what uſe do they make of it? Are they eminent for any ſublime diſcoveries in any of the arts and ſciences? Have they been authors of any inventions that conduce to the well-being of mankind? Do their writings ſhew a greater depth of deſign, a clearer method, or more juſt and correct reaſoning, than thoſe of other men?

There is a great reſemblance in their genius; but the critic and miſer are only ridiculous and contemptible creatures, while the Free-thinker is alſo a pernicious one. *

No. LXXXIV. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17.

Non miſſura cutem niſi plena cruoris hirudo. HOR. ARS. POET. v. ULT.

Sticking like leeches, till they burſt with blood. ROSCOMMON.

TO THE HONOURABLE NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR, MIDDLE-TEMPLE, JUNE 12.

PRESUMING you may ſometimes condeſcend to take cognizance of ſmall enormities, I here lay one before you, which I proceed to without farther apology, as well knowing the beſt compliment to a man of buſineſs is to come to the point.

There is a ſilly habit among many of our minor-orators, who diſplay their eloquence in the ſeveral coffee-houſes of this fair city, to the no ſmall annoyance of conſiderable numbers of her majeſty's ſpruce and loving ſubjects; and that is, a humour they have got of twiſting off your buttons. Theſe ingenious gentlemen are not able to advance three words until they have got faſt hold of one of your buttons; but as ſoon as they have procured ſuch an excellent handle for diſcourſe, they will indeed proceed with great elocution. I know not how well ſome may have eſcaped, but for my part I have often met with them to my coſt; having, I believe, within theſe three years laſt paſt, been argued out of ſeveral dozens; inſomuch that I have for ſome time ordered my taylor to bring me home with every ſuit a dozen at leaſt of ſpare ones, to ſupply the place of ſuch as from time to time are detached as an help to diſcourſe, by the vehement gentlemen before mentioned. This way of holding a man in diſcourſe is much practiſed in the coffee-houſes within the city, and does not indeed ſo much prevail at the polite end of the town. It is likewiſe more frequently made uſe of among the ſmall politicians than any other body of men; I am therefore ſomething cautious of entering into a controverſy with this ſpecies of ſtateſmen, eſpecially the younger fry; for if you offer in the leaſt to diſſent from any thing that one of theſe advances, he immediately ſteps up to you, takes hold of one of your buttons, and indeed will ſoon convince you of the ſtrength of his argumentation. I remember upon the news of Dunkirk's being delivered into our hands, a briſk little fellow, a politician and an able engineer, had got into the middle of Batſon's coffee-houſe, and was fortifying Graveling for the ſervice of the Moſt Chriſtian King, with all imaginable expedition. The work was carried on with ſuch ſucceſs, that in leſs than a quarter of an hour's time, he had made it almoſt impregnable, and, in the opinion of ſeveral worthy citizens who had gathered round him, full as ſtrong both by ſea and land as Dunkirk ever could pretend to be. I happened, however, unadviſedly to attack ſome of his outworks; upon which, to ſhew his great ſkill likewiſe in the offenſive part, he immediately made an aſſault upon one of my buttons, and carried it in leſs than two minutes, notwithſtanding I made as handſome a defence as was poſſible. He had likewiſe inveſted a ſecond, and would certainly have been maſter of that too in a very little time, had he not been diverted from this enterprize by the arrival of a courier, who brought advice that his preſence was abſolutely neceſſary in the diſpoſal of a beaver †; upon which he raiſed the ſiege, and indeed retired with ſome

* *This Paper, N° 83, is aſcribed to Biſhop Berkeley, with ſome degree of confidence, though it is not mentioned in the liſt of the Biſhop's Papers communicated by his ſon, the Rev. George Berkeley, formerly ſtudent of Chriſt Church and Vicar of Bray in Oxfordſhire.*

† *The real perſon here alluded to was a Mr. James Heywood, a linen draper, who was the writer of a letter in the* SPECTATOR *ſigned James Eaſy. See* SPECT. *Vol. IV. N° 268, and Note. Mr. Heywood outlived this ſilly habit, and gave the Annotator this and a variety of ſimilar information,* gratis, *for he was not a* button *worſe or better for it.*

precipitation. In the coffee-houſes here about the Temple, you may harangue even among our dabblers in politics for about two buttons a day, and many times for leſs. I had yeſterday the good fortune to receive very conſiderable additions to my knowledge in ſtate affairs; and I find this morning that it has not ſtood me in above a button. In moſt of the eminent coffee-houſes at the other end of the town, for example, to go no farther than Will's in Covent Garden, the company is ſo refined, that you may hear and be heard, and not be a button the worſe for it. Beſides the gentleman before-mentioned, there are others who are not leſs active in their harangues, but with gentle ſervices rather than robberies. Theſe, while they are improving your underſtanding, are at the ſame time ſetting off your perſon; they will new-plait and adjuſt your neckcloth.

But though I can bear with this kind of orator who is ſo humble as to aim at the good-will of his hearer by being his valet de chambre, I muſt rebel againſt another ſort of them. There are ſome, Sir, that do not ſtick to take a man by the collar when they have a mind to perſuade him. It is your buſineſs, I humbly preſume, Mr. Ironſide, to interpoſe, that a man is not brought over to his opponent by force of arms. It were requiſite therefore that you ſhould name a certain interval, which ought to be preſerved between the ſpeaker and him to whom he ſpeaks. For ſure no man has a right, becauſe I am not of his opinion, to take any of my cloaths from me, or dreſs me according to his own liking. I aſſure you the moſt becoming thing to me in the world is in a campaign periwig to wear one ſide before and the other caſt upon the collateral ſhoulder. But there is a friend of mine who never talks to me but he throws that which I wear forward upon my ſhoulder, ſo that in reſtoring it to its place I loſe two or three hairs out of the lock upon my buttons; though I never touched him in my whole life, and have been acquainted with him theſe ten years. I have ſeen my eager friend in danger ſometimes of a quarrel by this ill cuſtom; for there are more young gentlemen who can feel than can underſtand. It would be therefore a good office to my friend, if you adviſed him not to collar any man but one who knows what he means; and give it him as a ſtanding Precaution in converſation *, that none but a very good friend will give him the liberty of being ſeen, felt, heard, and underſtood, all at once. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

JOHANNES MISOCHIROSOPHUS.

P. S. I have a ſiſter who ſaves herſelf from being handled by one of theſe manual rhetoricians by giving him her fan to play with; but I appeal to you in the behalf of us poor helpleſs men.

JUNE 15, 1713.

I AM of opinion that no orator or ſpeaker in public or private has any right to meddle with any body's cloaths but his own. I indulge men in the liberty of playing with their own hats, fumbling in their own pockets, ſettling their own periwigs, toſſing or twiſting their heads, and all other geſticulations which may contribute to their elocution; but pronounce it an infringement of the Engliſh liberty for a man to keep his neighbour's perſon in cuſtody in order to force an hearing; and farther declare, that all aſſent given by an auditor, under ſuch conſtraint, is of itſelf void and of no effect †.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

No. LXXXV. THURSDAY, JUNE 18.

——Sed te decor iſte, quod optas
Eſſe vetat, votoque tuo tua forma repugnat. OVID. MET. L. 1. V. 488.

But ſo much youth, with ſo much beauty join'd,
Oppoſe the ſtate which thy deſires deſign'd. DRYDEN.

'TO ſuffer ſcandal,' ſays ſomebody, 'is 'the tax which every perſon of merit 'pays to the public ‡;' and my Lord Verulam finely obſerves, that a man who has no virtue himſelf envies virtue in others. I know not how it comes to paſs, but detraction, through

* *See* GUARD. *N°* 24.
† *See Notes on N°* 10, *N°* 15.
‡ *Dr.* SWIFT, *who if we decide on his merit by the ſcandal he ſuffered, was very meritorious.*

all ages, has been found a vice which the fair-ſex too eaſily give into. Not the Roman ſatiriſt could uſe them with more ſeverity than they themſelves do one another. Some audacious critics, in my opinion, have launched out a little too far, when they take upon them to prove, in oppoſition to hiſtory, that Lais was a woman of as much virtue as beauty, which violently diſpleaſing the Phrynes of thoſe times, they ſecretly prevailed with the hiſtorians to deliver her down to poſterity under the infamous character of an extorting proſtitute. But though I have the greateſt regard imaginable to that ſofter ſpecies, yet I am ſorry to find they have very little for themſelves. So far are they from being tender of one another's reputation, that they take a malicious pleaſure in deſtroying it. My lady the other day, when Jack was aſking who could be ſo baſe to ſpread ſuch a report about Mrs. ——, anſwered—'None, you 'may be ſure, but a woman.' A little after, Dick told my lady, that he had heard Florella hint as if Cleora wore artificial teeth. 'The 'reaſon is,' ſaid ſhe, 'becauſe Cleora firſt gave 'out that Florella owed her complexion to a 'waſh.' Thus the induſtrious pretty creatures take pains by invention to throw blemiſhes on each other, when they do not conſider that there is a profligate ſet of fellows to ready to taint the character of the virtuous, or blaſt the charms of the blooming virgin. The young lady, from whom I have the honour of receiving the following letter, deſerves or rather claims, protection from our ſex, ſince ſo barbarouſly treated by her own. Certainly they ought to defend innocence from injury, who gave ignorantly the occaſion of its being aſſaulted. Had the men been leſs liberal of their applauſes, the women had been more ſparing of theſe calumnious cenſures.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

I DO not know at what nice point you fix the bloom of a young lady; but I am one who can juſt look back upon fifteen. My father dying three years ago, left me under the care and direction of my mother, with a fortune not profuſely great, yet ſuch as might demand a very handſome ſettlement, if ever propoſals of marriage ſhould be offered. My mother, after the uſual time of retired mourning was over, was ſo affectionately indulgent to me, as to take me along with her in all her viſits; but ſtill not thinking ſhe gratified my youth enough, permitted me further to go with my relations to all the public, chearful but innocent entertainments, where ſhe was too reſerved to appear herſelf. The two firſt years of my teens were eaſy, gay, and delightful. Every one careſſed me; the old ladies told me how finely I grew, and the young ones were proud of my company. But when the third year had a little, advanced, my relations uſed to tell my mother that pretty Miſs Clary was ſhot up into a woman. The gentlemen began now to let their eyes glance over me, and in moſt places I found myſelf diſtinguiſhed; but obſerved, the more I grew into the eſteem of their ſex, the more I loſt the favour of my own. Some of thoſe whom I had been familiar with, grew cold and indifferent: others miſtook, by deſign, my meaning, made me ſpeak what I never thought, and ſo, by degrees, took occaſion to break off all acquaintance. There were ſeveral little inſignificant reflections caſt upon me, as being a lady of a great many quaintneſſes, and ſuch like, which I ſeemed not to take notice of. But my mother coming home about a week ago, told me there was a ſcandal ſpread about town by my enemies, that would at once ruin me for ever for a beauty: I earneſtly entreated her to know it; ſhe refuſed me, but yeſterday it diſcovered itſelf. Being in an aſſembly of gentlemen and ladies, one of the gentlemen who had been very facetious to ſeveral of the ladies, at laſt turning to me—'And as for you, Madam, 'Prior has already given us your character—

That air and harmony of ſhape expreſs,
Fine by degrees, yet beautifully leſs.

I perceived immediately a malignant ſmile diſplay itſelf in the countenance of ſome of the ladies, which they ſeconded with a ſcornful flutter of the fan; until one of them, unable any longer to contain, aſked the gentleman if he did not remember what Congreve ſaid about Aurelia, for ſhe thought it mighty pretty. He made no anſwer, but inſtantly repeated the verſes—

The Mulcibers who in the Minories ſweat,
And maſſive bars on ſtubborn anvils beat;
Deform'd themſelves, yet forge thoſe ſtays of ſteel,
Which arm Aurelia with a ſhape to kill.

This was no ſooner over, but it was eaſily diſcernible what an ill-natured ſatisfaction moſt of the company took; and the more pleaſure they ſhewed by dwelling upon the two laſt lines, the more they encreaſed my trouble and confuſion. And now, Sir, after this tedious account, what would you adviſe me to? Is there no way to be cleared of theſe malicious calumnies? What is beauty worth, that makes the poſſeſſor thus unhappy? Why was nature ſo laviſh of her gifts to me, as to make her kindneſs prove a cruelty? They tell me my ſhape is delicate, my eyes ſparkling, my lips I know not what, my cheeks, forſooth, adorned with a juſt mixture of the roſe and lily; but I wiſh this face was barely not diſagreeable, this voice harſh and unharmonious, theſe limbs only not deformed, and then perhaps I might live eaſy and unmoleſted, and neither raiſe love and admiration in the men, nor ſcandal and hatred in the women. Your very humble ſervant,

CLARINA.

The beſt anſwer I can make my fair correſpondent is, that ſhe ought to comfort herſelf with this conſideration—That thoſe who talk thus of her know it is falſe, but wiſh they could make others believe it true. It is not they think you deformed, but are vexed that they themſelves were not as nicely framed. If you will take an old man's advice, laugh, and be not concerned at them: they have attained what they endeavoured, if they make you uneaſy; for it is envy that has made them ſo. I would not have you wiſh your ſhape one ſixtieth part of an inch diſproportioned, nor deſire your face might be impoveriſhed with the ruin of half a feature, though numbers of remaining beauties might make the loſs inſenſible; but take courage, go into the brighteſt aſſemblies, and the world will quickly confeſs it to be ſcandal. Thus Plato, hearing it was aſſerted by ſome perſons that he was a very bad man—'I ſhall take care,' ſaid he, 'to live ſo, that no-'body will believe them.'

I ſhall conclude this paper with a relation of matter of fact. A gay young gentleman in the country, not many years ago, fell deſperately in love with a blooming fine creature, whom give me leave to call Meliſſa. After a pretty long delay, and frequent ſolicitations, ſhe refuſed ſeveral others of larger eſtates, and conſented to make him happy. But they had not been married much above a twelvemonth, until it appeared too true what Juba ſays—

Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in the eye, and palls upon the ſenſe.

Polydore (for that was his name) finding himſelf grow every day more uneaſy, and unwilling ſhe ſhould diſcover the cauſe, for diverſion came up to town, and to avoid all ſuſpicions, brought Meliſſa along with him. After ſome ſtay here, Polydore was one day informed, that a ſet of ladies over their tea-table, in the circle of ſcandal, had touched upon Meliſſa—And was that the ſilly thing ſo much talked of? How did ſhe ever grow into a toaſt? For their parts, they had eyes, as well as the men, but could not diſcover where her beauties lay. Polydore, upon hearing this, flew immediately home, and told Meliſſa, with the utmoſt tranſport, that he was now fully convinced how numberleſs were her charms, ſince her own ſex would not allow her any.

BUTTON'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

MR. IRONSIDE,

I HAVE obſerved that this day you make mention of Will's Coffee-houſe, as a place where people are too polite to hold a man in diſcourſe by the button. Every body knows your honour frequents this houſe; therefore they will take an advantage againſt me, and ſay, if my company was as civil as that at Will's, you would do ſo: therefore pray your honour do not be afraid of doing me juſtice, becauſe people would think it may be a conceit below you on this occaſion to name the name of your humble ſervant,

DANIEL BUTTON †.

The young poets are in the back room, and take their places as you directed ‡.

† "*Daniel Button had been a ſervant in the Counteſs of Warwick's family, and under the patronage* "*of* ADDISON *kept a Coffee-houſe on the South ſide of Ruſſel-Street, about two doors from Covent Gar-*"*den. Here it was that the Wits of that time uſed to aſſemble. It is ſaid that when* ADDISON *had* "*ſuffered any vexation from the Counteſs, he withdrew the company from* Button's *houſe.*" *Dr.* JOHNSON'S "*Lives of Engliſh Poets.*" *vol. II. p.* 399. *Edit.* 8*vo.* 1781.

‡ *See* Notes *on N°* 10 *and N°* 15.

No. LXXXVI. FRIDAY, JUNE 19.

———Cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna ſonaturum——— HOR. SAT. 4. L. 1. V. 43.

———Who writes
With fancy high, and bold and daring flights. CREECH.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR, OXFORD, * JUNE 16, 1713.

THE claſſical writers, according to your advice, are by no means neglected by me, while I purſue my ſtudies in divinity. I am perſuaded that they are fountains of good ſenſe and eloquence; and that it is abſolutely neceſſary for a young mind to form itſelf upon ſuch models: for, by a careful ſtudy of their ſtile and manner, we ſhall at leaſt avoid thoſe faults, into which a youthful imagination is apt to hurry us; ſuch as luxuriance of fancy, licentiouſneſs of ſtile, redundancy of thought, and falſe ornaments. As I have been flattered by my friends, that I have ſome genius for poetry, I ſometimes turn my thoughts that way; and with pleaſure reflect, that I have got over that childiſh part of life, which delights in points and turns of wit; and that I can take a manly and rational ſatisfaction in that which is called painting in poetry. Whether it be, that in theſe copyings of nature, the object is placed in ſuch lights and circumſtances as ſtrike the fancy agreeably; or whether we are ſurprized to find objects, that are abſent, placed before our eyes; or whether it be our admiration of the author's art and dexterity; or whether we amuſe ourſelves with comparing the picture and the original; or rather which is moſt probable, becauſe all theſe reaſons concur to affect us, we are wonderfully charmed with theſe drawings after the life, this magic that raiſes apparitions in the fancy.

Landſcapes, or ſtill life, work much leſs upon us than repreſentations of the poſtures and paſſions of living creatures. Again, thoſe paſſions or poſtures ſtrike us more or leſs in proportion to the eaſe or violence of their motions. An horſe grazing moves us leſs than one ſtretching in a race, and a racer leſs than one in the fury of a battle. It is very difficult, I believe, to expreſs violent motions, which are fleeting and tranſitory, either in colours or words. In poetry it requires great ſpirit in thought, and energy in ſtyle: which we find more of in the Eaſtern poetry, than in either the Greek or Roman. The great Creator, who accommodated himſelf to thoſe he vouchſafed to ſpeak to, hath put into the mouth of his prophets ſuch ſublime ſentiments and exalted language, as muſt abaſh the pride and wit of man. In the book of Job, the moſt ancient poem in the world, we have ſuch paintings and deſcriptions, as I have ſpoken of, in great variety. I ſhall, at preſent, make ſome remarks on the celebrated deſcription of the horſe in that holy book, and compare it with thoſe drawn by Homer and Virgil.

Homer hath the following ſimilitude of an horſe twice over in the Iliad, which Virgil hath copied from him; at leaſt he hath deviated leſs from Homer than Mr. Dryden hath from him.

Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins,
The wanton courſer prances o'er the plains;
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds,
And ſnuffs the female in forbidden grounds;
Or ſeeks his wat'ring in the well-known flood,
To quench his thirſt, and cool his fiery blood;
He ſwims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
And o'er his ſhoulders flows his waving mane;
He neighs, he ſnorts, he bears his head on high,
Before his ample cheſt the foaming waters fly.

Virgil's deſcription is much fuller than the foregoing, which, as I ſaid, is only a ſimile; whereas Virgil profeſſes to treat of the nature of the horſe. It is thus admirably tranſlated—

The fiery courſer, when he hears from far
The ſprightly trumpets, and the ſhouts of war,
Pricks up his ears, and, trembling with delight,
Shifts pace, and paws; and hopes the promis'd fight.

* *William Cary of Oriel College, M. A. June 2, 1711, is ſaid to have been a Writer in the* GUARDIAN. *Edward, afterwards Dr. Young, was likewiſe, it is ſaid, a coadjutor in the ſame work, and at this time of Corpus Chriſti College, Oxford. Richard Parker, M. A. of Merton,* STEELE'S *intimate friend and fellow-collegian, Deane Bartelett, M. A. of the ſame College, and at the ſame time, were among* STEELE'S *Oxford Correſpondents, and probably his auxiliaries in the* GUARDIAN.

On his right ſhoulder, his thick mane reclin'd,
Ruffles at ſpeed, and dances in the wind.
His horny hoofs are jetty black, and round;
His chin is double; ſtarting, with a bound
He turns the turf, and ſhakes the ſolid ground.
Fire from his eyes, clouds from his noſtrils flow;
He bears his rider headlong on the foe.

Now follows that in the book of Job; which, under all the diſadvantages of having been written in a language little underſtood; of being expreſſed in phraſes peculiar to a part of the world, whoſe manner of thinking and ſpeaking ſeems to us very uncouth; and, above all, of appearing in a proſe tranſlation; is nevertheleſs ſo tranſcendently above the heathen deſcriptions, that hereby we may perceive how faint and languid the images are, which are formed by mortal authors, when compared with that, which is figured, as it were, juſt as it appears in the eye of the Creator. God, ſpeaking to Job, aſks him—

'Haſt thou given the horſe ſtrength? haſt 'thou cloathed his neck with thunder? Canſt 'thou make him afraid as a graſshopper? The 'glory of his noſtrils is terrible. He paweth 'in the valley, and rejoiceth in his ſtrength. 'He goeth on to meet the armed men. He 'mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither 'turneth he back from the ſword. The quiver 'rattleth againſt him, the glittering ſpear and 'the ſhield. He ſwalloweth the ground with 'fierceneſs and rage; neither believeth he that 'it is the ſound of the trumpet. He ſaith 'among the trumpets——" Ha, ha!" and 'he ſmelleth the battle afar off; the thunder 'of the captains, and the ſhouting,'

Here are all the great and ſprightly images, that thought can form, of this generous beaſt, expreſſed in ſuch force and vigour of ſtyle, as would have given the great wits of antiquity new laws for the ſublime had they been acquainted with theſe writings. I cannot but particularly obſerve, that whereas the claſſical poets chiefly endeavoured to paint the outward figure, lineament, and motions; the ſacred poet makes all the beauties to flow from an inward principle in the creatures he deſcribes, and thereby gives great ſpirit and vivacity to his deſcription, The following phraſes and circumſtances ſeem ſingularly remarkable.—

'Haſt thou cloathed his neck with thunder?' Homer and Virgil mention nothing about the neck of the horſe but his mane, The ſacred author, by the bold figure of thunder, not only expreſſes the ſhaking of that remarkable beauty in the horſe, and the flakes of hair which naturally ſuggeſt the idea of lightning; but likewiſe the violent agitation and force of the neck, which, in the Oriental tongues, had been flatly expreſſed by a metaphor leſs than this.

'Canſt thou make him afraid as a graſhop-'per?' There is a twofold beauty in this expreſſion which not only marks the courage of this beaſt, by aſking if he can be ſcared; but likewiſe raiſes a noble image of his ſwiftneſs, by inſinuating, that if he could be frighted, he would bound away with the nimbleneſs of a graſhopper.

'The glory of his noſtrils is terrible.' This is more ſtrong and conciſe than that of Virgil, which yet is the nobleſt line that was ever written without inſpiration.

Collectumque premens volvit ſub naribus ignem.

GEORG. 3. v. 85.

And in his noſtrils rolls collected fire.

'He rejoiceth in his ſtrength—He mocketh at 'fear—Neither believeth he that it is the ſound 'of the trumpet—He ſaith among the trum-'pets—" Ha, ha!"—are ſigns of courage, as I ſaid before, flowing from an inward principle. There is a peculiar beauty in his 'not 'believing it is the ſound of the trumpet:' that is, he cannot believe it for joy; but when he was ſure of it, and is 'amongſt the trumpets,' he ſaith—" Ha, ha!" he neighs, he rejoices. His docility is elegantly painted in his being unmoved at the 'rattling quiver, the glitter-'ing ſpear, and the ſhield;' and is well imitated by Oppian, who undoubtedly read Job as well as Virgil, in his poem upon Hunting.

How firm the manag'd war-horſe keeps his ground,
Nor breaks his order, tho' the trumpets ſound!
With fearleſs eye the glittering hoſt ſurveys,
And glares directly at the helmet's blaze:
The maſter's word, the laws of war he knows,
And when to ſtop, and when to charge the foes.

'He ſwalloweth the ground,' is an expreſſion for prodigious ſwiftneſs, in uſe among the Arabians, Job's countrymen, at this day. The Latins have ſomething like it.

Latumque fugâ conſumere campum.

NEMESIAN.

In flight the extended champaign to conſume.

Carpere prata fugâ.

VIRG. GEORG. 3.142.

In flight to crop the meads.

——————*campumque volatu*
Cùm rapuere, pedum veſtigia quæras.
SIL. ITAL.

When in their flight the champaign they have
ſnatch'd,
No track is left behind.

It is indeed the boldeſt and nobleſt of images for ſwiftneſs; nor have I met with any thing that comes ſo near it, as Mr. Pope's, in Windſor Foreſt.

The impatient courſer pants in ev'ry vein,
And, pawing, ſeems to beat the diſtant plain;
Hills, vales, and floods, appear already croſt;
And, ere he ſtarts a thouſand ſteps are loſt.

'He ſmelleth the battle afar off,' and what follows about the ſhouting is a circumſtance expreſſed with great ſpirit by Lucan.

So when the ring with joyful ſhouts rebounds,
With rage and pride the impriſon'd courſer
bounds:
He frets, he foams, he rends his idle rein;
Springs o'er the fence, and headlong ſeeks the
plain.

I am, Sir, your ever-obliged ſervant,
JOHN LIZARD *.

No. LXXXVII. SATURDAY, JUNE 20.

——*Conſtiterant hinc Thiſbe, Priamus illinc,*
Inque vicem fuerit captatus adhelitus oris. OVID. MET. L. 4. V. 71.

Here Pyramus, there gentle Thiſbe, ſtrove
To catch each other's breath, the balmy breeze of love.

MY Precautions are made up of all that I can hear and ſee, tranſlate, borrow, paraphraſe, or contract from the perſons with whom I mingle and converſe, and the authors whom I read. But the grave diſcourſes which I ſometimes give the town, do not win ſo much attention as lighter matters. For this reaſon it is, that I am obliged to conſider vice as it is ridiculous, and accompanied with gallantry, elſe I find in a very ſhort time I ſhall lie like waſte paper on the tables of coffee-houſes. Where I have taken moſt pains I often find myſelf leaſt read. There is a ſpirit of intrigue got into all, even the meaneſt people, and the very ſervants are bent upon delights, and commence oglers and languiſhers. I happened the other day to paſs by a gentleman's houſe, and ſaw the moſt flippant ſcene of low love that I have ever obſerved. The maid was rubbing the windows within-ſide of the houſe, and her humble ſervant the footman was ſo happy a man as to be employed in cleaning the ſame glaſs on the ſide towards the ſtreet. The wench began with the greateſt ſeverity of aſpect imaginable, and breathing on the glaſs, followed it with a dry cloth; her oppoſite obſerved her, and fetching a deep ſigh, as if it were his laſt, with a very diſconſolate air did the ſame on his ſide of the window. He ſtill worked on and languiſhed, until at laſt his fair-one ſmiled, but covered herſelf, and ſpreading the napkin in her hand, concealed herſelf from her admirer, while he took pains as it were, to work through all that intercepted their meeting. This pretty conteſt held for four or five large panes of glaſs, until at laſt the waggery was turned into a humorous way of breathing in each other's faces, and catching the impreſſion. The gay creatures were thus loving and pleaſing their imaginations with their nearneſs and diſtance, until the windows were ſo tranſparent, that the beauty of the female made the man-ſervant impatient of beholding it, and the whole houſe beſides being abroad, he ran in, and they romped out of my ſight. It may be imagined theſe oglers of no quality, made a more ſudden application of the intention of kind ſighs and glances, than thoſe whoſe education lays them under greater reſtraints, and who are conſequently more ſlow in their advances. I have often obſerved all the low part of the town in love; and, taking a hackney coach, have conſidered all that paſſed by me in that light, as theſe cities are compoſed of crowds wherein there is not

* *See* Notes *on* GUARD. *N°* 10, *and N°* 15. *This Paper, N°* 86, *ſigned J. Lizard, was the production probably of Dr. Young.*

one who is not lawfully or unlawfully engaged in that paſſion. When one is in this ſpeculation, it is not unpleaſant to obſerve alliances between thoſe males and females whoſe lot it is to act in public. Thus the woods in the middle of ſummer are not more entertaining with the different notes of birds, than the town is of different voices of the ſeveral ſorts of people who act in public; they are divided into claſſes, and crowds made for crowds. The hackney-coachmen, the chairmen, and porters, are the lovers of the hawker-women, fruitreſſes, and milk-maids. They are a wild world of themſelves, and have voices ſignificant of their private inclinations, which ſtrangers can take no notice of. Thus a wench with fruit looks like a mad-woman when ſhe cries wares you ſee ſhe does not carry, but thoſe in the ſecret know that cry is only an aſſignation to an hackney-coachman who is driving by, and underſtands her. The whole people is in an intrigue, and the undiſcerning paſſengers are unacquainted with the meaning of what they hear all round them: they know not how to ſeparate the cries of mercenary traders, from the ſighs and lamentations of languiſhing lovers. The common face of modeſty is loſt among the ordinary part of the world, and the general corruption of manners is viſible from the loſs of all deference in the low people towards thoſe of condition. One order of mankind trips faſt after the next above it, and by this rule you may trace iniquity from the converſations of the moſt wealthy to thoſe of the humbleſt degree. It is an act of great reſolution to paſs by a crowd of polite footmen, who can railly, make love, ridicule, and obſerve upon all the paſſengers, who are obliged to go by the places where they wait. This licence makes different characters among them, and there are beaux, partymen, and free-thinkers, in livery. I take it for a rule, that there is no bad man but makes a bad woman, and the contagion of vice is what ſhould make people cautious of their behaviour. Juvenal ſays 'there is the greateſt reverence to be had to the preſence of children;' it may be as well ſaid of the preſence of ſervants, as it would be ſome kind of virtue if we kept our vices to ourſelves. It is a feeble authority which has not the ſupport of perſonal reſpect; and the dependence founded only upon their receiving their maintenance of us, is not of force enough to ſupport us againſt an habitual behaviour, for which they contemn and deride us. No man can be well ſerved, but by thoſe who have an opinion of his merit; and that opinion cannot be kept up, but by an exemption from thoſe faults which we would reſtrain in our dependants.

Though our fopperies imitated are worthy of laughter, our vices transferred to our ſervants give matter of lamentation. But there is nothing in which our families are ſo docile, as in the imitation of our delights. It is therefore but common prudence to take care that our inferiors know of none but our innocent ones. It is, methinks, a very arrogant thing to expect that the ſingle conſideration of not offending us ſhould curb our ſervants from vice, when much higher motives cannot moderate our own inclinations. But I began this paper with an obſervation that the lower world is got into faſhionable vices, and above all to the underſtanding the language of the eye. There is nothing but writing ſongs which the footmen do not practiſe as well as their maſters. Spurious races of mankind, which pine in want, and periſh in their firſt months of being, come into the world from this degeneracy. The poſſeſſion of wealth and affluence ſeems to carry ſome faint extenuation of his guilt who is ſunk by it into luxury; but poverty and ſervitude, accompanied with the vices of wealth and licentiouſneſs, is, I believe, a circumſtance of ill peculiar to our age. This may, perhaps, be matter of jeſt, or is overlooked by thoſe who do not turn their thoughts upon the actions of others. But from that one particular, of the immorality of our ſervants ariſing from the negligence of maſters of families in their care of them, flows that irreſiſtible torrent of diſaſters which ſpreads itſelf through all human life. Old age oppreſſed with beggary, youth drawn into the commiſſion of murders and robberies, both owe their diſaſter to this evil. If we conſider the happineſs which grows out of a fatherly conduct towards ſervants, it would encourage a man to that ſort of care, as much as the effects of a libertine behaviour to them would affright us.

Lycurgus is a man of that noble diſpoſition, that his domeſtics, in a nation of the greateſt liberty, enjoy a freedom known only to themſelves, who live under his roof. He is the banker, the counſel, the parent of all his nu-

merous dependents. Kindneſs is the law of his houſe, and the way to his favour is being gentle and well-natured to their fellow ſervants. Every one recommends himſelf, by appearing officious to let their patron know the merit of others under his care. Many little fortunes have ſtreamed out of his favour; and his prudence is ſuch, that the fountain is not exhauſted by the channels from it, but its way cleared to run new meanders. He beſtows with ſo much judgment, that his bounty is the increaſe of his wealth; all who ſhare in his favour, are enabled to enjoy it by his example, and he has not only made, but qualified many a man to be rich *.

No. LXXXVIII. MONDAY, JUNE 22.

Mens agitat Molem——— VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 727.

A mind informs the maſs.

TO one who regards things with a philoſophical eye, and hath a ſoul capable of being delighted with the ſenſe that truth and knowledge prevail among men, it muſt be a grateful reflection to think that the ſublimeſt truths, which among the heathens only here and there one of brighter parts and more leiſure than ordinary could attain to, are now grown familiar to the meaneſt inhabitants of theſe nations.

Whence came this ſurprizing change, that regions formerly inhabited by ignorant and ſavage people, ſhould now outſhine ancient Greece, and the other eaſtern countries, ſo renowned of old, in the moſt elevated notions of theology and morality? Is it the effect of our own parts and induſtry? Have our common mechanics more refined underſtandings than the ancient philoſophers? It is owing to the God of Truth, who came down from Heaven, and condeſcended to be himſelf our teacher. It is as we are Chriſtians, that we profeſs more excellent and divine truths than the reſt of mankind.

If there be any of the Free-thinkers who are not direct Atheiſts, charity would incline one to believe them ignorant of what is here advanced. And it is for their information that I write this paper, the deſign of which is to compare the ideas that Chriſtians entertain of the being and attributes of a God, with the groſs notions of the Heathen world. Is it poſſible for the mind of man to conceive a more auguſt idea of the Deity than is ſet forth in the holy Scriptures? I ſhall throw together ſome paſſages relating to this ſubject, which I propoſe only as philoſophical ſentiments, to be conſidered by a Free-thinker.

'Though there be that are called Gods, 'yet to us there is but one God. He made 'the heaven, and heaven of heavens, with all 'their hoſt; the earth and all things that are 'therein; the ſea, and all that is therein. He 'ſaid—"Let them be," and it was ſo. He 'hath ſtretched forth the heavens. He hath 'founded the earth and hung it upon nothing. 'He hath ſhut up the ſea with doors, and ſaid '—"Hitherto ſhalt thou come and no farther, "and here ſhall thy proud waves be ſtaid." 'The Lord is an inviſible ſpirit, in whom we 'live, and move, and have our being. He is 'the fountain of life. He preſerveth man and 'beaſt. He giveth food to all fleſh. In his 'hand is the ſoul of every living thing, and 'the breath of all mankind. The Lord mak-'eth poor and maketh rich. He bringeth low 'and lifteth up. He killeth and maketh alive. 'He woundeth and he healeth. By him kings 'reign, and princes decree juſtice; and not a 'ſparrow falleth to the ground without him. 'All angels, authorities, and powers, are ſub-'ject to him. He appointeth the moon for 'ſeaſons, and the ſun knoweth his going down. 'He thundereth with his voice, and directeth 'it under the whole heaven, and his lightning 'unto the ends of the earth. Fire and hail, 'ſnow and vapour, wind and ſtorm, fulfil his 'word. The Lord is King for ever and ever, 'and his dominion is an everlaſting dominion. 'The earth and the heavens ſhall periſh, but 'thou, O Lord, remaineſt. They all ſhall 'wax old, as doth a garment, and as a veſ-'ture ſhalt thou fold them up, and they ſhall 'be changed; but thou art the ſame, and thy 'years ſhall have no end. God is perfect in 'knowledge; his underſtanding is infinite.

* *See* Notes *on* GUARD. *No.* 10, *and No.* 15. *Perhaps Mr. John Hughes was the Writer of this Paper No.* 87, *and Lord Cowper, the illuſtrious character celebrated here under the name of Lycurgus. If the Paper was written by* ADDISON *or* STEELE; *the alluſion in this fine character was probably to Lord Somers.*

'He is the Father of lights. He looketh to the 'ends of the earth, and ſeeth under the whole 'heaven. The Lord beholdeth all the chil-'dren of men from the place of his habitation, 'and conſidereth all their works. He know-'eth our down-ſitting and up-riſing. He com-'paſſeth our path, and counteth our ſteps. He 'is acquainted with all our ways; and when 'we enter our cloſet, and ſhut our door, he 'ſeeth us. He knoweth the things that come 'into our mind, every one of them; and 'no thought can be withholden from him. The 'Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies 'are over all his works. He is a Father of the 'fatherleſs, and a judge of the widow. He 'is the God of peace, the Father of mercies, 'and the God of all comfort and conſolation. 'The Lord is great, and we know him not: 'His greatneſs is unſearchable. Who but he 'hath meaſured the waters in the hollow of 'his hand, and meted out the heavens with a 'ſpan? Thine, O Lord, is the greatneſs, and 'the power, and the glory, and the victory, 'and the majeſty. Thou art very great, thou 'art cloathed with honour. Heaven is thy 'throne, and earth is thy footſtool.'

Can the mind of a philoſopher riſe to a more juſt and magnificent, and at the ſame time a more amiable idea of the Deity than is here ſet forth in the ſtrongeſt images and moſt emphatical language? And yet this is the language of ſhepherds and fiſhermen. The illiterate Jews and poor perſecuted Chriſtians retained theſe noble ſentiments, while the polite and powerful nations of the earth were given up to that ſottiſh ſort of worſhip, of which the following elegant deſcription is extracted from one of the inſpired writers.

'Who hath formed a God, and molten an 'image that is profitable for nothing? The 'ſmith with the tongs both worketh in the 'coals and faſhioneth it with hammers, and 'worketh it with the ſtrength of his arms: 'yea he is hungry, and his ſtrength faileth. He 'drinketh no water, and is faint. A man 'planteth an aſh, and the rain doth nouriſh it. 'He burneth part thereof in the fire. He 'roaſteth roaſt. He warmeth himſelf. And 'the reſidue thereof he maketh a God. He 'falleth down unto it, and worſhippeth it, and 'prayeth unto it, and ſaith—"Deliver me, 'for thou art my God." 'None conſidereth, 'in his heart—"I have burnt part of it in "the fire, yea alſo, I have baked bread upon "the coals thereof; I have roaſted fleſh and "eaten it; and ſhall I make the reſidue there-"of an abomination? Shall I fall down to the "ſtock of a tree *?"

In ſuch circumſtances as theſe, for a man to declare for Free-thinking, and diſengage himſelf from the yoke of idolatry, were doing honour to human nature, and a work well becoming the great aſſerters of reaſon. But in a church, where our adoration is directed to the ſupreme Being †, and (to ſay the leaſt) where is nothing either in the object or manner of worſhip that contradicts the light of nature; there, under the pretence of free-thinking, to rail at the religious inſtitutions of their country, ſheweth an undiſtinguiſhing genius that miſtakes oppoſition for freedom of thought. And, indeed, notwithſtanding the pretences of ſome few among our Free-thinkers, I can hardly think there are men ſo ſtupid and inconſiſtent with themſelves, as to have a ſerious regard for natural religion, and at the ſame time uſe their utmoſt endeavours to deſtroy the credit of thoſe ſacred writings, which as they have been the means of bringing theſe parts of the world to the knowledge of natural religion, ſo in caſe they loſe their authority over the minds of men, we ſhould of courſe ſink into the ſame idolatry which we ſee practiſed by other unenlightened nations.

If a perſon who exerts himſelf in the modern way of free-thinking, be not a ſtupid idolater, it is undeniable that he contributes all he can to the making other men ſo, either by

* *Iſai. xliv.* paſſim.

† *This, and what follows concerning the* Object *and* manner *of worſhip in the church of England, are round aſſertions; but to ſay the leaſt of them, they are certainly queſtionable; and ſound Chriſtians may have very ſerious doubts about the truth of them, and even religiouſly abſtain from the worſhip as idolatrous, without thinking uncharitably, that the worſhippers are idolaters, though they themſelves wanting the convictions of ſincerity, would be ſelf-condemned in joining with them.*

ignorance or design; which lays him under the dilemma, I will not say of being a fool or knave, but of incurring the contempt or detestation of mankind ‡.

No. LXXXIX. TUESDAY, JUNE 23.

Igneus est ollis vigor, et coelestis origo
Seminibus ——— VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 730.

They boast ethereal vigour, and are form'd
From seeds of heavenly birth.

THE same faculty of reason and understanding which placeth us above the brute part of the creation, doth also subject our minds to greater and more manifold disquiets than creatures of an inferior rank are sensible of. It is by this that we anticipate future disasters, and oft create to ourselves real pain from imaginary evils, as well as multiply the pangs arising from those which cannot be avoided.

It behoves us therefore to make the best use of that sublime talent, which, so long as it continues the instrument of passion, will serve only to make us more miserable, in proportion as we are more excellent than other beings.

It is the privilege of a thinking being to withdraw from the objects that solicit his senses, and turn his thoughts inward on himself. For my own part, I often mitigate the pain arising from the little misfortunes and disappointments that chequer human life by this introversion of my faculties, wherein I regard my own soul as the image of her Creator, and receive great consolation from beholding those perfections which testify her divine original, and lead me into some knowledge of her everlasting Archetype.

But there is not any property or circumstance of my being that I contemplate with more joy than my Immortality. I can easily overlook any present momentary sorrow, when I reflect that it is my power to be happy a thousand years hence. If it were not for this thought, I had rather be an oyster than a man, the most stupid and senseless of animals than a reasonable mind tortured with an extreme innate desire of that perfection which it despairs to obtain.

It is with great pleasure that I behold Instinct, Reason, and Faith, concurring to attest this comfortable truth. It is revealed from Heaven; it is discovered by philosophers; and the ignorant, unenlightened part of mankind, have a natural propensity to believe it. It is an agreeable entertainment to reflect on the various shapes under which this doctrine has appeared in the world. The Pythagorean transmigration, the sensual habitations of the Mahometan, and the shady realms of Pluto, do all agree in the main points, the continuation of our existence, and the distribution of rewards and punishments, proportioned to the merits or demerits of men in this life.

But in all these schemes there is something gross and improbable, that shocks a reasonable and speculative mind. Whereas nothing can be more rational and sublime than the Christian idea of a future state. 'Eye hath not seen, 'nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into 'the heart of man to conceive the things 'which God hath prepared for those that love 'him.' The above-mentioned schemes are narrow transcripts of our present state: but in this indefinite description there is something ineffably great and noble. The mind of man must be raised to a higher pitch, not only to partake the enjoyments of the Christian Paradise, but even to be able to frame any notion of them.

Nevertheless, in order to gratify our imagination, and by way of condescension to our low way of thinking, the ideas of light, glory, a crown, &c. are made use of to adumbrate that which we cannot directly understand. 'The 'Lamb which is in the midst of the throne 'shall feed them, and shall lead them unto liv-'ing fountains of waters; and God shall wipe 'all tears from their eyes. And there shall be

‡ *This Paper, No. 88, is ascribed to Bishop Berkeley, the author of the preceding Papers on Free-Thinkers; but it is not mentioned in the list of his father's papers, communicated by the Rev. George Berkeley, formerly Student of Christ Church, and Vicar of Bray in Oxfordshire: see No. 90, Let. 2, from which it seems that the assignment of this and the two following Papers, No. 89 and No. 90, to Dr. Berkeley Bishop of Cloyne, rests on the authority of* STEELE *himself.*

'no more death, neither ſorrow, nor crying; 'neither ſhall there be any more pain, for the 'former things are paſſed away, and behold all 'things are new. There ſhall be no night 'there, and they need no candle, neither light 'of the ſun: for the Lord God giveth them 'light, and ſhall make them drink of the river of his pleaſures; and they ſhall reign for ever 'and ever. They ſhall receive a crown of 'glory which fadeth not away.'

Theſe are cheering reflections; and I have often wondered that men could be found ſo dull and phlegmatic, as to prefer the thought of annihilation before them; or ſo ill-natured, as to endeavour to perſuade mankind to the diſbelief of what is ſo pleaſing and profitable even in the proſpect; or ſo blind as not to ſee that there is a Deity; and if there be, that this ſcheme of things flows from his attributes, and evidently correſponds with the other parts of his creation.

I know not how to acccount for this abſurd turn of thought, except it proceed from a want of other employment, joined with an affectation of ſingularity. I ſhall, therefore, inform our modern Free-thinkers of two points, whereof they ſeem to be ignorant. The firſt is, that it is not the being ſingular, but being ſingular for ſomething, that argues either extraordinary endowments of nature, or benevolent intentions to mankind, which draws the admiration and eſteem of the world. A miſtake in this point naturally ariſes from that confuſion of thought which I do not remember to have ſeen ſo great inſtances of in any writers, as in certain modern Free-thinkers.

The other point is, that there are innumerable objects within the reach of a human mind, and each of theſe objects may be viewed in innumerable lights and poſitions, and the relations ariſing between them are innumerable. There is, therefore, an infinity of things whereon to employ their thoughts, if not with advantage to the world, at leaſt with amuſement to themſelves, and without offence or prejudice to other people. If they proceed to exert their talent of Free thinking in this way, they may be innocently dull, and no one take any notice of it. But to ſee men without either wit or argument pretend to run down divine and human laws, and treat their fellow-ſubjects with contempt for profeſſing a belief of thoſe points on which the preſent as well as future intereſt of mankind depends is not to be endured. For my own part, I ſhall omit no endeavours to render their perſons as deſpicable, and their practices as odious, in the eye of the world, as they deſerve.*

No. XC. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24.

——*Fungar vice cotis*—— HOR. ARS. POET. v. 304.

I'll play the whetſtone. CREECH.

IT is, they ſay, frequent with authors to write letters to themſelves either out of lazineſs or vanity.

The following is genuine, and, I think, deſerves the attention of every man of ſenſe in England.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

SIR, JUNE 20.

THOUGH I am not apt to make complaints, and have never yet troubled you with any, and little thought I ever ſhould, yet ſeeing that in your paper of this day, you take no notice of yeſterday's Examiner, as I hoped you would; my love for my religion, which is ſo nearly concerned, would not permit me to be ſilent. The matter, Sir, is this. A biſhop † of our church (to whom the Examiner himſelf has nothing to object, but his care and concern for the Proteſtant religion, which by him, it ſeems, is thought a ſufficient fault) has lately publiſhed a book in which he endeavours to ſhew the folly, ignorance, and miſtake of the Church

* *This Paper, No.* 89, *as well as the preceding, is aſcribed to Biſhop Berkeley, who was at this time in London, aged about* 29; *and moſt probably the gentleman to whom the laſt letter of the following Paper, No.* 90, *was addreſſed. It is not mentioned as a Paper of his father's in the liſt communicated by George Berkely, Student of Chriſt Church, and Vicar of Bray, in Oxfordſhire. The author of this, and the foregoing Papers on Free-Thinkers, was at this time Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin; he was elected a* ſenior *Fellow in* 1717, *and took the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity in* 1721. *In* 1724, *he was promoted to the deanry of Derry, worth* 1100 per annum; *and in* 1734, *to the biſhopric of Cloyne, where he conſtantly reſided, excepting one winter ſpent at Dublin, and applied himſelf diligently to the diſcharge of all epiſcopal duties.*

† *Dr. William Fleetwood, biſhop of St. Aſaph, publiſhed about this time,* "*The Life and Miracles*

of Rome, in its worſhip of ſaints: from this the Examiner takes occaſion to fall upon the author with his utmoſt malice, and to make him the ſubject of his ridicule. Is it then become a crime for a Proteſtant to ſpeak or write in defence of his religion? Shall a Papiſt have leave to print and publiſh in England what he pleaſes in defence of his own opinion, with the Examiner's approbation; and ſhall not a Proteſtant be permitted to write is anſwer to it? For this, Mr. Guardian, is the preſent caſe. Laſt year a papiſt (or to pleaſe Mr. Examiner, a Roman Catholic) publiſhed the life of St. Wenefrede, for the uſe of thoſe devout pilgrims who go in great numbers to offer up their prayers to her at her well. This gave occaſion to the worthy prelate, in whoſe dioceſe that well is, to make ſome obſervations upon it; and in order to undeceive ſo many poor deluded people, to ſhow how little reaſon, and how ſmall authority there is, not only to believe any of the miracles attributed to St. Wenefrede, but even to believe there ever was ſuch a perſon in the world. And ſhall then a good man, upon ſuch an account, be liable to be abuſed in ſo public a manner? Can any good Church-of-England man bear to ſee a biſhop, one whom her preſent majeſty was pleaſed to make, treated in ſo ludicrous a way? or ſhall one paſs by the ſcurrility and the immodeſty that is to be found in ſeveral parts of the paper? Who can with patience ſee St. Paul and St. Wenefrede ſet, by the Examiner, upon a level, and the authority for one made by him to be equal with that for the other? Who, that is a Chriſtian, can endure his inſipid mirth upon ſo ſerious an occaſion? I muſt confeſs it raiſes my indignation to the greateſt height, to ſee a pen that has been long employed in writing panegyrics upon perſons of the firſt rank, (who would be indeed to be pitied, were they to depend upon that for their praiſe) to ſee, I ſay, the ſame pen at laſt made uſe of in defence of popery.

I think I may now, with juſtice, congratulate with thoſe whom the Examiner diſlikes; ſince, for my own part, I ſhould reckon it my great honour to be worthy his diſeſteem, and ſhould count his cenſure praiſe. I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant.

The above letter complains, with great juſtice, againſt this incorrigible creature; but I do not inſert any thing concerning him, in hopes what I ſay will have any effect upon him, but to prevent the impreſſion which what he ſays may have upon others. I ſhall end this paper with a letter I have juſt now written to a gentleman, whoſe writings are often inſerted in the Guardian *, without deviation of one tittle from what he ſends.

SIR, JUNE 23.

I HAVE received the favour of yours with the incloſed, which made up the papers of the two laſt days. I cannot but look upon myſelf with great contempt and mortification, when I reflect that I have thrown away more hours than you have lived, though you ſo much excel me in every thing for which I would live. Until I knew you, I thought it the privilege of angels only to be very knowing and very innocent. In the warmth of youth to be capable of ſuch abſtracted and virtuous reflections, (with a ſuitable life) as thoſe with which you entertain yourſelf, is the utmoſt of human perfection and felicity. The greateſt honour I can conceive done to another, is when an elder does reverence to a younger, though that younger is not diſtinguiſhed above him by fortune. Your contempt of pleaſures, riches, and honour, will crown you with them all, and I wiſh you them not for your own ſake, but for the reaſon which only would make them eligible by yourſelf, the good of others. I am, deareſt youth, your friend and admirer,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

No. XCI. THURSDAY, JUNE 25.

——Ineſt ſua gratia parvis.

Little things have their value.

IT is the great rule of behaviour to follow nature. The author of the following letter is ſo much convinced of this truth, that he turns what would render a man of little ſoul exceptious, humourſome, and particular in all his actions, to a ſubject of raillery and mirth. He

" *of St. Wenefrede, together with her Litanies. With ſome Hiſtorical Obſervations.*" *Pr.* 1*s.* 6*d.* GUARD. in fol. *No.* 77.

* *George Berkeley, then Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, See N°* 89, Note ad finem. *See Introd.* Note *to N°* 126; *and N°* 130, Note *on Mr. Bartelett.*

is, you muſt know, but half as tall as an ordinary man, but is contented to be ſtill at his friend's elbow, and has ſet up a club, by which he hopes to bring thoſe of his own ſize into a little reputation.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

I REMEMBER a ſaying of your's concerning perſons in low circumſtances of ſtature, that their littleneſs would hardly be taken notice of, if they did not manifeſt a conſciouſneſs of it themſelves in all their behaviour. Indeed, the obſervation that no man is ridiculous, for being what he is, but only in the affectation of being ſomething more, is equally true in regard to the mind and the body.

I queſtion not but it will be pleaſing to you to hear, that a ſet of us have formed a ſociety, who are ſworn to 'Dare to be ſhort,' and boldly bear out the dignity of littleneſs under the noſes of thoſe hyperbolical monſters of the ſpecies, the tall fellows that overlook us.

The day of our inſtitution was the tenth of December, being the ſhorteſt of the year, on which we are to hold an annual feaſt over a diſh of ſhrimps.

The place we have choſen for this meeting is in the Little Piazza, not without an eye to the neighbourhood of Mr. Powel's opera; for the performers of which we have, as becomes us, a brotherly affection.

At our firſt reſort hither, an old woman brought her ſon to the club-room, deſiring he might be educated in this ſchool, becauſe ſhe ſaw here were finer boys than ordinary. However, this accident no way diſcouraged our deſigns. We began with ſending invitations to thoſe of a ſtature not exceeding five *foot*, * to repair to our aſſembly; but the greater part returned excuſes, or pretended they were not qualified.

One ſaid he was indeed about but five *foot* at preſent, but repreſented that he ſhould ſoon exceed that proportion, his periwig-maker and ſhoe-maker having lately promiſed him three inches more betwixt them.

Another alledged, he was ſo unfortunate as to have one leg ſhorter than the other, and whoever had determined his ſtature to five *foot*, had taken him at a diſadvantage; for when he was mounted on the other leg, he was at leaſt five *foot* two inches and a half.

There were ſome who queſtioned the exactneſs of our meaſures; and others, inſtead of complying, returned us informations of people yet ſhorter than themſelves. In a word, almoſt every one recommended ſome neighbour or acquaintance, whom he was willing we ſhould look upon to be leſs than he. We were not a little aſhamed that thoſe who are paſt the years of growth, and whoſe beards pronounce them men, ſhould be guilty of as many unfair tricks in this point, as the moſt aſpiring children when they are meaſured.

We therefore proceeded to fit up the club-room, and provide conveniencies for our accommodation. In the firſt place we cauſed a total removal of all the chairs, ſtools, and tables, which had ſerved the groſs of mankind for many years. The diſadvantages we had undergone, while we made uſe of theſe, were unſpeakable. The preſident's whole body was ſunk in the elbow-chair: and when his arms were ſpread over it, he appeared (to the great leſſening of his dignity) like a child in a go-cart: it was alſo ſo wide in the ſeat, as to give a wag occaſion of ſaying, that notwithſtanding the preſident ſat in it, there was a *ſede vacante*.

The table was ſo high, that one who came by chance to the door, ſeeing our chins juſt above the pewter diſhes, took us to be a circle of men that ſat ready to be ſhaved, and ſent in half a dozen barbers. Another time one of the club ſpoke contumeliouſly of the preſident, imagining he had been abſent, when he was only eclipſed by a flaſk of Florence which ſtood on the table in a parallel line before his face. We therefore new-furniſhed the rooom in all reſpects proportionably to us; and had the door made lower, ſo as to admit no man of above five *foot* high, without bruſhing his foretop, which whoever does is utterly unqualified to ſit among us.

Some of the ſtatutes of the Club are as follow.

1. If it be proved upon any member, though *never* ſo duly qualified, that he ſtrives as much as poſſible to get above his ſize, by ſtretching, cocking, or the like; or that he hath ſtood on tip-toe in a crowd, with a deſign to be taken for as tall a man as the reſt; or hath privily con-

* "*I could never, (ſaid Swift ſpeaking of Pope) I could never get the blockhead to learn his gram-*" *mar.*" *The Doctor himſelf, and not ſeldom, broke Priſcian's head.*

veyed any large book, cricket, or other device, under him, to exalt him on his ſeat: every ſuch offender ſhall be ſentenced to walk in pumps for a whole month.

II. If any member ſhall take advantage, from the fulneſs or length of his wig, or any part of his dreſs, or the immoderate extent of his hat, or otherwiſe, to ſeem larger or higher than he is; it is ordered, he ſhall wear red heels to his ſhoes, and a red feather in his hat, which may apparently mark and ſet bounds to the extremities of his ſmall dimenſion, that all people may readily find him out between his hat and his ſhoes.

III. If any member ſhall purchaſe a horſe for his own riding above fourteen hands and a half in height, that horſe ſhall forthwith be ſold, a Scotch galloway bought in its ſtead for him, and the overplus of the money ſhall treat the club.

IV. If any member in direct contradiction to the fundamental laws of the ſociety, ſhall wear the heels of his ſhoes exceeding one inch and half, it ſhall be interpreted as an open renunciation of littleneſs, and the criminal ſhall inſtantly be expelled. Note, The form to be uſed in expelling a member ſhall be in theſe words—'Go from among us, and be tall if you can!'

It is the unanimous opinion of our whole ſociety, that ſince the race of mankind is granted to have decreaſed in ſtature from the beginning to this preſent, it is the intent of nature itſelf that men ſhould be little; and we believe that all human kind ſhall at laſt grow down to perfection, that is to ſay, be reduced to our own meaſure*. I am very literally your humble ſervant,

BOB SHORT.

No. XCII. FRIDAY, JUNE 26.

Homunculi quanti ſunt, cum recogito! PLAUTUS.
Now I recollect, how conſiderable are theſe little men!

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SIR,

THE Club riſing early this evening, I have time to finiſh my account of it. You are already acquainted with the nature and deſign of our inſtitution; the characters of the members, and the topics of our converſation, are what remain for the ſubject of this epiſtle.

The moſt eminent perſons of our aſſembly are a little poet, a little lover, a little politician, and a little hero. The firſt of theſe, Dick Diſtich by name, we have elected preſident, not only as he is the ſhorteſt of us all, but becauſe he has entertained ſo juſt a ſenſe of the ſtature, as to go generally in black, that he may appear yet leſs. Nay, to that perfection is he arrived, that he ſtoops as he walks. The figure of the man is odd enough; he is a very lively little creature, with long arms and legs: a ſpider is no ill emblem of him. He has been taken at a diſtance for a ſmall wind-mill. But indeed what principally moved us in his favour was his talent in poetry; for he hath promiſed to undertake a long work in ſhort verſe to celebrate the heroes of our ſize. He has entertained ſo great a reſpect for Statius, on the ſcore of that line—

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus.
A larger portion of heroic fire
Did his ſmall limbs and little breaſt inſpire.

that he once deſigned to tranſlate the whole Thebaid for the ſake of little Tydeus.

Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the moſt gallant lover of the age. He is particularly nice in his habiliments; and to the end juſtice may be done him that way, conſtantly employs the ſame artiſt who makes attire for the neighbouring princes and ladies of quality at Mr. Powel's. The vivacity of his temper inclines him ſometimes to boaſt of the favours of the fair. He was the other night excuſing his abſence from the club upon an account of an aſſignation with a lady, (and, as he had the vanity to tell us, a tall one too) who had conſented to the full accompliſhment of his deſires that evening; but one of the company, who was his confidant, aſſured us ſhe was a woman of humour, and made the agreement on this condition that his toe ſhould be tied to hers. †

Our politician is a perſon of real gravity, and profeſſed wiſdom. Gravity in a man of this ſize, compared with that of ordinary bulk, appears like the gravity of a cat compared with that

* *This Paper, N° 91, and its ſequel, N° 92, is aſcribed to* POPE *on the authority of* STEELE *himſelf. See "The Publiſher to the Reader;" and* GUARD. in folio.

† POPE *ſeems to allude here, and at the cloſe of this Paper, to his waggiſh* roundeau *on Mrs. Eliz. Thomas, miſtreſs to H. Cromwell, eſq. See* Biogr. Brit. *art.* POPE, *p.* 3414. Note.

that of a lion. This gentleman is accuſtomed to talk to himſelf, and was once overheard to compare his own perſon to a little cabinet, wherein are locked up all the ſecrets of ſtate, and refined ſchemes of princes. His face is pale and meagre, which proceeds from much watching and ſtudying for the welfare of Europe, which is alſo thought to have ſtinted his growth: for he hath deſtroyed his own conſtitution with taking care of that of the nation. He is what Monſieur Balzac calls 'a great diſtiller of the 'maxims of Tacitus.' When he ſpeaks, it is ſlowly, and word by word, as one that is loth to enrich you too faſt with his obſervations; like a limbeck that gives you, drop by drop, an extract of the ſimples in it.

The laſt I ſhall mention is Tim Tuck, the hero. He is particularly remarkable for the length of his ſword, which interſects his perſon in a croſs line, and makes him appear not unlike a fly, that the boys have run a pin through and ſet a walking. He once challenged a tall fellow for giving him a blow with his elbow as he paſſed along the ſtreet. But what he eſpecially values himſelf upon is, that in all the campaigns he has made, he never once ducked at the whiz of a cannon-ball. Tim was full as large at fourteen years old as he is now. This we are tender of mentioning, your little heroes being generally choleric.

Theſe are the gentlemen that moſt enliven our converſation. The diſcourſe generally turns upon ſuch accidents, whether fortunate or unfortunate, as are daily occaſioned by our ſize: theſe we faithfully communicate, either as matter of mirth or of conſolation to each other. The preſident had lately an unlucky fall, being unable to keep his legs on a ſtormy day; whereupon he informed us, it was no new diſaſter, but the ſame a certain ancient poet had been ſubject to, who is recorded to have been ſo light, that he was obliged to poiſe himſelf againſt the wind with lead on one ſide, and his own works on the other. The lover confeſſed the other night that he had been cured of love to a tall woman, by reading over the legend of Ragotine in Scaron, with his tea, three mornings ſucceſſively. Our hero rarely acquaints us with any of his unſucceſsful adventures: and as for the politician, he declares himſelf an utter enemy to all kind of burleſque, ſo will never diſcompoſe the auſterity of his aſpect by laughing at our adventures, much leſs diſcover any of his own in this ludicrous light. Whatever he tells of any accidents that befal him, is by way of complaint, nor is he to be laughed at but in his abſence.

We are likewiſe particularly careful to communicate in the club all ſuch paſſages of hiſtory, or characters of illuſtrious perſonages, as any way reflect honour on little men. Tim Tuck, having but juſt reading enough for a military man, perpetually entertains us with the ſame ſtories, of little David, that conquered the mighty Goliah; and little Luxembourg, that made Louis XIV. a grand monarque; never forgetting little Alexander the Great. Dick Diſtich celebrates the exceeding humanity of Auguſtus, who called Horace Lepidiſſimum Homunciolum; and is wonderfully pleaſed with Voiture and Scaron, for having ſo well deſcribed their diminutive forms to all poſterity. He is peremptorily of opinion againſt a great reader,* and all his adherents, that Æſop was not a jot properer or handſomer than he is repreſented by the common pictures. But the ſoldier believes with the learned perſon above-mentioned; for he thinks none but an impudent tall author could be guilty of ſuch an unmannerly piece of ſatire on little warriors, as his battle of the mouſe and the frog. The politician is very proud of a certain king of Egypt, called Bocchor, who, as Diodorus aſſures us, was a perſon of very low ſtature, but far exceeded all that went before him in diſcretion and politics.

As I am ſecretary to the club, it is my buſineſs whenever we meet to take minutes of the tranſactions: this has enabled me to ſend you the foregoing particulars, as I may hereafter other memoirs. We have ſpies appointed in every quarter of the town, to give us informations of the miſbehaviour of ſuch refractory perſons as refuſe to be ſubject to our ſtatutes. Whatſoever aſpiring practices any of theſe our people ſhall be guilty of in their amours, ſingle combats, or any indirect means to manhood, we ſhall certainly be acquainted with, and publiſh to the world

* *Dr. Bentley, to whoſe conduct in Trinity College, Objections were now under public conſideration, an Anſwer to them being advertiſed, pr.* 3d. *in the preceding paper of the* GUARD. in folio.

for their punishment and reformation; for the president has granted me the sole property of exposing and shewing to the town all such intractable dwarfs, whose circumstances exempt them from being carried about in boxes: reserving only to himself, as the right of a poet, those smart characters that will shine in epigrams. Venerable Nestor, I salute you in the name of the Club.

BOB SHORT, Secretary.

No. XCIII. SATURDAY, JUNE 27.

——— *Est animus lucis contemptor.* VIRG. ÆN. 9. v. 205.
The thing call'd life with ease I can disclaim. DRYDEN.

THE following letters are curious and instructive, and shall make up the business of the day.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

THE inclosed is a faithful translation from an old author, which, if it deserves your notice, let the readers guess whether he was a Heathen or a Christian *. I am your most humble servant.

'I cannot, my friends, forbear letting you 'know what I think of death; for methinks I 'view and understand it much better, the nearer I approach to it. I am convinced that 'your fathers, those illustrious persons whom 'I so much loved and honoured, do not cease 'to live, though they have passed through 'what we call death; they are undoubtedly 'still living, but it is that sort of life which 'alone deserves truly to be called life. In effect, while we are confined to bodies, we 'ought to esteem ourselves no other than a sort 'of galley-slaves at the chain, since the soul, 'which is somewhat divine, and descends from 'heaven as the place of its original, seems debased and dishonoured by the mixture with 'flesh and blood, and to be in a state of 'banishment from its celestial country. I 'cannot help thinking too, that one main reason of uniting souls to bodies was, that the 'great work of the universe might have spectators to admire the beautiful order of nature, 'the regular motion of heavenly bodies, who 'should strive to express that regularity in the 'uniformity of their lives. When I consider 'the boundless activity of our minds, the remembrance we have of things past, our foresight of what is to come: when I reflect on 'the noble discoveries and vast improvement 'by which these minds have advanced arts and 'sciences; I am entirely persuaded, and out of 'all doubt, that a nature which has in itself a 'fund of so many excellent things, cannot possibly be mortal. I observe further, that my 'mind is altogether simple, without the mixture of any substance or nature different from 'its own; I conclude from thence that it is 'indivisible, and consequently cannot perish.

'By no means think, therefore, my dear 'friends, when I shall have quitted you, that 'I cease to be, or shall subsist no where. Remember that while we live together, you do 'not see my mind, and yet are sure that I have 'one actuating and moving my body; doubt 'not then but that this same mind will have a 'being when it is separated, though you cannot then perceive its actions. What nonsense 'would it be to pay those honours to great 'men after deaths, which we constantly do, if 'their souls did not then subsist? For my own 'part, I could never imagine that our minds 'live only when united to bodies, and die 'when they leave them; or that they shall 'cease to think and understand when disengaged from bodies, which without them have 'neither sense nor reason; on the contrary, I believe the soul, when separated from 'matter, to enjoy the greatest purity and 'simplicity of its nature, and to have much 'more wisdom and light than while it was 'united. We see when the body dies what 'becomes of all the parts which composed 'it; but we do not see the mind, either in 'the body, or when it leaves it. Nothing 'more resembles death than sleep, and it is 'in that state that the soul chiefly shews it 'has something divine in its nature. How 'much more then must it shew it, when entirely disengaged?"

* *Xenoph.* "*Opera,*" *Vol. I. p.* 547, et seq. *edit. A. Ernesti,* 8*vo. Lipsiæ* 1763, 4 *Tom. M. T. Cicer.* "*Opera,*" *Pars Xma. p.* 3754, et seq. *Cato Major,* De Senectute." XXII. *edit. J. Verburgii,* 8*vo. Amst.* 1724.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE GUARDIAN.

SIR,

SINCE you have not refuſed to inſert matters of a theological nature in thoſe excellent papers with which you daily both inſtruct and divert us, I earneſtly deſire you to print the following paper. The notions therein advanced are, for aught I know, new to the Engliſh reader; and, if they are true, will afford room for many uſeful inferences.

No man that reads the Evangeliſts, but muſt obſerve, that our bleſſed Saviour does upon every occaſion bend all his force and zeal to rebuke and correct the hypocriſy of the Phariſees. Upon that ſubject he ſhews a warmth which one meets with in no other part of his ſermons. They were ſo enraged at this public detection of their ſecret villainies, by one who ſaw through all their diſguiſes, that they joined in the proſecution of him, which was ſo vigorous, that Pilate at laſt conſented to his death. The frequency and vehemency of theſe repreſentations of our Lord have made the word Phariſee to be looked upon as odious among Chriſtians, and to mean only one who lays the utmoſt ſtreſs upon the outward, ceremonial, and ritual part of his religion, without having ſuch an inward ſenſe of it, as would lead him to a general and ſincere obſervance of thoſe duties which can only ariſe from the heart, and which cannot be ſuppoſed to ſpring from a deſire of applauſe or profit.

This is plain from the hiſtory of the life and actions of our Lord in the four Evangeliſts. One of them, St. Luke, continued his hiſtory down in a ſecond part, which we commonly call The Acts of the Apoſtles. Now it is obſervable, that in this ſecond part, in which he gives a particular account of what the apoſtles did and ſuffered at Jeruſalem, upon their firſt entering upon their commiſſion, and alſo of what St. Paul did after he was conſecrated to the apoſtleſhip until his journey to Rome, we find not only no oppoſition to Chriſtianity from the Phariſees, but ſeveral ſignal occaſions in which they aſſiſted its firſt teachers, when the Chriſtian church was in its infant ſtate. The true, zealous, and hearty perſecutors of Chriſtianity at that time were the Sadducees, whom we may truly call the Free-thinkers among the Jews. They believed neither reſurrection, nor angel, nor ſpirit; i. e. in plain Engliſh, they were Deiſts at leaſt, if not Atheiſts. They could outwardly comply with, and conform to the eſtabliſhment in church and ſtate, and they pretended forſooth to belong only to a particular ſect; and becauſe there was nothing in the law of Moſes which in ſo many words aſſerted a reſurrection, they appeared to adhere to that in a particular manner beyond any other part of the Old Teſtament. Theſe men, therefore, juſtly dreaded the ſpreading of Chriſtianity after the aſcenſion of our Lord, becauſe it was founded upon his reſurrection.

Accordingly, therefore, when Peter and John had cured the lame man at the beautiful gate of the temple, and had thereby raiſed a wonderful expectation of themſelves among the people, the prieſts and Sadducees (Acts iv.) clapt them up, and ſent them away, for the firſt time, with a ſevere reprimand. Quickly after, when the deaths of Ananias and Sapphira, and the many miracles wrought after thoſe ſevere inſtances of the apoſtolical power had alarmed the prieſts, who looked upon the temple-worſhip, and conſequently their bread, to be ſtruck at; theſe prieſts, and all they that were with them, who were of the ſect of the Sadducees, impriſoned the apoſtles, intending to examine them in the great council the next day. Where, when the council met, and the prieſts and Sadducees propoſed to proceed with great rigour againſt them, we find that Gamaliel, a very eminent Phariſee, St. Paul's maſter, a man of great authority among the people, many of whoſe determinations we have ſtill preſerved in the body of the Jewiſh traditions, commonly called the Talmud, oppoſed their heat, and told them, for aught they knew, the apoſtles might be actuated by the Spirit of God, and that in ſuch a caſe it would be in vain to oppoſe them, ſince if they did ſo, they would only fight againſt God, whom they could not overcome. Gamaliel was ſo conſiderable a man among his own ſect, that we may reaſonably believe he ſpoke the ſenſe of his party as well as his own. St. Stephen's martyrdom came on preſently after, in which we do not find the Phariſees, as ſuch, had any hand; it is probable that he was perſecuted by thoſe who had before impriſoned Peter and John. One novice, indeed, of that ſect,

was ſo zealous, that he kept the cloaths of thoſe that ſtoned him. This novice, whoſe zeal went beyond all bounds, was the great St. Paul, who was peculiarly honoured with a call from Heaven, by which he was converted; and he was afterwards by God himſelf, appointed to be the apoſtle of the gentiles. Beſides him, and him too reclaimed in ſo glorious a manner, we find no one Phariſee either named or hinted at by St. Luke, as an oppoſer of Chriſtianity in thoſe earlieſt days. What others might do we know not. But we find the Sadducees purſuing St. Paul even to death at his coming to Jeruſalem, in the 21ſt of the Acts. He then, upon all occaſions, owned himſelf to be a Phariſee. In the 22d chapter he told the people, that he had been bred up at the feet of Gamaliel after the ſtricteſt manner, in the law of his fathers. In the 23d chapter he told the council that he was a Phariſee, the ſon of a Phariſee, and that he was accuſed for aſſerting the hope and reſurrection of the dead, which was their darling doctrine. Hereupon the Phariſees ſtood by him, though they did not own our Saviour to be the Meſſiah; yet they would not deny but ſome angel or ſpirit might have ſpoken to him, and then, if they oppoſed him, they ſhould fight againſt God. This was the very argument Gamaliel had uſed before. The reſurrection of our Lord, which they ſaw ſo ſtrenuouſly aſſerted by the apoſtles, whoſe miracles they alſo ſaw and owned (Acts iv. 16.) ſeems to have ſtruck them, and many of them were converted (Acts xv. 5.) even without a miracle, and the reſt ſtood ſtill and made no oppoſition.

We ſee here what the part was which the Phariſees acted in this important conjuncture. Of the Sadducees we meet not with one in the whole apoſtolic hiſtory that was converted. We hear of no miracles wrought to convince any of them, though there was an eminent one wrought to reclaim a Phariſee. St. Paul, we ſee, after his converſion always gloried in his having been bred a Phariſee. He did ſo to the people of Jeruſalem, to the great council, to King Agrippa, and to the Philippians. So that from hence we may juſtly infer, that it was not their inſtitution, which was in itſelf laudable, which our bleſſed Saviour found fault with, but it was their hypocriſy, their covetouſneſs, their oppreſſion, their overvaluing themſelves upon their zeal for the ceremonial law, and their adding to that yoke by their traditions; all which were not properly eſſentials of their inſtitution, that our Lord blamed.

But I muſt not run on. What I would obſerve, Sir, is, that Atheiſm is more dreadful, and would be more grievous to human ſociety, if it were inveſted with ſufficient power, than religion under any ſhape, where its profeſſors do at the botom believe what they profeſs. I deſpair not of a papiſt's converſion, though I would not willingly lie at a zealot papiſt's mercy, (and no Proteſtant would, if he knew what Popery is) though he truly believes in our Saviour. But the Free-thinker, who ſcarcely believes there is a God, and certainly diſbelieves revelation, is a very terrible animal. He will talk of natural rights, and the juſt freedoms of mankind, no longer than until he himſelf gets into power; and by the inſtance before us, we have ſmall grounds to hope for his ſalvation, or that God will ever vouchſafe him ſufficient grace to reclaim him from errors, which have been ſo immediately levelled againſt him.

If theſe notions be true, as I verily believe they are, I thought they might be worth publiſhing at this time; for which reaſon they are ſent in this manner to you by, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

M. N. *

* *This letter ſigned with the* final *letters of his name appears to be Dr. Wotton's, by comparing it with his "Miſcellaneous Diſcourſes," vol. I. p.* 95. et ſeqq. *Dr. Wotton was probably the tranſlator too of "The parting diſcourſe of* CYRUS *to his Friends," and conſequently the author of the whole of this Paper, N°* 93. *See an account of Dr. Wotton in* NICHOLS'S *"Anecdotes of Mr. Bowyer," p.* 50. *and p.* 73. *See alſo "Supplement to* GRANGER, *vol. I. p.* 150.

No. XCIV. MONDAY, JUNE 29.

Ingenium ſibi quod vacuas deſumpſit Athenas,
Et ſtudiis annos ſeptem dedit, inſenuitque
Libris et curis; ſtatua taciturnius exit
Plerumque, et riſu populum quatit—— HOR. EP. 2. L. 2. V. 81.

Imitated.

The man who ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat,
To books and ſtudy gives ſeven years compleat,
See! ſtrow'd with learned duſt, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the ſun!
The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare;
So ſtiff, ſo mute! ſome ſtatue, you would ſwear,
Stept from its pedeſtal to take the air. POPE.

SINCE our ſucceſs in worldly matters may be ſaid to depend upon our education, it will be very much to the purpoſe to enquire if the foundations of our fortune could not be laid deeper and ſurer than they are. The education of youth falls of neceſſity under the direction of thoſe who, through fondneſs to us and our abilities, as well as to their own unwarrantable conjectures, are very likely to be deceived; and the miſery of it is, that the poor creatures, who are the ſufferers upon wrong advances, ſeldom find out the errors until they be irretrievable. As the greater number of all degrees and conditions have their education at the Univerſities, the errors which I conceive to be in thoſe places, fall moſt naturally under the following obſervations. The firſt miſmanagement in theſe public nurſeries, is the calling together a number of pupils, of howſoever different ages, views, and capacities, to the ſame lectures. Surely, there can be no reaſon to think, that a delicate tender babe, juſt weaned from the boſom of his mother, indulged in all the impertinencies of his heart's deſire, ſhould be equally capable of receiving a lecture of philoſophy, with a hardy ruffian of full age, who has been occaſionally ſcourged through ſome of the great ſchools, groaned under conſtant rebuke and chaſtiſement, and maintained a ten years war with literature, under very ſtrict and rugged diſcipline.

I know the reader has pleaſed himſelf with an anſwer to this already, viz. That an attention to the particular abilities and deſigns of the pupil cannot be expected from the trifling ſalary paid upon ſuch account. The price indeed which is thought a ſufficient reward, for any advantages a youth can receive from a man of learning, is an abominable conſideration; the enlarging which, would not only increaſe the care of tutors, but would be a very great encouragement to ſuch as deſigned to take this province upon them, to furniſh themſelves with a more general and extenſive knowledge. As the caſe now ſtands, thoſe of the firſt quality pay their tutors but little above half ſo much as they do their footmen: what morality, what hiſtory, what taſte of the modern languages, what, laſtly, that can make a man happy, or great, may not be expected in return for ſuch an immenſe treaſure. It is monſtrous indeed, that the men of the beſt eſtates and families are more ſolicitous about the tutelage of a favourite dog or horſe, than of their heirs male. The next evil is the pedantical veneration that is maintained at the Univerſity for the Greek and Latin, which puts the youth upon ſuch exerciſes, as many of them are incapable of performing with any tolerable ſucceſs. Upon this emergency they are ſuccoured by the allowed wits of their reſpective colleges, who are always ready to befriend with two or three hundred Latin or Greek words thrown together, with a very ſmall proportion of ſenſe.

But the moſt eſtabliſhed error of our Univerſity education, is the general neglect of all the little qualifications and accompliſhments which make up the character of a well-bred man, and the general attention to what is called deep learning. But as there are very few bleſſed with a genius, that ſhall force ſucceſs by the ſtrength of itſelf alone,

and few occaſions of life that require the aid of ſuch genius; the vaſt majority of the unbleſſed ſouls ought to ſtore themſelves with ſuch acquiſitions, in which every man has capacity to make a conſiderable progreſs, and from which every common occaſion of life may reap great advantage. The perſons that may be uſeful to us in the making our fortunes, are ſuch as are already happy in their own; I may proceed to ſay, that the men of figure and family are more ſuperficial in their education than thoſe of a leſs degree, and, of courſe, are ready to encourage and protect that qualification in another which they themſelves are maſters of. For their own application implies the purſuit of ſomething commendable; and when they ſee their own characters propoſed as imitable, they muſt be won by ſuch an irreſiſtible flattery. But thoſe of the Univerſity, who are to make their fortunes by a ready inſinuation into the favour of their ſuperiors, contemn this neceſſary foppery ſo far, as not to be able to ſpeak common ſenſe to them, without heſitation, perplexity, and confuſion. For want of care in acquiring leſs accompliſhments which adorn ordinary life, he that is ſo unhappy as to be born poor, is condemned to a method that will very probably keep him ſo.

I hope all the learned will forgive me what is ſaid purely for their ſervice, and tends to no other injury againſt them, than admoniſhing them not to overlook ſuch little qualifications, as they every day ſee defeat their greater excellencies in the purſuit both of reputation and fortune.

If the youth of the Univerſity were to be advanced, according to their ſufficiency in the ſevere progreſs of learning; or 'riches could 'be ſecured to men of underſtanding, and 'favour to men of ſkill;' then indeed all ſtudies were ſolemnly to be defied, that did not ſeriouſly purſue the main end; but ſince our merit is to be tried by the unſkilful * many, we muſt gratify the ſenſe of the injudicious majority, ſatisfying ourſelves that the ſhame of a trivial qualification ſticks only upon him that prefers it to one more ſubſtantial. The more accompliſhments a man is maſter of, the better is he prepared for a more extended acquaintance; and upon theſe conſiderations without doubt, the author of the Italian book called Il Cortegiano, or The Courtier, † makes throwing the bar, vaulting the horſe, nay, even wreſtling, with ſeveral other as low qualifications, neceſſary for the man whom he figures for a perfect courtier; for this reaſon, no doubt, becauſe his end being to find grace in the eyes of men of all degrees, the means to purſue this end, was the furniſhing him with ſuch real and ſeeming excellencies as each degree had its particular taſte of. But thoſe of the Univerſity, inſtead of employing their leiſure hours in the purſuit of ſuch acquiſitions as would ſhorten their way to better fortune, enjoy thoſe moments at certain houſes in the town, or repair to others at very pretty diſtances out of it, where 'they drink and forget their poverty, 'and remember their miſery no more.' Perſons of this indigent education are apt to paſs upon themſelves and others for modeſt, eſpecially in the point of behaviour; though it is eaſy to prove, that this miſtaken modeſty not only ariſes from ignorance, but begets the appearance of its oppoſite, pride: for he that is conſcious of his own inſufficiency to addreſs his ſuperiors without appearing ridiculous, is by that betrayed into the ſame neglect and indifference towards them, which may bear the conſtruction of pride. From this habit they begin to argue againſt the baſe ſubmiſſive application from men of letters to men of fortune, and be grieved when they ſee, as Ben Johnſon ſays—

——The learned pate
Duck to the golden fool—

though theſe are points of neceſſity and convenience, and to be eſteemed ſubmiſſions rather to the occaſion than to the perſon. It was a fine anſwer of Diogenes, who being aſked in mockery, why philoſophers were the followers of rich men, and not rich men of philoſophers; replied—'Becauſe the one knew what they had 'need of, and the other did not.' It certainly muſt be difficult to prove that a man of buſineſs or a profeſſion ought not to be what we call a gentleman, but yet very few of them are ſo. Upon

* *If the Univerſities are to be modelled agreeably to the fancies of the* unſkilful, *I cannot think at what point they are to ſtop. All that can be ſaid is, that accompliſhed characters are formed at our univerſities, and not on too ſlaviſh a plan*; *for* CROMWELL, MILTON, LOCKE, *&c. were bred there. A.*

† *Written by* Conte Baldaſſar CASTIGLIONE, *and publiſhed in Italian and Engliſh, with a life of the author, by* A. P. Caſtiglione, *of the ſame family. 4to. Lond.* 1727.

this account they have little converſation with thoſe who might do them moſt ſervice, but upon ſuch occaſions only as application is made to them in their particular calling; and for any thing they can do or ſay in ſuch matters have their reward, and therefore rather receive than confer an obligation: whereas he that adds his being agreeable to his being ſerviceable, is conſtantly in a capacity of obliging others. The character of a beau is, I think, what the men that pretend to learning pleaſe themſelves in ridiculing: and yet if we compare theſe perſons as we ſee them in public, we ſhall find that the lettered coxcombs, without good-breeding, give more juſt occaſion to raillery, than the unlettered coxcombs with it: as our behaviour falls within the judgment of more perſons than our converſation, and a failure in it is therefore more viſible. What pleaſant victories over the loud, the ſaucy, and the illiterate, would attend the men of learning and breeding; which qualifications, could we but join them, would beget ſuhh a confidence, as, ariſing from good ſenſe and good nature, would never let us oppreſs others, or deſert ourſelves. In ſhort, whether a man intends a life of buſineſs or pleaſure, it is impoſſible to purſue either in an elegant manner, without the help of good breeding. I ſhall conclude with the face at leaſt of a regular diſcourſe: and ſay if it is our behaviour and addreſs upon all common occaſions that prejudice people in our favour or to our diſadvantage, and the more ſubſtantial parts, as our learning and induſtry, cannot poſſibly appear but to few; it is not juſtifiable to ſpend ſo much time, in that which ſo very few are judges of, and utterly neglect that which falls within the cenſure of ſo many.

No. XCV. TUESDAY, JUNE 30.

———*Aliena negotia centum*——— HOR. SAT. 6. L. 2. V. 33.

A crowd of petitioners. CREECH.

I FIND buſineſs increaſe upon me very much, as will appear by the following letters.

SIR, OXFORD, JUNE 24, 1713.

THIS day Mr. Oliver Purville, Gentleman, property-man to the Theatre Royal in the room of Mr. William Peer *, deceaſed, arrived here in widow Bartlett's waggon. He is an humble member of the little club †, and a paſſionate man, which makes him tell the diſaſters which he met with on his road hither, a little too incoherently to be rightly underſtood. By what I can gather from him, it ſeems that within three miles of this ſide Wickham, the party was ſet upon by highwaymen. Mr. Purville was ſupercargo to the great hamper in which were the following goods. The chains of Jaffier and Pierre; the crowns and ſcepters of the poſterity of Banquo; the bull, bear, and horſe, of Captain Otter; bones, ſkulls, pickaxes, a bottle of brandy, and five muſkets; fourſcore pieces of ſtock-gold, and thirty pieces of tinſilver, hid in a green purſe within a ſkull. Theſe the robbers, by being put up ſafe, ſuppoſed to be true, and *rid* off with, not forgetting to take Mr. Purville's current coin. They broke the armour of Jacomo, which was caſed up in the ſame hamper; and one of them put on the ſaid Jacomo's maſk to eſcape. They alſo did ſeveral extravagancies with no other purpoſe but to do miſchief; they broke a mace for the Lord Mayor of London. They alſo deſtroyed the world, the ſun and moon, which lay looſe in the waggon. Mrs. Bartlett is frighted out of her wits, for Purville ſays he has her ſervant's receipt for the world, and expects ſhe ſhall make it good. Purville is reſolved to take no lodgings in town, but makes behind the ſcenes a bed-chamber of the hamper: his bed is that in which Deſdemona is to die, and he uſes the ſheet in which Mr. Johnſon is tied up in a comedy, for his own bed *of* nights. It is to be hoped the great ones will conſider Mr. Purville's loſs. One of the robbers has ſent, by a country fellow, the ſtock gold, and had the impudence to write the following letter to Mr. Purville.

SIR,

IF you had been an honeſt man, you would not have put bad money upon men who ventured their lives for it. But we ſhall ſee you when you come back.

PHILIP SCOWRER.

* *See* GUARDIAN, *N°* 82. *Account of Mr. W. Peer, Property-man.*
† *See* GUARD. *N°* 91 *and* N° 92, *by Mr.* POPE.

There are many things in this matter which employ the ableſt men here, as whether an action will lie for the world among people who make the moſt of words; or whether it be adviſeable to call that round ball the world; and if we do not call it ſo, whether we can have any remedy? The ableſt lawyer here ſays there is no help; for if you call it the world, it will be anſwered, how could the world be in one ſhire, to wit, that of Buckingham: for the county muſt be named; and if you do not name it we ſhall certainly be nonſuited. I do not know whether I make myſelf underſtood; but you underſtand me right when you believe I am your moſt humble ſervant, and faithful correſpondent,

THE PROMPTER *.

HONOURED SIR,

YOUR character of Guardian makes it not only neceſſary, but becoming, to have ſeveral employed under you. And being myſelf ambitious of your ſervice, I am now your humble petitioner to be admitted into a place I do not find yet diſpoſed of—I mean that of your lion-catcher †. It was, Sir, for want of ſuch commiſſion from your honour, that very many lions have lately eſcaped. However, I made bold to diſtinguiſh a couple. One I found in a coffee-houſe: he was of the larger ſort, looked fierce, and roared loud. I conſidered wherein he was dangerous; and accordingly expreſſed my diſpleaſure againſt him, in ſuch a manner upon his chaps, that now he is not able to ſhew his teeth. The other was a ſmall lion, who was ſlipping by me as I ſtood at the corner of an alley—I ſmelt the creature preſently, and catched at him, but he got off with the loſs of a lock of hair only, which proved of a dark colour. This and the teeth above-mentioned I have by me, and deſign them both for a preſent to Button's coffee-houſe.

Beſides this way of dealing with them, I have invented many curious traps, ſnares, and artificial baits, which, it is humbly conceived, cannot fail of clearing the kingdom of the whole ſpecies in a ſhort time.

This is humbly ſubmitted to your honour's conſideration; and I am ready to appear before your honour, to anſwer to ſuch queſtions as you, in your great wiſdom ſhall think meet to aſk, whenever you pleaſe to command, your honour's moſt obedient humble ſervant,

HERCULES CRABTREE ‡.

MIDSUMMER-DAY.

N. B. I have an excellent noſe.

TOM'S COFFEE-HOUSE IN CORNHILL.

SIR, JUNE 19, 1713.

READING in your yeſterday's paper a letter from Daniel Button, in recommendation of his coffee-houſe for polite converſation and freedom from the argument by the button, I make bold to ſend you this to aſſure you, that at this place there is as yet kept up as good a *decorum* in the debates of politics, trade, ſtocks, &c. as at Will's, or at any other coffee-houſe at your end of the town. In order therefore to preſerve this houſe from the arbitrary way of forcing an aſſent, by ſeizing on the collar, neckcloth, or any other part of the body or dreſs, it would be of ſignal ſervice if you would be pleaſed to intimate, that we, who frequent this place after Exchange time, ſhall have the honour of ſeeing you here ſometimes; for that would be a ſufficient guard to us from all ſuch petty practices, and alſo be a means of enabling the honeſt man who keeps the houſe to continue to ſerve us with the beſt bohea, and green tea, and coffee, and will in a particular manner oblige, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

JAMES DIAPER.

P. S. The room above ſtairs is the handſomeſt in this part of the town, furniſhed with large pier-glaſſes for perſons to view themſelves in, who have no buſineſs with any body elſe, and every way fit for the reception of fine gentlemen.

SIR,

I AM a very great ſcholar, wear a fair wig, and have an immenſe number of books curiouſly bound and gilt. I excel in a ſingularity of diction and manners, and viſit perſons of the firſt quality. In fine, I have by me a great quantity of cockle-ſhells, which, however, does not defend me from the inſults of another learned man, who neglects me in a moſt inſupportable manner: for I have it from perſons of undoubted veracity, that he preſumed once to paſs by my door without waiting upon me.

* *See* "*Inventory of Playhouſe-Goods*," *by* ADDISON, *in the* TAT. *No* 42; *and the laſt Letter of this No.* 95.

† *This letter refers to* GUARD. *No.* 71, "*An Eſſay on* Political LIONS," *by* ADDISON.

‡ *See* GUARD. *No.* 85, *and No.* 84.

Whether this be conſiſtent with the reſpect which we learned men ought to have for each other, I leave to your judgment; and am, Sir, your affectionate friend,

PHILAUTUS *.

OXFORD †, JUNE 18, 1713.

FRIEND NESTOR,

I HAD always a great value for thee, and have ſo ſtill. But I muſt tell thee, that thou ſtrangely affecteſt to be ſage and ſolid: now pr'ythee let me obſerve to thee, that though it be common enough for people as they grow older to grow graver, yet it is not ſo common to become wiſer. Verily to me thou ſeemeſt to keep ſtrange company, and with a poſitive ſufficiency, incident to old age, to follow too much thine own inventions. Thou dependeſt too much likewiſe upon thy correſpondence here, and art apt to take people's words without conſideration. But my preſent buſineſs with thee is to expoſtulate with thee about a late paper, occaſioned, as thou ſayeſt, by Jack Lizard's information, (my very good friend) that we are to have a Public Act.

Now, I ſay, in that paper, there is nothing contended for which any man of common-ſenſe will deny: all that is there ſaid, is, that no man or woman's reputation ought to be blaſted, i. e. nobody ought to have an ill character who does not deſerve it. Very true; but here's this falſe conſequence inſinuated, that therefore nobody ought to hear of their faults; or, in other words, let any body do as much ill as he pleaſes, he ought not to be told of it. Art thou a patriot, Mr. Ironſide, and wilt thou affirm, that arbitrary proceedings and oppreſſions ought to be concealed or juſtified? Art thou a gentleman, and wouldſt thou have baſe, ſordid, ignoble tricks, connived at or tolerated? Art thou a ſcholar, and wouldſt thou have learning and good manners diſcouraged? Wouldſt thou have cringing ſervility, paraſitical ſhuffling, fawning, and diſhoneſt compliances, made the road to ſucceſs? Art thou a Chriſtian, and wouldſt thou have all villainies within the law practiſed with impunity? Should they not be told of it? It is certain, there are many things which, though there are no laws againſt them, yet ought not to be done; and in ſuch caſes there is no argument ſo likely to hinder their being done, as the fear of public ſhame for doing them. The two great reaſons againſt an Act are always the ſaving of money, and hiding of roguery.

Here many things are omitted which will be in the ſpeech of the Terræfilius.

And now, dear old Iron, I am glad to hear that at theſe years thou haſt gallantry enough left to have thoughts of ſetting up for a knight-errant, a tamer of monſters, and a defender of diſtreſſed damſels.

Adieu, old fellow, and let me give you this advice at parting: e'en get thyſelf caſe-hardened; ‡ for though the very beſt ſteel may ſnap, yet old iron you know will ruſt.

UMBRA.

Be juſt, and publiſh this.

OXFORD, SAT. 27, 1713.

MR. IRONSIDE.

THIS day arrived the vanguard of the theatrical army. Your friend, Mr. George Powel, commanded the artillery both celeſtial and terreſtrial. The magazines of ſnow, lightning, and thunder, are ſafely laid up. § We have had no diſaſter on the way, but that of breaking Cupid's bow by a jolt of the waggon: but they tell us they make them very well in Oxford. We all went in a body, and were ſhewn our chambers in Lincoln College. The Terræfilius expects you down; and we of the theatre deſign to bring you into town with all our guards. Thoſe of Alexander the Great, Julius Cæſar, and the faithful retinue of Cato, ſhall meet you at Shotover. The ghoſt of Hamlet, and the ſtatute which ſupped with Don John, both ſay, that though it be at noon-day, they will attend your entry. Every body expects you with great impatience. We ſhall be in very good order when all are come down. We have ſent to town for a brick-wall, which we forgot. The ſea is to come by water.

Your moſt humble and faithful correſpondent,

THE PROMPTER.

* *See* TAT. *No.* 216. *No.* 221, *and* Notes.

† *See* GUARD. *No.* 72, *and* Notes.

‡ *A conceit on* STEELE'S *name*; Caſe-hardening *of* iron *is a ſuperficial converſion of that metal into* ſteel. *See* GUARD. *No.* 102. ad finem, *by* ADDISON.

§ *See* TAT. *No.* 42. "*Inventory of the Play-houſe*;" *and* GUARD. *No.* 72.

No. XCVI. WEDNESDAY, JULY 1.

Cuncti adsint, meritæque expectent præmia palmæ. VIRG. ÆN. v. 70.
Let all be present at the games prepar'd;
And joyful victors wait the just reward. DRYDEN.

THERE is no maxim in politics more indisputable than that a nation should have many honours in reserve for those who do national services. This raises emulation, cherishes public merit, and inspires every one with an ambition which promotes the good of his country. The less expensive these honours are to the public, the more still do they turn to its advantage.

The Romans abounded with these little honorary rewards, that, without conferring wealth or riches, gave only place and distinction to the person who received them. An oaken garland to be worn on festivals and public ceremonies, was the glorious recompence of one who had covered a citizen in battle. A soldier would not only venture his life for a mural crown, but think the most hazardous enterprize sufficiently repaid by so noble a donation.

But among all honorary rewards which are neither dangerous nor detrimental to the donor, I remember none so remarkable as the titles which are bestowed by the Emperor of China. These are never given to any subject, says Monsieur le Comte*, until the subject is dead. If he has pleased his emperor to the last, he is called in all public memorials by the title which the emperor confers on him after his death, and his children take their ranks accordingly. This keeps the ambitious subject in a perpetual dependence, making him always vigilant and active, and in every thing conformable to the will of his sovereign.

There are no honorary rewards among us, which are more esteemed by the person who receives them, and are cheaper to the prince, than the giving of medals. But there is something in the modern manner of celebrating a great action in medals, which makes such a reward much less valuable than it was among the Romans. There is generally but one coin stamped on the occasion, which is made a present to the person who is celebrated on it: by this means his whole fame is in his own custody. The applause that is bestowed upon him is too much limited and confined. He is in possession of an honour which the world perhaps knows nothing of. He may be a great man in his own family; his wife and children may see the monument of an exploit, which the public in a little time is a stranger to. The Romans took a quite different method in this particular. When an action deserved to be recorded in coin, it was stamped perhaps upon an hundred thousand pieces of money like our shillings, or halfpence, which were issued out of the mint, and became current. This method published every noble action to advantage, and in a short space of time spread through the whole Roman empire. The Romans were so careful to preserve the memory of great events upon their coins, that when any particular piece of money grew very scarce, it was often re-coined by a succeeding emperor, many years after the death of the emperor to whose honour it was first struck.

A friend† of mine drew up a project of this kind during the late ministry, which would then have been put in execution had it not been too busy a time for thoughts of that nature. As this project has been very much talked of by

* Pere le *Compte, or Comte, a Jesuit missionary, published his remarks on China in the French language, under the title of* Nouveaux Memoires sur l'etat present de la Chine. *The edition of Amsterdam, in* 1698, *is in* 2 *vols,* 8*vo.*; *that of Paris in* 1701, *is in* 3 *Vols. Of the English translation there are two editions in* 8*vo*; *the last is in* 1737. *See Spect. No.* 189.

† *Dr. Swift. Something in this way was actually done under the direction of Sir Andrew Fountaine, who was warden of the Mint, and raised, but did not gratify the expectations of the public. The coins and medals struck with relation to public affairs fell very far short of those of the ancients, and even of France, in design, device, spirit, and legend; it was said that the Warden's genius was cramped by the saving knowledge of some people concerned in the business. Sir A. Fountaine was knighted by king William, and was Vice Chamberlain to Queen Caroline. He was well versed in the knowledge of Antiquities, and perfectly master of the taste of Virtù. In the* 78*th year of his age, he died at his seat at Narford in Norfolk, A. D.* 1753. *His fine and large collection of antiquities, china, Roman Fayence, called Raphael's Earthen Ware, &c. &c. was disposed at his seat in the most secure and elegant manner, where it still lis, or was very lately.*

the gentleman above-mentioned to men of the greateſt genius, as well as quality; I am informed there is now a deſign on foot for executing the propoſal which was then made, and that we ſhall have ſeveral farthings and halfpence charged on the reverſe with many of the glorious particulars of her majeſty's reign. This is one of thoſe arts of peace which may very well deſerve to be cultivated, and which may be of great uſe to poſterity.

As I have in my poſſeſſion the copy of the paper above-mentioned, which was delivered to the late lord-treaſurer, I ſhall here give the public a ſight of it. For I do not queſtion, but that the curious part of my readers will be very much pleaſed to ſee ſo much matter and ſo many uſeful hints upon this ſubject laid together in ſo clear and conciſe a manner.

THE Engliſh have not been ſo careful as other polite nations to preſerve the memory of their great actions and events on medals. Their ſubjects are few, their mottos and devices mean, and the coins themſelves not numerous enough to ſpread among the people, or deſcend to poſterity.

The French have outdone us in theſe particulars, and, by the eſtabliſhment of a ſociety for the invention of proper inſcriptions and deſigns, have the whole hiſtory of the preſent king in a regular ſeries of medals.

They have failed, as well as the Engliſh, in coining ſo ſmall a number of each kind, and thoſe of ſuch coſtly metals, that each ſpecies may be loſt in a few ages, and is at preſent no where to be met with but in the cabinets of the curious.

The ancient Romans took the only effectual method to diſperſe and preſerve their medals, by making them their current money.

Every thing glorious or uſeful, as well in peace as war, gave occaſion to a different coin. Not only an expedition, victory, or triumph, but the exerciſe of a ſolemn devotion, the remiſſion of a duty or tax, a new temple, ſea-port, or high-way, were tranſmitted to poſterity after this manner.

The greateſt variety of devices are on their copper money, which have moſt of the deſigns that are to be met with on the gold and ſilver, and ſeveral peculiar to that metal only. By this means they were diſperſed into the remoteſt corners of the empire, came into the poſſeſſion of the poor as well as rich, and were in no danger of periſhing in the hands of thoſe that might have melted down coins of a more valuable metal.

Add to all this, that the deſigns were invented by men of genius, and executed by a decree of ſenate.

It is therefore propoſed.

I. That the Engliſh farthings and halfpence be re-coined upon the union of the two nations.

II. That they bear devices and inſcriptions, alluding to all the moſt remarkable parts of her majeſty's reign.

III. That there be a ſociety eſtabliſhed for the finding out of proper ſubjects, inſcriptions, and devices.

IV. That no ſubject, inſcription, or device, be ſtamped without the approbation of this ſociety; nor, if it be thought proper, without the authority of privy-council.

By this means, medals that are at preſent only a dead treaſure, or mere curioſities, will be of uſe in the ordinary commerce of life, and at the ſame time perpetuate the glories of her majeſty's reign, reward the labours of her greateſt ſubjects, keep alive in the people a gratitude for public ſervices, and excite the emulation of poſterity. To theſe generous purpoſes nothing can ſo much contribute as medals of this kind, which are of undoubted authority, of neceſſary uſe and obſervation, not periſhable by time, nor confined to any certain place; properties not to be found in books, ſtatues, pictures, buildings, or any other monuments of illuſtrious actions. ☞ *

No. XCVII. THURSDAY, JULY 2.

——— *Furor eſt poſt omnia perdere naulum.* JUV. SAT. 8. V. 97.
'Tis mad to laviſh what their rapine left. STEPNEY.

SIR,

I WAS left a thouſand pounds by an uncle; and being a man to my thinking very likely to get a rich widow, I laid aſide all thoughts of making my fortune any other way, and without loſs of time made my application to one who

* *Diſtinguiſhed by a* hand, *the mark of* ADDISON'S *Papers in the* GUARDIAN, *as* STEELE *informs us in* "*The Publiſher to the Reader.*" *It is reprinted in* ADDISON'S "*Works,*" *4to, Vol. IV. p.* 135.

had buried her husband about a week before. By the help of some of her she friends, who were my relations, I got into her company when she would see no man besides myself and her lawyer, who is a little rivelled, spindle-shanked gentleman, and married to boot, so that I had no reason to fear him. Upon my first seeing her, she said in conversation within my hearing, that she thought a pale complexion the most agreeable either in man or woman: now, you must know, Sir, my face is as white as chalk. This gave me some encouragement; so that to mend the matter I bought a fine flaxen long wig that cost me thirty guineas *, and found an opportunity of seeing her in it the next day. She then let drop some expressions about an agate snuff-box. I immediately took the hint, and bought one, being unwilling to omit any thing that might make me desirable in her eyes. I was betrayed after the same manner into a brocade waistcoat, a sword-knot, a pair of silver-fringed gloves, and a diamond ring †. But whether out of fickleness or a design upon me, I cannot tell; but I found by her discourse, that what she liked one day she disliked another: so that in six months space I was forced to equip myself above a dozen times. As I told you before, I took her hints at a distance, for I could never find an opportunity of talking with her directly to the point. All this time, however, I was allowed the utmost familiarities with her lap-dog, and have played with it above an hour together, without receiving the least reprimand, and had many other marks of favour shown me, which I thought amounted to a promise. If she chanced to drop her fan, she received it from my hands with great civility. If she wanted any thing, I reached it for her. I have filled her tea-pot above an hundred times, and have afterwards received a dish of it from her own hands. Now, Sir, do you judge, if after such encouragements she was not obliged to marry me. I forgot to tell you that I kept a chair by the week, on purpose to carry me thither and back again. Not to trouble you with a long letter, in the space of about a twelve month I have run out my whole thousand pound upon her, having laid out the last fifty in a new suit of cloaths, in which I was resolved to receive her final answer, which amounted to this, that she was engaged to another; that she never dreamt I had any such thing in my head as marriage; and that she thought I had frequented her house only because I loved to be in company with my relations. This, you know, Sir, is using a man like a fool, and so I told her; but the worst of it is, that I have spent my fortune to no purpose. All therefore that I desire of you is, to tell me whether, upon exhibiting the several particulars which I have here related to you, I may not sue her for damages in a court of justice. Your advice in this particular will very much oblige your humble admirer,

SIMON SOFTLY.

Before I answer Mr. Softly's request, I find myself under a necessity of discussing two nice points: First of all, What it is, in cases of this nature, that amounts to an encouragement? and secondly, What it is that amounts to a promise? Each of which subjects requires more time to examine than I am at present master of. Besides, I would have my friend Simon consider, whether he has any counsel that will undertake his cause 'in forma pauperis,' he having unluckily disabled himself, by his own account of the matter, from prosecuting his suit any other way.

In answer however to Mr. Softly's request, I shall acquaint him with a method made use of by a young fellow in King Charles the Second's reign, whom I shall here call Silvio, who had long made love, with much artifice and intrigue, to a rich widow, whose true name I shall conceal under that of Zelinda. Silvio, who was much more smitten with her fortune than her person, finding a twelvemonth's application unsuccessful, was resolved to make a saving bargain of it; and since he could not get the widow's estate into his possession, to recover at least what he had laid out of his own in the pursuit of it.

In order to this he presented her with a bill of costs; having particularized in it the several expences he had been at in his long perplexed amour. Zelinda was so pleased with the humour of the fellow, and his frank way of dealing, that upon the perusal of the bill, she sent him a purse of fifteen hundred guineas, by the right application of which, the lover, in less than a year, got a woman of greater fortune than her ‡ he had missed. The several articles

* *Duumvir's fair wig cost forty guineas.* TAT. *No.* 45. † *See* GUARD. *No.* 34, ad finem.

‡ "*Than she was whom he had missed.*" LOWTH's "*Introd. to Engl. Grammar.*" *2d edit.* 1763. *p.* 160.

in the bill of coſts I pretty well remember, though I have forgotten the particular ſum charged to each article.

Laid out in ſupernumerary full-bottom wigs.

Fiddles for a ſerenade, with a ſpeaking-trumpet.

Gilt paper in letters, and billet-doux, with perfumed wax.

A ream of ſonnets and love-verſes, purchaſed at different times of Mr. Triplett, at a crown a ſheet.

To Zelinda, two ſticks of May cherries.

Laſt ſummer, at ſeveral times, a buſhel of peaches.

Three porters whom I planted about her to watch her motions.

The firſt who ſtood centry near her door.

The ſecond who had his ſtand at the ſtables where her coach was put up.

The third who kept watch at the corner of the ſtreet where Ned Courtall lives, who has ſince married her.

Two additional porters planted over her during the whole month of May.

Five conjurers kept in pay all laſt winter.

Spy-money to John Trott her foot-man, and Mrs. Sarah Wheedle her companion.

A new Conningſmark blade to fight Ned Courtall.

To Zelinda's woman (Mrs. Abigail) an Indian fan, a dozen pair of white kid gloves, a piece of Flanders lace, and fifteen guineas in dry money.

Secret-ſervice-money to Betty at the Ring.

Ditto to Mrs. Tape the mantua-maker.

Loſs of time. ☞ *

No. XCVIII. FRIDAY, JULY 3.

In ſeſe redit———
He reſumes himſelf.

VIRG. GEORG. 4. v. 444.

THE firſt who undertook to inſtruct the world in ſingle papers was Iſaac Bickerſtaff of famous memory: a man nearly related to the family of the Ironſides. We have often ſmoked a pipe together; for I was ſo much in his books, † that at his deceaſe he left me a ſilver ſtandiſh, a pair of ſpectacles, and the lamp by which he uſed to write his lucubrations.

The venerable Iſaac was ſucceeded by a gentleman of the ſame family, very memorable for the ſhortneſs of his face and of his ſpeeches. This ingenious author publiſhed his thoughts, and held his tongue with great applauſe, for two years together.

I, Neſtor Ironſide, have now for ſome time undertaken to fill the place of theſe my two renowned kinſmen and predeceſſors. For it is obſerved of every branch of our family, that we have all of us a wonderful inclination to give good advice, though it is remarked of ſome of us, that we are apt on this occaſion rather to give than take. ‡

However it be, I cannot but obſerve with ſome ſecret pride, that this way of writing diurnal papers has not ſucceeded for any ſpace of time in the hands of any perſons who are not of our line. I believe I ſpeak within compaſs, when I affirm that above a hundred different authors have endeavoured *after* our family way of writing, ſome of which have been writers in other kinds of the greateſt eminence in the kingdom; but I do not know how it has happened, they have none of them hit upon the art. Their projects have always dropt after a few unſucceſsful eſſays. It puts me in mind of a ſtory which was lately told me of a pleaſant friend of mine, who has a very fine hand on the violin. His maid-ſervant ſeeing his inſtrument lying upon the table, and being ſenſible there was muſic in it, if ſhe knew how to fetch it out, drew the bow over every part of the ſtrings, and at laſt told her maſter ſhe had tried the fiddle all over, but could not for her heart find where about the tune lay.

But though the whole burden of ſuch a paper is only fit to reſt on the ſhoulders of a Bickerſtaff or an Ironſide; there are ſeveral who can acquit themſelves of a ſingle day's labour in it with ſuitable abilities. Theſe are gentlemen

* *Diſtinguiſhed by a* hand, *the mark of* ADDISON'S *Papers in the* GUARDIAN; *and reprinted in* ADDISON'S "*Works*," *4to. vol. IV. p.* 138.

† *Books. i. e. good graces.*

‡ *An alluſion to* STEELE. *See* ADDISON'S *Let. in* HUGHES'S "*Correſpondence*." *Vol. I. p.* 80. *Let.* 26.

whom I have often invited to this trial of wit, and who have ſeveral of them acquitted themſelves to my private emolument, as well as to their own reputation. My paper among the republic of letters is the Ulyſſes *his* bow, in which every man of wit or learning may try his ſtrength. One who does not care to write a book without being ſure of his abilities, may ſee by this means if his parts and talents are to the public taſte.

This I take to be of great advantage to men of the beſt ſenſe, who are always diffident of their private judgment, until it receives a ſanction from the public. 'Provoco ad populum—I appeal to the people,' was the uſual ſaying of a very excellent dramatic poet, when he had any diſpute with particular perſons about the juſtneſs and regularity of his productions. It is but a melancholy comfort for an author to be ſatisfied that he has written up to the rules of art, when he finds he has no admirers in the world beſides himſelf. Common modeſty ſhould, on this occaſion, make a man ſuſpect his own judgment, and that he miſapplies the rules of his art when he finds himſelf ſingular in the applauſe which he beſtows upon his own writings.

The public is always even with an author who has not a juſt deference for them. The contempt is reciprocal. 'I laugh at every 'one,' ſaid an old Cynic, 'who laughs at 'me.'—'Do you ſo?' replied the philoſopher; 'then let me tell you, you live the merrieſt 'life of any man in Athens.'

It is not therefore the leaſt uſe of this my paper, that it gives a timorous writer, and ſuch is every good one, an opportunity of putting his abilities to the proof, and of ſounding the public before he launches into it. For this reaſon, I look upon my paper as a kind of nurſery for authors, and queſtion not but ſome, who have made a good figure here, will hereafter flouriſh under their own names in more long and elaborate works.

After having thus far enlarged upon this particular, I have one favour to beg of the candid and courteous reader, that when he meets with any thing in this paper which may appear a little dull and heavy, (though I hope this will not be often) he will believe it is the work of ſome other perſon, and not of Neſtor Ironſide.

I have, I know not how, been drawn into tattle of myſelf, *more majorum*, almoſt the length of a whole Guardian; I ſhall therefore fill up the remaining part of it with what ſtill relates to my own perſon, and my correſpondents. Now I would have them all know, that, on the twentieth inſtant, it is my intention to erect a Lion's head, in imitation of thoſe I have deſcribed in Venice, through which all the private intelligence of that commonwealth is ſaid to paſs. This head is to open a moſt wide and voracious mouth, which ſhall take in ſuch letters and papers as are conveyed to me by my correſpondents, it being my reſolution to have a particular regard to all ſuch matters as come to my hands through the mouth of the Lion. There will be under it a box, of which the key will be kept in my own cuſtody, to recive ſuch papers as are dropped into it. Whatever the Lion ſwallows I ſhall digeſt for the uſe of the public. This head requires ſome time to finiſh, the workman being reſolved to give it ſeveral maſterly touches, and to repreſent it as ravenous as poſſible. It will be ſet up in Button's coffee-houſe in Covent Garden *, who is directed to ſhew the way to the Lion's head, and to inſtruct any young author how to convey his works into the mouth of it with ſafety and ſecrecy. ☞ †

* *The* LION'S Head, *formerly at Button's Coffee Houſe, is ſtill preſerved at the Shakeſpeare Tavern in Covent-Garden. There is under it an inſcription incorrectly formed from the two following detached lines of Martial,*

'Servantur magnis iſti cervicibus ungues:
'Non niſi dilectâ paſcitur ille ferâ,'

See the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. LVII. p. 311.

† *Diſtinguiſhed by a* hand, *the mark of* ADDISON'S *Papers in the* GUARDIAN, *as* Steele *informs us in "The Publiſher to the Reader." It is likewiſe re-printed in* ADDISON'S "*Works*," 4*to. vol. IV. p.* 141. *See* GUARD. *No.* 114. *No.* 116. *No.* 118. *No.* 134.

No. XCIX. SATURDAY, JULY 4.

Juſtum et tenacem propoſiti virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus inſtantis tyranni
Mente quatit ſolida; neque auſter
Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus:
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ. HOR. OD. 3. L. 3. V. 1.

Paraphraſed.

The man reſolv'd and ſteady to his truſt,
Inflexible to ill, and obſtinately juſt,
May the rude rabble's inſolence deſpiſe,
Their ſenſeleſs clamours, and tumultuous cries:
The tyrant's fierceneſs he beguiles,
And the ſtern brow, and the harſh voice defies,
And with ſuperior greatneſs ſmiles.
Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulph, and vexes it with ſtorms,
The ſtubborn virtue of his ſoul can move;
Not the red arm of angry Jove,
That flings the thunder from the ſky,
And gives it rage to roar, and ſtrength to fly.
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling world. ANON.

THERE is no virtue ſo truly great and godlike as Juſtice. Moſt of the other virtues are the virtues of created beings, or accommodated to our nature as we are men. Juſtice is that which is practiſed by God himſelf, and to be practiſed in its perfection by none but him. Omniſcience and omnipotence are requiſite for the full exertion of it. The one to diſcover every degree of uprightneſs or iniquity in thoughts, words, and actions. The other to meaſure out and impart ſuitable rewards and puniſhments.

As to be perfectly juſt is an attribute in the Divine nature, to be ſo to the utmoſt of our abilities is the glory of a man. Such an one who has the public adminiſtration in his hands, acts like the repreſentative of his Maker, in recompenſing the virtuous, and puniſhing the offender. By the extirpating of a criminal, he averts the judgments of Heaven, when ready to fall upon an impious people; or, as my friend Cato expreſſes it much better in a ſentiment conformable to his character——

When by juſt vengeance impious mortals periſh,
The gods behold their puniſhment with pleaſure,
And lay th' uplifted thunderbolt aſide.

When a nation once loſes its regard to juſtice; when they do not look upon it as ſomething venerable, holy, and inviolable; when any of them dare preſume to leſſen, affront, or terrify thoſe who have the diſtribution of it in their hands; when a judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but law, or a cauſe may be recommended by any thing that is foreign to its own merits, we may venture to pronounce that ſuch a nation is haſtening to its ruin.

For this reaſon the beſt law that has ever paſſed in our days is that which continues our judges in their poſt during their good behaviour, without leaving them to the mercy of ſuch who in ill times might, by an undue influence over them, trouble and pervert the courſe of juſtice. I dare ſay the extraordinary perſon who is now poſted in the chief ſtation of the law*, would have been the

* *Sir Thomas Parker, L. C. J. of the Queen's Bench, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield and Lord Chancellor.*

ſame had that act never paſſed; but it is a great ſatisfaction to all honeſt men, that while we ſee the greateſt ornament of the profeſſion in its higheſt poſt, we are ſure he cannot hurt himſelf by that aſſiduous, regular, and impartial adminiſtration of juſtice, for which he is ſo univerſally celebrated by the whole kingdom. Such men are to be reckoned amongſt the greateſt national bleſſings, and ſhould have that honour paid them whilſt they are yet living, which will not fail to crown their memory when dead.

I always rejoice when I ſee a tribunal filled with a man of an upright and inflexible temper, who in the execution of his country's laws can overcome all private fear, reſentment, ſolicitation, and even pity itſelf. Whatever paſſion enters into a ſentence or deciſion, ſo far will there be in it a tincture of injuſtice. In ſhort, juſtice diſcards party, friendſhip, kindred, and is therefore always repreſented as blind, that we may ſuppoſe her thoughts are wholly intent on the equity of a cauſe, without being diverted or prejudiced by objects foreign to it.

I ſhall conclude this paper with a Perſian ſtory, which is very ſuitable to my preſent ſubject. It will not a little pleaſe the reader, if he has the ſame taſte of it which I myſelf have.

As one of the Sultans lay encamped on the plains of Avala, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peaſant's houſe, and finding his wife very handſome, turned the good man out of his dwelling, and went to bed to her. The peaſant complained the next morning to the ſultan, and deſired redreſs; but was not able to point out the criminal. The emperor, who was very much incenſed at the injury done to the poor man, told him that probably the offender might give his wife another viſit, and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly within two or three days the officer entered again the peaſant's houſe, and turned the owner out of doors; who thereupon applied himſelf to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The ſultan went in perſon, with his guards, to the poor man's houſe where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the ſultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the houſe, find out the criminal, and put him to death. This was immediately executed, and the corpſe laid out upon the floor by the emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeau, and ſtand about the dead body. The ſultan approaching it, looked about the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his riſing up, he ordered the peaſant to ſet before him whatever food he had in his houſe. The peaſant brought out a good deal of coarſe fare, of which the emperor eat very heartily. The peaſant ſeeing him in good-humour, preſumed to aſk of him why he had ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer ſhould be ſlain; why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down in prayer; and why, after this he had ordered meat to be ſet before him, of which he now eat ſo heartily. The ſultan being willing to gratify the curioſity of his hoſt, anſwered him in this manner: 'Upon hearing the greatneſs of the offence 'which had been committed by one of the army, 'I had reaſon to think it might have been one 'of my ſons, for who elſe would have been ſo 'audacious and preſuming? I gave orders, 'therefore, for the lights to be extinguiſhed, 'that I might not be led aſtray by partiality or 'compaſſion, from doing juſtice on the criminal. 'Upon the lighting the flambeaux a ſecond 'time, I looked upon the face of the dead 'perſon, and, to my unſpeakable joy, found it 'was not my ſon. It was for this reaſon that 'I immediately fell upon my knees, and gave 'thanks to God. As for my eating heartily 'of the food you have ſet before me, you will 'ceaſe to wonder at it, when you know that 'the great anxiety of mind I have been in 'upon this occaſion, ſince the firſt complaints 'you brought me, has hindered me eating 'any thing from that time until this very 'moment. ☞*

* *Diſtinguiſhed by a* hand, *which* STEELE *aſcertains as the mark of* ADDISON'S *Papers in the* GUARDIAN; *and reprinted in* ADDISON'S "*Works*," 4*to. vol. IV. p.* 143.

No. C. MONDAY, JULY 6.

Hoc vos præcipue, niveæ, decet; hoc ubi vidi,
Oſcula ferre humero, qua patet, uſque libet.

OVID. ARS AMATOR, L. 3. V. 309.

If ſnowy-white your neck, you ſtill ſhould wear
That, and the ſhoulder of the left-arm, bare;
Such ſights ne'er fail to fire my am'rous heart,
And make me pant to kiſs the naked part. CONGREVE.

THERE is a certain female ornament by ſome called a tucker, and by others the neck-piece, being a ſlip of fine linen or muſlin that uſed to run in a ſmall kind of ruffle round the uppermoſt verge of the woman's ſtays, and by that means covered a great part of the ſhoulders and boſom. Having thus given a definition, or rather deſcription, of the tucker, I muſt take notice, that our ladies have of late thrown aſide this fig leaf, and expoſed in its primitive nakedneſs that gentle ſwelling of the breaſt which it was uſed to conceal. What their deſign by it is, they themſelves beſt know.

I obſerved this as I was ſitting the other day by a famous ſhe-viſitant at my Lady Lizard's, when accidentally, as I was looking upon her face, letting my ſight fall into her boſom, I was ſurprized with beauties which I never before diſcovered, and do not know where my eye would have run, if I had not immediately checked it. The lady herſelf could not forbear bluſhing, when ſhe obſerved by my looks that ſhe had made her neck too beautiful and glaring an object, even for a man of my character and gravity. I could ſcarce forbear making uſe of my hand to cover ſo unſeemly a ſight.

If we ſurvey the pictures of our great grandmothers in Queen Elizabeth's time, we ſee them cloathed down to the very wriſts, and up to the very chin. The hands and face were the only ſamples they gave of their beautiful perſons. The following age of females made larger diſcoveries of their complexion. They firſt of all tucked up their garments to the elbow; and, notwithſtanding the tenderneſs of the ſex, were content, for the information of mankind, to expoſe their arms to the coldneſs of the air, and injuries of the weather. This artifice hath ſucceeded to their wiſhes, and betrayed many to their arms, who might have eſcaped them had they been ſtill concealed.

About the ſame time, the ladies conſidering that the neck was a very modeſt part in a human body, they freed it from thoſe yokes, I mean thoſe monſtrous linen ruffs in which the ſimplicity of their grandmothers had incloſed it. In proportion as the age refined, the dreſs ſtill ſunk lower; ſo that when we now ſay a woman has a handſome neck, we reckon into it many of the adjacent parts. The diſuſe of the tucker has ſtill enlarged it, inſomuch that the neck of a fine woman at preſent takes in almoſt half the body.

Since the female neck thus grows upon us, and the ladies ſeem diſpoſed to diſcover themſelves to us more and more, I would fain have them tell us once for all how far they intend to go, and whether they have yet determined among themſelves where to make a ſtop.

For my own part, their necks, as they call them, are no more than buſts of alabaſter in my eye. I can look upon.

The yielding marble of a ſnowy breaſt

with as much coldneſs as the line of Mr. Waller repreſents in the object itſelf. But my fair readers ought to conſider that all their beholders are not Neſtors. Every man is not ſufficiently qualified with age and philoſophy to be an indifferent ſpectator of ſuch allurements. The eyes of young men are curious and penetrating, their imaginations of a roving nature, and their paſſions under no diſcipline or reſtraint. I am in pain for a woman of rank, when I ſee her thus expoſing herſelf to the regard of every impudent ſtaring fellow. How can ſhe expect that her quality can defend her, when ſhe gives ſuch provocation? I could not but obſerve laſt winter, that upon the diſuſe of the neck-piece, (the ladies will pardon me, if it is not the faſhionable term of art) the whole tribe of Oglers gave their eyes a new determination, and ſtare the fair-ſex in the neck rather than in

* *See No.* 109. *ſecond letter ſigned* Olivia.

the face. To prevent theſe ſaucy familiar glances, I would entreat my gentle readers to ſew on their tuckers again, to retrieve the modeſty of their characters, and not to imitate the nakedneſs but the innocence of their mother Eve.

What moſt troubles, and indeed ſurprizes me, in this particular, I have obſerved that the leaders in this faſhion were moſt of them married women. What their deſign can be in making themſelves bare, I cannot poſſibly imagine. Nobody expoſes wares that are appropriated. When the bird is taken, the ſnare ought to be removed. It was a remarkable circumſtance in the inſtitution of the ſevere Lycurgus: as that great law-giver knew that the wealth and ſtrength of a republic conſiſted in the multitude of citizens, he did all he could to encourage marriage: in order to it, he preſcribed a certain looſe dreſs for the Spartan maids, in which there were ſeveral artificial rents and openings, that upon their putting themſelves in motion, diſcovered ſeveral limbs of the body to the beholders. Such were the baits and temptations made uſe of by that wiſe law-giver to incline the young men of his age to marriage. But when the maid was once *ſped*, ſhe was not ſuffered to tantalize the male part of the commonwealth. Her garments were cloſed up, and ſtitched together with the greateſt care imaginable. The ſhape of her limbs and complexion of her body had gained their ends, and were ever after to be concealed from the notice of the public.

I ſhall conclude this diſcourſe of the tucker with a moral which I have taught upon all occaſions, and ſhall ſtill continue to inculcate * into my female readers; namely, that nothing beſtows ſo much beauty on a woman as modeſty. This is a maxim laid down by Ovid himſelf, the greateſt maſter in the art of love. He obſerves upon it, that Venus pleaſes moſt when ſhe appears (ſemi-reducta) in a figure withdrawing herſelf from the eye of the beholder. It is very probable he had in his thoughts the ſtatue which we ſee in the Venus de Medicis, where ſhe is repreſented in ſuch a ſhy retiring poſture, and covers her boſom with one of her hands. In ſhort, modeſty gives the maid greater beauty than even the bloom of youth; it beſtows on the wife the dignity of a matron, and reinſtates the widow in her virginity. ☞ †

No. CI. TUESDAY, JULY 7.

Tros Tyriuſve mihi nullo diſcrimine habetur. VIRG. ÆN. I. V. 578.

Trojan and Tyrian differ but in name;
Both to my favour have an equal claim.

THIS being the great day of thankſgiving for the peace ‡, I ſhall preſent my reader with a couple of letters that are the fruits of it. They are written by a gentleman who has taken this opportunity to ſee France, and has given his friends in England a general account of what he has there met with, in ſeveral epiſtles. Thoſe which follow were put into my hands, with liberty to make them public; and I queſtion not but my reader will think himſelf obliged to me for ſo doing.

SIR,

SINCE I had the happineſs to ſee you laſt, I have encountered as many misfortunes as a knight-errant. I had a fall into the water at Calais, and ſince that ſeveral bruiſes upon the land, lame poſt horſes by day, and hard beds at night, with many other diſmal adventures—

Quorum animus meminiſſe horret luctuque refugit. VIRG. ÆN. 2. V. 12.

At which my memory with grief recoils.

My arrival at Paris was at firſt no leſs uncomfortable, where I could not ſee a face nor hear a word that I ever met with before; ſo that my moſt agreeable companions have been ſtatues and pictures, which are many of them very extraordinary; but what particularly recommends them to me is, that they do not ſpeak French, and have a very good quality, rarely to be met with in this country, of not being too talkative.

I am ſettled for ſome time at Paris. Since

* *This word is reprobated by Dr.* ARMSTRONG, *in his "Sketches, by L. Temple."*

† *Diſtinguiſhed by a* Hand, *as one of* ADDISON'S *Papers in the* GUARDIAN; *and reprinted in* ADDISON'S *"Works," 4to. vol. IV. p.* 146. *See* GUARD. *No.* 109.

‡ *See No.* 103, paragr. 2; *No.* 105; *and No.* 102, Adv.

my being here I have made the tour of all the king's palaces, which has been I think the pleaſanteſt part of my life. I could not believe it was in the power of art to furniſh out ſuch a multitude of noble ſcenes as I there met with, or that ſo many delightful proſpects could lie within the compaſs of a man's imagination. There is every thing done that can be expected from a prince who removes mountains, turns the courſe of rivers, raiſes woods in a day's time, and plants a village or town on ſuch a particular ſpot of ground only for the bettering of a view. One would wonder to ſee how many tricks he has made the water play for his diverſion. It turns itſelf into pyramids, triumphal arches, glaſs bottles, imitates a fire-work, riſes in a miſt, or tells a ſtory out of Æſop.

I do not believe, as good a poet as you are, that you can make finer landſcapes than thoſe about the king's houſes, or with all your deſcriptions raiſe a more magnificent palace than Verſailles. I am however ſo ſingular as to prefer Fontainebleau to all the reſt. It is ſituated among rocks and woods, that give you a fine variety of ſavage proſpects. The king has humoured the genius of the place, and only made uſe of ſo much art as is neceſſary to help and regulate nature, without reforming her too much. The caſcades ſeem to break through the clefts and cracks of rocks that are covered over with moſs, and look as if they were piled upon one another by accident. There is an artificial wildneſs in the meadows, walks, and canals; and the garden, inſtead of a wall, is fenced on the lower end by a natural mound of rock-work that ſtrikes the eye very agreeably. For my part, I think there is ſomething more charming in theſe rude heaps of ſtone than in ſo many ſtatues, and would as ſoon ſee a river winding through woods and meadows, as when it is toſſed up in ſo many whimſical figures at Verſailles. To paſs from works of nature to thoſe of art. In my opinion, the pleaſanteſt part of Verſailles is the gallery. Every one ſees on each ſide of it ſomething that will be ſure to pleaſe him. For one of them commands a view of the fineſt gardens in the world; and the other is wainſcotted with looking-glaſs *. The hiſtory of the preſent king until the year 16—is painted on the roof by Le Brun, ſo that his majeſty has actions enough by him to furniſh another gallery much longer than the preſent.

The painter has repreſented his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty under the figure of Jupiter, throwing thunderbolts all about the cieling, and ſtriking terror into the Danube and Rhine, that lie aſtoniſhed and blaſted with lightning above the cornice.

But what makes all theſe ſhows the more agreeable is, the great kindneſs and affability that is ſhown to ſtrangers. If the French do not excel the Engliſh in all the arts of humanity, they do at leaſt in the outward expreſſions of it. And upon this, as well as other accounts, though I believe the Engliſh are a much wiſer nation, the French are undoubtedly much more happy. Their old men, in particular, are, I believe, the moſt agreeable in the world. An antediluvian could not have more life and briſkneſs in him at threeſcore and ten: for that fire and levity which makes the young ones ſcarce converſible, when a little waſted and tempered by years, makes a very pleaſant and gay old age. Beſides, this national fault of being ſo very talkative, looks natural and graceful in one that has grey hairs to countenance it. The mentioning this fault in the French muſt put me in mind to finiſh my letter, leſt you think me already too much infected by their converſation; but I muſt deſire you to conſider, that travelling does in this reſpect lay a little claim to the privilege of old age. I am, Sir, &c. †

* *There are vaſt windows into the garden, and the ſame in looking-glaſs oppoſite to them, on the blank ſide, which produce a fine effect, for you ſee the garden on both ſides of you as you walk along the Gallery.*

† *This and the following letter, with two more in* GUARDIAN *No*, 104, *ſeem to have been the communications of Mr. G. Berkeley, of Trinity College, Dublin, afterwards D. D. Dean of Derry, and Biſhop of Cloyne. He certainly went abroad as Chaplain and Secretary to the Earl of Peterborough, in* 1713, *and perhaps two or three months ſooner than the time mentioned in the memoirs of the Biſhop publiſhed in* 1784, 8*vo. on the authority it is ſaid of the Biſhop's brother, Lord Robert Berkely, D. D. Rector of Middleton, in the dioceſe of Cloyne. See "Memoirs of G. Berkeley, D. D. &c." p.* 7. ADDISON *evidently was only the publiſher of this Paper, and of No.* 104. *The letters of which they conſiſt were probably written by Mr. Berkeley to* STEELE. *See No.* 104.

SIR, BLOIS, MAY 15, N. S.

I CANNOT pretend to trouble you with any news from this place, where the only advantage I have, beſides getting the language, is, to ſee the manners and tempers of the people, which I believe may be better learned here than in courts and greater cities, where artifice and diſguiſe are more in faſhion.

I have already ſeen, as I informed you in my laſt all the king's palaces, and have now ſeen a great part of the country. I never thought there had been in the world ſuch an exceſſive magnificence or poverty as I have met with in both together. One can ſcarce conceive the pomp that appears in every thing about the king; but at the ſame time it makes half his ſubjects go *barefoot*. The people are, however, the happieſt in the world, and enjoy, from the benefit of their climate, and natural conſtitution, ſuch a perpetual gladneſs of heart and eaſineſs of temper as even liberty and plenty cannot beſtow on thoſe of other nations. It is not in the power of want or ſlavery to make them miſerable. There is nothing to be met with in the country, but mirth and poverty. Every one ſings, laughs, and ſtarves. Their converſation is generally agreeable; for if they have any wit or ſenſe, they are ſure to ſhow it. They never mend upon a ſecond meeting, but uſe all the freedom and familiarity at firſt ſight, that a long intimacy or abundance of wine can ſcarce draw from an Engliſhman. Their women are perfect miſtreſſes in this art of ſhowing themſelves to the beſt advantage. They are always gay and ſprightly, and ſet off the worſt faces in Europe with the beſt airs. Every one knows how to give herſelf as charming a look and poſture as Sir Godfrey Kneller could draw her in. I cannot end my letter without obſerving, that from what I have already ſeen of the world, I cannot but ſet a particular mark of diſtinction upon thoſe who abound moſt in the virtues of their nation, and leaſt with its imperfections. When, therefore, I ſee the good ſenſe of an Engliſhman in its higheſt perfection, without any mixture of the ſpleen, I hope you will excuſe me, if I admire the character, and am ambitious of ſubſcribing myſelf, Sir, your's, &c. ☞*

No. CII. WEDNESDAY, JULY 17.

——Natos ad flumina primum
Deferimus, ſævoque gelu duramus et undis. VIRG. ÆN. 9. v. 603.

Strong from the cradle, of a ſturdy brood,
We bear our new-born infants to the flood;
There, bath'd amid the ſtream, our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold. DRYDEN.

I AM always beating about in my thoughts for ſomething that may turn to the benefit of my dear countrymen. The preſent ſeaſon of the year having put moſt of them in ſlight ſummer ſuits, has turned my ſpeculations to a ſubject that concerns every one who is ſenſible of cold or heat, which, I believe, takes in the greateſt part of my readers.

There is nothing in nature more inconſtant than the Britiſh climate, if we except the humour of its inhabitants. We have frequently in one day all the ſeaſons of the year. I have ſhivered in the Dog-days, and been forced to throw off my coat in January. I have gone to bed in Auguſt, and roſe in December. Summer has often caught me in my Drap de Berry, and winter in my Doily † ſuit.

I remember a very whimſical fellow, commonly known by the name of Poſture-maſter ‡, in King Charles the Second's reign, who was

* *Diſtinguiſhed by a* hand, *the mark of* ADDISON'S *Papers in the* GUARDIAN; *and reprinted in* ADDISON'S "*Works*," 4*to*, *vol. IV. p.* 152. *N. B.* ADDISON *ſeems to have compiled or communicated this Paper*, *No.* 101, *from the* Letter Box. *In ſome copies it is not diſtinguiſhed by his mark, and wants the* hand *at the end. See* GUARD. *No.* 104.

† Doily *was a famous draper about this time, probably the inventor, certainly a principal vender of this kind of cloth, &c.*

‡ *Mr. Joſeph Clark, commonly called the Poſture maſter. His father a diſtiller in Shoe-Lane, put him firſt to liking to Mr. John Coniers, an apothecary in Fleet-Street; but not being pleaſed with that employment, he was bound apprentice to a ſilk-man in Biſhopſgate-Street, beyond Bedlam. He traveled afterwards in the Duke of Buckingham's retinue to Paris, where he began to be taken notice of for his agility and poſtures. Thence he went into Ireland. In* 1690 *he died in his houſe in Pall-Mall, and*

the plague of all the taylors about town. He would often ſend for one of them to take meaſure of him, but would ſo contrive it, as to have a moſt immoderate riſing in one of his ſhoulders. When the cloaths were brought home, and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other ſhoulder. Upon which the taylor begged pardon for the miſtake, and mended it as faſt as he could; but, upon a third trial, found him a ſtraight-ſhouldered man as one would deſire to ſee, but a little unfortunate in a humpt-back. In ſhort, this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impoſſible to accommodate ſo changeable a cuſtomer. My reader will apply this to any one who would adapt a ſuit to a ſeaſon of our Engliſh climate.

After this ſhort deſcant on the uncertainty of our Engliſh weather, I come to my moral.

A man ſhould take care that his body be not too ſoft for his climate; but rather, if poſſible, harden and ſeaſon himſelf beyond the degree of cold wherein he lives. Daily experience teaches us how we may inure ourſelves by cuſtom to bear the extremities of weather without injury. The inhabitants of Nova Zembla go naked, without complaining of the bleakneſs of the air in which they are born, as the armies of the northern nations keep the field all winter. The ſofteſt of our Britiſh ladies expoſe their arms and necks to the open air, which the men could not do without catching cold, for want of being accuſtomed to it. The whole body, by the ſame means, might contract the ſame firmneſs and temper. The Scythian, that was aſked how it was poſſible for the inhabitants of his frozen climate to go naked, replied—'Be'cauſe we are all over face.' Mr. Locke adviſes parents to have their children's feet waſhed every morning in cold water, which might probably prolong multitudes of lives.

I verily believe a cold bath would be one of the moſt healthful exerciſes in the world, were it made uſe of in the education of youth. It would make their bodies more than proof to the injuries of the air and weather. It would be ſomewhat like what the poets tell us of Achilles, whom his mother is ſaid to have dipped, when he was a child, in the River Styx. The ſtory adds, that this made him invulnerable all over, excepting that part which his mother held in her hand during this immerſion, and which by that means loſt the benefit of theſe hardening waters. Our common practice runs in a quite contrary method. We are perpetually ſoftening ourſelves by good fires and warm cloaths. The air within our rooms has generally two or three degrees more of heat in it than the air without doors *.

Craſſus is an old lethargic valetudinarian. For theſe twenty years laſt paſt he has been cloathed in frize of the ſame colour, and of the ſame piece. He fancies he ſhould catch his death in any other kind of manufacture; and though his avarice would incline him to wear it until it was threadbare, he dares not do it leſt he ſhould take cold when the nap is off. He could no more live without a frize coat than without his ſkin. It is not indeed ſo properly his coat, as what the anatomiſts call one of the integuments of the body.

How different an old man is Craſſus from myſelf? It is indeed the particular diſtinction of the Ironſides to be robuſt and hardy, to defy the cold and rain, and let the weather do its worſt. My father lived until a hundred without a cough; and we have a tradition in the family, that my grandfather uſed to throw off his hat and go open-breaſted after fourſcore. As for myſelf, they uſed to ſowſe me over head and ears in water when I was a boy, ſo that I am looked upon as one of the moſt caſe-hardened † of the whole family of the Ironſides. In ſhort, I have been ſo plunged in water, and inured to the cold, that I regard myſelf as a piece of true-tempered *Steel* ‡, and can ſay, with the above-mentioned Scythian, that I am face, or if my enemies pleaſe, forehead all over §.

was buried in the Pariſh-church of St. Martin in the Fields. Harl. MSS. 5912. *There are many repreſentations of Clark, in different attitudes, in the "London Cries," and in the Britiſh Muſeum. See Dr.* KING'S "*Works*," 3 *vols. cr.* 8*vo.* 1776. *Vol. II. p.* 17. TAT. *No.* 108. *and* Note *on* Poſture-maſter.

* *A peaſant's cottage in Yorkſhire is often heated up to* 70 *degrees on Farenheit's ſcale, and is generally warmer than the parlours of the rich and effeminate, in this age of liſt and carpets.*

† *See* GUARD, *No.* 94. *Note on* Caſe-hardened.

‡ Iron *and* Steel *are but one and the ſame metal in different ſtates:* Steel *is* tempered, *by being ſuddenly plunged when red hot into cold water; and when* tempered *it may be* untempered *again.*

§ *Diſtinguiſhed by a* hand, *the mark of* ADDISON'S *Papers in the* GUARDIAN. *See "The Publiſher to the Reader." It is likewiſe reprinted by Mr. Tickell in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works*," *vol. IV. p.* 152. STEELE *was too delicate to have named himſelf, even in a* pun.

No. CIII. THURSDAY, JULY 9.

Dum flammas Jovis, et ſonitus imitatur Olympi. VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 586.
With mimic thunder impiouſly he plays,
And darts the artificial lightning's blaze.

I AM conſidering how moſt of the great phenomena, or appearances in nature, have been imitated by the art of man. Thunder is grown a common drug among the chemiſts. Lightning may be bought by the pound. If a man has occaſion for a lambent flame you have whole ſheets of it in a handful of phoſphor. Showers of rain are to be met with in every water work; and we are informed, that ſome years ago, the virtuoſos of France covered a little vault with artificial ſnow, which they made to fall above an hour together for the entertainment of his preſent majeſty.

I am led into this train of thinking, by the noble fire-work that was exhibited laſt night upon the Thames. You might there ſee a little ſky filled with innumerable blazing ſtars and meteors. Nothing could be more aſtoniſhing than the pillars of flame, clouds of ſmoak, and multitudes of ſtars mingled together in ſuch an agreeable confuſion. Every rocket ended in a conſtellation, and ſtrowed the air with ſuch a ſhower of ſilver ſpangles, as opened and enlightened the whole ſcene from time to time. It put me in mind of the lines of OEdipus——

Why from the bleeding womb of monſtrous night
Burſt forth ſuch myriads of abortive ſtars?

In ſhort, the artiſt did his part to admiration, and was ſo encompaſſed with fire and ſmoak, that one would have thought nothing but a ſalamander could have been ſafe in ſuch a ſituation.

I was in company with two or three fanciful friends during this whole ſhow. One of them being a critic, that is a man who on all occaſions is more attentive to what is wanting than what is preſent, began to exert his talent upon the ſeveral objects we had before us. 'I am 'mightily pleaſed,' ſays he, 'with that burning cypher. There is no matter in the world 'ſo proper to write with as wild-fire, as 'no characters can be more legible than 'thoſe which are read by their own light. 'But as for your Cardinal virtues, I do not 'care for ſeeing them in ſuch combuſtible i- 'gures. Who can imagine Chaſtity with a 'body of fire; or Temperance in a flame? 'Juſtice indeed may be furniſhed out of this 'element as far as her ſword goes, and Cou- 'rage may be all over one continual blaze, if 'the artiſt pleaſes.'

Our companion obſerving that we laughed at this unſeaſonable ſeverity, let drop the critic, and propoſed a ſubject for a fire-work, which he thought would be very amuſing, if executed by ſo able an artiſt ‡ as he who was at that time entertaining us. The plan he mentioned was a ſcene in Milton. He would have a large piece of machinery repreſent the Pan-dæmonium; where—

——from the arched roof
Pendent by ſubtle magic, many a row
Of ſtarry lamps, and blazing creſſets, fed
With Naphtha and Aſphaltus, yielded light
As from a ſky——

This might be finely repreſented by ſeveral illuminations, diſpoſed in a great frame of wood, with ten thouſand beautiful exhalations of fire, which men verſed in this art know very well how to raiſe. The evil ſpirits at the ſame time might very properly appear in vehicles of flame, and employ all the tricks of art to terrify and ſurprize the ſpectator.

We were well enough pleaſed with this ſtart of thought, but fancied there was ſomething in it too ſerious, and perhaps too horrid to be put in execution.

Upon this, a friend of mine gave us an account of a fire-work deſcribed, if I am not miſtaken, by Strada §. A prince of Italy, it

* Phoſphorus, *or Phoſphor, a name applied to all ſubſtances capable of giving light in the dark; but it ſignifies here a kind of very combuſtible ſulphur compoſed of a peculiar acid, united with phlogiſton, which may be made to burn weakly in a heat from ten to fifteen degrees. The diſcovery of this phoſphor was not very much antecedent to the date of this Paper. Proceſſes for making it were known before this century began; but they were incomplete, or over-expenſive, and the operation ſtill continued a ſecret till* 1737, *when a ſtranger introduced it into France, and for a public reward communicated the proceſs for making it as now made.*

† *See No.* 101; *No.* 105, *and* Notes.

‡ *There were two artiſts on this occaſion, Colonel Hopkey, and Colonel Boigard.*

§ STRADÆ Prol. Acad. *L. II.* Prol. 6. Acad. *II.*

ſeems, entertained his miſtreſs with it upon a great lake. In the midſt of this lake was a huge floating mountain made by art. The mountain repreſented Ætna, being bored through the top with a monſtrous orifice. Upon a ſignal given, the eruption began. Fire, and ſmoak mixed, with ſeveral unuſual prodigies and figures, made their appearance for ſome time. On a ſudden there was heard a moſt dreadful rumbling noiſe within the entrails of the machine. After which the mountain burſt, and diſcovered a vaſt cavity in that ſide which faced the prince and his court. Within this hollow was Vulcan's ſhop full of fire and clock-work. A column of blue flame iſſued out inceſſantly from the forge. Vulcan was employed in hammering out thunderbolts, that every now and then flew up from the anvil with dreadful cracks and flaſhes. Venus ſtood by him in a figure of the brighteſt fire, with numberleſs Cupids on all ſides of her, that ſhot out vollies of burning arrows. Before her was an altar with hearts of fire flaming on it. I have forgot ſeveral other particulars no leſs curious, and have only mentioned theſe to ſhew that there may be a ſort of fable or deſign in a fire-work which may give an additional beauty to thoſe ſurpriſing objects.

I ſeldom ſee any thing that raiſes wonder in me, which does not give my thoughts a turn that makes my heart the better for it. As I was lying in my bed, and ruminating on what I have ſeen, I could not forbear reflecting on the inſignificancy of human art, when ſet in compariſon with the deſigns of Providence. In the purſuit of this thought I conſidered a comet, or, in the language of the vulgar, a blazing ſtar, as a ſky-rocket diſcharged by an hand that is Almighty. Many of my readers ſaw that in the year 1680; and if they are not mathematicians, will be amazed to hear that it travelled in a much greater degree of ſwiftneſs than a cannon-ball, and drew after it a tail of fire that was fourſcore millions of miles in length. What an amazing thought it is to conſider this ſtupendous body traverſing the immenſity of the creation with ſuch a rapidity, and at the ſame time wheeling about in that line which the Almighty has preſcribed for it? that it ſhould move in ſuch inconceivable fury and combuſtion, and at the ſame time with ſuch an exact regularity? How ſpacious muſt the univerſe be that gives ſuch bodies as theſe their full play, without ſuffering the leaſt diſorder or confuſion by it! What a glorious ſhow are thoſe beings entertained with, that can look into this great theatre of nature, and ſee myriads of ſuch tremendous objects wandering thoſe immeaſureable depths of ether, and running their appointed courſes? Our eyes may hereafter be ſtrong enough to command this magnificent proſpect, and our underſtandings able to find out the ſeveral uſes of theſe great parts of the univerſe. In the mean time they are very proper objects for our imaginations to contemplate, that we may form more exalted notions of infinite wiſdom and power, and learn to think humbly of ourſelves, and of all the little works of human invention. ☞*

No. CIV. FRIDAY, JULY 10.

Quæ è longinquo magis placent. TACIT.

The farther fetch'd the more they pleaſe.

ON Tueſday laſt † I publiſhed two letters, written by a gentleman *in* his travels. As they were applauded by my beſt readers, I ſhall this day publiſh two more from the ſame hand. The firſt of them contains a matter of fact which is very curious, and may deſerve the attention of thoſe who are verſed in our Britiſh antiquities.

SIR, BLOIS, MAY 15, N. S.

BECAUSE I am at preſent out of the road of news, I ſhall ſend you a ſtory that was lately given me by a gentleman of this country, who is deſcended from one of the perſons concerned in the relation, and very inquiſitive to know if there be any of the family now in England.

* *This Paper No.* 103, *as well as the ſeven preceding numbers, are diſtinguiſhed by a* Hand, *the mark of* ADDISON'S *Papers in the* GUARDIAN. *It is likewiſe reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edit. of* ADDISON'S "*Works*," 4*to. vol. IV. p.* 254.

† *See* GUARD. *No.* 101, *and* Note, *which ſuggeſts a conjecture that George Berkeley, then Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, afterwards D. D. and Biſhop of Cloyne, was really the author both of that and of this Paper, of which* ADDISON *appears to have been only the Publiſher; nevertheleſs both theſe Papers, No.* 101 *and No.* 104, *are reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works*," 4*to. vol. IV. p.* 149; *and p.* 157. et ſeqq.

I ſhall only premiſe to it, that this ſtory is preſerved with great care among the writers of this gentleman's family; and that it has been given to two or three of our Engliſh nobility, when they were in theſe parts, who could not return any ſatisfactory anſwer to the gentleman, whether there be any of the family now remaining in Great Britain.

In the reign of King John there lived a nobleman called John de Sigonia, lord of that place in Touraine. His brothers were Philip and Briant. Briant, when very young, was made one of the French king's pages, and ſerved him in that quality when he was taken priſoner by the Engliſh. The King of England chanced to ſee the youth, and being much pleaſed with his perſon and behaviour, begged him of the king, his priſoner. It happened, ſome years after this, that John, the other brother, who, in the courſe of the war, had raiſed himſelf to a conſiderable poſt in the French army, was taken priſoner by Briant, who at that time was an officer in the King of England's guards. Briant knew nothing of his brother, and being naturally of an haughty temper, treated him very inſolently, and more like a criminal than a priſoner of war. This John reſented ſo highly, that he challenged him to a ſingle combat. The challenge was accepted, and time and place aſſigned them by the king's appointment. Both appeared on the day prefixed, and entered the liſts compleatly armed amidſt a great number of ſpectators. Their firſt encounters were very furious, and the ſucceſs equal on both ſides; until after ſome toil and bloodſhed they were parted by their ſeconds to fetch breath, and prepare themſelves afreſh for the combat. Briant, in the mean time, had caſt his eye upon his brother's eſcutcheon, which he ſaw agree in all points with his own. I need not tell you after this, with what joy and ſurprize the ſtory ends. King Edward, who knew all the particulars of it, as a mark of his eſteem, gave to each of them, by the King of France's conſent, the following coat of arms, which I will ſend you in the original language, not being herald enough to blazon it in Engliſh.

'Le Roi d'Angleterre par permiſſion du Roi 'de France, pour perpetuelle memoire de leurs 'grands faits d'armes et fidelité envers leurs 'Rois, leur donna par ampliation à leurs armes 'en une croix d'argent cantonée de quatre co-'quilles d'or en champ de ſable, qu'ils avoient 'auparavant, une endenteleuſe faite en façons 'de Croix de guëulle inſerée au dedans de la 'ditte croix d'argent et par le milieu d'icelle 'qui eſt participation des deux croix que por-'tent les dits Rois en la guerre.'

I am afraid, by this time, you begin to wonder that I ſhould ſend you for news a tale of three or four hundred years old; and, I dare ſay, never thought, when you deſired me to write to you, that I ſhould trouble you with a ſtory of King John, eſpecially at a time when there is a monarch on the French throne that furniſhes diſcourſe for all Europe. But I confeſs I am the more fond of the relation, becauſe it brings to mind the noble exploits of our own countrymen: though at the ſame time, I muſt own it is not ſo much the vanity of an Engliſhman which puts me upon writing it, as that I have of taking any occaſion to ſubſcribe myſelf, Sir, your's, &c.

SIR, BLOIS, MAY 20, N. S.

I AM extremely obliged to you for your laſt kind letter,* which was the only Engliſh that had been ſpoken to me in ſome months together, for I am at preſent forced to think the abſence of my countrymen my good fortune:

Votum in amante novum! vellem quod amatur abeſſet. OVID. MET. L. 3. V. 463.

Strange wiſh to harbour in a lover's breaſt!
I wiſh that abſent, which I love the beſt.

This is an advantage that I could not have hoped for, had I ſtayed near the French court; though I muſt confeſs I would not but have ſeen it, becauſe I believe it ſhewed me ſome of the fineſt places and of the greateſt perſons in the world. One cannot hear a name mentioned in it that does not bring to mind a piece of a gazette, nor ſee a man that has not ſignalized himſelf in a battle. One would fancy one's ſelf to be in the enchanted palaces of a romance; one meets with ſo many heroes and finds ſomething ſo like ſcenes of magic in the gardens, ſtatues, and water-works. I am aſhamed that I am not able to make a quicker progreſs through the French tongue †, becauſe I believe it is impoſſible for a learner of a language to find in any nation ſuch advantages as in this, where every body is ſo

* *A letter probably from* STEELE, *to the Traveller, ſuppoſed to be Mr.* (*afterwards biſhop*) *Berkeley.*
† *Is it* tongue *or* language, *ſays* SWIFT *to Mrs. Johnſon, his* wife.

very courteous and ſo very talkative. They always take care to make a noiſe as long as they are in company, and are as loud any hour in the morning as our own countrymen at midnight. By what I have ſeen, there is more mirth in the French converſation, and more wit in the Engliſh. You abound more in jeſts, but they in laughter. There language is indeed extremely proper to tattle in, it is made up of ſo much repetition and compliment. One may know a foreigner by his anſwering only No or Yes to a queſtion, which a Frenchman generally makes a ſentence of. They have a ſet of ceremonious phraſes that run through all ranks and degrees among them. Nothing is more common than to hear a ſhopkeeper deſiring his neighbour to have the goodneſs to tell him what it is o'clock, or a couple of coblers that are extremely glad of the honour of ſeeing one another.

The face of the whole country where I now am, is at this ſeaſon pleaſant beyond imagination. I cannot but fancy the birds of this place, as well as men, a great deal merrier than thoſe of our own nation. I am ſure the French year has got the ſtart of ours more in the works of nature than in the new ſtyle. I have paſt one March in my life without being ruffled with the winds, and one April without being waſhed with rains.*

I am, Sir, yours.

☞*

No. CV. SATURDAY, JULY 11.

Quod neque in Armeniis tigres fecere latebris:
Perdere nec foetus auſa Leæna ſuos.
At teneræ faciunt, ſed nod impune, puellæ;
Sæpe, ſuos utero quæ necat, ipſa perit. OVID. AMOR. L. 2. ELEG. 14. V. 35.

The tigreſſes, that haunt th' Armenian wood,
Will ſpare their proper young, tho' pinch'd for food;
Nor will the Lybian lioneſſes ſlay
Their whelps: but women are more fierce than they,
More barbarous to the tender fruit they bear;
Nor Nature's call, tho' loud ſhe cries, will hear.
But righteous vengeance oft their crimes purſues,
And they are loſt themſelves, who would their children loſe. ANON.

THERE was no part of the ſhow on the Thankſgiving † Day that ſo much pleaſed and affected me as the little boys and girls who were ranged with ſo much order and decency in that part of the Strand which reaches from the May-pole to Exeter-Change. Such a numerous and innocent multitude, cloathed in the charity of their benefactors, was a ſpectacle pleaſing both to God and man, and a more beautiful expreſſion of joy and thankſgiving than could have been exhibited by all the pomps of a Roman triumph. Never did a more full and unſpotted chorus of human creatures join together in a hymn of devotion. The care and tenderneſs which appeared in the looks of their ſeveral inſtructors, who were diſpoſed among this little helpleſs people, could not forbear touching every heart that had any ſentiments of humanity.

I am very ſorry that her Majeſty did not ſee this aſſembly of objects, ſo proper to excite that charity and compaſſion which ſhe bears to all who ſtand in need of it, though at the ſame time I queſtion not but her royal bounty will extend itſelf to them. A charity beſtowed on the education of ſo many of her young ſubjects, has more merit in it than a thouſand penſions to thoſe of a higher fortune who are in greater ſtations in life.

I have always looked on this inſtitution of Charity-Schools, which, of late years, has ſo univerſally prevailed through the whole nation, as the glory of the age we live in, and the moſt proper means that can be made uſe of to recover it out of its preſent degeneracy and depravation of manners. It ſeems to promiſe us an honeſt and virtuous poſterity: there will be few in the

* *This Paper, and No.* 101, *are diſtinguiſhed by* Hands, *as Papers of* ADDISON, *who probably was not the* author, *but only the* publiſher, *of them. The publication of the Guardian devolved entirely on* ADDISON, *for two or three weeks, about this time: and it ſeems that if he had been always circumſtanced as* STEELE *was, he would have called as* loudly *for "The* LETTER BOX," *as* STEELE *is ſaid to have done by Dr. Johnſon. An attentive reader muſt long ere now have anticipated this remark, and can be at no loſs for previous inſtances, that might be urged as arguments of its probability.*

† *See No.* 101; *and No.* 103.

next generation who will not at leaſt be able to write and read, and have not had an early tincture of religion. It is therefore to be hoped that the ſeveral perſons of wealth and quality, who made their proceſſion through the members of theſe now-erected ſeminaries, will not regard them only as an empty ſpectacle, or the materials of fine ſhow, but contribute to their maintenance and increaſe. For my part, I can ſcarce forbear looking on the aſtoniſhing victories our arms have been crowned with, to be in ſome meaſure the bleſſings returned upon that national charity which has been ſo conſpicuous of late; and that the great ſucceſſes of the laſt war, for which we lately offered up our thanks, were in ſome meaſure occaſioned by the ſeveral objects which then ſtood before us.

Since I am upon this ſubject, I ſhall mention a piece of charity which has not been yet exerted among us, and which deſerves our attention the more, becauſe it is practiſed by moſt of the nations about us. I mean a proviſion for foundlings *, or for thoſe children who through want of ſuch a proviſion are expoſed to the barbarity of cruel and unnatural parents. One does not know how to ſpeak on ſuch a ſubject without horror: but what multitudes of infants have been made away by thoſe who brought them into the world, and were afterwards either aſhamed or unable to provide for them.

There is ſcarce an aſſizes where ſome unhappy wretch is not executed for the murder of a child. And how many more of theſe monſters of inhumanity may we ſuppoſe to be wholly undiſcovered, or cleared for want of legal evidence? Not to mention thoſe who by unnatural practices do in ſome meaſure defeat theintentions of Providence, and deſtroy their conceptions even before they ſee the light. In all theſe the guilt is equal, though the puniſhment is not ſo. But to paſs by the greatneſs of the crime, (which is not to be expreſſed by words) if we only conſider it as it robs the commonwealth of its full number of citizens, it certainly deſerves the utmoſt application and wiſdom of a people to prevent it.

It is certain, that which generally betrays theſe profligate women into it, and overcomes the tenderneſs which is natural to them on other occaſions, is the fear of ſhame, or their inability to ſupport thoſe whom they give life to. I ſhall therefore ſhew how this evil is prevented in other countries, as I have learned from thoſe who have been converſant in the ſeveral great cities of Europe.

There are at Paris, Madrid, Liſbon, Rome, and many other large towns, great hoſpitals built like our colleges. In the walls of theſe hoſpitals are placed machines, in the ſhape of large lanthorns ‡, with a little door in the ſide of them turned towards the ſtreet, and a bell hanging by them. The child is depoſited in this lanthorn, which is immediately turned about into the inſide of the hoſpital. The perſon who conveys the child, rings the bell and leaves it there, upon which the proper officer comes and receives it without making further inquiries. The parent or her friend, who lays the child there, generally leaves a note with it, declaring whether it be yet chriſtened, the name it ſhould be called by, the particular marks upon it, and the like.

It often happens that the parent leaves a note for the maintenance and education of the child, or takes it out after it has been ſome years in the hoſpital. Nay, it has been known that the father has afterwards owned the young foundling for his ſon, or left his eſtate to him. This is certain, that many are by this means preſerved, and do ſignal ſervices to their country, who without ſuch a proviſion might have periſhed as abortives, or have come to an untimely end, and perhaps have brought upon their guilty parents the like deſtruction.

This I think is a ſubject that deſerves our moſt ſerious conſideration, for which reaſon I hope I ſhall not be thought impertinent in laying it before my readers. ☞ †

No. CVI. MONDAY, JULY 13.

Quod latet arcana, non enarrabile, fibra. PERS. SAT. 5. v. 29.
The deep receſſes of the human breaſt.

AS I was making up my Monday's proviſion for the public, I received the following letter, which being a better entertainment than any I can furniſh out myſelf, I ſhall ſet it before the reader, and deſire him to fall on without farther ceremony.

* *See* SPECT. *No.* 190. Note *on the* Magdalen-Houſe, *and* Aſylum, *ſigned P. and the Life of Capt.* Thomas CORAM, *to whom the Public is indebted for the* FOUNDLING *Hoſpital,* "*New Gen. Biogr. Dict.*" 8*vo.* ‡ Baſkets *in the ſhape of large lanthorns.*

† *This Paper No.* 105, *is diſtinguiſhed by a* Hand, *the ſignature of* ADDISON'S *Papers in the* GUARDIAN, *and reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works,*" 4*to. vol. IV. p.* 160.

SIR,

YOUR two kinſmen and predeceſſors, of immortal memory ‡, were very famous for their dreams and viſions; and, contrary to all other authors, never pleaſed their readers more than when they were nodding. Now it is obſerved, that the *ſecond ſight* generally runs in the blood; and, Sir, we are in hopes that you yourſelf, like the reſt of your family, may at length prove a dreamer of dreams, and a ſeer of viſions. In the mean while I beg leave to make you a preſent of a dream, which may ſerve to lull your readers until ſuch time as you yourſelf ſhall think fit to gratify the public with any of your nocturnal diſcoveries.

You muſt underſtand, Sir, I had yeſterday been reading and ruminating upon that paſſage where Momus is ſaid to have found fault with the make of a man, becauſe he had not a window in his breaſt. The moral of this ſtory is very obvious, and means no more than that the heart of man is ſo full of wiles and artifices, treachery and deceit, that there is no gueſſing at what he is from his ſpeeches and outward appearances. I was immediately reflecting how happy each of the ſexes would be, if there was a window in the breaſt of every one that makes or receives love. What proteſtations and perjuries would be ſaved on the one ſide; what hypocriſy and diſſimulation on the other? I am myſelf very far gone in this paſſion for Aurelia, a woman of an unſearchable heart. I would give the world to know the ſecrets of it, and particularly whether I am really in her good graces, or, if not, who is the happy perſon.

I fell aſleep in this agreeable reverie, when on a ſudden methought Aurelia lay by my ſide. I was placed by her in the poſture of Milton's 'Adam, and with looks of cordial love hung over her enamoured.' As I caſt my eye upon her boſom, it appeared to be all of cryſtal, and ſo wonderfully tranſparent, that I ſaw every thought in her heart. The firſt images I diſcovered in it were fans, ſilk, ribbands, laces, and many other gewgaws, which lay ſo thick together, that the whole heart was nothing elſe but a toyſhop. Theſe all faded away and vaniſhed, when immediately I diſcerned a long train of coaches-and-ſix, equipages, and liveries, that ran through the heart one after another, in a very great hurry for above half an hour together. After this, looking very attentively, I obſerved the whole ſpace to be filled with a hand of cards, in which I could ſee diſtinctly three mattadors. There then followed a quick ſucceſſion of different ſcenes. A play-houſe, a church, a court, a puppet-ſhow, roſe up one after another, until at laſt they all of them gave place to a pair of new ſhoes, which kept footing in the heart for a whole hour. Theſe were driven off at laſt by a lap-dog, who was ſucceeded by a Guinea pig, a ſquirrel, and a monkey. I myſelf, to my no ſmall joy, brought up the rear of theſe worthy favourites. I was raviſhed at being ſo happily poſted, and in full poſſeſſion of the heart: but as I ſaw the little figure of myſelf ſimpering and mightily pleaſed with its ſituation, on a ſudden the heart methought gave a ſigh, in which, as I found afterwards, my little repreſentative vaniſhed; for, upon applying my eye, I found my place taken up by an ill-bred, aukward puppy, with a money-bag under each arm. This gentleman, however, did not keep his ſtation long, before he yielded it up to a wight as diſagreeable as himſelf, with a white ſtick in his hand. Theſe three laſt figures repreſented to me in a lively manner the conflicts in Aurelia's heart between love, avarice, and ambition, for we joſtled one another out by turns, and diſputed the poſt for a great while. But at laſt, to my unſpeakable ſatisfaction, I ſaw myſelf entirely ſettled in it. I was ſo tranſported with my ſucceſs, that I could not forbear hugging my dear piece of cryſtal, when to my unſpeakable mortification I awaked, and found my miſtreſs metamorphoſed into a pillow.

This is not the firſt time I have been thus diſappointed.

O venerable Neſtor, if you have any ſkill in dreams, let me know whether I have the ſame place in the real heart, that I had in the viſionary one: to tell you truly, I am perplexed to death between hope and fear. I was very ſanguine until eleven o'clock this morning, when I overheard an unlucky old woman telling her neighbour that dreams always went by contraries. I did not indeed before much like the cryſtal heart, remembering that confounded ſimile in Valentinian, of a maid 'as cold as cryſtal never to be thawed.' Beſides, I verily believe if I had ſlept a little longer, that aukward whelp with his money-bags would certainly have made his ſecond entrance. If you

‡ ISSAC BICKERSTAFF, *Eſq. and The* SPECTATOR.

can tell the fair-one's mind, it will be no ſmall proof of your art, for I dare ſay it is more than ſhe herſelf can do. Every ſentence ſhe ſpeaks is a riddle; all that I can be certain of is, that I am her and your humble ſervant,

PETER PUZZLE *.

No. CVII. TUESDAY, JULY 14.

——*Tentanda via eſt*—— VIRG. GEORG. 3. v. 8.

I'll try the experiment.

I HAVE lately entertained my reader with two or three letters from a traveller, † and may poſſibly, in ſome of my future papers, oblige him with more from the ſame hand. The following one comes from a projector, which is a ſort of correſpondent as diverting as a traveller; his ſubject having the ſame grace of novelty to recommend it, and being equally adapted to the curioſity of the reader. For my own part, I have always had a particular fondneſs for a project, and may ſay, without vanity, that I have a pretty tolerable genius that way myſelf. I could mention ſome which I have brought to maturity, others which have miſcarried, and many more which I have yet by me, and are to take their fate in the world when I ſee a proper juncture. I had a hand in the landbank, ‡ and was conſulted with upon the reformation of manners. § I have had ſeveral deſigns upon the Thames and the New River, ‖ not to mention my refinements upon lotteries ¶ and inſurances, and that never-to-be-forgotten project, which, if it had ſucceeded to my wiſhes, would have made gold as plentiful in this nation as tin or copper. ** If my countrymen have not reaped any advantages from theſe my deſigns, it was not for want of any good-will towards them. They are obliged to me for my kind intentions as much as if they had taken effect. Projects are of a two-fold nature: the firſt ariſing from public-ſpirited perſons, in which number I declare myſelf; the other proceeding from a regard to our private intereſt, of which nature is that in the following letter.

SIR,

A MAN of your reading knows very well that there were a ſet of men in old Rome, called by the name of Nomenclators, that is in Engliſh, men who call every one by his name. When a great man ſtood for any public office, as that of a tribune, a conſul, or a cenſor, he had always one of theſe Nomenclators at his elbow, who whiſpered in his ear the name of every one he met with, and by that means enabled him to ſalute every Roman citizen by his name when he aſked him for his vote. To come to my purpoſe: I have with much pains and aſſiduity qualified myſelf for a Nomenclator to this great city, and ſhall gladly enter upon my office as ſoon as I meet with ſuitable encouragement. I will let myſelf out by the week to any curious country gentleman or foreigner.

* *This Paper, No.* 106, *is not diſtinguiſhed by a* Hand, *the ſignature of* ADDISON'S *Papers in the* GUARDIAN, *but it is reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works*," *vol. IV. p.* 162. *The reader muſt judge for himſelf of the deference due in this caſe to Mr. Tickell's authority; to the deciſiveneſs of which the Paper itſelf ſuggeſts objections.*

† *See No.* 101, *No.* 104, *and* Notes *on the author of them.*

‡ *The Land-*BANK *was once really propoſed, and deſigned as a rival Bank, to lend money upon land ſecurity.*

§ *See* TAT. *No.* 3, *and* Note *on* "*The Society for the Reformation of Manners.*"

‖ *This ſeems to refer to* STEELE'S *contrivance for bringing fiſh to London, which was not completed till four or five years after the date of this Paper, and did not ſucceed. See an account of it in a* Note *on* STEELE'S "*Letters*," *vol. I. let.* 279. *p.* 165. 2 *vol. cr.* 8*vo.* 1787.

¶ *This ſeems to allude to* STEELE'S "*Multiplication Table*;" *a ſpecies of lottery which proved illegal. See* SPECT. *No.* 413. *No.* 415. *No.* 417. *new edition*; *and* SWIFT'S "*Works*," *vol. XIX. p.* 169. *cr.* 8*vo.*

** *This appears to be another of* ADDISON'S oblique ſtrokes *at* STEELE, *who is ſaid to have been one of the laſt eminent men in this country who waſted money in ſearch of the philoſopher's ſtone. Certainly he had a laboratory at Poplar, now converted into a garden-houſe, where it may be he cultivated general chemiſtry, at greater expence than his fortune could bear. See* TAT. *No.* 7. Note. *and* GUARD. *No.* 166. *If theſe* pleaſantries *and* oblique ſtrokes *were really* ADDISON'S, *they ſeem to have been unfriendly, becauſe unſeaſonable; for it appears that* STEELE *was at this time embarraſſed and in a ſtate of vexation. See his letters of this date to his wife.* STEELE'S "*Letters*," *vol. I. let.* 172. *let.* 174, *&c.* 2 *vols, cr.* 8*vo.* 1787; *and* TOWN-TALK, *No. IV.*

If he takes me with him in a coach to the ring, * I will undertake to teach him, in two or three evenings, the names of the moſt celebrated perſons who frequent that place. If he plants me by his ſide in the pit, I will call over to him, in the ſame manner, the whole circle of beauties that are diſpoſed among the boxes, and at the ſame time point out to him the perſons who ogle them from their reſpective ſtations. I need not tell you that I may be of the ſame uſe in any other public aſſembly. Nor do I only profeſs the teaching of names, but of things. Upon the ſight of a reigning beauty, I ſhall mention her admirers, and diſcover her gallantries, if they are of public notoriety. I ſhall likewiſe mark out every toaſt, the club in which ſhe was elected, and the number of votes that were on her ſide. Not a woman ſhall be unexplained that makes a figure either as a maid, a wife, or a widow. The men too ſhall be ſet out in their diſtinguiſhing characters, and declared whoſe properties they are. Their wit, wealth, or good-humour, their perſons, ſtations, and titles, ſhall be deſcribed at large.

I have a wife who is a Nomenclatreſs, and will be ready on any occaſion to attend the ladies. She is of a much more communicative nature than myſelf, and is acquainted with all the private hiſtory of London and Weſtminſter, and ten miles round. She has fifty private amours which nobody yet knows any thing of but herſelf, and thirty clandeſtine marriages that have not been touched by the tip of a tongue. She will wait upon any lady at her own lodgings, and talk by the clock after the rate of three guineas an hour.

N. B. She is a near kinſwoman of the author of the New Atalantis *.

I need not recommend to a man of your ſagacity the uſefulneſs of this project; and do therefore beg your encouragement of it, which will lay a very great obligation upon your humble ſervant.

After this letter from my whimſical correſpondent, I ſhall publiſh one of a more ſerious nature, which deſerves the utmoſt attention of the public, and in particular of ſuch who are lovers of mankind. It is no leſs a ſubject than that of diſcovering the Longitude, and deſerves a much higher name than that of a project, if our language afforded any ſuch term. But all I can ſay on this ſubject will be ſuperfluous when the reader ſees the name of thoſe perſons by whom this letter is ſubſcribed, and who have done me the honour to ſend it me. I muſt only take notice, that the firſt of theſe gentlemen is the ſame perſon who has lately obliged the world with that noble plan, entitled, 'A Scheme of the Solar Syſtem, with the Orbits of the Planets and Comets, belonging thereto, deſcribed from Dr. Halley's accurate Table of Comets, Philoſoph. Tranſact. No. 297, founded on Sir Iſaac Newton's Wonderful Diſcoveries, by William Whiſton, M. A.'

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ. AT BUTTON'S COFFEE-HOUSE † NEAR COVENT-GARDEN.

SIR, LONDON, JULY 11, 1713.

HAVING a diſcovery of conſiderable importance to communicate to the public, and finding that you are pleaſed to concern yourſelf in any thing that tends to the common benefit of mankind, we take the liberty to deſire the inſertion of this letter into your Guardian. We expect no other recommendation of it from you, but the allowing of it a place in ſo uſeful a paper. Nor do we inſiſt on any protection from you, if what we propoſe ſhould fall ſhort of what we pretend to; ſince any diſgrace, which in that caſe muſt be expected, ought to lie wholly at our own doors, and to be entirely born by ourſelves, which we hope we have provided for by putting our own names to this paper.

It is well known, Sir, to yourſelf, and to the learned, and trading, and ſailing world, that the great defect of the art of navigation is, that a ſhip at ſea has no certain method, in either her eaſtern or weſtern voyages, or even in her leſs diſtant ſailing from the coaſts, to know her longitude, or how much ſhe is gone eaſtward or weſtward, as it can eaſily be known in any clear day or night, how much ſhe is gone northward or ſouthward: the ſeveral methods by lunar eclipſes, by thoſe of Jupiter's ſatellites, by the appulſes of the moon to fixed ſtars, and by the even motions of pendulum clocks and watches, upon how ſolid foundations ſoever they are built, ſtill failing in long voyages at ſea, when they come to be practiſed; and leaving

* *In Hyde Park, then a faſhionable place of reſort.*
† *Mrs. A. D. Manley. See* TAT. *No.* 63. *No.* 243. *and* Notes.
† *See* TAT. *No.* 43. Note.

the poor ſailors frequently to the great inaccuracy of a log-line, or dead reckoning. This defect is ſo great, and ſo many ſhips have been loſt by it, and this has been ſo long and ſo ſenſibly known by trading nations, that great rewards are ſaid to be publicly offered for its ſupply. We are well ſatisfied, that the diſcovery we have to make as to this matter, is eaſily intelligible by all, and ready to be practiſed at ſea as well as at land; that the latitude will thereby be likewiſe found at the ſame time; and that with proper charges it may be made as univerſal as the world ſhall pleaſe; nay, that the longitude and latitude may be generally hereby determined to a greater degree of exactneſs than the latitude itſelf is now uſually found at ſea. So that on all accounts we hope it will appear very worthy the public conſideration. We are ready to diſcloſe it to the world, if we may be aſſured that no other perſon ſhould be allowed to deprive us of thoſe rewards which the public ſhall think fit to beſtow for ſuch a diſcovery; but do not deſire actually to receive any benefit of that nature till Sir Iſaac Newton himſelf, with ſuch other proper perſons as ſhall be choſen to aſſiſt him, have given their opinion in favour of this diſcovery. If Mr. Ironſide pleaſes ſo far to oblige the public as to communicate this propoſal to the world, he will alſo lay a great obligation on his very humble ſervants,

☞ ‡ HUMPHRY DITTON.
WILL. WHISTON.

No. CVIII. WEDNESDAY, JULY 15.

Abietibus juvenes patris et montibus æqui. VIRG. ÆN. 9. v. 674.

——— *Youths, of height and ſize,*
Like firs that on their mother-mountain riſe. DRYDEN.

I DO not care for burning my fingers in a quarrel, but ſince I have communicated to the world a plan which has given offence to ſome gentlemen whom it would not be very ſafe to diſoblige, I muſt inſert the following remonſtrance; and, at the ſame time, promiſe thoſe of my correſpondents who have drawn this upon themſelves, to exhibit to the public any ſuch anſwer as they ſhall think proper to make to it.

MR. GUARDIAN,

I WAS very much troubled to ſee the two letters which you lately publiſhed concerning the ſhort club. You cannot imagine what airs all the little pragmatical fellows about us have given themſelves ſince the reading of thoſe papers *. Every one cocks and ſtruts upon it, and pretends to overlook us who are two *foot* higher than themſelves. I met with one the other day who was at leaſt three inches above five *foot*, which you know is the ſtatutable meaſure of that club. The overgrown runt has ſtruck off his heels, lowered his fore top, and contracted his figure, that he might be looked upon as a member of this new erected ſociety; nay, ſo far did his vanity carry him, that he talked familiarly of Tom Tiptoe, and pretends to be an intimate acquaintance of Tim Tuck. For my part, I ſcorn to ſpeak any thing to the diminution of theſe little creatures, and ſhould not have minded them had they been ſtill ſhuffled among the crowd. Shrubs and underwoods look well enough while they grow within the ſhades of oaks and cedars; but when theſe pigmies pretend to draw themſelves out from the reſt of the world, and form themſelves into a body, it is time for us who are men of figure to look about us. If the ladies ſhould once take a liking to ſuch a diminutive race of lovers, we ſhould, in a little time, ſee mankind epitomized, and the whole ſpecies in miniature; daiſy roots † would grow faſhionable diet. In order therefore to keep our poſterity from

‡ *This Paper, No.* 107, *is diſtinguiſhed by a* Hand, *the ſignature of* ADDISON's *Papers in the* GUARDIAN; *and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell in his edition of* ADDISON's "*Works,*" 4*to. vol. IV. p.* 165.

N. B. ADDISON *and* STEELE *befriended* WHISTON *eſſentially, promoted a ſubſcription for his Aſtronomical Lectures at Button's Coffee houſe, and were among the honourable few who raiſed a comfortable ſubſiſtence to this* ungrateful *man and his family when diſtreſſed. See* TAT. *cr.* 8*vo.* 6 *vols. No.* 251. *vol. VI.* Note. * *See No.* 91 *and No.* 92.

† "*Daiſy roots,*" *boiled in milk, are ſaid to check the growth of puppies. At Bologna, to keep them* little, *they rub their backs with ſpirits of wine. A.*

dwindling, and fetch down the pride of this aſpiring race of upſtarts, we have here inſtituted a tall club.

As the ſhort club conſiſts of thoſe who are under five foot, ours is to be compoſed of ſuch as are above ſix. Theſe we look upon as the two extremes and antagoniſts of the ſpecies: conſidering all thoſe as neuter, who fill up the middle ſpace. When a man riſes beyond ſix foot, he is an Hypermeter, and may be admitted into the tall club.

We have already choſen thirty members the moſt ſightly of all her majeſty's ſubjects. We elected a preſident, as many of the ancients did their kings, by reaſon of his height, having only confirmed him in that ſtation above us which nature had given him. He is a Scotch Highlander, and within an inch of a ſhow. As for my own part, I am but a ſeſquipedal, having only ſix foot and a half in ſtature. Being the ſhorteſt member of the club, I am appointed ſecretary. If you ſaw us all together, you would take us for the ſons of Anak. Our meetings are held like the old Gothic parliaments, 'ſub dio,' in open air; but we ſhall make an intereſt, if we can, that we may hold our aſſemblies in Weſtminſter Hall when it is not term-time. I muſt add to the honour of our club, that it is one of our ſociety who is now finding out the longitude ‡. The device of our public ſeal is a Crane graſping a Pigmy in his right-foot.

I know the ſhort club value themſelves very much upon Mr. Diſtich, who may poſſibly play ſome of his Pentameters upon us: but if he does, he ſhall certainly be anſwered in Alexandrines; for we have a poet among us of a genius as exalted as his ſtature, and who is very well read in Longinus his treatiſe concerning the Sublime*. Beſides, I would have Mr. Diſtich conſider, that if Horace was a ſhort man, Muſæus, who makes ſuch a noble figure in Virgil's ſixth Æneid, was taller by the head and ſhoulders than all the people of Elyſium. I ſhall therefore confront his 'lepidiſſimum homuncionem' (a ſhort quotation, and fit for a member of their club) with one that is much longer, and therefore more ſuitable to a member of ours.

Quos circumfuſos ſic eſt affata Sibylla;
Muſæum ante omnes: medium num plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem ſuſcipit altis. VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 666.

To theſe the Sibyl thus her ſpeech addreſs'd:
And firſt to him † ſurrounded by the reſt;
Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breaſt. DRYDEN.

If, after all, this ſociety of little men proceed as they have begun to magnify themſelves, and leſſen men of higher ſtature, we have reſolved to make a detachment, ſome evening or other, that ſhall bring away their whole club in a pair of panniers, and impriſon them in a cupboard which we have ſet apart for that uſe, until they have made a public recantation. As for the little bully, Tim Tuck, if he pretends to be choleric, we ſhall treat him like his friend little Dicky §, and hang him upon a peg until he comes to himſelf. I have told you our deſign, and let their little Machiavel prevent it if he can.

This is, Sir, the long and the ſhort of the matter. I am ſenſible I ſhall ſtir up a neſt of waſps by it, but let them do their worſt. I think that we ſerve our country by diſcouraging this little breed, and hindering it from coming into faſhion. If the fair-ſex look upon us with an eye of favour, we ſhall make ſome attempts to lengthen out the human figure, and reſtore it to its ancient procerity. In the mean time we hope old age has not inclined you in favour of our antagoniſts; for I do aſſure you, Sir, we are all your high admirers, though none more than, Sir, yours, &c ‡.

‡ *Probably Mr. Whiſton. See No.* 107.

* LEONARD WELSTED, *whoſe tranſlation of Longinus firſt appeared in* 1712. § Muſeus.

§ *Dick Diſtich. See No.* 92. *Paragraph* 2. *The meaning is, he ſhall be "dreſſed in black to make him appear yet leſs," and hung upon a peg.*

*The late Dr. S. Johnſon, qualified to have been a member of this "*Tall CLUB,*" ſet Oſborn aſtride on a tree at a great height; and at another time he knocked down this bookſeller with one of his own folios.*

‡ *This Paper, No.* 108, *is not marked with a* Hand, *the ſignature of* ADDISON's *Papers in the* GUARDIAN; *but it is re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell in his edition of* ADDISON's "*Works,*" *4to. vol. IV. p.* 168. *It is therefore aſcribed here to* ADDISON; *but the reader is left to judge for himſelf on the competency of this authority.*

No. CIX. THURSDAY, JULY 16.

Pugnabat tunica ſed tamen illa tegi. OVID. AMOR. L. I. ELEG. 5. V. 14.
Yet ſtill ſhe ſtrove her naked charms to hide.

I HAVE received many letters from perſons of all conditions in reference to my late diſcourſe concerning the Tucker*. Some of them are filled with reproaches and invectives. A lady who ſubſcribes herſelf Teraminta† bids me in a very pert manner mind my own affairs, and not pretend to meddle with their linen; for that they do not dreſs for an old fellow, who cannot ſee them without a pair of ſpectacles. Another, who calls herſelf Bubnelia, vents her paſſion in ſcurrilous terms; an old Ninny-hammer, a Dotard, a Nincompoop, is the beſt language ſhe can afford me. Florella indeed expoſtulates with me upon this ſubject, and only complains that ſhe is forced to return a pair of ſtays which were made in the extremity of the faſhion, that ſhe might not be thought to encourage peeping.

But if on the one ſide I have been uſed ill, (the common fate of all reformers) I have on the other ſide received great applauſes and acknowledgments for what I have done, in having put a ſeaſonable ſtop to this unaccountable humour of ſtripping, that was got among our Britiſh ladies. As I would much rather the world ſhould know what is ſaid to my praiſe, than to my diſadvantage, I ſhall ſuppreſs what has been written to me by thoſe who have reviled me on this occaſion, and only publiſh thoſe letters which approve my proceedings.

SIR,

I AM to give you thanks in the name of half a dozen ſuperannuated beauties, for your per of the 6th inſtant. We all of us paſs for women of fifty, and a man of your ſenſe knows how many additional years are always to be thrown into female computations of this nature. We are very ſenſible that ſeveral young flirts about town had a deſign to call us out of the faſhionable world, and to leave us in the lurch by ſome of their late refinements. Two or three of them have been heard to ſay, that they would kill every old woman about town. In order to it, they began to throw off their cloaths as faſt as they could, and have played all thoſe pranks which you have ſo ſeaſonably taken notice of. We were forced to uncover after them, being unwilling to give out ſo ſoon, and be regarded as veterans in the beau monde. Some of us have already caught our deaths by it. For my own part, I have not been without a cold ever ſince this fooliſh faſhion came up. I have followed it thus far with the hazard of my life; and how much farther I muſt go, no body knows, if your paper does not bring us relief. You may aſſure yourſelf that all the antiquated necks about town are very much obliged to you. Whatever fires and flames are concealed in our boſoms, (in which perhaps we vie with the youngeſt of the ſex) they are not ſufficient to preſerve us againſt the wind and weather. In taking ſo many old women under your care, you have been a real Guardian to us, and ſaved the life of many of your contemporaries. In ſhort, we all of us beg leave to ſubſcribe ourſelves, moſt venerable Neſtor, your humble ſervants and ſiſters.

I am very well pleaſed with this approbation of my good ſiſters. I muſt confeſs I have always looked on the Tucker to be the 'Decus 'et Tutamen,'‡ the ornament and defence of the female neck. My good old lady, the Lady Lizard, condemned this faſhion from the beginning; and has obſerved to me with ſome concern, that her ſex, at the ſame time they are letting down their ſtays, are tucking up their petticoats, which grow ſhorter and ſhorter every day. The leg diſcovers itſelf in proportion with the neck. But I may poſſibly take another occaſion of handling this extremity, it being my deſign to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female ſex, and to regulate them from head to foot. In the mean time I ſhall fill up my paper with a letter which comes to me from another of my obliged correſpondents.

DEAR GUARDEE,

THIS comes to you from one of thoſe untuckered ladies whom you were ſo ſharp upon on Monday was ſe'nnight §. I think myſelf mightily beholden to you for the reprehen-

* *No.* 100. † *No.* 145, ad finem.
‡ *The words milled on the larger ſilver and gold coins of this kingdom.*
§ *See No.* 100.

ſion yon then gave us. You muſt know I am a famous olive beauty*. But though this complexion makes a very good face when there are a couple of black ſparkling eyes ſet in it, it makes but a very indifferent neck. Your fair women therefore thought of this faſhion to inſult the Olives and the Brunettes. They know very well, that a neck of ivory does not make ſo fine a ſhow as one of alabaſter. It is for this reaſon, Mr. Ironſide, that they are ſo liberal in their diſcoveries. We know very well, that a woman of the whiteſt neck in the world, is to you no more than a woman of ſnow; but Ovid, in Mr. Duke's tranſlation of him, ſeems to look upon it with another eye, when he talks of Corinna, and mentions—

——————her heaving breaſt,
Courting the hand, and ſuing to be preſt.

Women of my complexion ought to be more modeſt, eſpecially ſince our faces debar us from all artificial whitenings. Could you examine many of theſe ladies who preſent you with ſuch beautiful ſnowy cheſts, you would find they are not all of a piece. Good father Neſtor, do not let us alone until you have ſhortened our necks, and reduced them to their ancient ſtandard. I am your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

OLIVIA.

I ſhall have a juſt regard to Olivia's remonſtrance; though at the ſame time I cannot but obſerve, that her modeſty ſeems to be entirely the reſult of her complexion. ☞ †

No. CX. FRIDAY, JULY 17.

——————*Non ego paucis*
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit natura—— HOR. ARS. POET. 351.
I will not quarrel with a ſlight miſtake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuſe. ROSCOMMON.

THE candour which Horace ſhows in the motto of my paper, is that which diſtinguiſhes a critic from a caviller. He declares that he is not offended with thoſe little faults in a poetical compoſition, which may be imputed to inadvertency, or to the imperfection of human nature. The truth of it is, there can be no more a perfect work in the world than a perfect man. To ſay of a celebrated piece that there are faults in it, is in effect to ſay no more than that the author of it was a man. For this reaſon I conſider every critic that attacks an author in high reputation, as the ſlave in the Roman triumph, who was to call out to the conqueror, 'Remember, Sir, that you are a man.' I ſpeak this in relation to the following letter, which criticiſes the works of a great poet, whoſe very faults have more beauty in them than the moſt elaborate compoſitions of many more correct writers. The remarks are very curious and juſt, and introduced by a compliment to the work of an author, who I am ſure would not care for being praiſed at the expence of another's reputation. I muſt therefore deſire my correſpondent to excuſe me, if I do not publiſh either the preface or concluſion of his letter, but only the critical part of it.

SIR,

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OUR tragedy writers have been notoriouſly defective in giving proper ſentiments to the perſons they introduce. Nothing is more common than to hear an heathen talking of angels and devils, the joys of heaven and the pains of hell, according to the Chriſtian ſyſtem. Lee's Alexander diſcovers himſelf to be a Carteſian in the firſt page of OEdipus.

——————The ſun's ſick too;
Shortly he'll be an earth——

As Dryden's Cleomenes is acquainted with the Copernican hypotheſis two thouſand years before its invention.

I am pleas'd with my own work; Jove was not more
With infant nature, when his ſpacious hand
Had rounded this huge ball of earth and ſeas,
To give it the firſt puſh, and ſee it roll
Along the vaſt abyſs——————

I have now Mr. Dryden's Don Sebaſtian before me, in which I find frequent alluſions to ancient hiſtory, and the old mythology of the heathen. It is not very natural to ſuppoſe a king of Portugal would be borrowing thoughts

* *See No.* 100. *Paragr.* 2, *and Paragr.* 7.

† *This Paper, No.* 109. *is diſtinguiſhed by a* Hand, *and reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works*," 4*to*, *vol. IV. p.* 171, *it is therefore aſcribed to ADDISON.*

out of Ovid's Metamorphoſes, when he talked even to thoſe of his own court; but to allude to theſe Roman fables when he talks to an emperor of Barbary, ſeems very extraordinary. But obſerve how he defies him out of the claſſics in the following lines:

Why didſt not thou engage me man to man,
And try the virtue of that Gorgon face
To ſtare me into ſtatue?

Almeyda at the ſame time is more book-learned than Don Sebaſtian. She plays an Hydra upon the emperor that is full as good as the Gorgon.

O that I had the fruitful heads of Hydra,
That one might bourgeon where another fell!
Still would I give thee work; ſtill, ſtill, thou tyrant,
And hiſs thee with the laſt——

She afterwards, in alluſion to Hercules, bids him, lay down the lion's ſkin, 'and take the diſtaff;' and in the following ſpeech utters her paſſion ſtill more learnedly.

No, were we join'd, ev'n tho' it were in death,
Our bodies burning in one funeral pile,
The prodigy of Thebes would be renew'd,
And my divided flame ſhould break from thine.

The emperor of Barbary ſhews himſelf acquainted with the Roman poets as well as either of his priſoners, and anſwers the foregoing ſpeech in the ſame claſſic train.

Serpent, I will engender poiſon with thee:
Our offspring, like the ſeed of dragon's teeth,
Shall iſſue arm'd, and fight themſelves to death.

Ovid ſeems to have been Muley Molock's favourite author; witneſs theſe lines that follow—

She, ſtill inexorable, ſtill imperious
And loud, as if, like Bacchus, born in thunder.

I ſhall conclude my remarks on his part with that poetical complaint of his being in love, and leave my reader to conſider how prettily it would ſound in the mouth of an emperor of Morocco.

The god of love once more has ſhot his fires
Into my ſoul, and my whole heart receives him.

Muley Zeydan is as ingenious a man as his brother Muley Molock; as where he hints at the ſtory of Caſtor and Pollux:

——May we ne'er meet?
For like the twins of Leda, when I mount,
He gallops down the ſkies.

As for the Mufti, we will ſuppoſe that he was bred up a ſcholar, and not only verſed in the law of Mahomet, but acquainted with all kinds of polite learning. For this reaſon he is not at all ſurprized when Dorax calls him a Phaeton in one place, and in another tells him he is like Archimedes.

The Mufti afterwards mentions Ximenes, Albornoz, and Cardinal Wolſey, by name. The poet ſeems to think he may make every perſon in his play know as much as himſelf, and talk as well as he could have done on the ſame occaſion. At leaſt, I believe every reader will agree with me, that the above-mentioned ſentiments, to which I might have added ſeveral others, would have been better ſuited to the court of Auguſtus, than that of Muley Molock. I grant they are beautiful in themſelves, and much more ſo in that noble language, which was peculiar to this great poet. I only obſerve, that they are improper for the perſons who make uſe of them. Dryden is indeed generally wrong in his ſentiments. Let any one read the dialogue between Octavia and Cleopatra, and he will be amazed to hear a Roman lady's mouth filled with ſuch obſcene raillery. If the virtuous Octavia departs from her character, the looſe Dolabella is no leſs inconſiſtent with himſelf, when all of a ſudden he drops the Pagan, and talks in the ſentiments of revealed religion:

——Heaven has but
Our ſorrow for our ſins, and then delights
To pardon erring man: ſweet mercy ſeems
Its darling attribute, which limits juſtice;
As if there were degrees in infinite;
And infinite would rather want perfection
Than puniſh to extent.

I might ſhew ſeveral faults of the ſame nature in the celebrated Aurenge-Zebe. The impropriety of thoughts in the ſpeeches of the Great Mogul and his empreſs has been generally cenſured. Take the ſentiments out of the ſhining dreſs of words, and they would be too coarſe for a ſcene in Billingſgate.

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☞* I am, &c.

* *This Paper, No.* 110, *is diſtinguiſhed by a* Hand, *and re-printed by Mr. Tickell in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works*," 4*to. vol. IV. p.* 173.

No. CXI. SATURDAY, JULY 18.

Hic aliquis de gente hircoſa centurionum
Dicat: quod ſatis eſt, ſapio mihi; non ego curo
Eſſe quod Arceſilas, ærumnoſique Solones. PERS. SAT. 3. V. 77.

But, here, ſome captain of the land or fleet,
Stout of his hands, but of a ſoldier's wit,
Cries, I have ſenſe, to ſerve my turn, in ſtore;
And he's a raſcal who pretends to more:
Damme, whate'er thoſe book-learn'd blockheads ſay,
Solon's the verieſt fool in all the play. DRYDEN.

I AM very much concerned when I ſee young gentlemen of fortune and quality ſo wholly ſet upon pleaſures and diverſions, that they neglect all thoſe improvements in wiſdom and knowledge which may make them eaſy to themſelves and uſeful to the world. The greateſt part of our Britiſh youth loſe their figure, and grow out of faſhion by that time they are five and twenty. As ſoon as the natural gaiety and amiableneſs of the young man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but *lie by* the reſt of their lives among the lumber and refuſe of the ſpecies. It ſometimes happens indeed, that for want of applying themſelves in due time to the purſuits of knowledge, they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful ſcholars by that time they are threeſcore. I muſt therefore earneſtly preſs my readers, who are in the flower of their youth, to labour at thoſe accompliſhments which may ſet off their perſons when their bloom is gone, and to *lay in* timely proviſions for manhood and old age. In ſhort, I would adviſe the youth of fifteen to be dreſſing up every day the man of fifty, or to conſider how to make himſelf venerable at threeſcore.

Young men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to obſerve how the greateſt men of antiquity made it their ambition to excel all their contemporaries in knowledge. Julius Cæſar and Alexander, the moſt celebrated inſtances of human greatneſs, took a particular care to diſtinguiſh themſelves by their ſkill in the arts and ſciences. We have ſtill extant ſeveral remains of the former, which juſtify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known ſaying of his, that he was more obliged to Ariſtotle who had inſtructed him, than to Philip who had given him life and empire. There is a letter of his, recorded by Plutarch and Aulus Gellius, which he wrote to Ariſtotle, upon hearing that he had publiſhed thoſe lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words at a time when he was in the height of his Perſian conqueſts.

ALEXANDER TO ARISTOTLE GREETING.

YOU have not done well to publiſh your books of ſelect knowledge: for what is there now in which I can ſurpaſs others, if thoſe things which I have been inſtructed in are communicated to every body? For my own part, I declare to you, I would rather excel others in knowledge than power. Farewel.

We ſee by this letter, that the love of conqueſt was but the ſecond ambition in Alexander's ſoul. Knowledge is indeed that which, next to virtue, truly and eſſentially raiſes one man above another. It finiſhes one half of the human ſoul. It makes Being pleaſant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and adminiſters to it a perpetual ſeries of gratifications. It gives eaſe to ſolitude, and gracefulneſs to retirement. It fills a public ſtation with ſuitable abilities, and adds a luſtre to thoſe who are in poſſeſſion of them.

Learning, by which I mean all uſeful knowledge, whether ſpeculative or practical, is in popular and mixt governments the natural ſource of wealth and honour. If we look into moſt of the reigns from the conqueſt, we ſhall find that the favourites of each reign have been thoſe who have raiſed themſelves. The greateſt men are generally the growth of that particular age in which they flouriſh. A ſuperior capacity for

* *Surely this is no diſcovery.* A.

buſineſs, and a more extenſive knowledge, are the ſteps by which a new man often mounts to favour, and outſhines the reſt of his contemporaries. But when men are actually born to titles, it is almoſt impoſſible that they ſhould fail of receiving an additional greatneſs, if they take care to accompliſh themſelves for it.

The ſtory of Solomon's choice does not only inſtruct us in that point of hiſtory, but furniſhes out a very fine moral to us; namely, that he who applies his heart to wiſdom, does at the ſame time take the moſt proper method of gaining long life, riches, and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards but the effects of wiſdom.

As it is very ſuitable to my preſent ſubject, I ſhall firſt of all quote this paſſage in the words of ſacred writ, and afterwards mention an allegory, in which this whole paſſage is repreſented by a famous French poet: not queſtioning but it will be very pleaſing to ſuch of my readers as have a taſte of fine writing.

'In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon 'in a dream by night: and God ſaid—"Aſk "what I ſhall give thee." And Solomon ſaid "—Thou haſt ſhowed unto thy ſervant Da- "vid my father great mercy, according as he "walked before thee in truth and in righteouſ- "neſs, and in uprightneſs of heart with thee, "and thou haſt kept for him this great kind- "neſs, that thou haſt given him a ſon to ſit "on his throne, as it is at this day. And now, "O Lord my God, thou haſt made thy ſervant "king inſtead of David my father: and I am "but a little child; I know not how to go out "or come in. Give, therefore, thy ſervant an "underſtanding heart to judge thy people, that "I may diſcern between good and bad: for "who is able to judge this thy ſo great a people?" 'And the ſpeech pleaſed the Lord, that Solo- 'mon had aſked this thing. And God ſaid unto 'him—"Becauſe thou haſt aſked this thing, "and haſt not aſked for thyſelf long life, nei- "ther haſt aſked riches for thyſelf, nor haſt "aſked the life of thine enemies, but haſt aſked "for thyſelf underſtanding to diſcern judg- "ment; behold I have done according to thy "words. Lo, I have given thee a wiſe and "underſtanding heart, ſo that there was none "like thee before thee; neither after thee ſhall "any ariſe like unto thee. And I have alſo "given thee that which thou haſt not aſked, "both riches and honour, ſo that there ſhall "not be any among the kings like unto thee "all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my "ways, to keep my ſtatutes and my command- "ments, as thy father David did walk, then I "will lengthen thy days." And Solomon 'awoke, and behold, it was a dream——'

The French poet has ſhadowed this ſtory in an allegory, of which he ſeems to have taken the hint from the fable of the three goddeſſes appearing to Paris, or rather from the viſion of Hercules, recorded by Xenophon; where Pleaſure and Virtue are repreſented as real perſons, making their court to the hero with all their ſeveral charms and allurements. Health, Wealth, Victory, and Honour, are introduced ſucceſſively in their proper emblems and characters, each of them ſpreading her temptations, and recommending herſelf to the young monarch's choice. Wiſdom enters the laſt, and ſo captivates him with her appearance, that he gives himſelf up to her. Upon which ſhe informs him, that thoſe who appeared before her were nothing elſe but her equipage; and that ſince he had placed his heart upon Wiſdom, Health, Wealth, Victory, and Honour, ſhould always wait on her as her handmaids. ☞ *

No. CXII. MONDAY, JULY 20.

——————————*udam*

Spernit humum fugiente penna. HOR. OD. 2. L. 3. V. 23.

Scorns the baſe earth, and crowd below;
And with a ſoaring wing ſtill mounts on high. CREECH.

THE philoſophers of King Charles's reign were buſy about finding out the art of flying. The famous Biſhop Wilkins † was ſo confident of ſucceſs in it, that he ſays he does not queſtion but in the next age it will be as uſual to hear a man call for his wings when he

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† *John Wilkins, Biſhop of Cheſter. The book here alluded to was publiſhed in* 1638, *under the title of* "*A diſcovery of a new world*," *&c. See Biogr. Brit. Art.* WILKINS.

is going a journey, as it is now to call for his boots. The humour ſo prevailed among the virtuoſos of this reign, that they were actually making parties to go up to the moon together, and were more put to it in their thoughts how to meet with accommodations by the way, than how to get thither. Every one knows the Story of the great Lady, * who at the ſame time was building caſtles in the air for their reception †. I always leave ſuch trite quotations to my reader's private recollection. For which reaſon alſo I ſhall forbear extracting out of authors ſeveral inſtances of particular perſons who have arrived at ſome perfection in this art, and exhibited ſpecimens of it before multitudes of beholders. Inſtead of this, I ſhall preſent my reader with the following letter from an artiſt, who is now taken up with this invention, and conceals his true name under that of Dædalus.

MR. IRONSIDE,

KNOWING that you are a great encourager of ingenuity, I think fit to acquaint you, that I have made a conſiderable progreſs in the art of flying. I flutter about my room two or three hours in a morning, and when my wings are on, can go above a hundred yards at a hop, ſtep, and jump. I can fly already as well as a turkey-cock, and I improve every day. If I proceed as I have begun, I intend to give the world a proof of my proficiency in this art. Upon the next public Thankſgiving Day it is my deſign to ſit aſtride the dragon upon Bow ſteeple; from whence, after the firſt diſcharge of the Tower guns, I intend to mount into the air, fly over Fleet Street, and pitch upon the Maypole in the Strand. From thence, by a gradual deſcent, I ſhall make the beſt of my way for St. James's Park, and light upon the ground near Roſamond's Pond. This I doubt not will convince the world that I am no pretender; but before I ſet out, I ſhall deſire to have a patent for making of wings, and that none ſhall preſume to fly, under pain of death, with wings of any other man's making. I intend to work for the court myſelf, and will have journeymen under me to furniſh the reſt of the nation. I likewiſe deſire, that I may have the ſole teaching of perſons of quality, in which I ſhall ſpare neither time nor pains until I have made them as expert as myſelf. I will fly with the women upon my back for the firſt fortnight. I ſhall appear at the next maſquerade dreſſed up in my feathers and plumage like an Indian Prince, that the quality may ſee how pretty they will look in their travelling habits. You know, Sir, there is an unaccountable prejudice to projectors of all kinds; for which reaſon, when I talk of practiſing to fly, ſilly people think me an owl for my pains; but, Sir, you know better things. I need not enumerate to you the benefits which will accrue to the public from this invention; as how the roads of England will be ſaved when we travel through theſe new highways, and how all family accounts will be leſſened in the articles of coaches and horſes. I need not mention poſts and Packet-boats, with many other conveniencies of life, which will be ſupplied this way. In ſhort, Sir, when mankind are in poſſeſſion of this art, they will be able to do more buſineſs in threeſcore and ten years, than they could do in a thouſand by the methods now in uſe. ‡ I therefore recommend myſelf and art to your patronage; and am,

your moſt,

humble ſervant,

DÆDALUS.

* *Margaret Duchſs of Newcaſtle.* *See* BALLARD'S "*Memoirs of Britiſh Ladies*;" *and* WALPOLE'S "*Cat. of Royal and Noble Authors.*"

† *The Ducheſs of Newcaſtle objected to Biſhop Wilkins, the want of Baiting-places in the way to his "new world;" the Biſhop expreſſed his ſurprize that this objection ſhould be made by a Lady who had been all her life employed in building caſtles in the air.* A.

‡ *The dates of human life, at the preſent time, and the antediluvian ages. We have got on a little by poſt-chaiſes. Mr. Leonard Brown ſpent £700.* per ann. *in them, and muſt have done buſineſs in proportion.* A.

I have fully conſidered the project of theſe our modern Dædaliſts, and am reſolved ſo far to diſcourage it, as to prevent any perſon from flying in my time. It would fill the world with innumerable immoralities, and give ſuch occaſions for intrigues as people cannot meet with who have nothing but legs to carry them. You ſhould have a couple of lovers make a midnight aſſignation upon the top of the Monument, and ſee the cupola of St. Paul's covered with both ſexes like the outſide of a pigeon-houſe. Nothing would be more frequent than to ſee a beau flying in at a garret-window, or a gallant giving chace to his miſtreſs, like a hawk after a lark. There would be no walking in a ſhady wood without ſpringing a covey of Toaſts. The poor huſband could not dream what was doing over his head: if he were jealous indeed, he might clip his wife's wings; but what would this avail when there were flocks of whore-maſters perpetually hovering over his houſe? What concern would the father of a family be in all the time his daughter was upon the wing? Every heireſs muſt have an old woman flying at her heels. In ſhort, the whole air would be full of this kind of Gibier*, as the French call it. I do allow, with my correſpondent, that there would be much more buſineſs done than there is at preſent. However, ſhould he apply for ſuch a patent as he ſpeaks of, I queſtion not but there would be more petitions out of the city againſt it than ever yet appeared againſt any other monopoly whatſoever. Every tradeſman that cannot keep his wife a coach could keep her a pair of wings, and there is no doubt but ſhe would be every morning and evening taking the air with them.

I have here only conſidered the ill conſequences of this invention in the influence it would have on love-affairs. I have many more objections to make on other accounts; but theſe I ſhall defer publiſhing until I ſee my friend aſtride the dragon.†

No. CXIII. TUESDAY, JULY 21.

——Amphora coepit
Inſtitui; currente rota, cur urceus exit? HOR. ARS POET. v. 21.

When you begin with ſo much pomp and ſhow,
Why is the end ſo little and ſo low? ROSCOMMON.

I Laſt night received a letter from an honeſt citizen, who it ſeems is in his honey-moon. It is written by a plain man on a plain ſubject, but has an air of good ſenſe and natural honeſty in it, which may perhaps pleaſe the public as much as myſelf. I ſhall not therefore ſcruple the giving it a place in my paper, which is deſigned for common uſe, and for the benefit of the poor as well as rich.

CHEAPSIDE, JULY 18.

GOOD MR. IRONSIDE,

I Have lately married a very pretty body, who being ſomething younger and richer than myſelf, I was adviſed to go a wooing to her in a finer ſuit of cloaths than ever I wore in my life; for I love to dreſs plain, and ſuitable to a man of my rank. However, I gained her heart by it. Upon the wedding-day I put myſelf, according to cuſtom, in another ſuit fire-new, with ſilver buttons to it. I am ſo out of countenance among my neighbours upon being ſo fine, that I heartily wiſh my cloaths well worn out. I fancy every body obſerves me as I walk the ſtreet, and long to be in my old plain geer again. Beſides, forſooth, they have put me in a ſilk night-gown and a gaudy fool's cap, and make me now and then ſtand in the window with it. I am aſhamed to be dandled thus, and cannot look in the glaſs without bluſhing to ſee myſelf turned into ſuch a pretty little maſter. They tell me I muſt appear in my wedding-ſuit for the firſt month at leaſt; after which I am reſolved to come again to my every-days cloaths, for at preſent every day is Sunday with me. Now in my mind, Mr. Ironſide, this is the wrongeſt way of proceeding in the world. When a man's perſon is new and unaccuſtomed to a young body, he does not want any thing

* Gibier *ſignifies no more than "Flying-Game." A.*

† *This Paper, No.* 112, *is diſtinguiſhed by a* Hand, ADDISON's *ſignature in the* GUARDIAN, *and re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edit. of* ADDISON's *"Works," 4to. vol. IV. p.* 801.

elſe to ſet him off. The novelty of the lover has more charms than a wedding-ſuit. I ſhould think therefore that a man ſhould keep his finery for the latter ſeaſons of marriage, and not begin to dreſs until the honey-moon is over*. I have obſerved at a lord-mayor's feaſt, that the ſweet-meats do not make their appearance until people are cloyed with beef and mutton, and begin to loſe their ſtomachs. But inſtead of this, we ſerve up delicacies to our gueſts when their appetites are keen, and coarſe diet when their bellies are full. As bad as I hate my ſilver-buttoned coat and ſilk night-gown, I am afraid of leaving them off, not knowing whether my wife would not repent of marriage when ſhe ſees what a plain man ſhe has to her huſband. Pray, Mr. Ironſide, write ſomething to prepare her for it, and let me know whether you think ſhe can ever love me in a hair button. I am, &c,

P. S. I forgot to tell you of my white gloves, which they ſay too I muſt wear all the firſt month.

My correſpondent's obſervations are very juſt, and may be uſeful in low life; but to turn them to the advantage of people in higher ſtations, I ſhall raiſe the moral, and obſerve ſomething parallel to the wooing and wedding ſuit, in the behaviour of perſons of figure. After long experience in the world, and reflections upon mankind, I find one particular occaſion of unhappy marriages, which, though very common, is not much attended to. What I mean is this: every man, in the time of courtſhip, and in the firſt entrance of marriage, puts on a behaviour like my correſpondent's holiday ſuit, which is to laſt no longer than until he is ſettled in the poſſeſſion of his miſtreſs. He reſigns his inclinations and underſtanding to her humour and opinion. He neither loves nor hates, nor talks, nor thinks, in contradiction to her. He is controuled by a nod, mortified by a frown, and tranſported by a ſmile. The poor young lady falls in love with this ſupple creature, and expects of him the ſame behaviour for life. In a little time ſhe finds that he has a will of his own; that he pretends to diſlike what ſhe approves; and that, inſtead of treating her like a goddeſs, he uſes her like a woman. What makes the misfortune ſtill worſe, we find the moſt abject flatterers degenerate into the greateſt tyrants. This naturally fills the ſpouſe with ſullenneſs and diſcontent, ſpleen and vapour, which, with a little diſcreet management, make a very comfortable marriage. I very much approve of my friend Tom Truelove in this particular. Tom made love to a woman of ſenſe, and always treated her as ſuch during the whole time of courtſhip. His natural temper and goodbreeding hindered him from doing any thing diſagreeable, as his ſincerity and frankneſs of behaviour made him converſe with her, before marriage, in the ſame manner he intended to continue to do afterwards. Tom would often tell her—'Madam, you ſee what ſort of a man I 'am. If you will take me with all my faults 'about me, I promiſe to mend rather than grow 'worſe.' I remember Tom was once hinting his diſlike of ſome little trifle his miſtreſs had ſaid or done; upon which ſhe aſked him, how he would talk to her after marriage, if he talked at this rate before: 'No, Madam,' ſays Tom, 'I mention this now becauſe you are at your 'own diſpoſal; were you at mine, I ſhould be 'too generous to do it.' In ſhort, Tom ſucceeded, and has ever ſince been better than his word. The lady has been diſappointed on the right ſide, and has found nothing more diſagreeable in the huſband than ſhe diſcovered in the lover†. ☞‡

No. CXIV. WEDNESDAY, JULY 22.

Alveos accipite, et ceris opus infundite:
Fuci recuſant, apibus conditio placet. PHÆDR. FAB. 13. L. 3. V. 9.

Take the hives, and fall to work upon the honey-combs;
The drones refuſe, the bees accept the propoſal.

I Think myſelf obliged to acquaint the public, that the Lion's head, of which I adver-tiſed them about a fortnight ago§, is now erected at Button's coffee-houſe in Ruſſel-Street,

* *But who will dreſs at laſt? A.* † *See No.* 147; *paragr.* 2. *Frank Foreſight.*

‡ *This Paper No.* 113, *is diſtinguiſhed by* ADDISON'S *ſignature in the* GUARDIAN, *a* Hand; *and it is likewiſe reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition. of* ADDISON'S "*Works*," *4to, vol. IV. p.* 182. § *See No.* 98, *and note* ad finem.

Covent-Garden, where it opens its mouth at all hours for the reception of ſuch intelligence as ſhall be thrown into it. It is reckoned an excellent piece of workmanſhip, and was deſigned by a great hand in imitation of the antique Ægyptian lion, the face of it being compounded out of that of a lion and a wizzard. The features are ſtrong and well furrowed. The whiſkers are admired by all that have ſeen them. It is planted on the weſtern ſide of the coffee-houſe, holding its paw under the chin, upon a box which contains every thing that he ſwallows. He is indeed a proper emblem of knowledge and action, being all head and paws.

I need not acquaint my readers, that my Lion, like a moth* or book-worm, feeds upon nothing but paper; and ſhall only beg of them to diet him with wholeſome and ſubſtantial food. I muſt therefore deſire that they will not gorge him either with nonſenſe or obſcenity; and muſt likewiſe inſiſt that his mouth be not defiled with ſcandal, for I would not make uſe of him to revile the human ſpecies, and ſatirize thoſe who are his betters. I ſhall not ſuffer him to worry any man's reputation, nor indeed fall on any perſon whatſoever, ſuch only excepted as diſgrace the name of this generous animal, and under the title of lions contrive the ruin of their fellow-ſubjects. I muſt deſire likewiſe, that intriguers will not make a pimp of my lion, and by his means convey their thoughts to one another. Thoſe who are read in the hiſtory of the popes obſerve, that the Leos have been the beſt, and the Innocents the worſt of that ſpecies; and I hope that I ſhall not be thought to derogate from my lion's character, by repreſenting him as ſuch a peaceable, good-natured, well-deſigning beaſt.

I intend to publiſh once every week 'the roar-'ings of the lion;' and hope to make him roar ſo loud as to be heard over all the Britiſh nation.

If my correſpondents will do their parts in prompting him, and ſupplying him with ſuitable proviſion, I queſtion not but the lion's head will be reckoned the beſt head in England.

There is a notion generally received in the world, that a lion is a dangerous creature to all women who are not virgins: which may have given occaſion to a fooliſh report, that my lion's jaws are ſo contrived, as to ſnap the hands of any of the female ſex, who are not thus qualified to approach it with ſafety. I ſhall not ſpend much time in expoſing the falſity of this report, which I believe will not weigh any thing with women of ſenſe: I ſhall only ſay, that there is not one of the ſex in all the neighbourhood of Covent-Garden, who may not put her hand in his mouth with the ſame ſecurity as if ſhe were a veſtal. However, that the ladies may not be deterred from correſponding with me by this method, I muſt acquaint them that the coffee-man has a little daughter of about four years old, who has been virtuouſly educated, and will lend her hand upon this occaſion to any lady that ſhall deſire it of her.

In the mean time I muſt further acquaint my fair readers, that I have thoughts of making a further proviſion for them at my ingenious friend Mr. Motteux's, or at Corticelli's, or ſome other place frequented by the wits and beauties of the ſex. As I have here a Lion's head for the men, I ſhall there erect an Unicorn's head† for the ladies, and will ſo contrive it, that they may put in their intelligence at the top of the horn, which ſhall convey it into a little receptacle at the bottom prepared for that purpoſe. Out of theſe two magazines I ſhall ſupply the town from time to time with what may tend to their edification, and at the ſame time carry on an epiſtolary correſpondence betwen the two heads, not a little beneficial both to the public and to myſelf. As both theſe monſters will be very inſatiable, and devour great quantities of paper, there will no ſmall uſe redound from them to that manufacture in particular.

The following letter having been left with the keeper of the lion, with a requeſt from the writer that it may be the firſt morſel which is put into its mouth, I ſhall communicate it to the public as it came to my hand, without examining whether it be proper nouriſhment, as I intend to do for the future.

MR. GUARDIAN,

YOUR predeceſſor, the Spectator, endeavoured, but in vain, to improve the charms of the fair-ſex, by expoſing their dreſs whenever it launched into extremities. Among the reſt, the great petticoat came under his conſideration; but in contradiction to whatever he has ſaid, they ſtill reſolutely perſiſt in this faſhion. The form of their bottom is not, I confeſs, altogether the ſame; for whereas before it was of an orbicular make, they now look as if they

* *Moths don't feed upon p per. A.*

† *No.* 120, *ad initium.*

were preſſed, ſo that they ſeem to deny acceſs to any part but the middle. Many are the inconveniencies that accrue to her majeſty's loving ſubjects from the ſaid petticoats, as hurting men's ſhins, ſweeping down the wares of induſtrious females in the ſtreets, &c. I ſaw a young lady fall down the other day; and believe me, Sir, ſhe very much reſembled an overturned bell without a clapper. Many other diſaſters I could tell you of, that befel themſelves, as well as others, by means of this unwieldy garment. I wiſh, Mr. Guardian, you would join with me in ſhewing your diſlike of ſuch a monſtrous faſhion; and I hope, when the ladies ſee it is the opinion of two of the wiſeſt men in England, they will be convinced of their folly. I am, Sir, your daily reader and admirer,

☞* TOM PLAIN.

No. CXV. THURSDAY, JULY 23.

Ingenium par materiæ———

JUV. SAT. I. V. 151.

A genius equal to the ſubject.

WHEN I read rules of criticiſm, I immediately enquire after the works of the author who has written them, and by that means diſcover what it is he likes in a compoſition; for there is no queſtion but every man aims at leaſt at what he thinks beautiful in others. If I find by his own manner of writing that he is heavy and taſteleſs, I throw aſide his criticiſms with a ſecret indignation, to ſee a man without genius or politeneſs dictating to the world on ſubjects which I find are above his reach.

If the Critic has publiſhed nothing but rules and obſervations in criticiſm, I then conſider whether there be a propriety and elegance in his thoughts and words, clearneſs and delicacy in his remarks, wit and good-breeding in his raillery; but if in the place of all theſe I find nothing but dogmatical ſtupidity, I muſt beg ſuch a writer's pardon if I have no manner of deference for his judgment, and refuſe to conform myſelf to his taſte.

So Macer and Mundungus ſchool the times,
And write in rugged proſe the ſofter rules of rhimes.
Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Inſtructing doubly by their matchleſs art:
Rules for good verſe they firſt with pains indite,
Then ſhew us what are bad, by what they write.

Mr. CONGREVE to Sir R. TEMPLE.

The greateſt critics among the ancients are thoſe who have the moſt excelled in all the other kinds of compoſition, and have ſhewn the height of good writing even in the precepts which they have given for it.

Among the moderns likewiſe no critic has ever pleaſed, or been looked upon as authentic, who did not ſhew by his practice that he was a maſter of the theory. I have now one before me, who after having given many proofs of his performances both in poetry and proſe, obliged the world with ſeveral critical works. The author I mean is Strada. His Proluſion† on the ſtyle of the moſt famous among the ancient Latin poets who are extant, and have written in epic verſe, is one of the moſt entertaining, as well as the moſt juſt pieces of criticiſm that I have ever read. I ſhall make the plan of it the ſubject of this day's paper.

It is commonly known that Pope Leo the Tenth was a great patron of learning, and uſed to be preſent at the performances, converſations, and diſputes, of all the moſt polite writers of his time. Upon this bottom Strada founds the following narrative. When this pope was at his villa, that ſtood upon an eminence on the banks of the Tiber, the poets contrived the following pageant or machine for his entertainment. They made a huge floating mountain, that was ſplit at the top in imitation of Parnaſſus. There were ſeveral marks on it that diſtinguiſhed it for the habitation of heroic poets. Of all the muſes, Calliope only made her appearance. It was covered up and down with groves of laurel. Pegaſus appeared hanging off the ſide of a rock, with a fountain running from his heel. This

* *This Paper, No.* 114, *is marked with a* Hand, ADDISON'S *ſignature in the* GUARDIAN, *and reprinted in Mr. Tickell's edit. of* ADDISON'S "*Works, 4to. vol. IV. p.* 138."

† STRADÆ "Prol. Acad. Lib. *II.* Prol. Poet. *V.*" *See No.* 119. *No.* 122, *and Notes* ibidem.

floating Parnaſſus fell down the river to the ſound of trumpets, and in a kind of epic meaſure, for it was rowed forward by ſix huge wheels, three on each ſide, that by their conſtant motion carried on the machine, until it arrived before the pope's villa.

The repreſentatives of the ancient poets were diſpoſed in ſtations ſuitable to their reſpective characters. Statius was poſted on the higheſt of the two ſummits, which was faſhioned in the form of a precipice, and hung over the reſt of the mountain in a dreadful manner, ſo that people regarded him with the ſame terror and curioſity as they look upon a daring rope-dancer, whom they expect to fall every moment.

Claudian was ſeated on the other ſummit, which was lower, and at the ſame time more ſmooth and even than the former. It was obſerved likewiſe to be more barren, and to produce, on ſome ſpots of it, plants that are unknown to Italy, and ſuch as the gardeners call exotics.

Lucretius was very buſy about the roots of the mountains, being wholly intent upon the motion and management of the machine which was under his conduct, and was indeed of his invention. He was ſometimes ſo engaged among the wheels, and covered with machinery, that not above half the poet appeared to the ſpectators, though at other times, by the working of the engines, he was raiſed up, and became as conſpicuous as any of the brotherhood.

Ovid did not ſettle in any particular place, but ranged over all Parnaſſus with great nimbleneſs and activity. But as he did not much care for the toil and pains that were requiſite to climb the upper part of the hill, he was generally roving about the bottom of it.

But there was none who was placed in a more eminent ſtation, and had a greater proſpect under him, than Lucan. He vaulted upon Pegaſus with all the heat and intrepidity of youth, and ſeemed deſirous of mounting into the clouds upon the back of him. But as the hinder feet of the horſe ſtuck to the mountain while the body reared up in the air, the poet with great difficulty kept himſelf from ſliding off his back, inſomuch that the people often gave him for gone, and cried out every now and then that he was tumbling.

Virgil, with great modeſty in his looks, was ſeated by Calliope, in the midſt of a plantation of laurels which grew thick about him, and almoſt covered him with their ſhade. He would not perhaps have been ſeen in this retirement, but that it was impoſſible to look upon Calliope without ſeeing Virgil at the ſame time.

This poetical maſquerade was no ſooner arrived before the pope's villa, but they received an invitation to land, which they did accordingly. The hall prepared for their reception was filled with an audience of the greateſt eminence for quality and politeneſs. The poets took their places, and repeated each of them a poem written in the ſtyle and ſpirit of thoſe immortal authors whom they repreſented. The ſubject of theſe ſeveral poems, with the judgment paſſed upon each of them, may be an agreeable entertainment for another day's paper. ☞*

No. CXVI. FRIDAY, JULY 24.

———Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius——— HOR. SAT. 10. L. 1. V. 14.

A jeſt in ſcorn points out, and hits the thing
More home, than the moroſeſt ſatire's ſting.

THERE are many little enormities in the world, which our preachers would be very glad to ſee removed; but at the ſame time dare not meddle with them, for fear of betraying the dignity of the pulpit. Should they recommend the tucker in a pathetic diſcourſe, their audiences would be apt to laugh out. I knew a pariſh, where the top-woman of it uſed always to appear with a patch upon ſome part of her forehead. The good man of the place preached at it with great zeal for almoſt a twelve month; but inſtead of fetching out the ſpot which he perpetually aimed at, he only got the name of Parſon Patch for his pains. Another is to this day called by the name of Doctor Topknot, for reaſons of the ſame nature. I remember the

* *This Paper, No.* 115, *is diſtinguiſhed by* ADDISON'S *ſignature in the* GUARDIAN, *a* Hand; *and re-printed in Mr. Tickell's edit. of* ADDISON'S "*Works*," 4*to. vol. IV. p.* 187. *See the ſequel, and concluſion, in No.* 119, *and No.* 122. *See Notes* ibidem.

clergy, during the time of Cromwell's uſurpation, were very much taken up in reforming the female world, and ſhewing the vanity of thoſe outward ornaments in which the ſex ſo much delights. I have heard a whole ſermon againſt a white-waſh, and have known a coloured ribband made the mark of the unconverted. The clergy of the preſent age are not tranſported with theſe indiſcreet fervours, as knowing that it is hard for a reformer to avoid ridicule, when he is ſevere upon ſubjects which are rather apt to produce mirth than ſerioufneſs. For this reaſon I look upon myſelf to be of great uſe to theſe good men; while they are employed in extirpating mortal ſins, and crimes of a higher nature, I ſhould be glad to railly the world out of indecencies and venal tranſgreſſions. While the Doctor is curing diſtempers that have the appearance of danger or death in them, the Merry-Andrew has his ſeparate packet for the megrims and tooth-ache.

Thus much I thought fit to premiſe before I reſume the ſubject which I have already handled; I mean the naked boſoms of our Britiſh ladies. I hope they will not take it ill of me, if I ſtill beg that they will be covered. I ſhall here preſent them with a letter on that particular, as it was yeſterday conveyed to me through the lion's mouth. It comes from a Quaker and is as follows.

NESTOR IRONSIDE,

OUR friends like thee. We rejoice to find thou beginneſt to have a glimmering of the light in thee: we ſhall pray for thee, that thou mayeſt be more and more enlightened. Thou giveſt good advice to the women of this world to cloath themſelves like unto our friends, and not to expoſe their fleſhly temptations, for it is againſt the record. The lion is a good lion; he roareth loud, and is heard a great way, even to the ſink of Babylon; for the ſcarlet whore is governed by the voice of thy lion. Look on his order.

'Rome, July 8, 1713. A placard is publiſhed here, forbidding women, of whatſoever 'quality, to go with naked breaſts; and the 'prieſts are ordered not to admit the tranſgreſſors of this law to confeſſion, nor to communion; neither are they to enter the cathedrals, 'under ſevere penalties.'

Theſe lines are faithfully copied from the nightly paper, with this title written over it: 'The Evening Poſt, from Saturday July the 'eighteenth, to Tueſday July the twenty-firſt.'*

Seeing thy lion is obeyed at this diſtance, we hope the fooliſh women† in thy own country will liſten to thy admonitions. Otherwiſe thou art deſired to make him ſtill roar, till all the beaſts of the foreſt ſhall tremble. I muſt again repeat unto thee, friend Neſtor, the whole brotherhood have great hopes of thee, and expect to ſee thee ſo inſpired with the light, as thou mayeſt ſpeedily become a great preacher of the word. I wiſh it heartily, Thine, in every thing that is praiſe-worthy.

TOM TREMBLE.

TOM'S COFFEE-HOUSE IN BIRCHIN-LANE, THE 23d DAY OF THE MONTH CALLED JULY.

It happens very oddly that the pope and I ſhould have the ſame thoughts much about the ſame time. My enemies will be apt to ſay, that we hold a correſpondence together, and act by concert in this matter. Let that be as it will, I ſhall not be aſhamed to join with his holineſs in thoſe particulars which are indifferent between us, eſpecially when it is for the reformation of the finer half of mankind. We are both of us about the ſame age, and conſider this faſhion in the ſame view. I hope that it will not be able to reſiſt his bull‡ and my lion. I am only afraid that our ladies will take occaſion from hence to ſhew their zeal for the Proteſtant religion, and pretend to expoſe their naked boſoms only in oppoſition to Popery. ☞§

* *See No.* 134. penult paragr. *and No.* 140, ad finem.

† *The fooliſheſt women are not the likelieſt to liſten to wiſe admonitions. A.*

‡ *A foreigner complaining how dear things were in England, one of our young travellers replied,* "Il n'y a rien ſi chere que votre TAUREAU d'or." *I think a ducat is paid for a ſight of it. A.*

§ *This Paper, No.* 116, *is diſtinguiſhed by* ADDISON'S *ſignature in the* GUARDIAN, *a* Hand; *and re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works,*" 4*to. vol. IV. p.* 119.

No. CXVII. SATURDAY, JULY 25.

Cura pii diis ſunt—— OVID. MET. L. 8. V. 724.

The good are heaven's peculiar care.

LOOKING over the late edition of Monſieur Boileau's works, I was very much pleaſed with the article which he has added to his notes on the tranſlation of Longinus He there tells us, that the ſublime in writing riſes either from the nobleneſs of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of phraſe, and that the perfect ſublime ariſes from all theſe three in conjunction together. He produces an inſtance of this perfect ſublime in four verſes from the Athaliah of Monſieur Racine. When Abner, one of the chief officers of the court, repreſents to Joad the high-prieſt, that the queen was incenſed againſt him, the high-prieſt, not in the leaſt terrified at the news, returns this anſwer—

Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçait auſſi des méchans arrêter les complots.
Soumis avec reſpect à ſa volonté ſainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre crainte.

He who ruleth the raging of the ſea, knows alſo how to check the deſigns of the ungodly. I ſubmit myſelf with reverence to his holy will. O Abner, I fear my God, and I fear none but him.

Such a thought gives no leſs a ſublimity to human nature, than it does to good writing. This religious fear, when it is produced by juſt apprehenſions of a Divine power, naturally overlooks all human greatneſs that ſtands in competition with it, and extinguiſhes every other terror that can ſettle itſelf in the heart of man; it leſſens and contracts the figure of the moſt exalted perſon: it diſarms the tyrant and executioner, and repreſents to our minds the moſt enraged and the moſt powerful as altogether harmleſs and impotent.

There is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear, as there is no other principle of ſo ſettled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from conſtitution very often forſakes a man when he has occaſion for it; and when it is only a kind of inſtinct in the ſoul, breaks out on all occaſions without judgment or diſcretion. That courage which proceeds from the ſenſe of our duty, and from the fear of offending him that made us, acts always in an uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reaſon.

What can the man fear who takes care in all his actions to pleaſe a Being that is omnipotent? A Being who is able to cruſh all his adverſaries? A Being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any ſuch misfortune to his advantage? The perſon who lives with this conſtant and habitual regard to the great Superintendant of the world, is indeed ſure that no real evil can come into his lot. Bleſſings may appear under the ſhape of pains, loſſes, and diſappointments; but let him have patience, and he will ſee them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him; but he may reſt ſatisfied that they will either not reach him, or that, if they do, they will be the inſtruments of good to him. In ſhort, he may look upon all croſſes and accidents, ſufferings and afflictions, as means which are made uſe of to bring him to happineſs. This is even the worſt of that man's condition whoſe mind is poſſeſſed with the habitual fear of which I am now ſpeaking. But it very often happens, that thoſe which appear evils in our own eyes, appear alſo as ſuch to him who has human nature under his care: in which caſe they are certainly averted from the perſon who has made himſelf, by this virtue, an object of Divine favour. Hiſtories are full of inſtances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary eſcapes out of ſuch dangers as have incloſed them, and which have ſeemed inevitable.

There is no example of this kind in pagan hiſtory which more pleaſes me than that which is recorded in the life of Timoleon. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his ſucceſſes to Providence. Cornelius Nepos acquaints us, that he had in his houſe a private chapel, in which he uſed to pay his devotions to the goddeſs who repreſented Prodvience among the heathens. I think no man was ever more diſtinguiſhed by the deity, whom he blindly worſhipped, than the great perſon I am ſpeaking of, in ſeveral occurrences of his life, but particularly in the following one, which I ſhall relate out of Plutarch.

Three perſons had entered into a conſpiracy to aſſaſſinate Timoleon, as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it, they took their ſeveral ſtands in the moſt convenient places for their purpoſe. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their deſign in execution, a ſtranger having obſerved one of the conſpirators, fell upon him and ſlew him. Upon which the other two thinking their plot had been diſcovered, threw themſelves at Timoleon's feet, and confeſſed the whole matter. This ſtranger upon examination, was found to have underſtood nothing of the intended aſſaſſination; but having ſeveral years before had a brother killed by the conſpirator, whom he here put to death, and having until now ſought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himſelf there for the above mentioned purpoſe. Plutarch cannot forbear, on this occaſion, ſpeaking with a kind of rapture on the ſchemes of Providence; which, in this particular, had ſo contrived it, that the ſtranger ſhould, for ſo great a ſpace of time, be debarred the means of doing juſtice to his brother, until, by the ſame blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preſerved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of Timoleon's religion ſhould have his intrepidity and firmneſs of mind; or that he ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by ſuch a deliverance as I have here related. ☞*

No. CXVIII. MONDAY, JULY 27.

——Largitor ingeni,
Venter—— PERS. PROL. v. 10.

Witty want. DRYDEN.

I Am very well pleaſed to find that my lion has given ſuch univerſal content to all that have ſeen him. He has had a greater number of viſitants than any of his brotherhood in the Tower. I this morning examined his maw, where, among much other food, I found the following delicious morſels.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

MR. GUARDIAN,

I Am a daily peruſer of your papers. I have read over and over your diſcourſe concerning the Tucker; as likewiſe your paper of Thurſday the 16th inſtant†, in which you ſay it is your intention to keep a watchful eye over every part of the female ſex, and to regulate them from head to foot. Now, Sir, being by profeſſion a mantua-maker, who am employed by the moſt faſhionable ladies about town, I am admitted to them freely at all hours; and ſeeing them both dreſt and undreſt, I think there is no perſon better qualified than myſelf to ſerve you (if your honour pleaſes) in the nature of a lioneſs. I am in the whole ſecret of their faſhion; and if you think fit to entertain me in this character, I will have a conſtant watch over them, and doubt not I ſhall ſend you from time to time ſuch private intelligence as you will find of uſe to you in your future papers.

Sir, this being a new propoſal, I hope you will not let me loſe the benefit of it; but that you will firſt hear me roar before you treat with any body elſe. As a ſample of my intended ſervices, I give you this timely notice of an improvement you will ſhortly ſee in the expoſing of the female cheſt, which in defiance of your gravity, is going to be uncovered yet more and more; ſo that, to tell you truly, Mr. Ironſide, I am in ſome fear leſt my profeſſion ſhould in a little time become wholly unneceſſary. I muſt here explain to you a ſmall covering, if I may call it ſo, or rather an ornament for the neck, which you have not yet taken notice of. This conſiſts of a narrow lace, or a ſmall ſkirt of fine ruffled linen‡, which runs along the upper part of the ſtays before and croſſes the breaſts, without riſing to the ſhoulders; and being as it were a part of the tucker, yet kept in uſe, is therefore by a particular name called the Modeſty-Piece§. Now, Sir, what I have to communicate to you at preſent is, that at a late meeting of the ſtripping ladies, in which were preſent ſeveral eminent toaſts and beauties, it was reſolved for the future to lay the modeſty-piece wholly aſide.

* *This Paper, No.* 117 *is marked with a* Hand, ADDISON'S *ſignature in the* GUARDIAN, *and reprinted by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works*," *4to. vol. IV. p.* 192.

† *No.* 109. ‡ *See No.* 100. § *See No.* 145, *Teraminta*; *and No.* 109.

it is intended at the same time to lower the stays considerably before, and nothing but the unsettled weather has hindered this design from being already put in execution. Some few indeed objected to this last improvement, but were over-ruled by the rest, who alledged it was their intention, as they ingeniously expressed it, to level their breast-works entirely, and to trust to no defence but their own virtue. I am, Sir, (if you please) your secret servant,

LEONILLA FIGLEAF.

DEAR SIR,

AS by name and duty bound, I yesterday brought in a prey of paper for my patron's dinner; but by the forwardness of his paws, he seemed ready to put it into his own mouth, which does not enough resemble its prototypes, whose throats are open sepulchres. I assure you, Sir, unless he gapes wider, he will sooner be felt than heard. Witness my hand,

JACKALL.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

SAGE NESTOR,

LIONS being esteemed by naturalists the most generous of beasts, the noble and majestic appearance they make in poetry, wherein they so often represent the hero himself, made me always think that name very ill applied to a profligate set of men, at present going about seeking whom to devour: and though I cannot but acquiesce in your account of the derivation of that title to them, it is with great satisfaction I hear you are about to restore them to their former dignity, by producing one of that species so public-spirited, as to roar for reformation of manners. 'I will roar,' says the clown in Shakespeare, 'that it will do any man's heart 'good to hear me; I will roar, that I will 'make the Duke say—"Let him roar again, "let him roar again." Such success, and such applause, I do not question but your lion will meet with, whilst, like that of Samson, his strength shall bring forth sweetness, and his entrails abound with honey.

At the same time that I congratulate with the republic of beasts upon this honour done to their king, I must condole with us poor mortals, who by distance of place are rendered incapable of paying our respects to him with the same assiduity as those who are ushered into his presence by the discreet Mr. Button. Upon this account, Mr. Ironside, I am become a suitor to you, to constitute an out-riding lion; or, if you please, a jackall or two, to receive and remit our homage in a more particular manner than is hitherto provided. As it is, our tenders of duty every now and then miscarry by the way; at least the natural self-love that makes us unwilling to think any thing that comes from us worthy of contempt, inclines us to believe so. Methinks it were likewise necessary to specify, by what means a present from a fair hand may reach his brindled majesty; the place of his residence being very unfit for a lady's personal appearance. I am your most constant reader and admirer, N. R.*

DEAR NESTOR,

IT is a well-known proverb in a certain part of this kingdom—'Love me, love my dog;' and I hope you will take it as a mark of my respect for your person that I here bring a bit for your lion. ****†

What follows being secret history, it will be printed in other papers; wherein the lion will publish his private intelligence. ☞‡

No. CXIX. TUESDAY, JULY 28.

———Poetarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ
Sit mihi——— HOR. SAT. 4. L. 1. V. 141.

A band of poets to my aid I'll call. CREECH.

THERE is nothing which more shews the want of taste and discernment in a writer than the decrying of any author in gross; especially of an author who has been the admiration

* *This letter seems to have been written by Mr. Nicholas Rowe, in the course of one of his retirements into the country, which were frequent. See* Biogr. Brit. *Art.* ROWE [*Nicholas*].

† *See No.* 120. "*A bit for the Lion.*

‡ *This Paper, No.* 118, *is distinguished by a* Hand, ADDISON'S *signature in the* GUARDIAN, *and re-printed by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works,*" 4*to. vol. IV. p.* 195. *It is therefore ascribed here to* ADDISON, *though apparently composed, or communicated from the Letter-Box. See No.* 121, *final* Note.

of multitudes, and that too in ſeveral ages of the world. This, however, is the general practice of all illiterate and undiſtinguiſhed critics. Becauſe Homer and Virgil, and Sophocles, have been commended by the learned of all times, every ſcribbler who has no reliſh of their beauties, gives himſelf an air of rapture when he ſpeaks of them. But as he praiſes theſe he knows not why, there are others whom he depreciates with the ſame vehemence, and upon the ſame account. We may ſee after what a different manner Strada proceeds in his judgment on the Latin poets; for I intend to publiſh, in this paper, a continuation of that Proluſion which was the ſubject of the laſt Thurſday*. I ſhall therefore give my reader a ſhort account in proſe of every poem which was produced in the learned aſſembly there deſcribed; and if he is thoroughly converſant in the works of thoſe ancient authors, he will ſee with how much judgment every ſubject is adapted to the poet who makes uſe of it, and with how much delicacy every particular poet's way of writing is characteriſed in the cenſure that is paſſed upon it. Lucan's repreſentative was the firſt who recited before the auguſt aſſembly. As Lucan was a Spaniard, his poem does honour to that nation, which at the ſame time makes the romantic bravery in the hero of it more probable.

Alphonſo was the governor of a town inveſted by the Moors. During the blockade, they made his only ſon their priſoner, whom they brought before their walls, and expoſed to his father's ſight, threatening to put him to death, if he did not immediately give up the town. The father tells them, if he had an hundred ſons, he would rather ſee them all periſh, than do an ill action, or betray his country. 'But,' ſays he, 'if you take a pleaſure in deſtroying 'the innocent, you may do it if you pleaſe: 'behold a ſword for your purpoſe.' Upon which he threw his ſword from the wall, returned to his palace, and was able, at ſuch a juncture, to ſit down to the repaſt, which was prepared for him. He was ſoon raiſed by the ſhouts of the enemy, and the cries of the beſieged. Upon returning again to the walls, he ſaw his ſon lying in the pangs of death; but far from betraying any weakneſs at ſuch a ſpectacle, he upbraids his friends for their ſorrow, and returns to finiſh his repaſt.

Upon the recital of this ſtory, which is exquiſitely drawn up in Lucan's ſpirit and language, the whole aſſembly declared their opinion of Lucan in a confuſed murmur. The poem was praiſe or cenſured according to the prejudices which every one had conceived in favour or diſadvantage of the author. Theſe were ſo very great, that ſome had placed him in their opinions above the higheſt, and others beneath the loweſt of the Latin poets. Moſt of them, however, agreed, that Lucan's genius was wonderfully great, but, at the ſame time, too haughty and headſtrong to be governed by art; and that his ſtyle was like his genius, learned, bold, and lively, but withal too tragical and bluſtering. In a word, that he choſe rather a great than a juſt reputation; to which they added, that he was the firſt of the Latin poets who deviated from the purity of the Roman language.

The repreſentative of Lucretius told the aſſembly, that they ſhould ſoon be ſenſible of the difference between a poet who was a native of Rome, and a ſtranger who had been adopted into it: after which he entered upon his ſubject, which I find exhibited to my hand in a ſpeculation of one of my predeceſſors†.

Strada, in the perſon of Lucretius, gives an account of a chimerical correſpondence between two friends, by the help of a certain loadſtone, which had ſuch a virtue in it, that if it touched two ſeveral needles, when one of the needles ſo touched began to move, the other, though at *never* ſo great a diſtance, moved at the ſame time, and in the ſame manner. He tells us, that two friends, being each of them poſſeſſed of one of theſe needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inſcribing it with the four and twenty letters, in the ſame manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. Then they fixed one of the needles on each of theſe plates in ſuch a manner that it could move round without impediment, ſo as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their ſeparating from one another into diſtant countries, they agreed to withdraw themſelves punctually into their cloſets at a certain hour of the day, and to converſe with one another by means of this their

* *See No.* 115, *and for the concluſion No.* 122.

† *See* SPECT. *vol. III. No.* 241. *by* ADDISON, *who copies this whole paragraph* verbatim *from himſelf. See* GUARD. *No.* 122, *and Notes* ibidem.

invention. Accordingly, when they were ſome hundred miles aſſunder, each of them ſhut himſelf up in his cloſet at the time appointed, and immediately caſt his eyes upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occaſion for, making a little pauſe at the end of every word or ſentence to avoid confuſion. The friend, in the mean while, ſaw his own ſympathetic needle moving of itſelf to every letter, which that of his correſpondent pointed at: by this means they talked together acroſs a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an inſtant over cities or mountains, ſeas or deſarts.

The whole audience were pleaſed with the artifice of the poet who repreſented Lucretius, obſerving very well how he had laid aſleep their attention to the ſimplicity of his ſtile in ſome verſes, and to the want of harmony in others, by fixing their minds to the novelty of his ſubject, and to the experiment which he related. Without ſuch an artifice they were of opinion that nothing would have ſounded more harſh than Lucretius's diction and numbers. But it was plain that the more learned part of the aſſembly were quite of another mind. Theſe allowed that it was peculiar to Lucretius above all other poets, to be always doing or teaching ſomething, that no other ſtyle was ſo proper to teach in, or gave a greater pleaſure to thoſe who had a true reliſh for the Roman tongue. They added further, that if Lucretius had not been embarraſſed with the difficulty of his matter, and a little led away by an affectation of antiquity, there could not have been any thing more perfect than his poem.

Claudian ſucceeded Lucretius, having choſen for his ſubject the famous conteſt between the nightingale and the lutaniſt, which every one is acquainted with, eſpecially ſince Mr. Philips has ſo finely improved that hint in one of his paſtorals*.

He had no ſooner finiſhed, but the aſſembly rung with acclamations made in his praiſe. His firſt beauty, which every one owned, was the great clearneſs and perſpicuity which appeared in the plan of his poem. Others were wonderfully charmed with the ſmoothneſs of his verſe, and the flowing of his numbers, in which there were none of thoſe eliſions and cuttings-off ſo frequent in the works of other poets. There were ſeveral however of a more refined judgment, who ridiculed that infuſion of foreign phraſes with which he had corrupted the Latin tongue, and ſpoke with contempt of the equability of his numbers that cloyed and ſatiated the ear for want of variety: to which they likewiſe added, a frequent and unſeaſonable affectation of appearing ſonorous and ſublime.

The ſequel of this Proluſion ſhall be the work of another day†. ☞‡

No. CXX. WEDNESDAY, JULY 29.

——Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to ſtudy houſhold good,
And good works in her huſband to promote.

MILTON.

A BIT FOR THE LION.

SIR,

AS ſoon as you have ſet up your Unicorn§, there is no queſtion but the ladies will make him puſh very furiouſly at the men; for which reaſon I think it is good to be before-hand with them, and make the Lion roar aloud at female irregularities. Among theſe, I wonder how their gaming has ſo long eſcaped your notice. You who converſe with the ſober family of the Lizards, are perhaps a ſtranger to theſe viragos; but what would you ſay, ſhould you ſee the Sparkler ſhaking her elbow for a whole night together, and thumping the table with the dice-box? Or how would you like to hear the

* "*Poems by A Phillips.*" Paſt 5.

† *See* STRADA, Lib. *ii.* Prol. 6. *and* GUARD. *No.* 115, *and No.* 122.

‡ *This Paper, No.* 119, *is diſtinguiſhed by a* Hand, *the ſignature of* ADDISON'S *Papers in the* GUARDIAN, *and re-printed by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works,*" 4*to, vol. IV. p.* 198. *See No.* 115, *No.* 122. *and* Notes. § *No.* 114.

good widow-lady herſelf returning to her houſe at midnight, and alarming the whole ſtreet with a moſt enormous rap, after having ſat up until that time at Crimp or Ombre? Sir, I am the huſband of one of theſe female gameſters, and a great loſer by it both in my reſt and my pocket. As my wife reads your papers, one upon this ſubject might be of uſe both to her, and Your humble ſervant.'

I ſhould ill deſerve the name of Guardian, did I not caution all my fair wards againſt a practice which, when it runs to exceſs, is the moſt ſhameful, but one, that the female world can fall into*. The ill conſequences of it are more than can be contained in this paper. However, that I may proceed in method, I ſhall conſider them, firſt, as they relate to the mind. Secondly, as they relate to the body.

Could we look into the mind of a female gameſter, we ſhould ſee it full of nothing but trumps and mattadores. Her ſlumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves. The day lies heavy upon her until the play-ſeaſon returns, when for half a dozen of hours together all her faculties are employed in ſhuffling, cutting, dealing, and ſorting out a pack of cards, and no ideas to be diſcovered in a ſoul which calls itſelf rational, excepting little ſquare figures of painted and ſpotted paper. Was the underſtanding, that divine part in our compoſition, given for ſuch an uſe? Is it thus that we improve the greateſt talent human nature is endowed with? What would a ſuperior being think, were he ſhown this intellectual faculty in a female gameſter, and at the ſame time told, that it was by this ſhe was diſtinguiſhed from brutes, and allied to angels?

When our women thus fill their imaginations with pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the ſtory I have lately heard of a new-born child that was marked with the five of clubs.

Their paſſions ſuffer no leſs by this practice than their underſtandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, ſorrow and diſcontent, break out all at once in a fair aſſembly upon ſo noble an occaſion as that of turning up a card? Who can conſider without a ſecret indignation that all thoſe affections of the mind which ſhould be conſecrated to their children, huſbands and parents, are thus vilely proſtituted and thrown away upon a hand at Loo? For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I ſee a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from ſuch trivial motives; when I behold the face of an angel agitated and diſcompoſed by the heart of a fury.

Our minds are of ſuch a make, that they naturally give themſelves up to every diverſion which they are much accuſtomed to; and we always find that play when followed with aſſiduity, engroſſes the whole woman. She quickly grows uneaſy in her own family, takes but little pleaſure in all the domeſtic innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of Pam than of her huſband. My friend Theophraſtus, the beſt of huſbands and of fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his wife's converſation. 'When ſhe returns to 'me with joy in her face, it does not ariſe,' ſays he, 'from the ſight of her huſband, but 'from the good luck ſhe has had at cards. On 'the contrary,' ſays he, 'if ſhe has been a loſer, 'I am doubly a ſufferer by it. She comes home 'out of humour, is angry with every body, diſ-'pleaſed with all I can do or ſay, and in reality 'for no other reaſon, but becauſe ſhe has been 'throwing away my eſtate.' What charming bed-fellows and companions for life are men likely to meet with that chuſe their wives out of ſuch women of vogue and faſhion? What a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes, muſt we expect from mothers of this make?

I come in the next place to conſider the ill conſequences which gaming has on the bodies of our female adventurers. It is ſo ordered that almoſt every thing which corrupts the ſoul decays the body†. The beauties of the face and mind are generally deſtroyed by the ſame means. This conſideration ſhould have a particular weight with the female world, who were deſigned to pleaſe the eye and attract the regards of the other half of the ſpecies. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card-table, and thoſe cutting paſſions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and a pale complexion,

* *See an excellent Paper againſt* GAMING *by* Beau NASH, *in his life written by the late ingenious Dr. Goldſmith; and an eloquent ſermon on the ſubject, by the late ingenious, learned, and worthy Secretary to the Royal Society H. P.* MATY, *A. M. and F. R. S.* "*He that haſteneth to be rich, ſhall not be innocent.*" SOLOMON.

† "*Gaming* [*ſays* MONTESQUIEU] *keeps the* BODY *in a* hurtful inactivity; and the MIND *in a* hurtful activity." *A.*

are the natural indications of a female gameſter. Her morning ſleeps are not able to repair her midnight watchings. I have known a woman carried off half-dead from Baſſette, and have many a time grieved to ſee a perſon of quality gliding by me in her chair at two o'clock in the morning, and looking like a ſpectre amidſt a glare of flambeaux. In ſhort, I never knew a thorough-paced female gameſter hold her beauty two winters together.

But there is ſtill another caſe in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play-debts muſt be paid in ſpecie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income, pawns his eſtate; the woman muſt find out ſomething elſe to mortgage, when her pin-money is gone: the huſband has his lands to diſpoſe of, the wife her perſon. Now when the female body is once *dipped*, if the creditor be very importunate, I leave my reader to conſider the conſequences. ☞*

No. CXXI. THURSDAY, JULY 30.

Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque Leonum. VIRG. ÆN. 7. v. 15.
Hence to our ear the Roar of Lions came.

ROARINGS OF THE LION.

OLD NESTOR,

EVER ſince the firſt notice you gave of the erection of that uſeful monument of yours in Button's coffee-houſe, I have had a reſtleſs ambition to imitate the renowned London Prentice, and boldly venture my hand down the throat of your Lion. The ſubject of this letter is a relation of a club whereof I am member, and which has made a conſiderable noiſe of late, I mean the Silent Club. The year of our inſtitution is 1694, the number of members twelve, and the place of our meeting is Dumb's Alley in Holborn. We look upon ourſelves as the relics of the old Pythagoreans, and have this maxim in common with them, which is the foundation of our deſign, 'That talking ſpoils 'company.' The preſident of our ſociety is one who was born deaf and dumb, and owes that bleſſing to nature, which in the reſt of us is owing to induſtry alone. I find upon inquiry, that the greater part of us are married men, and ſuch whoſe wives are remarkably loud at home. Hither we fly for refuge, and enjoy at once the two greateſt and moſt valuable bleſſings, company and retirement. When that eminent relation of yours, the Spectator, publiſhed his weekly papers, and gave us that remarkable account of his ſilence, (for you muſt know, though we do not read, yet we inſpect all ſuch uſeful eſſays) we ſeemed unanimous to invite him to partake our ſecrecy; but it was unluckily objected, that he had juſt then publiſhed a diſcourſe of his at his own club, and not arrived to that happy inactivity of the tongue, which we expected from a man of his underſtanding. You will wonder, perhaps, how we managed this debate; but it will be eaſily accounted for, when I tell you that our fingers are as nimble, and as infallible interpreters of our thoughts, as other mens tongues are; yet even this mechanic eloquence is only allowed upon the weightieſt occaſions. We admire the wiſe inſtitutions of the Turks, and other eaſtern nations, where all commands are performed by officious mutes; and we wonder that the polite courts of Chriſtendom ſhould come ſo far ſhort of the majeſty of barbarians. Ben Jonſon has gained an eternal reputation among us by his play called The Silent Woman. Every member here is another Moroſe† while the club is ſitting, but at home may talk as much and as faſt as his family occaſions require, without breach of ſtatute. The advantages we find from this Quaker-like aſſembly are many. We conſider, that the underſtanding of man is liable to miſtakes, and his will fond of contradictions; that diſputes, which are of no weight in themſelves, are often very conſiderable in their effects. The diſuſe of the tongue is the only effectual remedy againſt theſe. All party concerns, all private ſcandal, all inſults over another man's weaker reaſons, muſt there be loſt, where no diſputes ariſe. Another advantage which follows from the firſt, (and which is very rarely to be met with) is, that we are all upon the ſame level in converſation. A wag of my acquaintance uſed to add a third, viz. that, if ever we do debate, we are ſure to have all our arguments at our fingers ends. Of all Longinus's remarks, we are moſt enamoured with that excellent paſſage, where he mentions Ajax's ſilence as one of the nobleſt inſtances of the

† *This Paper, No.* 120, *is marked with a* Hand, *the ſignature of* ADDISON'S *Papers in the* GUARDIAN, *and re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works*," *vol. p. IV.* 204.

† *The name of a character in the* "*Silent Woman.*"

ſublime; and, (if you will allow me to be free with a nameſake of yours) I ſhould think that the everlaſting ſtory-teller, Neſtor*, had he been likened to the aſs inſtead of our hero, he had ſuffered leſs by the compariſon.

I have already deſcribed the practice and ſentiments of this ſociety, and ſhall but barely mention the report of the neighbourhood, that we are not only as mute as fiſhes, but that we drink like fiſhes too; that we are like the Welſhman's owl, though we do not ſing, we pay it off with thinking. Others take us for an aſſembly of diſaffected perſons; nay, their zeal to the government has carried them ſo far as to ſend, laſt week, a party of conſtables to ſurprize us. You may eaſily imagine how exactly we repreſented the Roman ſenators of old, ſitting with majeſtic ſilence, and undaunted at the approach of an army of Gauls. If you approve of our undertaking, you need not declare it to the world; your ſilence ſhall be interpreted as conſent given to the honourable body of mutes, and in particular to your humble ſervant, NED MUM.

P. S. We have had but one word ſpoken ſince the foundation, for which the member was expelled by the old Roman cuſtom of bending back the thumb. He had juſt received the news of the battle of Hochſtet; and being too impatient to communicate his joy, was unfortunately betrayed into a lapſus linguæ. We acted on the principles of the Roman Manlius, and though we approved of the cauſe of his error as juſt, we condemned the effect as a manifeſt violation of his duty†.

I never could have thought a dumb man would have roared ſo well out of my Lion's mouth. My next pretty correſpondent, like Shakeſpeare's Lion in Pyramus and Thiſbe, roars as it were any nightingale.

MR. IRONSIDE, JULY 28, 1713.

I Was afraid at firſt you were only in jeſt, and had a mind to expoſe our nakedneſs for the diverſion of the town; but ſince I ſee that you are in good earneſt, and have infallibility of your ſide, I cannot forbear returning my thanks to you for the care you take of us, having a friend who has promiſed me to give my letters to the lion, until we can communicate our thoughts to you through our own proper vehicle. Now you muſt know, dear Sir, that if you do not take care to ſuppreſs this exorbitant growth of the female cheſt, all that is left of my waiſt muſt inevitably periſh. It is at this time reduced to the depth of four inches, by what I have already made over to my neck. But if the ſtripping deſign mentioned by Mrs. Figleaf yeſterday‡ ſhould take effect, Sir, I dread to think what it will come to. In ſhort, there is no help for it; my girdle and all muſt go. This is the naked truth of the matter. Have pity on me then, my dear Guardian, and preſerve me from being ſo inhumanly expoſed. I do aſſure you that I follow your precepts as much as a young woman can, who will live in the world without being laughed at. I have no hooped petticoat; and when I am a matron, will wear broad tuckers, whether you ſucceed or no. If the flying project takes, I intend to be the laſt in wings, ‖ being reſolved in every thing to behave myſelf as becomes ☞§ Your moſt obedient ward.

No. CXXII. FRIDAY, JULY 31.

Nec magis expreſſi vultus per ahenea ſigna. HOR. EP. 1. L. 2. V. 248.

IMITATED.

Not with ſuch majeſty, ſuch bold relief,
The forms auguſt, of king, or conqu'ring chief,
E'er ſwell'd on marble. POPE.

THAT I may get out of debt with the public as faſt as I can, I ſhall here give them the remaining part of Strada's criticiſm on the Latin heroic poets. My readers may ſee the whole work in the three papers numbered CXV. CXIX, CXXII. Thoſe who are acquainted with

* *Meaning the character exhibited under the name of* Neſtor *in* HOMER'S *Poems. The paſſage of Homer referred to is in his* ODYSS. *λ.* v. 561. *See* PEARCE'S "*Longinus.*" *Amſt.* 1733. 8*vo. p.* 30.

† *This Letter, ſigned N.* MUM, *was written by Dr.* Z. PEARCE, *the late learned and worthy Biſhop of Rocheſter. See two Papers of which this amiable Prelate was likewiſe the author, in the eighth volume of the* SPECT. *publiſhed after this time, No.* 572, *and No.* 633, *and* Notes.

‡ *See No.* 118, Let. 13. § *See No.* 112.

‖ *This Paper, No.* 121, *is diſtinguiſhed by a* Hand, *and re-printed by Mr. T Tickell in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works,*" 4*to. p.* 201; *and therefore is aſcribed to* ADDISON, *though written by Dr.* PEARCE, *and only communicated by* ADDISON *from the letter-box, to which it was ſent by the reſpectable author, who was at this time a reſident at Cambridge.*

the authors themſelves, cannot but be pleaſed to ſee them ſo juſtly repreſented; and as for thoſe who have never peruſed the originals, they may form a judgment of them from ſuch accurate and entertaining copies*. The whole piece will ſhew at leaſt how a man of genius (and none elſe ſhould call himſelf a critic) can make the drieſt art a pleaſing amuſement.

THE SEQUEL OF STRADA'S PROLUSION.

THE poet who perſonated Ovid, gives an account of the chryſo-magnet, or of the loadſtone, which attracts gold, after the ſame manner as the common loadſtone attracts iron. The author, that he might expreſs Ovid's way of thinking, derives this virtue to the chryſo-magnet from a poetical metamorphoſis.

'As I was ſitting by a well,' ſays he, 'when 'I was a boy, my ring dropped into it, when 'immediately my father faſtening a certain ſtone 'to the end of a line, let it down into the well. 'It no ſooner touched the ſurface of the water, 'but the ring leaped up from the bottom, and 'clung to it in ſuch a manner, that he drew it 'out like a fiſh. My father ſeeing me wonder 'at the experiment, gave me the following ac-'count of it. When Deucalion and Pyrrha 'went about the world to repair mankind by 'throwing ſtones over their heads, the men who 'roſe from them differed in their inclinations 'according to the places on which the ſtones 'fell. Thoſe which fell in the fields became 'plowmen and ſhepherds. Thoſe which fell 'into the water produced ſailors and fiſhermen. 'Thoſe that fell among the woods and foreſts 'gave birth to huntſmen. Among the reſt there 'were ſeveral that fell upon mountains that 'had mines of gold and ſilver in them. This 'laſt race of men immediately betook themſelves 'to the ſearch of theſe precious metals; but na-'ture being diſpleaſed to ſee herſelf ranſacked, 'withdrew theſe her treaſures toward the center 'of the earth. The avarice of man however 'perſiſted in its former purſuits, and ranſacked 'her inmoſt bowels in queſt of the riches which 'they contained. Nature ſeeing herſelf thus 'plundered by a ſwarm of miners, was ſo high-'ly incenſed, that ſhe ſhook the whole place 'with an earthquake, and buried the men under 'their own works. The Stygian flames, which 'lay in the neighbourhood of theſe deep mines, 'broke out at the ſame time with great fury, 'burning up the whole maſs of human limbs 'and earth, until they were hardened and baked 'into ſtone. The human bodies that were del-'ving in iron mines were converted into thoſe 'common loadſtones which attract that metal. 'Thoſe which were in ſearch of gold became 'chryſo-magnets, and ſtill keep their former 'avarice in their preſent ſtate of petrifaction.

Ovid had no ſooner given over ſpeaking, but the aſſembly pronounced their opinons of him. Several were ſo taken with his eaſy way of writing, and had ſo formed their taſtes upon it, that they had no reliſh for any compoſition which was not framed in the Ovidian manner. A great many, however, were of a contrary opinion; until at length it was determined by a plurality of voices, that Ovid highly deſerved the name of a witty man, but that his language was vulgar and trivial, and of the nature of thoſe things which coſt no labour in the invention, but are ready found out to a man's hand. In the laſt place, they all agreed that the greateſt objection which lay againſt Ovid, both as to his life and writings, was his having too much wit, and that he would have ſucceeded better in both, had he rather checked than indulged it. Statius ſtood up next with a ſwelling and haughty air, and made the following ſtory the ſubject of his poem.

'A German and a Portugueſe, when Vienna 'was beſieged, having had frequent conteſts of 'rivalry, were preparing for a ſingle duel, when 'on a ſudden the walls were attacked by the 'enemy. Upon this both the German and Portu-'gueſe conſented to ſacrifice their private reſent-'ments to the public, and to ſee who could ſigna-'lize himſelf moſt upon the common foe. Each of 'them did wonders in repelling the enemy from 'the different parts of the wall. The German 'was at length engaged amidſt a whole army of 'Turks, until his left-arm that held the ſhield 'was unfortunately lopped off, and he himſelf ſo 'ſtunned with a blow he had received, that he 'fell down as dead. The Portugueſe ſeeing the 'condition of his rival, very generouſly flew to 'his ſuccour, diſperſed the multitude that were 'gathered about him, and fought over him as 'he lay upon the ground. In the mean while 'the German recovered from his trance, and 'roſe up to the aſſiſtance of the Portugueſe, who 'in a little after had his right-arm, which held 'his ſword, cut off by the blow of a ſabre. He 'would have loſt his life at the ſame time by a

* *It would ſeem from what is ſaid here, that* ADDISON *was only the* Editor *of theſe Tranſlations, &c. from* STRADA. *During a period of more than a month the* GUARDIAN, *for whatever reaſon, was left entirely to his management and publication.*

'ſpear which was aimed at his back, had not
'the German ſlain the perſon who was aiming
'at him. Theſe two competitors for fame
'having received ſuch mutual obligations, now
'fought in conjunction, and as the one was only
'able to manage the ſword, and the other a ſhield,
'made up but one warrior betwixt them. The
'Portugueſe covered the German, while the
'German dealt deſtruction upon the enemy.
'At length finding themſelves faint with loſs of
'blood, and reſolving to periſh nobly, they ad-
'vanced to the moſt ſhattered part of the wall,
'and threw themſelves down, with a huge frag-
'ment of it, upon the heads of the beſiegers.'

When Statius ceaſed, the old factions immediately broke out concerning his manner of writing. Some gave him very loud acclamations, ſuch as he had received in his life-time, declaring him the only man who had written in a ſtyle which was truly heroical, and that he was above all others in his fame as well as in his diction. Others cenſured him as one who went beyond all bounds in his images and expreſſions, laughing at the cruelty of his conceptions, the rumbling of his numbers, and the dreadful pomp and bombaſt of his expreſſions. There were, however, a few ſelect judges who moderated between both theſe extremes, and pronounced upon Statius, that there appeared in his ſtyle much poetical heat and fire, but withal ſo much ſmoke as ſullied the brightneſs of it. That there was a majeſty in his verſe, but that it was the majeſty rather of a tyrant than of a king. That he was often towering among the clouds, but often met with the fate of Icarus. In a word, that Statius was among the poets, what Alexander the Great is among heroes, a man of great virtues and of great faults.

Virgil was the laſt of the ancient poets who produced himſelf upon this occaſion. His ſubject was the ſtory of Theutilla, * which being ſo near that of Judith in all its circumſtances, and at the ſame time tranſlated by a very ingenious gentleman in one of Mr. Dryden's miſcellanies, I ſhall here give no further account of it. When he had done, the whole aſſembly declared the works of this great poet a ſubject rather for their admiration than for their applauſe, and that if any thing was wanting in Virgil's poetry, it was to be aſcribed to a deficiency in the art itſelf, and not in the genius of this great man. There were, however, ſome envious murmurs and detractions heard among the crowd, as if there were very frequently verſes in him which flagged or wanted ſpirit, and were rather to be looked upon as faultleſs than beautiful. But theſe injudicious cenſures were heard with a general indignation.

I need not obſerve to my learned reader, that the foregoing ſtory of the German and Portugueſe is almoſt the ſame in every particular with that of the two rival ſoldiers in Cæſar's Commentaries. This Proluſion ends with the performance of an Italian poet full of thoſe little witticiſms and conceits which have infected the greateſt part of modern poetry. ☞†

No. CXXIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 1.

——Hic murus aheneus eſto,
Nil conſcire ſibi—— HOR. EP. I. L. I. V. 60.

IMITATED.

True, conſcious honour, is to feel no ſin;
He's arm'd without that's innocent within:
Be this thy ſcreen, and this thy wall of braſs. POPE.

THERE are a ſort of knight-errants in the world, who, quite contrary to thoſe in romance, are perpetually ſeeking adventures to bring virgins into diſtreſs, and to ruin innocence. When men of rank and figure paſs away their lives in theſe criminal purſuits and practices, they ought to conſider that they render themſelves more vile and deſpicable than any innocent man can be, whatever low ſtation his fortune or birth have placed him in. Title and anceſtry render a good man more illuſtrious, but an ill one more contemptible.

* "*The Rape of Theutilla*," *imitated from the Latin of Famian Strada. By Mr. Thomas Yalden.* DRYDEN'S "*Miſcellanies*," *Vol. IV. p.* 115. *Perhaps Dr. T.* YALDEN *might really have been the writer of theſe three Papers, drawn up from* STRADA'S *Proluſions, viz. No.* 115, *No.* 119, *and No.* 122, *notwithſtanding what is ſaid in No.* 121, ad finem.

† *This Paper, No.* 122, *is diſtinguiſhed by a* Hand, ADDISON'S *ſignature in the* GUARDIAN, *and re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works*," 4*to, vol. IV. p.* 207. *It is therefore aſcribed to* ADDISON, *notwithſtanding what has been ſaid in the preceding* Notes *upon it, and No.* 119, *No.* 121, ad finem.

Thy father's merit ſets thee up to view,
And plants thee in the faireſt point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults conſpicuous.
CATO.

I have often wondered, that theſe deflowerers of innocence, though dead to all the ſentiments of virtue and honour, are not reſtrained by compaſſion and humanity. To bring ſorrow, confuſion, and infamy into a family, to wound the heart of a tender parent, and ſtain the life of a poor deluded young woman with a diſhonour that never can be wiped off, are circumſtances one would think ſufficient to check the moſt violent paſſion in a heart which has the leaſt tincture of pity and good-nature. Would any one purchaſe the gratification of a moment at ſo dear a rate? and entail a laſting miſery on others, for ſuch a tranſient ſatisfaction to himſelf; nay, for a ſatisfaction that is ſure, at ſome time or other, to be followed with remorſe? I am led to the ſubject by two letters which came lately to my hands. The laſt of them is, it ſeems, the copy of one ſent by a mother to one who had abuſed her daughter; and though I cannot juſtify her ſentiments at the latter end of it, they are ſuch as might ariſe in a mind which had not yet recovered its temper after ſo great a provocation. I preſent the reader with it as I received it, becauſe I think it gives a lively idea of the affliction which a fond parent ſuffers on ſuch an occaſion.

SIR, ——SHIRE, JULY 1713.

THE other day I went into the houſe of one of my tenants, whoſe wife was formerly a ſervant in our family, and, (by my grandmother's kindneſs) had her education with my mother from her infancy; ſo that ſhe is of a ſpirit and underſtanding greatly ſuperior to thoſe of her own rank. I found the poor woman in the utmoſt diſorder of mind and attire, drowned in tears, and reduced to a condition that looked rather like ſtupidity than grief. She leaned upon her arm over a table, on which lay a letter folded up and directed to a certain nobleman very famous in our parts for low intrigue, or in plainer words, for debauching country girls; in which number is the unfortunate daughter of my poor tenant, as I learn from the following letter written by her mother. I have ſent you here a copy of it, which, made public in your paper, may perhaps furniſh uſeful reflections to many men of figure and quality, who indulge themſelves in a paſſion which they poſſeſs but in common with the vileſt part of mankind.

MY LORD,

LAST night I diſcovered the injuiry you have done to my daughter. Heaven knows how long and piercing a torment that ſhort-lived ſhameful pleaſure of yours muſt bring upon me; upon me, from whom you never received any offence. This conſideration alone ſhould have deterred a noble mind from ſo baſe and ungenerous an act. But, alas! what is all the grief that muſt be my ſhare, in compariſon of that, with which you have requited her by whom you have been obliged? Loſs of good name, anguiſh of heart, ſhame and infamy, are what muſt inevitably fall upon her, unleſs ſhe gets over them by what is much worſe, open impudence, profeſſed lewdneſs, and abandoned proſtitution. Theſe are the returns you have made to her, for putting in your power all her livelihood and dependence, her virtue and reputation. O, my lord, ſhould my ſon have practiſed the like on one of your daughters?——I know you ſwell with indignation at the very mention of it, and would think he deſerved a thouſand deaths, ſhould he make ſuch an attempt upon the honour of your family. It is well, my lord. And is then the honour of your daughter, whom ſtill, though it had been violated, you might have maintained in plenty, and even luxury, of greater moment to her, than to my daughter hers, whoſe only ſuſtenance it was? And muſt my ſon, void of all the advantages of a generous education, muſt he, I ſay, conſider: and may your lordſhip be excuſed from all reflection? Eternal contumely attend that guilty title which claims exemption from thought, and arrogates to its wearers the prerogative of brutes! Ever curſed be its falſe luſtre, which could dazzle my poor daughter to her undoing. Was it for this that the exalted merits and godlike virtues of your great anceſtor were honoured with a coronet, that it might be a pander to his poſterity, and confer a privilege of diſhonouring the innocent and defenceleſs? At this rate the laws of rewards ſhould be inverted, and he who is generous and good ſhould be made a beggar and a ſlave; that induſtry and honeſt diligence may keep his poſterity unſpotted, and preſerve them from ruining virgins, and making whole families unhappy.

Wretchedneſs is now become my everlaſting portion? Your crime, my lord, will draw perdition even upon my head. I may not ſue for forgiveneſs of my own failings and miſdeeds, for I never can forgive yours; but ſhall curſe you with my dying breath, and at the laſt tremendous day ſhall hold forth in my arms my much wronged child, and call aloud for vengeance on her defiler. Under theſe preſent horrors of mind I could be content to be your chief tormentor, ever paying you mock-reverence, and ſounding in your ears, to your unutterable loathing, the empty title which inſpired you with preſumption to tempt, and over-awed my daughter to comply.

Thus have I given ſome vent to my ſorrow; nor fear I to awaken you to repentance, ſo that your ſin may be forgiven: the divine laws have been broken, but much injury, irreparable injury, has been alſo done to me, and the juſt Judge will not pardon that until I do.

My lord, your conſcience will help you to my name. ☞*

No. CXXIV. MONDAY, AUGUST 3.

Quid fremat in terris violentis?

JUV. SAT. 8. V. 37.

What roar more dreadful in the world is heard?

MORE ROARINGS OF THE LION.

MR. GUARDIAN,

BEFORE I proceed to make you my propoſals, it will be neceſſary to inform you, that an uncommon ferocity in my countenance, together with the remarkable flatneſs of my noſe, and extent of my mouth, have long ſince procured me the name of Lion in this our univerſity.

The vaſt emoluments that, in all probability, will accrue to the public from the roarings of my new-erected likeneſs at Button's, hath made me deſirous of being as like him in that part of his character, as I am told I already am in all parts of my perſon. Wherefore I moſt humbly propoſe to you, that (as it is impoſſible for this one Lion to roar, either long enough or loud enough againſt all things that are roar-worthy in theſe realms) you would appoint him a Sub-lion, as a *præfectus provinciæ*, in every county in Great Britain; and it is my requeſt, that I may be inſtituted his under-roarer in this univerſity, town and county of Cambridge, as my reſemblance does, in ſome meaſure, claim that I ſhould.

I ſhall follow my Metropolitan's example, in roaring only againſt thoſe enormities that are too ſlight and trivial for the notice or cenſures of our magiſtrates; and ſhall communicate my roarings to him monthly, or oftner if occaſion requires, to be inſerted in your papers *cum privilegio*.

I ſhall not omit giving informations of the improvement or decay of punning, and may chance to touch upon the riſe and fall of tuckers; but I will roar aloud and ſpare not, to the terror of, at preſent, a very flouriſhing ſociety of people called Lowngers †, gentlemen whoſe obſervations are moſtly itinerant, and who think they have already too much good ſenſe of their own, to be in need of ſtaying at home to read other peoples.

I have, Sir, a raven that will ſerve, by way of jackall, to bring me in proviſions, which I ſhall chew and prepare for the digeſtion of my principal; and I do hereby give notice, to all under my juriſdiction, that whoever are willing to contribute to this good deſign, if they will affix their information to the leg or neck of the

* *This Paper No.* 122, *is marked with a* Hand *the ſignature that diſtinguiſhes* ADDISON'S *Papers in the* GUARDIAN; *and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works*," 4*to. vol. IV. p.* 210. *It is therefore aſcribed to* ADDISON, *though the two letters in it ſeem to have been communicated from the letter-box, at a period when* ADDISON *ſeems to have been entirely the publiſher of the* GUARDIAN: *which ſeems at ſome times to have been made out of his own materials; and, at others, from the communications of correſpondents, or as he calls them,* "*The Roarings of the Lion.*"

† *See* SPECT. *No.* 54, *and* Note.

aforeſaid raven or jrckall, they will be thankfully received by their (but more particularly your) humble ſervant,

LEO THE SECOND *.

From my Den at ———
College in Cambridge,
July 29.

N. B. The raven will not bite.

MR. IRONSIDE.

HEARING that your Unicorn is now in hand, and not queſtioning but his horn will prove a *Cornucopia* to you, I deſire that in order to introduce it, you will conſider the following propoſal.

My wife and I intend a diſſertation upon Horns; the province ſhe has choſen is, the planting of them, and I am to treat of their growth, improvement, &c. The work is like to ſwell ſo much upon our hands, that I am afraid we ſhall not be able to bear the charge of printing without a ſubſcription; wherefore I hope you will invite the city into it, and deſire thoſe who have any thing by them relating to that part of natural hiſtory, to communicate it to, Sir, your humble ſervant,

HUMPHRY BINICORN.

SIR,

I Humbly beg leave to drop a ſong into your lion's mouth, which will very truly make him roar like any nightingale. It has fallen into my hands by chance, and is a very fine imitation of the works of many of our Engliſh lyrics. It cannot but be highly acceptable to all thoſe who admire the tranſlations of Italian operas.

I.

Oh, the charming month of May!
Oh, the charming month of May!
When the breezes fan the treeſes
Full of bloſſoms freſh and gay—
Full &c.

II.

Oh, what joys our proſpects yield!
Charming joys our proſpects yield!
In a new livery, when we ſee every
Buſh and meadow, tree and field—
Buſh, &c.

III.

Oh, how freſh the morning air!
Charming freſh the morning air!
When the zephyrs and the heifers
Their odoriferous breath compare—
Their, &c.

IV.

Oh, how fine our evening walk!
Charming fine our evening walk!
When the nightingale delighting;
With her ſong, ſuſpends our talk—
With her, &c.

V.

Oh, how ſweet at night to dream!
Charming ſweet at night to dream!
On moſſy pillows, by the trilloes
Of a gentle purling ſtream—
Of a, &c.

VI.

Oh, how kind the Country laſs!
Charming kind the country laſs!
Who, her cow bilking leaves her milking
For a green gown on the graſs—
For a, &c.

VII.

Oh, how ſweet it is to ſpy!
Charming ſweet it is to ſpy!
At the concluſion, her confuſion,
Bluſhing cheeks, and down-caſt eye—
Bluſhing, &c.

VIII.

Oh, the cooling curds and cream!
Charming cooling curds and cream!
When all is over, ſhe gives her lover,
Who, on her ſkimming-diſh carves her name—
Who on, &.

MR. IRONSIDE, JULY 30.

I Have always been very much pleaſed with the ſight of thoſe creatures which, being of a foreign growth, are brought into our iſland for ſhow. I may ſay, there has not been a tyger, leopard, elephant, or hyghgreen †, for ſome years paſt, in this nation, but I have taken their particular dimenſions, and am able to give a very good deſcription of them. But, I muſt own, I never had a greater curioſity to viſit any of theſe ſtrangers than your Lion. Accordingly, I came yeſterday to town, being able to

* *This Letter, ſigned Leo II. was probably the compoſition of Mr. Laurence Euſden of Cambridge, and ſeems to countenance and confirm the conjectural aſſignment of the Letter on "The* LOWNGERS." *Spect. Vol, I. No.* 54. *to the ſame Author. See No.* 127, *and No.* 164.

† "*Is this ſtrange word for Hyæna?*"

wait no longer for fair weather, and made what haſte I could to Mr. Button's, who readily conducted me to his den of ſtate. He is really a creature of as noble a preſence as I have ſeen; he has grandeur and good humour in his countenance, which command both our love and reſpect; his ſhaggy mane and whiſkers are peculiar graces. In ſhort, I do not queſtion but he will prove a worthy ſupporter of the Britiſh honour and virtue; eſpecially when aſſiſted by the Unicorn. You muſt think I would not wait upon him without a morſel to gain his favour, and had provided what I hope would have pleaſed, but was unluckily prevented by the preſence of a bear, which conſtantly, as I approached with my preſent, threw his eyes in my way, and ſtared me out of my reſolution. I muſt not forget to tell you, my younger daughter and your ward is hard at work about the tucker, having never from her infancy laid aſide the modeſty-piece. I am, venerable Noſter, your friend and ſervant,

P. N.

I was a little ſurprized, having read ſome of your Lion's Roarings, that a creature of ſuch eloquence ſhould want a tongue, but he has other qualifications which make good that deficiency. ☞*

No. CXXV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 4.

——— *Nunc formoſiſſimus annus.*

VIRG. ECL. 3. V. 57.

Now the gay year in all her charms is dreſt.

MEN of my age receive a greater pleaſure from fine weather than from any other ſenſual enjoyment of life. In ſpite of the auxiliary bottle, or any artificial heat, we are apt to droop under a gloomy ſky; and taſte no luxury like a blue firmament and ſunſhine. I have often, in a ſplenetic fit, wiſhed myſelf a dormouſe, during the winter; and I never ſee one of thoſe ſnug animals, wrapped up cloſe in his fur, and compactly happy in himſelf, but I contemplate him with envy beneath the dignity of a philoſopher. If the art of flying were brought to perfection †, the uſe that I ſhould make of it would be to attend the ſun round the world, and purſue the ſpring through every ſign of the Zodiac. This love of warmth makes my heart glad at the return of the ſpring. How amazing is the change in the face of nature; when the earth, from being bound with froſt, or covered with ſnow, begins to put forth her plants and flowers, to be cloathed with green, diverſified with ten thouſand various dyes; and to exhale ſuch freſh and charming odours, as fill every living creature with delight!

Full of thoughts like theſe, I make it a rule to loſe as little as I can of that bleſſed ſeaſon; and accordingly riſe with the ſun, and wander through the fields, throw myſelf on the banks of little rivulets, or loſe myſelf in the woods. I ſpent a day or two this ſpring at a country gentleman's ſeat, where I feaſted my imagination every morning with the moſt luxurious proſpect I ever ſaw. I uſually took my ſtand by the wall of an old caſtle built upon a high hill. A noble river ran at the foot of it, which after being broken by a heap of miſhapen ſtones, glided away in a clear ſtream, and wandering through two woods on each ſide of it in many windings, ſhone here and there at a great diſtance through the trees. I could trace the mazes for ſome miles, until my eye was led through two ridges of hills, which terminated by a vaſt mountain in another county.

I hope the reader will pardon me for taking his eye from our preſent ſubject of the ſpring, by this landſcape, ſince it is at this time of the year only that proſpects excel in beauty. But if the eye is delighted, the ear hath likewiſe its proper entertainment. The muſic of the birds at this time of the year hath ſomething in it ſo wildly ſweet, as makes me leſs reliſh the moſt elaborate compoſitions of Italy. The vigour

* *This Paper, No.* 124, *is diſtinguiſhed by a* Hand, *the ſignature of* ADDISON'S *Papers in the* GUARDIAN, *and re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works*," 4*th. vol. IV. p.* 213. *it is therefore aſſigned to* ADDISON, *though probably it was written, or at leaſt the greateſt part of it, by Mr.* EUSDEN.

† *See No.* 112. *On the Art of Flying.*

which the warmth of the ſun pours afreſh into their veins, prompts them to renew their ſpecies; and thereby puts the male upon wooing his mate, with more mellow warblings, and to ſwell his throat with more violent modulations. It is an amuſement by no means below the dignity of a rational ſoul, to obſerve the pretty creatures flying in pairs, to mark the different paſſions in their intrigues, the curious contexture of their neſts, and their care and tenderneſs of their little offspring.

I am particularly acquainted with a wagtail and his ſpouſe, and made many remarks upon the ſeveral gallantries he hourly uſed, before the coy female would conſent to make him happy. When I ſaw in how many airy rings he was forced to purſue her; how ſometimes ſhe tripped before him in a pretty pitty-pat ſtep, and ſcarce ſeemed to regard the covering of his wings, and the many aukward and foppiſh contortions into which he put his body to do her homage, it made me reflect upon my own youth, and the caprices of the fair but fantaſtic, Teraminta. Often have I wiſhed that I underſtood the language of birds, when I have heard him exert an eager chuckle at her leaving him; and do not doubt, but that he muttered the ſame vows and reproaches which I often have vented againſt that unrelenting maid.

The ſight that gave me the moſt ſatisfaction was a flight of young birds, under the conduct of the father, and indulgent direction and aſſiſtance of the dam. I took particular notice of a beau goldfinch, who was picking his plumes, pruning his wings, and with great diligence adjuſting all his gaudy garniture. When he had equipped himſelf with great trimneſs and nicety, he ſtretched his painted neck, which ſeemed to brighten with new glowings, and ſtrained his throat in many wild notes and natural melody. He then flew about the neſt in ſeveral circles and windings, and invited his wife and children into open air. It was very entertaining to ſee the trembling and the fluttering of the little ſtrangers at their firſt appearance in the world, and the different care of the male and female parent, ſo ſuitable to their ſeveral ſexes. I could not take my eye quickly from ſo entertaining an object; nor could I help wiſhing, that creatures of a ſuperior rank would ſo manifeſt their mutual affection, and ſo chearfully concur in providing for their offspring.

I ſhall conclude this tattle about the ſpring, which I uſually call 'the youth and health of the year,' with ſome verſes which I tranſcribe from a manuſcript poem upon hunting. The author gives directions, that hounds ſhould breed in the ſpring, whence he takes occaſion, after the manner of the ancients, to make a digreſſion in praiſe of that ſeaſon. The verſes here ſubjoined are not all upon that ſubject; but the tranſitions ſlide ſo eaſily into one another, that I knew not how to leave off, until I had writ out the whole digreſſion.

In ſpring, let looſe thy males. Then all things prove,
The ſtings of pleaſure, and the pangs of love:
Æthereal Jove then glads, with genial ſhowers,
Earth's mighty womb, and ſtrews her lap with flowers;
Hence juices mount, and buds, emboldened, try
More kindly breezes, and a ſofter ſky:
Kind Venus revels. Hark! on ev'ry bough,
In lulling ſtrains the feather'd warblers woo.
Fell tygers ſoften in th' infectious flames,
And lions fawning, court their brinded dames:
Great love pervades the deep; to pleaſe his mate,
The whale, in gambols, moves his monſtrous weight:
Heav'd by his wayward mirth old Ocean roars,
And ſcatter'd navies bulge on diſtant ſhores.

All nature ſmiles: come now, nor fear, my love,
To taſte the odours of the woodbine grove,
To paſs the evening glooms in harmleſs play,
And, ſweetly ſwearing, languiſh life away.
An altar bound, with recent flowers, I rear
To thee, beſt ſeaſon of the various year:
All hail! ſuch days in beauteous order ran,
So ſoft, ſo ſweet, when firſt the world began;
In Eden's bow'rs, when man's great Sire aſſign'd
The names and natures of the brutal kind.
Then lamb and lion friendly walk'd their round,
And hares, undaunted, lick'd the fondling hound;
Wond'rous to tell! But when the luckleſs hand,
Our daring mother broke the ſole command,
Then want and envy brought their meagre train,
Then wrath came down, and death had leave to reign:
Hence foxes earth'd, and wolves abhor'd the day,
And hungry churls enſnar'd the nightly prey.
Rude arts at firſt; but witty want refin'd
The huntſman's wiles, and famine form'd the mind.

Bold Nimrod firſt the lions trophies wore,
The panther bound, and lac'd the briſtling boar;
He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
And wheel the courſer in his mid career:
Ah! had he there reſtrain'd his tyrant hand!
Let me, ye pow'rs, an humble wreath demand:
No pomps I aſk, which crowns and ſceptres yield;
Nor dang'rous laurels in the duſty field:
Faſt by the foreſt, and the limpid ſpring,
Give me the warfare of the woods to ſing,
To breed my whelps, and healthful preſs the game.
A mean, inglorious, but a guiltleſs name.

No. CXXVI. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5.*

Homo ſum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.

TER. HEAUT. ACT. 1. SC. 1

I am a man, and have a fellow-feeling of every thing belonging to man.

IF we conſider the whole ſcope of the creation that lies within our view, the moral and intellectual, as well as the natural and corporeal; we ſhall perceive, throughout, a certain correſpondence of the parts, a ſimilitude of operation and unity of deſign, which plainly demonſtrate the univerſe to be the work of one infinitely good and wiſe Being; and that the ſyſtem of thinking beings is actuated by laws derived from the ſame Divine Power, which ordained thoſe by which the corporeal ſyſtem is upheld.

From the contemplation of the order, motion, and coheſion of natural bodies, philoſophers are now agreed, that there is a mutual attraction between the moſt diſtant parts at leaſt of this ſolar ſyſtem. All thoſe bodies that revolve round the ſun are drawn towards each other, and towards the ſun, by ſome ſecret, uniform, and never-ceaſing principle. Hence it is, that the earth, as well as the other planets, without flying off in a tangent line, conſtantly rolls about the ſun, and the moon about the earth, without deſerting her companion in ſo many thouſand years. And as the larger ſyſtems of the univerſe are held together by this cauſe, ſo likewiſe the particular globes derive their coheſion and conſiſtence from it.

Now if we carry our thoughts from the corporeal to the moral world, we may obſerve in the ſpirits or minds of men, a like principle of attraction, whereby they are drawn together in communities, clubs, families, friendſhips, and all the various ſpecies of ſociety. As in bodies, where the quantity is the ſame, the attraction is ſtrongeſt between thoſe which are placed neareſt to each other; ſo it is likewiſe in the mind of men, *cæteris paribus*, between thoſe which are moſt nearly related. Bodies that are placed at a diſtance of many millions of miles, may nevertheleſs attract and conſtantly operate on each other, although this action do not ſhew itſelf by an union or approach of thoſe diſtant bodies, ſo long as they are withheld by the contrary forces of other bodies, which, at the ſame time, attract them different ways; but would, on the ſuppoſed removal of all other bodies, mutually approach and unite with each other. The like holds with regard to the human ſoul, whoſe affection towards the individuals of the ſame ſpecies, who are diſtantly related to it, is rendered inconſpicuous by its more powerful attraction towards thoſe who have a nearer relation to it. But as thoſe are removed, the tendency which before lay concealed doth gradually diſcloſe itſelf.

A man who has no family is more ſtrongly attracted towards his friends and neighbours; and, if abſent from theſe, he naturally falls into an acquaintance with thoſe of his own city

* *It may not be improper to obſerve here a circumſtance that eſcaped notice in its proper place.* GUARDIAN, *No.* 3, *and nine other papers of this Work, are expreſsly aſcribed to the Biſhop of Cloyne, on the claim and authority of his ſon the Rev. George Berkley, formerly ſtudent of Chriſt-Church, and Vicar of Bray. Nevertheleſs there is a long quotation from* GUARD. *No.* 3, *in* STEELE'S "*Apology*," *4to. p.* 44. *and it is expreſsly ſaid there in a marginal* Note *that it was "written by* STEELE himſelf." *There are ſome other Papers attributed to Dr. Geo. Berkeley Biſhop of Cloyne, in this edition of the* GUARD. *that do not reſt on the claim or authority of his ſon. Of the propriety of ſuch aſſignments the Reader muſt ultimately judge for himſelf. See No.* 88, *and No.* 89.

or country who chance to be in the ſame place. Two Engliſhmen meeting at Rome or Conſtantinople, ſoon run into a familiarity. And in China or Japan, Europeans would think their being ſo a good reaſon for their uniting in particular converſe. Farther, in caſe we ſuppoſe ourſelves tranſlated into Jupiter or Saturn, and there to meet a Chineſe or other more diſtant native of our own planet, we ſhould look on him as a near relation, and readily commence a friendſhip with him. Theſe are natural reflections, and ſuch as may convince us that we are linked by an imperceptible chain to every individual of the human race.

The ſeveral great bodies which compoſe the ſolar ſyſtem are kept from joining together at the common center of gravity by the rectilinear motions the Author of Nature has impreſſed on each of them; which, concurring with the attractive principle, from their reſpective orbits round the ſun: upon the ceaſing of which motions, the general law of gravitation that is now thwarted, would ſhew itſelf by drawing them all into one maſs. After the ſame manner, in the parallel caſe of ſociety, private paſſions and motions of the ſoul do often obſtruct the operation of that benevolent uniting inſtinct implanted in human nature; which notwithſtanding doth ſtill exert, and will not fail to ſhew itſelf when thoſe obſtructions are taken away.

The mutual gravitation of bodies cannot be explained any other way than by reſolving it into the immediate operation of God, who never ceaſes to diſpoſe and actuate his creatures in a manner ſuitable to their reſpective beings. So neither can that reciprocal attraction in the minds of men be accounted for by any other cauſe. It is not the reſult of education, law, or faſhion; but is a principle originally ingrafted in the very firſt formation of the ſoul by the Author of our nature.

And as the attractive power in bodies is the moſt univerſal principle which produceth innumerable effects, and is a key to explain the various phænomena of nature; ſo the correſponding ſocial appetite in human ſouls is the great ſpring and ſource of moral actions. This it is that inclines each individual to an intercourſe with his ſpecies, and models every one to that behaviour which beſt ſuits with the common well-being. Hence that ſympathy in our nature, whereby we feel the pains and joys of our fellow-creatures. Hence that prevalent love in parents towards their children, which is neither founded on the merits of the object, nor yet on ſelf-intereſt. It is this that makes us inquiſitive concerning the affairs of diſtant nations, which can have no influence on our own. It is this that extends our care to future generations, and excites us to acts of beneficence towards thoſe who are not yet in being, and conſequently from whom we can expect no recompence. In a word, hence ariſes that diffuſive ſenſe of humanity ſo unaccountable to the ſelfiſh man who is untouched with it, and is indeed a ſort of monſter or anomalous production.

Theſe thoughts do naturally ſuggeſt the following particulars: firſt, That as ſocial inclinations are abſolutely neceſſary to the well-being of the world, it is the duty and intereſt of each individual to cheriſh and improve them to the benefit of mankind; the duty, becauſe it is agreeable to the intention of the Author of our being, who aims at the common good of his creatures, and, as an indication of his will, hath implanted the ſeeds of mutual benevolence in our ſouls; the intereſt, becauſe the good of the whole is inſeparable from that of the parts; in promoting therefore the common good, every one doth at the ſame time promote his own private intereſt. Another obſervation I ſhall draw from the premiſes is, that it makes a ſignal proof of the divinity of the Chriſtian religion, that the main duty which it inculcates above all others is charity. Different maxims and precepts have diſtinguiſhed the different ſects of philoſophy and religion; our Lord's peculiar precept is, 'Love thy neighbour as thyſelf. 'By this ſhall all men know that you are my 'diſciples, if you love one another.'

I will not ſay, that what is a moſt ſhining proof of our religion, is not often a reproach to its profeſſors; but this I think very plain, that whether we regard the analogy of nature, as it appears in the mutual attraction of gravitations of the mundane ſyſtem; in the general frame and conſtitution of the human ſoul; or laſtly, in the ends and aptneſſes which are diſcoverable in all parts of the viſible and intellectual world; we ſhall not doubt but the precept, which is the characteriſtic of our religion, came from the Author of nature. Some of our modern Free-Thinkers would indeed inſinuate the Chriſtian morals to be defective, becauſe, ſay they, there is no mention made in the goſpel of the virtue of friendſhip. Theſe ſagacious men, if I may be allowed the uſe of that vulgar ſaying, 'can-

'not see the wood for trees.' That a religion, whereof the main drift is to inspire its professors with the most noble and disinterested spirit of love, charity and beneficence to all mankind; or, in other words, with a friendship to every individual man; should be taxed with the want of that very virtue, is surely a glaring evidence of the blindness and prejudice of its adversaries *.

No. CXXVII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 6.

Lusit amabiliter———
He sported agreeably.

AN agreeable young gentleman, that has a talent for poetry, and does me the favour to entertain me with his performances after my more serious studies, read me yesterday the following translation. In this town, where there are so many women of prostituted charms, I am very glad when I gain so much time of reflection from a youth of a gay turn, as is taken up in any composition, though the piece he writes is not foreign to that his natural inclination. For it is a great step towards gaining upon the passions, that there is a delicacy in the choice of their object; and to turn the imaginations towards a bride, rather than a mistress, is getting a great way towards being in the interests of virtue. It is an hopeless manner of reclaiming youth, which has been practised by some moralists, to declaim against pleasure in general: no; the way is to shew, that the pleasurable course is that which is limited and governed by reason. In this case virtue is upon equal terms with vice, and has, with all the same indulgences of desire the advantage of safety in honour and reputation. I have, for this reason, often thought of exercising my pupils, of whom I have several of admirable talents, upon writing little poems, or epigrams, which in a volume I would entitle The Seeing Cupid. These compositions should be written on the little advances made towards a young lady of the strictest virtue, and all the circumstances alluded to in them should have something that might please her mind in its purest innocence, as well as celebrate her person in its highest beauty. This work would instruct a woman to be a good wife, all the while it is a wooing her to be a bride. Imagination and reason should go hand in hand in a generous amour; for when it is otherwise, real discontent and aversion in marriage, succeed the groundless and wild promise of imagination in courtship.

THE COURT OF VENUS FROM CLAUDIAN, BEING PART OF THE EPITHALAMINUS ON HONORIUS AND MARIA.

IN the fam'd Cyprian isle a mountain stands,
That casts a shadow into distant lands.
In vain access by human feet is try'd;
Its lofty brow looks down with noble pride
On bounteous Nile, thro' seven wide channels spread;
And sees old Proteus in his oozy bed.
Along its sides no hoary frosts presume
To blast the myrtle shrubs, or nip the bloom.
The winds with caution sweep the rising flow'rs,
While balmy dews descend, and vernal show'rs,
The ruling orbs no wintry horrors bring,
Fix'd in th' indulgence of eternal spring.
Unfading sweets in purple scenes appear,
And genial breezes soften all the year.
The nice luxurious soul, uncloy'd may rove;
From pleasures still tocircling pleasures move;
For endless beauty kindles endless love.
The mountain, when the summit once you gain,
Falls by degrees, and sinks into a plain:
Where the pleas'd eye may flow'ry meads behold,
Inclos'd with branching ore, and hedg'd with gold.
Or where large crops the gen'rous glebe supplies,
And yellow harvests, unprovok'd, arise:
For, by mild zephyrs fann'd, the teeming soil
Yields ev'ry grain, or asks the peasant's toil.
These were the bribes, the price of heav'nly charms;
These Cytherea won to Vulcan's arms:
For such a bliss he such a gift bestow'd;
The rich, th' immortal labours of a god!
A sylvan scene, in solemn state display'd,
Flatters each feather'd warbler with a shade;
But here no bird its painted wings can move,
Unless elected by the queen of love.
Ere made a member of this tuneful throng,

* *This Paper, No. 126. is ascribed to the Bishop of Cloyne, on the authority of his son, the Rev. George Berkeley, formerly Student of Christ Church, and Vicar of Bray, in Oxfordshire.*

She hears the ſongſter, and approves the ſong:
The joyous victors hop from ſpray to ſpray;
The vanquiſh'd fly with mournful notes away.
Branches in branches twin'd, compoſe the grove;
And ſhoot, and ſpread, and bloſſom into love.
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
And bending poplars bending poplars meet:
The diſtant plantanes ſeem to preſs more nigh;
And to the ſighing alder, alders ſigh;
Blue heav'ns above them ſmile; and, all below,
Two murm'ring ſtreams in wild meanders flow.
This, mix'd with gall; and that, like honey, ſweet!
But, ah! too ſoon th' unfriendly waters meet!
Steep'd in theſe ſprings, if verſe belief can gain,
The darts of love their double pow'r attain:
Hence all mankind a bitter ſweet have found,
A painful pleaſure, and a grateful wound.
Along the graſſy banks, in bright array,
Ten thouſand little loves their wings diſplay:
Quivers and bows their uſual ſports proclaim;
Their dreſs, their ſtature, and their looks, the ſame;
Smiling in innocence, and ever young,
And tender, as the nymphs from whom they ſprung.
For Venus did but boaſt one only ſon,
And roſy Cupid was that boaſted one;
He, uncontroll'd, thro' heav'n extends his ſway,
And gods and goddeſſes by turns obey:
Or, if he ſtoops on earth, great princes burn,
Sicken on thrones, and, wreath'd with laurels, mourn.
Th' inferior pow'rs o'er hearts inferior reign,
And pierce the rural fair, or homely ſwain.
Here love's imperial pomp is ſpread around
Voluptuous liberty, that knows no bound:
And ſudden ſtorms of wrath, which ſoon decline;
And midnight watchings o'er the fumes of wine:
Unartful tears, and hectic looks, that ſhow
With ſilent eloquence the lover's woe;
Boldneſs unfledg'd, and to ſtol'n raptures new,
Half trembling ſtands, and ſcarcely dares purſue:
Fears, that delight, and anxious doubts of joy,
Which check our ſwelling hopes, but not deſtroy;
And ſhort-breath'd vows, forgot as ſoon as made,
On airy pinions flutter thro' the glade.
Youth, with a haughty look, and gay attire,
And rolling eyes, that glow with ſoft deſire,
Shines forth exalted on a pompous ſeat;
While ſullen cares, and wither'd age, retreat.
Now from afar the palace ſeems to blaze,
And hither would extend its golden rays;
But by reflection of the grove is ſeen:
The gold ſtill vary'd by a waving green;
For Mulciber with ſecret pride beheld,
How far his ſkill all human wit excell'd;
And, grown uxorious, did the work deſign
To ſpeak the artiſt, and the art divine.
Proud columns, tow'ring high, ſupport the frame,
That hewn from Hyacinthian quarries came.
The beams are em'ralds, and yet ſcarce adorn
The ruby walls, on which themſelves are borne.
The pavement, rich with veins of agate lies;
And ſteps, with ſhining jaſper ſlipp'ry, riſe.
Here ſpices in parterres promiſcuous blow,
Not from Arabia's fields more odours flow;
The wanton winds thro' groves of Caſſia play,
And ſteal the ripen'd fragrancies away:
Here with its load the wild amomum bends;
There cinnamon, in rival ſweets contends;
A rich perfume the raviſh'd ſenſes fills,
While from the weeping tree the balm diſtils.
At theſe delightful bow'rs arrives at laſt
The God of Love, a tedious journey paſt;
Then ſhapes his way to reach the fronting gate,
Doubles his majeſty, and walks in ſtate.
It chanc'd, upon a radiant throne reclin'd,
Venus her golden treſſes did unbind;
Proud to be thus employ'd, on either hand
Th' Idalian ſiſters, rang'd in order, ſtand.
Ambroſial eſſence one beſtows in ſhow'rs,
And laviſhly whole ſtreams of nectar pours;
With iv'ry combs another's dextrous care
Or curls, or opens the diſhevell'd hair;
A third, induſtrious with a nicer eye,
Inſtructs the ringlets in what form to lie;
Yet leaves ſome few, that, not ſo cloſely preſt,
Sport in the wind, and wanton from the reſt.
Sweet negligence! by artful ſtudy wrought,
A graceful error, and a lovely fault.
The judgment of the glaſs is here unknown;
Here mirrors are ſupply'd by ev'ry ſtone.
Where'er the goddeſs turns, her image falls,
And a new Venus dances on the walls.
Now while ſhe did her ſpotleſs form ſurvey,
Pleas'd with Love's empire, and almighty ſway,
She ſpy'd her ſon; and, fir'd with eager joy,
Sprung forwards, and embrac'd the fav'rite boy.

* By Mr. L. Euſden of Cambridge. See No. 164. Poem.

No. CXXVIII. FRIDAY, AUGUST 7.

Delenda eſt Carthago——————
Demoliſh Carthage.

IT is uſually thought, with great juſtice, a very impertinent thing in a private man to intermeddle in matters which regard the ſtate. But the memorial which is mentioned in the following letter is ſo daring, and ſo apparently deſigned for the moſt traiterous purpoſe imaginable, that I do not care what miſinterpretation I ſuffer, when I expoſe it to the reſentment of all men who value their country, or have any regard to the honour, ſafety, or glory, of their Queen. It is certain there is not much danger in delaying the demolition of Dunkirk during the life of his preſent Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, who is renowned for the moſt inviolable regard to treaties; but that pious prince is aged; and in caſe of his deceaſe, now the power of France and Spain is in the ſame family, it is poſſible an ambitious ſucceſſor (or his miniſtry in a king's minority) might diſpute his being bound by the act of his predeceſſor in ſo weighty a particular.

MR. IRONSIDE.

YOU employ your important moments, methinks, a little too frivolouſly, when you conſider ſo often little circumſtances of dreſs and behaviour, and never make mention of matters wherein you and all your fellow-ſubjects in general are concerned. I give you now an opportunity, not only of manifeſting your loyalty to your Queen, but your affection to your country, if you treat an inſolence done to them both with the diſdain it deſerves. The incloſed printed paper in French and Engliſh has been handed about the town, and given gratis to paſſengers in the ſtreets at noon-day. You ſee the title of it is—'A moſt humble Addreſs, or Memorial, preſented to her Majeſty the Queen of Great Britain, by the Deputy of the Magiſtrates of Dunkirk.' The nauſeous memorialiſt, with the moſt fulſome flattery, tells the Queen of her thunder, and of wiſdom and clemency adored by all the earth; at the ſame time that he attempts to undermine her power, and eſcape her wiſdom, by beſeeching her to do an act which will give a well-grounded jealouſy to her people. What the ſycophant deſires is, that the mole and dykes of Dunkirk may be ſpared; and it ſeems, the Sieur Tugghe *, for ſo the petitioner is called, was thunderſtruck by the denunciation (which, he ſays) the Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke made to him; that her Majeſty did not think to make any alteration in the dreadful ſentence ſhe had pronounced againſt the town. Mr. Ironſide, I think you would do an act worthy your general humanity, if you would put the Sieur Tugghe right in this matter; and let him know, that her Majeſty has pronounced no ſentence againſt the town, but his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty has agreed that the town and harbour ſhall be demoliſhed.

That the Britiſh nation expect the immediate demolition of it.

That the very common people know, that within three months after the ſigning of the peace, the works towards the ſea were to be demoliſhed; and, within three months after it, the works towards the land †.

That the ſaid peace was ſigned the laſt of March, O. S.

That the Parliament has been told from the Queen, that the equivalent for it is in the hands of the French King.

That the Sieur Tugghe has the impudence to aſk the Queen to remit the moſt material part of the article of peace between her Majeſty and his maſter.

That the Britiſh nation received more damage in their trade from the port of Dunkirk, than from almoſt all the ports of France, either in the ocean or the Mediterranean.

That fleets of above thirty ſail have come together out of Dunkirk, during the late war, and taken ſhips of war as well as merchant-men.

That the Pretender ſailed from thence to Scotland; and that it is the only port the French have until you come to Breſt, for the whole length of St. George's Channel, where any conſiderable naval armament can be made.

That deſtroying the fortifications of Dunkirk is an inconſiderable advantage to England, in compariſon to the advantage of deſtroying the

* *See* STEELE's "*Apology for himſelf and his Writings.*" *4to*, 1714, *p.* 73, et paſſim.

† *See No.* 131, *laſt letter, ſigned* "*Engliſh Tory.*"

mole, dykes, and harbour; it being the naval force from thence which only can hurt the British nation.

That the British nation expect the immediate demolition of Dunkirk.

That the Dutch, who suffered equally with us from those of Dunkirk, were probably induced to sign the treaty with France from this consideration, that the town and harbour of Dunkirk should be destroyed.

That the situation of Dunkirk is such, as that it may always keep runners to observe all ships sailing on the Thames and Medway.

That all the suggestions, which the Sieur Tugghe brings concerning the Dutch, are false and scandalous.

That whether it may be advantageous to the trade of Holland or not, that Dunkirk should be demolished; it is necessary for the safety, honour, and liberty of England, that it should be so.

That when Dunkirk is demolished, the power of France, on that side, should it ever be turned against us, will be removed several hundred miles further off of Great Britain than it is at present.

That after the demolition, there can be no considerable preparation made at sea by the French on all the channel, but at Brest: and that Great Britain being an island, which cannot be attacked but by a naval power, we may esteem France effectually removed, by the demolition, from Great Britain, as far as the distance from Dunkirk to Brest.

Pray, Mr. Ironside, repeat this last particular, and put it in a different letter, *that the demolition of* Dunkirk *will remove* France *many hundred miles farther off from us*; and then repeat again, *that the* British *nation expects the demolition of* Dunkirk.

I demand of you, as you love and honour your Queen and country, that you insert this letter, or speak to this purpose, your own way; for in this all parties must agree, that however bound in friendship one nation is with another, it is but prudent that in case of a rupture, they should be, if possible, upon equal terms.

Be honest, old Nestor, and say all this; for whatever half-witted hot whigs may think, we all value our estates and liberties, and every true man of each party must think himself concerned that Dunkirk should be demolished.

It lies upon all who have the honour to be in the ministry to hasten this matter, and not let the credulity of an honest, brave people, be thus infamously abused in our open streets.

I cannot go on for indignation: but pray God that our mercy to France may not expose us to the mercy of France.

Your humble servant,

ENGLISH TORY *.

No. CXXIX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 8.

——Animasque in vulnere ponunt.

VIRG. GEORG. 4. v. 238.

And part with life, only to wound their foe.

ANGER is so uneasy a guest in the heart, that he may be said to be born unhappy who is of a rough and choleric disposition. The moralists have defined it to be 'a desire of revenge for some injury offered.' Men of hot and heady tempers are eagerly desirous of vengeance, the very moment they apprehend themselves injured: whereas the cool and sedate watch proper opportunities to return grief for grief to their enemy. By this means it often happens, that the choleric inflict disproportioned punishments, upon slight, and sometimes ima-

* *See No.* 160, *paragraph first*; *and No.* 168, *last letter, signed* R. STEELE, *who wrote*, "*The Importance of* DUNKIRK *considered*;" *in defence of this Paper of the* GUARDIAN, *addressed in a Letter to the Bailiff of* Stock-bridge, *for which place* STEELE *was Member of Parliament at the time of his expulsion from the House of Commons. See* "*The Political Writings of Sir* R. STEELE," 12mo, 1715. *p.* 15, et seqq.—*It is certainly to this Paper, No.* 128, *and the following political Papers, here ascribed to* STEELE, *sometimes with dubiety, that Doctor Johnson alludes, when he says*—"*Some unlucky spark from a Tory Paper set* STEELE'S *politics on fire, and wit at once blazed into faction. He was soon too hot for neutral topicks, and quitted the* GUARDIAN *to write the* ENGLISHMAN." Dr. JOHNSON'S "*Lives of English Poets*," *vol. II. p.* 376, &c. *edit.* 8vo. 1781. *See* STEELE'S "*Political Writings*," ut supra.

ginary offences: but the temperately revengeful have leiſure to weigh the merits of the cauſe, and thereby either to ſmother their ſecret reſentments, or to ſeek proper and adequate reparations for the damages they have ſuſtained. Weak minds are apt to ſpeak well of the man of fury; becauſe, when the ſtorm is over, he is full of ſorrow and repentance: but the truth is, he is apt to commit ſuch ravages during his madneſs, that when he comes to himſelf, he becomes tame then, for the ſame reaſon that he ran wild before, 'only to give himſelf eaſe,' and is a friend only to himſelf in both extremities. Men of this unhappy make, more frequently than any others, expect that their friends ſhould bear with their infirmities. Their friends ſhould in return deſire them to correct their infirmities. The common excuſes, that they cannot help it, that it was ſoon over, that they harbour no malice in their hearts, are arguments for pardoning a bull or a maſtiff; but ſhall never reconcile me to an intellectual ſavage. Why, indeed, ſhould any one imagine, that perſons, independent upon him, ſhould venture into his ſociety, who hath not yet ſo far ſubdued his boiling blood, but that he is ready to do ſomething, the next minute, which he can never repair; and hath nothing to plead in his own behalf, but that he is apt to do miſchief as faſt as he can? Such a man may be feared, he may be pitied, he can never be loved.

I would not hereby be ſo underſtood, as if I meant to recommend ſlow and deliberate malice: I would only obſerve, that men of moderation are of a more amiable character than the raſh and inconſiderate; but if they do not huſband the talent that Heaven hath beſtowed upon them, they are as much more odious than the choleric, as the devil is more horrible than a brute. It is hard to ſay which of the two, when injured, is more troubleſome to himſelf, or more hurtful to his enemy; the one is boiſterous and gentle by fits, dividing his life between guilt and repentance, now all tempeſt, again all ſunſhine: the other hath a ſmoother, but more laſting anguiſh, lying under a perpetual gloom; the latter is a cowardly man, the former a generous beaſt. If he may be held unfortunate who cannot be ſure but that he may do ſomething the next minute which he ſhall lament during his life; what ſhall we think of him, who hath a ſoul ſo infected, that he can never be happy until he hath made another miſerable? What wars may we imagine perpetually raging in his breaſt? What dark ſtratagems, unworthy deſigns, inhuman wiſhes, dreadful reſolutions! A ſnake curled in many intricate mazes, ready to ſting a traveller, and to hiſs him in the pangs of death, is no unfit emblem of ſuch an artful unſearchable projector. Were I to chuſe an enemy, whether ſhould I wiſh for one that would ſtab me ſuddenly; or one that would give me an Italian poiſon, ſubtile and lingering, yet as certainly fatal as the ſtroke of a ſtilletto: let the reader determine the doubt in his own mind.

There is yet a third ſort of revenge, if it may be called a third, which is compounded of the other two: I mean the miſtaken honour which hath too often a place in generous breaſts. Men of good education, though naturally choleric, reſtrain their wrath ſo far as to ſeek convenient times for vengeance. The ſingle combat ſeems ſo generous a way of ending controverſies, that until we have ſtrict laws, the number of widows and orphans, and I wiſh I could not ſay of wretched ſpirits, will be increaſed. Of all the medals which have been ſtruck in honour of a neighbouring monarch, there is not one which can give him ſo true renown as that upon the ſucceſs of his edicts for 'aboliſhing the impious 'practice of duelling.'

What inclined me at preſent to write upon this ſubject, was the ſight of the following letters, which I can aſſure the reader to be genuine. They concern two noble names among us; but the crime of which the gentlemen are guilty, bears too prevalently the name of honour, to need an apology to their relations for reviving the mention of their duel. But the dignity of wrath, and the cool and deliberate preparation (by paſſing different climes, and waiting convenient ſeaſons) for murdering each other, when we conſider them as moved by a ſenſe of honour, muſt raiſe in the reader as much compaſſion as horror.

A MONSIEUR MONSIEUR SACKVILLE.

I That am in France hear how much you attribute to yourſelf in this time, that I have given the world leave to ring * your praiſes ********** If you call to memory, whereas I gave you my hand laſt, I told you I reſerved the heart for a truer reconciliation. Now be that noble gentleman my love once ſpoke you,

* *ring with.*

and come and do him right that could recite the trials you owe your birth and country, were I not confident your honour gives you the ſame courage to do me right, that it did to do me wrong. Be maſter of your own weapons and time; the place whereſoever I will wait on you. By doing this you ſhall ſhorten revenge, and clear the idle opinion the world hath of both our worths.

ED. BRUCE.

A MR. MONSIEUR LE BARON DE KINLOSS.

AS it ſhall be always far from me to ſeek a quarrel, ſo will I always be ready to meet with any that deſire to make trial of my valour by ſo fair a courſe as you require. A witneſs whereof yourſelf ſhall be, who within a month ſhall receive a ſtrict account of time, place, and weapon, where you ſhall find me ready diſpoſed to give you honourable ſatisfaction, by him that ſhall conduct you thither. In the mean time be as ſecret of the appointment as it ſeems you are deſirous of it.

ED. SACKVILLE.

A MR. MONSIEUR LE BARON DE KINLOSS.

I Am ready at Tergoſo, a town in Zealand, to give you that ſatisfaction your ſword can render you, accompanied with a worthy gentleman my ſecond, in degree a knight; and for your coming I will not limit you a peremptory day, but deſire you to make a definite and ſpeedy repair for your own honour, and fear of prevention; until which time you ſhall find me there.

ED. SACKVILLE.

Tergoſo *, 10th of
Auguſt, 1613.

A MR. MONSIEUR SACKVILLE.

I Have received your letter by your man, and acknowledge you have dealt nobly with me; and now I come with all poſſible haſte to meet you.

ED. BRUCE †.

***

No. CXXX. MONDAY, AUGUST 10.

——Vacuum ſine mente Popellum.

MUSÆ ANGLICANÆ.

An empty, thoughtleſs tribe.

AS the greateſt part of mankind are more affected by things which ſtrike the ſenſes, than by excellences that are to be diſcerned by reaſon and thought, they form very erroneous judgments when they compare the one with the other. An eminent inſtance of this is, that vulgar notion, that men addicted to contemplation are leſs uſeful members of ſociety than thoſe of a different courſe of life. The buſineſs, therefore, of my preſent paper, ſhall be to compare the diſtinct merits of the ſpeculative and the active parts of mankind.

The advantages ariſing from the labours of generals and politicians are confined to narrow tracts of the earth; and while they promote the intereſt of their own country, they leſſen or obſtruct that of other nations. Whereas the light and knowledge that ſpring from ſpeculation are not limited to any ſingle ſpot, but equally diffuſed to the benefit of the whole globe. Beſides, for the moſt part, the renown only of men of action is tranſmitted to diſtant poſterity, their great exploits either dying with themſelves, or ſoon after them; whereas ſpeculative men continue to deſerve well of the world thouſands of years after they have left it. Their merits are propagated with their fame which is due to them; but a free gift to thoſe to whom their beneficence has outlived their perſons.

What benefit do we receive from the renowned deeds of Cæſar or Alexander, that we ſhould make them the conſtant themes of our praiſe? while the name of Pythagoras ‡ is more ſparingly celebrated, though it be to him that we are indebted for our trade and riches. This may ſeem ſtrange to a vulgar reader, but the follow-

* Targow, *famous for the painted window in the cathedral. A.*

† *See* GUARDIAN, *No.* 133: *the "Sequel."—I think I have read that Lord Clarendon knew the cauſe or occaſion of this Duel; but has not revealed it. It was ſuppoſed to be about a lady. One would think that a charge of* Cowardice *was the only thing to be cleared up by fighting. A.*

‡ *See* TAT. *No.* 81; *No.* 108; *No.* 214. SPECT. *No.* 447; *No.* 586. GUARD. *No.* 165, *and* Notes.

*** *This Paper, no authority being found for any other aſſignment, is here aſcribed to* STEELE. *See final Notes on No.* 10 *and No.* 11.

ing reflection will make it plain. That philoſopher invented the forty-ſeventh propoſition of the firſt book of Euclid, which is the foundation of trigonometry, and conſequently of navigation, upon which the commerce of Great Britain depends.

The mathematics are ſo uſeful and ornamental to human life, that the ingenious Sir William Temple acknowledges, in ſome part of his writings, all thoſe advantages which diſtinguiſh polite nations from barbarians to be derived from them. But as theſe ſciences cultivate the exterior parts of life, there are others of a more excellent nature, that endue the heart with rudiments of virtue, and by opening our proſpects, and awakening our hopes, produce generous emotions and ſublime ſentiments in the ſoul.

The divine ſages of antiquity, who by tranſmitting down to us their ſpeculations upon good and evil, upon Providence, and the dignity and duration of thinking beings, have imprinted an idea of moral excellence on the minds of men, are moſt eminent benefactors to human nature; and, however overlooked in the loud and thoughtleſs applauſes that are every day beſtowed on the ſlaughterers and diſturbers of mankind, yet they will never want the eſteem and approbation of the wiſe and virtuous.

This apology in behalf of the ſpeculative part of mankind, who make uſeful truth the end of their being, and its acquiſition the buſineſs as well as entertainment of their lives, ſeems not improper, in order to rectify the miſtake of thoſe who meaſure merit by noiſe and outward appearance, and are too apt to depreciate and ridicule men of thought and retirement. The raillery and reproaches which are thrown on that ſpecies by thoſe who abound in the animal life, would incline one to think the world not ſufficiently convinced, that whatſoever is good or excellent proceeds from reaſon and reflection.

Even thoſe who only regard truth as ſuch, without communicating their thoughts, or applying them to practice, will ſeem worthy members of the commonwealth, if we compare the innocence and tranquillity with which they paſs their lives, with the fraud and impertinence of other men. But the number of thoſe who by abſtracted thoughts become uſeleſs, is inconſiderable in reſpect to them who are hurtful to mankind by an active and reſtleſs diſpoſition.

As in the diſtribution of other things, ſo in this the wiſdom of Providence appears, that men addicted to intellectual purſuits, bear a ſmall proportion to thoſe who rejoice in exerting the force and activity of their corporeal organs; for operations of the latter ſort are limited to a narrow extent of time and place, whereas thoſe of the mind are permanent and univerſal. Plato and Euclid enjoy a ſort of immortality upon earth, and at this day read lectures to the world.

"But if to inform the underſtanding, and regulate the will, is the moſt laſting and diffuſive benefit, there will not be found ſo uſeful and excellent an inſtitution as that of the Chriſtian Prieſthood, which is now become the ſcorn of fools. That a numerous order of men ſhould be conſecrated to the ſtudy of the moſt ſublime and beneficial truths, with a deſign to propagate them by their diſcourſes and writings, to inform their fellow-creatures of the being and attributes of the Deity, to poſſeſs their minds with a ſenſe of a future ſtate, and not only to explain the nature of every virtue and moral duty, but likewiſe to perſuade mankind to the practice of them by the moſt powerful and engaging motives, is a thing ſo excellent and neceſſary to the well-being of the world, that nobody but a modern Free-thinker could have the forehead or folly to turn it into ridicule."

"The light in which theſe points ſhould be expoſed to the view of one who is prejudiced againſt the names, *religion*, *church*, *prieſt*, and the like, is to conſider the Clergy as ſo many Philoſophers, the Churches as Schools, and their ſermons as lectures, for the information and improvement of the audience. How would the heart of Socrates or Tully have rejoiced, had they lived in a nation where the law had made proviſion for philoſophers to read lectures of morality and theology every ſeventh day, in ſeveral thouſands of ſchools erected at the public charge throughout the whole country; at which lectures all ranks and ſexes, without diſtinction, were obliged to be preſent for their general improvement? And what wicked wretches would they think thoſe men who would endeavour to defeat the purpoſe of ſo divine an inſtitution *?"

* *Theſe two paragraphs of this excellent Paper, marked here with inverted commas, are quoted by* STEELE, *in his Apology, &c." with the following marginal note: "This moſt reaſonable and "amiable light in which the Clergy are here placed, comes from that modeſt and good man the Rev. "Mr. Bartelett."* STEELE'S *"Political Writings," 12mo, 1715, p. 253. Mr. Deane Bartelett*

It is indeed uſual with the low tribe of writers, to pretend their deſign is only to reform the church, and expoſe the vices, and not the order, of the clergy. The author of a pamphlet * printed the other day, (which, without my mentioning the title, will on this occaſion occur to the thoughts of thoſe who have read it) hopes to inſinuate by that artifice, what he is afraid or aſhamed openly to maintain. But there are two points which clearly ſhew what it is he aims at. The firſt is, that he conſtantly uſes the word *prieſts* in ſuch a manner, as that his reader cannot but obſerve he means to throw an odium on the clergy of the church of England, from their being called by a name which they enjoy in common with heathens and impoſtors. The other is, his raking together and exaggerating, with great ſpleen and induſtry, all thoſe actions of churchmen, which, either by their own illneſs, or the bad light in which he places them, tend to give men an ill impreſſion of the diſpenſers of the goſpel: all which he pathetically addreſſes to the conſideration of his wife and honeſt countrymen of the laity. The ſophiſtry and ill-breeding of theſe proceedings are ſo obvious to men who have any pretence to that character, that I need ſay no more either of them or their author.

The inhabitants of the earth may properly be ranged under the two general heads of Gentlemen and Mechanics. This diſtinction ariſes from the different occupations wherein they exert themſelves. The former of theſe ſpecies is univerſally acknowledged to be more honourable than the other, who are looked upon as a baſe and inferior order of men. But if the world is in the right in this natural judgment, it is not generally ſo in the diſtribution of particular perſons under their reſpective denominations. It is a clear ſettled point, that the gentleman ſhould be preferred to the mechanic: but who is the gentleman, and who the mechanic, wants to be explained.

The philoſophers diſtinguiſh two parts in human nature; the rational and the animal. Now, if we attend to the reaſon of the thing, we ſhall find it difficult to aſſign a more juſt and adequate idea of theſe diſtinct ſpecies, than by defining the Gentleman to be him whoſe occupation lies in the exertion of his rational faculties; and the Mechanic him who is employed in the uſe of his animal parts, or the organic parts of his body.

The concurring aſſent of the world, in preferring Gentlemen to Mechanics, ſeems founded in that preference which the rational part of our nature is entitled to above the animal; when we conſider it in itſelf, as it is the ſeat of wiſdom and underſtanding, as it is pure and immortal, and as it is that which, of all the known works of the creation, bears the brighteſt impreſs of the Diety.

It claims the ſame dignity and pre-eminence, if we conſider it with reſpect to its object. Mechanical motives or operations are confined to a narrow circle of low and little things: whereas reaſon enquires concerning the nature of intellectual beings; the great Author of our exiſtence; its end, and the proper methods of attaining it. Or, in caſe that noble faculty ſubmit itſelf to nearer objects, it is not, like the organic powers, confined to a ſlow and painful manner of action; but ſhifts the ſcenes, and applies itſelf to the moſt diſtant objects with incredible eaſe and diſpatch. Neither are the operations of the mind, like thoſe of the hands, limited to one individual object, but at once extended to a whole ſpecies.

And as we have ſhewn the intellectual powers to be nobler than thoſe of motion, both in their own nature, and in regard to their object, the ſame will ſtill hold, if we conſider their office. It is the province of the former to preſide and direct, of the latter to execute and obey. Thoſe who apply their hands to the materials, appear the immediate builders of an edifice; but the beauty and proportion of it is owing to the architect, who deſigned the plan in his cloſet. And in like manner, whatever there is either in

was of Merton College, where he took his degree of M. A. July 5, 1693. STEELE *was of the ſame College, and there probably his acquaintance with Mr. Deane Bartelett commenced; who was perhaps the author of ſome of the Papers in the* GUARDIAN *on Free-Thinkers, attributed in this edition to Biſhop Berkeley, but not claimed for him by his ſon, aſſigned to him here, on that gentleman's authority. See No. 88, and No. 89; which might have been written perhaps by Mr. Dean Bartelette.*

* *This alludes to* COLLINS'S "*Diſcourſe of Free-thinking; which received its beſt anſwer in* SWIFT'S *admirable banter of it under the title of an "Abſtract." See the Supplement to his Works, ed. 8vo, 1776, vol. XXIV. p.* 249.

art or nature, of uſe or regularity, will be found to proceed from the ſuperior principle of reaſon and underſtanding. Theſe reflections, how obvious ſoever, do nevertheleſs ſeem not ſufficiently attended to by thoſe who, being at great pains to improve the figure and motions of the body, neglect the culture of the mind.

From the premiſes it follows, that a man may deſcend from an ancient family, wear fine cloaths, and be maſter of what is commonly called good-breeding, and yet not merit the name of *Gentleman*. All thoſe whoſe principal accompliſhments conſiſt in the exertion of the mechanic powers, whether the organ made uſe of be the eye, the muſcles of the face, the fingers, feet, or any other part, are in the eye of reaſon to be eſteemed mechanics.

I do therefore, by theſe preſents, declare, that all men and women, by what title ſoever diſtinguiſhed, whoſe occupation it is either to ogle with the eye, flirt with the fan, dreſs, cringe, adjuſt the muſcles of the face or other parts of the body, are degraded from the rank of Gentry, which is from this time forward appropriated to thoſe who employ the talents of the mind in every purſuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, and are content to take their places as they are diſtinguiſhed by moral and intellectual accompliſhments.

The reſt of the human ſpecies come under the appellation of Mechanics, with this difference, that the profeſſed Mechanics, who, not pretending to be Gentlemen, contain themſelves within their proper ſphere, are neceſſary to the well-being of mankind, and conſequently ſhould be more reſpected in a well-regulated commonwealth, than thoſe Mechanics who make a merit of being uſeleſs.

Having hitherto conſidered the human ſpecies as diſtinguiſhed into Gentlemen and Mechanics, I come now to treat of the *Machines*; a ſort of beings that have the outſide or appearance of men, without being really ſuch. The Free-thinkers have often declared to the world, that they are not actuated by any incorporeal being or ſpirit; but that all the operations they exert proceed from the colliſion of certain corpuſcles, endued with proper figures and motions. It is now a conſiderable time that I have been their proſelyte in this point. I am even ſo far convinced that they are in the right, that I ſhall attempt proving it to others.

The mind being itſelf inviſible, there is no other way to diſcern its exiſtence than by the effects, which it produceth. Where deſign, order, and ſymmetry, are viſible in the effects, we conclude the cauſe to be an intelligent being; but where nothing of theſe can be found, we aſcribe the effect to hazard, neceſſity, or the like. Now I appeal to any one who is converſant in the modern productions of our Free-thinkers, if they do not look rather like effects of chance, or at beſt of mechaniſm, than of a thinking principle, and conſequently whether the authors of thoſe rhapſodies, are not mere Machines.

The ſame point is likewiſe evident from their own aſſertion: it being plain that no one could miſtake thought for motion, who knew what thought was. For theſe reaſons, I do hereby give it in charge to all Chriſtians, that hereafter they ſpeak of Free-thinkers in the neuter gender, uſing the term *it* for *him*. They are to be conſidered as Automata, made up of bones and muſcles, nerves, arteries, and animal ſpirits; not ſo innocent indeed, but as deſtitute of thought and reaſon as thoſe little machines, which the excellent *author* * from whom I take the motto of this paper has ſo elegantly deſcribed †.

No. CXXXI. TUESDAY, AUGUST 11.

Iter pigrorum quaſi ſepes ſpinarum. EX LATIN. PROV.
The way of the ſlothful man is an hedge of thorns. PROV. XV. 19.

THERE are two ſorts of perſons within the conſideration of my frontiſpiece; the firſt are the mighty body of lingerers, perſons who do not indeed employ their time criminally, but are ſuch pretty innocents, who, as the poet ſays—

———waſte away
In gentle inactivity the day.

* *The motto is taken from* ADDISON. *See* "*Muſæ Anglicanæ.*"

† *The Paper, No.* 130, *is aſcribed to Mr. Deane Bartelett, in conſideration of the preceding* Note, *on the authority it is conceived of* STEELE *himſelf, who quotes from the Paper as coming from Mr. Bartelett.*

The others being ſomething more vivacious, are ſuch as do not only omit to ſpend their time well, but are in the conſtant purſuit of criminal ſatisfactions. Whatever the divine may think, the caſe of the firſt ſeems to be the moſt deplorable, as the habit of ſloth is more invincible than that of vice. The firſt is preferred even when the man is fully poſſeſſed of himſelf, and ſubmitted to with conſtant deliberation and cool thought. The other we are driven into generally though the heat of wine or youth, which Mr. Hobbs calls a natural drunkenneſs; and therefore conſequently are more excuſable for any error committed during the deprivation or ſuſpenſion of our reaſon, than in the poſſeſſion of it. The irregular ſtarts of vicious appetites are in time deſtroyed by the gratification of them; but a well-ordered life of ſloth receives daily ſtrength from its continuance. 'I went,' ſays Solomon, 'by the field of the ſlothful, and 'the vineyard of the man void of under-'ſtanding; and, lo! it was all grown over 'with thorns, and nettles had covered the face 'thereof, and the ſtone-wall thereof was broken 'down.' To raiſe the image of this perſon, the ſame author adds—'The ſlothful man hideth 'his hand in his boſom, and it grieveth him 'to bring it again to his mouth.' If there were no future account expected of ſpending our time, the immediate inconvenience that attends a life of idleneſs ſhould of itſelf be perſuaſion enough to the men of ſenſe to avoid it: I ſay, to the men of ſenſe, becauſe there are of theſe that give into it, and for theſe chiefly is this paper deſigned. Arguments drawn from future rewards and puniſhments, are things too remote for the conſideration of ſtubborn, ſanguine youth: they are affected by ſuch only as propoſe immediate pleaſure or pain; as the ſtrongeſt perſuaſive to the children of Iſrael was a land flowing with milk and honey. I believe I may ſay there is more toil, fatigue, and uneaſineſs, in ſloth, than can be found in any employment a man will put himſelf upon. When a thoughtful man is once fixed this way, ſpleen is the neceſſary conſequence. This directs him inſtantly to the contemplation of his health or circumſtances, which muſt ever be found extremely bad upon theſe melancholy enquiries. If he has any common buſineſs upon his hands, numberleſs objections ariſe, that make the diſpatch of it impoſſible; and he cries out, with Solomon—'There is a lion in the way, a lion 'in the ſtreets;' that is, there is ſome difficulty or other, which to his imagination is as invincible as a lion really would be. The man, on the contrary, that applies himſelf to books or buſineſs, contracts a chearful confidence in all undertakings, from the daily improvements of his knowledge or fortune; and inſtead of giving himſelf up to

Thick-ey'd, muſing, curſed melancholy,

SHAKESPEARE.

has that conſtant life in his viſage and converſation, which the idle ſplenetic man borrows ſometimes from the ſunſhine, exerciſe, or an agreeable friend. A recluſe idle ſobriety muſt be attended with a more bitter remorſe than the moſt active debauchery can at any intervals be moleſted with. The rake, if he is a cautious manager, will allow himſelf very little time to examine his own conduct, and will beſtow as few reflections upon himſelf, as the lingerer does upon any thing elſe, unleſs he has the misfortune to repent. I repeat the misfortune to repent, becauſe I have put the great day of account out of the preſent caſe, and am now enquiring, not whoſe life is moſt irreligious, but moſt inconvenient. A gentleman that has formerly been a very eminent lingerer, and ſometimes ſplenetic, informs me, that in one winter he drank ſix hampers of Spa-water, ſeveral gallons of Chalybeate tincture, two hogſheads of bitters, at the rate of ſixty pounds an hogſhead, laid one hundred and fifty infallible ſchemes, in every one of which he was diſappointed, received a thouſand affronts during the north-eaſterly winds, and, in ſhort, ran through more miſery and expence than the moſt meritorious bravo could boaſt of. Another tells me, that he fell into this way at the univerſity, where the youth are too apt to be lulled into a ſtate of ſuch tranquillity as prejudices them againſt the buſtle of that worldly buſineſs, for which this part of their education ſhould prepare them. As he could with the utmoſt ſecrecy be idle in his own chamber, he ſays he was for ſome years irrecoverably ſunk, and immerſed in the luxury of an eaſy-chair, though at the ſame time, in the general opinion, he paſſed for a hard ſtudent. During this lethargy he had ſome intervals of application to books, which rather aggravated than ſuſpended the painful thoughts of a miſſpent life. Thus his ſuppoſed relief became his

punishment, and, like the damned in Milton, upon their conveyance at certain revolutions from fire to ice—

He felt by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce.

When he had a mind to go out, he was so scrupulous as to form some excuse or other, which the idle are ever provided with, and could not satisfy himself without this ridiculous appearance of justice. Sometimes by his own contrivance and insinuation, the woman that looked after his chamber would convince him of the necessity of washing his room, or any other matter of the like joyous import, to which he always submitted, after having decently opposed it, and made his exit with much seeming reluctance, and inward delight. Thus did he pass the noon of his life in the solitude of a monk, and the guilt of a libertine. He is since awakened, by application, out of slumber; has no more spleen than a Dutchman, who, as Sir W. Temple observes, is not delicate or idle enough to suffer from the enemy, but 'is always well 'when he is not ill, always pleased when he is 'not angry.'

There is a gentleman I have seen at a coffee-house near the place of my abode, who having a pretty good estate, and a disinclination to books or business, to secure himself from some of the above-mentioned misfortunes, employs himself with much alacrity in the following method. Being vehemently disposed to loquacity, he has a person constantly with him, to whom he gives an annual pension for no other merit but being very attentive, and never interrupting him by question and answer, whatever he may utter that map seemingly require it. To secure to himself discourse, his fundamental maxim seems to be, by no means to consider what he is going to say. He delivers therefore every thought as it first intrudes itself upon him; and then, with all the freedom you could wish, will examine it, and rally the impertinence, or evince the truth of it. In short, he took the same pleasure in confuting himself as he could have done in discomfiting an opponent: and his discourse was as that of two persons attacking each other with exceeding warmth, incoherence, and good-nature. There is another, whom I have seen in the park, employing himself with the same industry, though not with the same innocence. He is very dextrous in taking flies, and fixing one at each end of a horse-hair, which his periwig supplies him with: he hangs them over a little stick, which suspension inclines them immediately to war upon each other, there being no possibility of retreat. From the frequent attention of his eyes to these combats, he perceives the several turns and advantages of the battle, which are altogether invisible to a common spectator. I the other day found him in the enjoyment of a couple of gigantic blue-bottles, which were hung and embattled in the aforesaid warlike appointments. That I might enter into the secret shocks of this conflict, he lent me a magnifying-glass, which presented me with an engagement between two of the most rueful monsters I have ever read of even in romance.

If we cannot bring ourselves to appoint and perform such tasks as would be of considerable advantage to us, let us resolve upon some other, however trifling, to be performed at appointed times. By this we may gain a victory over a wandering unsettled mind, and by this regulation of the impulse of our will, may, in time, make them obedient to the dictates of our reason.

When I am disposed to treat of the irreligion of an idle life, it shall be under this head, '*Pereunt et imputantur*;' which is an inscription upon a sun-dial in one of the inns of court, and is with great propriety placed to public view in such a place, where the inhabitants being in an everlasting hurry of business or pleasure, the busy may receive an innocent admonition to keep their appointments, and the idle a dreadful one not to keep theirs.

MR. IRONSIDE, Aug. 10, 1713.

I Am obliged to you for inserting my letter concerning the demolition of Dunkirk * in your paper of the seventh instant; but you will find, upon perusal, that you have printed the word *Three* where you should have printed the word *Two*; which I desire you would amend by inserting the whole paragraph, and that

* *See No.* 128. *Letter signed Engl. Tory*; *No.* 160, *paragr.* 1. *and No.* 168, *let. signed* R. STEELE. *These are the Papers referred to, and censured perhaps too hastily, in Dr.* JOHNSON'S "*Lives of English Poets.*" Art. ADDISON. *Vol. II.*

which immediately follows it, in your very next paper. The paragraph runs thus:

'The very common people know, that within two months after the ſigning of the peace, the works towards the ſea were to be demoliſhed, and within three months after it the works towards the land.

'That the ſaid peace was ſigned the laſt of 'March O. S.'

I beg pardon for giving you ſo much trouble, which was only to avoid miſtakes, having been very much abuſed by ſome whiggiſh ſenſeleſs fellows, that give out I am for the Pretender.

Your moſt humble ſervant,

ENGLISH TORY.

No. CXXXII. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12.

Quiſque ſuos patimur manes———

VIRG. ÆN. 6. V. 743.

All have their manes.

DRYDEN.

MR. IRONSIDE,

THE following letter was really written by a young gentleman in a languiſhing illneſs, which both himſelf and thoſe who attended him thought it impoſſible for him to outlive. If you think ſuch an image of the ſtate of a man's mind in that circumſtance be worth publiſhing, it is at your ſervice, and take it as follows:

DEAR SIR,

YOU formerly obſerved to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the diſparity we often find in him ſick and well. Thus one of an unfortunate conſtitution is perpetually exhibiting a miſerable example of the weakneſs of his mind, or of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to conſider myſelf in theſe different views, and hope I have received ſome advantage by it. If what Mr. Waller ſays be true, that—

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:

Then ſurely ſickneſs, contributing no leſs than old age to the ſhaking down this ſcaffolding of the body, may diſcover the incloſed ſtructure more plainly. Sickneſs is a ſort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly ſtate, and inſpires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thouſand volumes of philoſophers and divines. It gives ſo warning a concuſſion to thoſe props of our vanity, our ſtrength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourſelves within, when there is ſo little dependence on our outworks. Youth, at the very beſt, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and ſmoother manner than age: it is like a ſtream that nouriſhes a plant upon its bank, and cauſes it to flouriſh and bloſſom to the ſight, but at the ſame time is undermining it at the root in ſecret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me: it has afforded ſeveral proſpects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I began where moſt people end, with a full conviction of the emptineſs of all ſorts of ambition, and the unſatisfactory nature of all human pleaſures.

When a ſmart fit of ſickneſs tells me this ſcurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honeſt Hibernian, who being in bed in the great ſtorm ſome years ago, and told the houſe would tumble over his head, made anſwer—'What care I for the houſe? I am only a 'lodger.' I fancy it is the beſt time to die when one is in the beſt humour; and ſo exceſſively weak as I now am, I may ſay with conſcience, that I am not at all uneaſy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any eſteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconſiderable little atom every ſingle man is, with reſpect to the whole creation, methinks it is a ſhame to be concerned at the removal of ſuch a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the ſun will ariſe as bright as ever, the flowers ſmell as ſweet, the plants ſpring as green, the world will proceed in its old courſe, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as faſt, as they were uſed to do. 'The memory of man' (as it is

elegantly expreſſed in the Wiſdom of Solomon) ‘ paſſeth away as the remembrance of a gueſt ‘ that tarrieth but one day.’ There are reaſons enough, in the fourth chapter of the ſame book, to make any young man contented with the proſpect of death. ‘ For honourable age is ‘ not that which ſtandeth in length of time, or ‘ is meaſured by number of years. But wiſ‘ dom is the grey hair to men, and an unſpot‘ ted life is old age.’ He was taken away ſpeedily, leſt that ‘ wickedneſs ſhould alter his un‘ derſtanding, or deceit beguile his ſoul.’

I am yours.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ. GREETING.

OLD DAD,

I Am ſo happy as to be the huſband of a woman that never is in the wrong, and yet is at continual war with every body, eſpecially with all her ſervants, and myſelf. As to her maids, ſhe never fails of having a dozen or fourteen in each year, yet never has above one at a time, and the laſt that comes is always the worſt that ever ſhe had in her life; although they have given very good content in better families than mine for ſeveral years together: not that ſhe has the pleaſure of turning them away, but ſhe does ſo ferret them about, *forſooth* and *miſtreſs* them up, and ſo find fault with every thing they do, and talks to them ſo loud and ſo long, that they either give her immediate warning, or march off without any wages at all. So that through her great zeal and care to make them better ſervants than any in the world, and their obſtinacy in being no better than they can, our houſe is a ſort of Bedlam, and nothing in order; for by that time a maid comes to know where things ſtand, whip, ſhe is gone, and ſo we have not another in four or five days, and this all the year round: as to myſelf, all the world believes me to be one of the beſt of huſbands, and I am of the world's mind, until my dear Patient Grizzel comes to give her opinion about me, and then you would believe I am as bad as her maids. Oh, Mr. Ironſide, never was a woman uſed as ſhe is. The world does not think how unhappy ſhe is! I am a wolf in ſheep's cloathing. And then her neighbours are ſo ill-natured, that they refuſe to ſuffer her to ſay what ſhe pleaſes of their families, without either returning her compliments, or withdrawing from her oratory; ſo that the poor woman has ſcarcely any ſociety abroad, nor any comfort at home, and all through the ſaucineſs of ſervants, and the unkindneſs of a huſband, that is ſo cruel to her as to deſire her to be quiet. But ſhe is coming. I am in haſte, Sir, your humble ſervant,

NICHOLAS EARING.

SIR,

I Hope you will not endure this Dumb Club, for I am the unlucky ſpouſe of one of thoſe gentlemen; and when my dear comes from this joyleſs ſociety, I am an impertinent noiſy rattleſnake; my maid is a ſaucy ſow; the man is a thick-ſkulled puppy, and founders like a horſe; my cook is a taſteleſs aſs; and if a child cry, the maid is a careleſs bear: if I have company, they are a parcel of chattering magpies; if abroad, I am a gaggling gooſe; when I return, you are a fine galloper; women, like cats, ſhould keep the houſe. This is a frequent ſentence with him. Conſider ſome remedy againſt a temper that ſeldom ſpeaks, and then ſpeaks only unkindneſs. This will be a relief to all thoſe miſerable women who are married to the worſt of tempers, the ſullen, more eſpecially to your diſtreſſed appellant,

GOODY DUMP.

FRIEND NESTOR,

OUR brother Tremble having lately given thee wholſome advice concerning tuckers, I ſend thee a word of counſel touching thyſelf: verily thou haſt found great favour with the godly ſiſters. I have read in that myſterious book called Æſop's Fables, how once upon a time an aſs arrayed himſelf in the ſkin of a lion, thereby deſigning to appear as one of the mighty. But behold the vanity of this world was found light, the ſpirit of untruth became altogether naked. When the vain-glorious animal opened his jaws to roar, the lewd * voice of an aſs braying was heard in the mountains. Friend, friend, let the moral of this ſink deep into thy mind; the more thou pondereſt thereon, the fitter thou wilt become for the fellowſhip of the faithful: we have every day more and more hopes of thee; but between thee and me, when thou art converted, thou muſt take to thee a ſcripture name: one of thy writing brethren bore a very good name, he was entitled Iſaac, but now ſleepeth. Jacob ſuiteth thy bookſeller well. Verily Neſtor ſoundeth Ba-

* *loud voice.*

bylonish in the ears of thy well-wisher, and constant reader,

RUTH PRIM.

THE THIRD DAY OF THE WEEK, PROPHANELY CALLED TUESDAY.

SIR,

NOtwithstanding your grave advice to the fair-sex not to lay the beauties of their necks so open, I find they mind you so little, that we young men are in as much danger as ever. Yesterday, about seven in the evening, I took a turn with a gentleman just come to town, in a public walk. We had not walked above two rounds, when the spark on a sudden pretended weariness, and as I importuned him to stay longer, he turned short, and pointing to a celebrated beauty—'What,' said he, 'do you 'think I am made of, that I should bear the 'sight of such snowy breasts? Oh! she is into-'lerable handsome!' Upon this we parted, and I resolved to take a little more air in the garden, yet avoid the danger by casting my eyes downwards: but, to my unspeakable surprize, I discovered, in the same fair creature, the finest ancle and prettiest foot that ever fancy imagined. If the petticoats, as well as the stays, thus diminish, what shall we do, dear Nestor? If it is neither safe to look at the head nor the feet of the charmer, whither shall we direct our eyes; I need not trouble you with any further description of her, but I beg you would consider that your wards are frail and mortal.

Your most obedient servant,

EPIMETRIUS.

No. CXXXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 13.

Oh! fatal love of fame! oh, glorious heat!
Only destructive to the brave and great.

ADDISON'S CAMPAIGN.

THE letters which I published in the Guardian of Saturday last *, are written with such spirit and greatness of mind, that they had excited a great curiosity in my Lady Lizard's family, to know what occasioned a quarrel betwixt the two brave men who wrote them; and what was the event of their combat. I found the family the other day listening in a circle to Mr. William the Templar, who was informing the ladies of the ceremonies used in the single combat, when the Kings of England permitted such trials to be performed in their presence. He took occasion, from the chance of such judicial proceedings, to relate a custom used in a certain part of India, to determine law-suits, which he produced as a parallel to the single combat. The custom is, that the plaintiff and defendant are thrown into a river, where each endeavour to keep under water as long as he is able, and he who comes up first loses the cause. The author adds, that 'if they had no other 'way of deciding controversies in Europe, the 'lawyers might e'en throw themselves in after 'them.'

The mirth occasioned by this Indian law did not hinder the ladies from reflecting still more upon the above-named letters. I found they had agreed that it must be a mistress which caused the duel; and Mrs. Cornelia had already settled in her mind the fashion of their arms, their colours and devices: my lady only asked with a sigh, if either of the combatants had a wife and children.

In order to give them what satisfaction I could, I looked over my papers; and though I could not find the occasion of the difference, I shall present the world with an authentic account of the fight, written by the survivor to a courtier. The gallant behaviour of the combatants may serve to raise in our minds a yet higher detestation of that false honour, which robs our country of men so fitted to support and adorn it.

SIR EDWARD SACKVILLE'S RELATION OF THE FIGHT BETWEEN HIM AND THE LORD BRUCE.

WORTHY SIR;

AS I am not ignorant, so ought I to be sensible of the false aspersions some authorless tongues have laid upon me, in the report of the

* *See* GUARDIAN, *No.* 129; *the four letters.*

unfortunate paſſage lately happened between the Lord Bruce and myſelf, which as they are ſpread here, ſo I may juſtly fear they reign alſo where you are. There are but two ways to reſolve doubts of this nature; by oath, or by ſword. The firſt is due to magiſtrates, and communicable to friends; the other to ſuch as maliciouſly ſlander, and impudently defend their aſſertion. Your love, not my merit, aſſure me, you hold me your friend, which eſteem I am much deſirous to retain. Do me therefore the right to underſtand the truth of that; and in my behalf inform others, who either are, or may be infected with ſiniſter rumours, much prejudicial to that fair opinion I deſire to hold amongſt all worthy perſons. And on the faith of a gentleman, the relation I ſhall give is neither more nor leſs than the bare truth. The incloſed contains the firſt citation, ſent me from Paris by a Scotch gentleman who delivered it to me in Derbyſhire at my father-in-law's houſe: after it follows my then anſwer, returned him by the ſame bearer. The next is my accompliſhment of my firſt promiſe, being a particular aſſignation of place and weapons, which I ſent by a ſervant of mine, by poſt from Rotterdam, as ſoon as I landed there. The receipt of which, joined with an acknowledgment of my too fair carriage to the deceaſed lord, is teſtified by the laſt, which periods the buſineſs until we met at Tergoſa in Zealand, it being the place allotted for rendezvous; where he, accompanied with one Mr. Crawford, an Engliſh gentleman, for his ſecond, a ſurgeon, and a man, arrived with all the ſpeed he could. And there having rendered himſelf, I addreſſed my ſecond, Sir John Heidon, to let him underſtand, that now all following ſhould be done by conſent, as concerning the terms whereon we ſhould fight, as alſo the place. To our ſeconds we gave power for their appointments, who agreed we ſhould go to Antwerp, from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where in the mid-way but a village divides the States territories from the Arch-Duke's. And there was the deſtined ſtage, to the end that, having ended, he that could might preſently exempt himſelf from the juſtice of the country, by retiring into the dominion not offended. It was farther concluded, that in caſe any ſhould fall or ſlip, that then the combat ſhould ceaſe, and he whoſe ill fortune had ſo ſubjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hands. But in caſe one party's ſword ſhould break, becauſe that could only chance by hazard, it was agreed that the other ſhould take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or elſe upon even terms go to it again. Thus theſe concluſions being each of them related to his party, was by us both approved, and aſſented to. Accordingly we embarked for Antwerp. And by reaſon my lord, as I conceive, becauſe he could not handſomely, without danger of diſcovery, had not paired the ſword I ſent him to Paris, bringing one of the ſame length, but twice as broad; my ſecond excepted againſt it, and adviſed me to match my own, and ſend him the choice, which I obeyed, it being you know the challenger's privilege to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the ſword, which was performed by Sir John Heidon, it pleaſed the Lord Bruce to chuſe my own, and then, paſt expectation, he told him, that he found himſelf ſo far behind hand, as a little of my blood would not ſerve his turn; and therefore he was now reſolved to have me alone, becauſe he knew (for I will uſe his own words) 'that ſo worthy a gentleman, and my 'friend, could not endure to ſtand by and ſee 'him do that which he muſt, to ſatisfy himſelf 'and his honour.' Hereupon Sir John Heidon replied, that ſuch intentions were bloody and butcherly, far unfitting ſo noble a perſonage, who ſhould deſire to bleed for reputation, not for life; withal adding, he thought himſelf injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing thoſe honourable offices he came for. The lord, for anſwer, only reiterated his former reſolutions; whereupon, Sir John leaving him the ſword he had elected, delivered me the other, with his determinations. To which, not for matter, but manner, ſo moved me, as though to my remembrance I had not of a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for ſuch an action, (ſeeing the ſurgeons hold a wound upon a full ſtomach much more dangerous than otherwiſe) I requeſted my ſecond to certify him, I would preſently decide the difference, and therefore he ſhould preſently meet me on horſeback, only waited on by my ſurgeons, they being unarmed. Together we rode, but one before the other, ſome twelve ſcore, about * two Engliſh miles; and then, paſſion having ſo weak an enemy to aſſail as my direction †, eaſily became victor,

* GUARD. *in folio.* † *diſcretion.*

and using his power, made me obedient to his commands. I being verily mad with anger, the Lord Bruce should thirst after my life with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far, and needlessly, to give him leave to regain his lost reputation; I bade him alight, which with all willingness he quickly granted; and there in a meadow ancle deep in water at the least, bidding farewel to our doublets, in our shirts began to charge each other; having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, conjuring them besides, as they respected our favours, or their own safeties, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our pleasures. We being fully resolved (God forgive us!) to dispatch each other by what means we could, I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short; and in drawing back my arm I received a great wound thereon; which I interpreted as a reward for my short shooting; but in revenge I prest in to him, though I then missed him also, and then received a wound in my right pap, which past level through my body, and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life: in which struggling my hand, having but an ordinary glove on it, lost one of her servants, though the meanest; which hung by a skin, and to sight yet remaineth as before, and I am put in hope one day to recover the use of it again. But at last, breathless, yet keeping our holds, there past on both sides propositions of quitting each other's sword. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live; and who should quit first was the question; which, on neither part, either would perform; and restriving again afresh, with a kick and a wrench together, I freed my long captivated weapon; which incontinently levying * at his throat, being master still of his, I demanded, if he would ask his life, or yield his sword; both which, though in that imminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, which began to make me faint; and he courageously persisted not to accord to either of my propositions; through remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate, I struck at his heart, but with his avoiding mist my aim, yet past through the body, and drawing out my sword, repassed it again through another place; when he cried, 'Oh! I am slain!' seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But being too weak, after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back; when being upon him, I re-demanded if he would request his life; but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholden for it, bravely replying he scorned it. Which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down until at length his surgeon, afar off, cried out, he would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped. Whereupon I asked if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of; and so being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhuman to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be. This thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms after I had remained a while, for want of blood, I lost my sight, and withal, as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered me, when I escaped a great danger: for my lord's surgeon, when nobody dreamt of it, came full at me with his lord's sword; and had not mine, with my sword, interposed himself, I had been slain by those base hands; although my Lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out, 'Rascal! hold thy hand.' So may I prosper as I have dealt sincerely with you in this relation; which I pray you, with the inclosed letter, deliver to my Lord Chamberlain. And so, &c. yours,

EDWARD SACKVILLE †.

LOUVAIN, the 8th of
Sept. 1613.

* *levelling.*

† *The directions given at the close of this Paper, No.* 133. *in the* GUARD. in fol. *to correct two* errata *in No.* 125, *suggest an opinion that the author of No.* 125, *most probably Mr. T. Tickell, was likewise the author of this Paper, and perhaps of No.* 129, *which contains the letters of Sir Edward Sackville and Lord Bruce.*

No. CXXXIV. FRIDAY, AUGUST 14.

Matronæ præter faciem nil cernere poſſis
Cætera, ni Catia eſt, demiſſa veſte tegentis.

HOR. SAT. 2. L. 1, V. 94.

In virtuous dames, yon ſee their face alone:
None ſhow the reſt, but women of the town.

MY Lion having given over roaring for ſome time, I find that ſeveral ſtories have been ſpread abroad in the country to his diſadvantage. One of my correſpondents tells me, it is confidently reported of him, in their parts, that he is ſilenced by authority; another informs me, that he hears he was ſent for by a meſſenger, who had orders to bring him away with all his papers, and that upon examination he was found to contain ſeveral dangerous things in his maw. I muſt not omit another report which has been raiſed by ſuch as are enemies to me and my Lion, namely, that he is ſtarved for want of food, and that he has not had a good meal's meat for this fortnight. I do hereby declare theſe reports to be altogether groundleſs; and, ſince I am contradicting common fame, I muſt likewiſe acquaint the world, that the ſtory of a two hundred pound bank-bill being conveyed to me through the mouth of my Lion has no foundation of truth in it. The matter of fact is this, my Lion has not roared for theſe twelve days paſt, by reaſon that his prompters have put very ill words in his mouth, and ſuch as he could not utter with common honour and decency. Notwithſtanding the admonitions I have given my correſpondents, many of them have crammed great quantities of ſcandal down his throat, others have choaked him with ledwneſs and ribaldry. Some of them have gorged him with ſo much nonſenſe, that they have made a very aſs of him. On Monday laſt, upon examining, I found him an arrant French tory; and the day after, a virulent whig. Some have been ſo miſchievous as to make him fall upon his keeper, and give me very reproachful language; but as I have promiſed to reſtrain him from hurting any man's reputation, ſo my reader may be aſſured that I myſelf ſhall be the laſt man whom I will ſuffer him to abuſe. However, that I may give general ſatisfaction, I have a deſign of converting a room in Mr. Button's houſe to the Lion's library, in which I intend to depoſit the ſeveral packets of letters and private intelligence which I do not communicate to the public. Theſe manuſcripts will in time be very valuable, and may afford good lights to future hiſtorians who ſhall give an account of the preſent age. In the mean while, as the Lion is an animal which has a particular regard for chaſtity, it has been obſerved that mine has taken delight in roaring very vehemently againſt the untuckered neck, and as far as I can find by him, is ſtill determined to roar louder and louder, until that irregularity be thoroughly reformed.

GOOD MR. IRONSIDE,

I Muſt acquaint you, for your comfort, that your lion is grown a kind of bull-beggar among the women where I live. When my wife comes home late from cards, or commits any other enormity, I whiſper in her ear partly between jeſt and earneſt, that 'I will tell the 'Lion of her.' Dear Sir, do not let them alone until you have made them put on their tuckers again. What can be a greater ſign, that they themſelves are ſenſible they have ſtripped too far, then their pretending to call a bit of linen, which will hardly cover a ſilver groat, their modeſty-piece? it is obſerved that this modeſty-piece ſtill ſinks lower and lower, and who knows where it will fix at laſt?

You muſt know, Sir, I am a Turkey merchant, and I lived ſeveral years in a country where the women ſhow nothing but their eyes. Upon my return to England I was almoſt out of countenance to ſee my pretty countrywomen laying open their charms with ſo much liberality, though at that time many of them were concealed under the modeſt ſhade of the tucker. I ſoon after married a very fine woman, who always goes in the extremity of the faſhion. I was pleaſed to think, as every married man muſt be, that I ſhould make daily diſcoveries in the dear creature, which were unknown to the reſt of the world. But ſince this new airy faſhion is come up, every one's eye is as familiar with her as mine; for I can poſitively affirm, that her neck is grown eight inches within theſe

three years. And what makes me tremble when I think of it, that pretty foot and ancle are now expoſed to the ſight of the whole world, which made my very heart dance within me, when I firſt found myſelf their proprietor. As in all appearance the curtain is ſtill riſing, I find a parcel of raſcally young fellows in the neighbourhood are in hopes to be preſented with ſome new ſcene every day.

In ſhort, Sir, the tables are now quite turned upon me. Inſtead of being acquainted with her perſon more than other men, I have now the leaſt ſhare of it. When ſhe is at home, ſhe is continually muffled up, and concealed in mobs, morning gowns, and handkerchiefs; but ſtrips every afternoon to appear in public. For aught I can find, when ſhe has thrown aſide half her cloaths, ſhe begins to think herſelf half dreſt. Now, Sir, if I may preſume to ſay ſo, you have been in the wrong to think of reforming this faſhion, by ſhowing the immodeſty of it. If you expect to make female proſelytes, you muſt convince them, that if they would get huſbands, they muſt not ſhew all before marriage. I am ſure, had my wife been dreſſed before I married her as ſhe is at preſent, ſhe would have ſatisfied a good half of my curioſity. Many a man has been hindered from laying out his money on a ſhow, by ſeeing the principal figure of it hung out before the door. I have often obſerved a curious paſſenger ſo attentive to theſe objects which he could ſee for nothing, that he took no notice of the maſter of the ſhow, who was continually crying out, 'Pray, gentlemen, walk 'in.'

I have told you at the beginning of this letter, how Mahomet's ſhe-diſciples are obliged to cover themſelves: you have lately informed us from the foreign newſpapers * of the regulations which the pope is now making among the Roman ladies in this particular; and I hope, our Britiſh dames, notwithſtanding they have the fineſt ſkins in the world, will be content to ſhew no more of them than what belongs to the face and to the neck properly ſpeaking. Their being fair is no excuſe for their being naked.

You know, Sir, that in the beginning of laſt century, there was a ſect of men among us, who called themſelves Adamites, and appeared in public without cloaths. This hereſy may ſpring up in the other ſex, if you do not put a timely ſtop to it, there being ſo many in all public places, who ſhow ſo great an inclination to be Eveites.

☞ † I am, Sir, &c.

No. CXXXV. SATURDAY, AUGUST 15.

Mea
Virtute me involvo——— HOR. OD. 29. L. 3. V. 54.
———*Virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.*
DRYDEN.

A Good conſcience is to the ſoul what health is to the body; it preſerves a conſtant eaſe and ſerenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can poſſibly befal us. I know nothing ſo hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the ſoul under them, beſides this ſingle one, of our being conſcious to ourſelves that we do not deſerve them.

I have been always mightily pleaſed with that paſſage in Don Quixote, where the fantaſtical knight is repreſented as loading a gentleman of good ſenſe with praiſes and eulogiums. Upon which the gentleman makes this reflection to himſelf: 'How grateful is praiſe to human na-'ture! I cannot forbear being ſecretly pleaſed 'with the commendations I receive, though I 'am ſenſible it is a madman that beſtows them 'on me.' In the ſame manner, though we are often ſure that the cenſures which are paſſed upon us are uttered by thoſe who know nothing of us, and have neither means nor abilities to form a right judgment of us, we cannot forbear being grieved at what they ſay.

In order to heal this infirmity, which is ſo natural to the beſt and wiſeſt of men, I have taken a particular pleaſure in obſerving the con-

* *See No.* 116, *Quaker's letter and No.* 140, ad finem.

† *This Paper No.* 134, *is diſtinguiſhed by* ADDISON'S *ſignature in the* GUARDIAN, *a* Hand; *and re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in the edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works*," 4*to*, *vol. IV. p.* 217.

duct of the old philoſophers, how they bore themſelves up againſt the malice and detraction of their enemies.

'The way to ſilence calumny,' ſays Bias, 'is to be always exerciſed in ſuch things as are 'praiſe-worthy.' Socrates, after having received ſentence, told his friends, that he had always accuſtomed himſelf to regard truth and not cenſure, and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, becauſe he knew himſelf free from guilt. It was in the ſame ſpirit that he heard the accuſations of his two great adverſaries, who had uttered againſt him the moſt virulent reproaches. 'Anytus and Melitus,' ſays he, 'may procure ſentence againſt me, but they 'cannot hurt me.' This divine philoſopher was ſo well fortified in his own innocence, that he neglected all the impotence of evil tongues which were engaged in his deſtruction. This was properly the ſupport of a good conſcience, that contradicted the reports which had been raiſed againſt him, and cleared him to himſelf.

Others of the philoſophers rather chuſe to retort the injury by a ſmart reply, than thus to diſarm it with reſpect to themſelves. They ſhow that it ſtung them, though at the ſame time they had the addreſs to make their aggreſſors ſuffer with them. Of this kind was Ariſtotle's reply to one who purſued him with long and bitter invectives. 'You,' ſays he, 'who 'are uſed to ſuffer reproaches, utter them with 'delight; I, who have not been uſed to utter 'them, take no pleaſure in hearing them.' Diogenes was ſtill more ſevere on one who ſpoke ill of him: 'Nobody will believe you when you 'ſpeak ill of me, any more than they would 'believe me ſhould I ſpeak well of you.'

In theſe, and many other inſtances I could produce, the bitterneſs of the anſwer ſufficiently teſtifies the uneaſineſs of mind the perſon was under who made it. I would rather adviſe my reader, if he has not in this caſe the ſecret conſolation, that he deſerves no ſuch reproaches as are caſt upon him, to follow the advice of Epictetus: 'If any one ſpeaks ill of thee, 'conſider whether he has truth on his ſide; and, 'if ſo, reform thyſelf, that his cenſures may 'not affect thee.' When Anaximander was told, that the very boys laughed at his ſinging; 'Ay,' ſays he, 'then I muſt learn to ſing bet-'ter.' But of all the ſayings of philoſophers which I have gathered together for my own uſe on this occaſion, there are none which carry in them more candour and good ſenſe than the two following ones of Plato. Being told that he had many enemies who ſpoke ill of him—'It is 'no matter' ſaid he, 'I will live ſo that none 'ſhall believe them.' Hearing at another time, that an intimate friend of his had ſpoken detractingly of him—'I am ſure he would not do 'it,' ſays he, 'if he had not ſome reaſon for 'it.' This is the ſureſt as well as the nobleſt way of drawing the ſting of a reproach, and a true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief againſt the pains of calumny, 'a good conſcience.'

I deſigned in this eſſay to ſhow, that there is no happineſs wanting to him who is poſſeſſed of this excellent frame of mind, and that no perſon can be miſerable who is in the enjoyment of it; but I find this ſubject ſo well treated in one of Dr. South's ſermons *, that I ſhall fill this Saturday's paper with a paſſage of it, which cannot but make the man's heart burn within him who reads it with due attention.

That admirable author having ſhown the virtue of a good conſcience in ſupporting a man under the greateſt trials and difficulties of life, concludes with repreſenting its force and efficacy in the hour of death.

'The third and laſt inſtance, in which above 'all others this confidence towards God does 'moſt eminently ſhow and exert itſelf, is at the 'time of death; which, ſurely, gives the grand 'opportunity of trying both the ſtrength and 'worth of every principle. When a man ſhall 'be juſt about to quit the ſtage of this world, 'to put off his mortality, and to deliver up his 'laſt accounts to God; at which ſad time his 'memory ſhall ſerve him for little elſe but to 'terrify him with a frightful review of his paſt 'life, and his former extravagancies ſtripped of 'all their pleaſure, but retaining their guilt: 'what is it then that can promiſe him a fair 'paſſage into the other world, or a comfortable 'appearance before his dreadful Judge when he 'is there? Not all the friends and intereſts, all 'the riches and honours under heaven can ſpeak 'ſo much as a word for him, or one word of 'comfort to him in that condition; they may 'poſſibly reproach, but they cannot relieve 'him.

* *See* TAT. *No.* 61, *and* Note *on Dr. South*; *No.* 205, Note 2; *and No.* 211, ad finem.—*Here* ADDISON *borrows almoſt half a Paper.* A.

'No, at this diſconſolate time when the buſy 'temper ſhall be more than uſually apt to vex 'and trouble him, and the pains of a dying bo- 'dy to hinder and diſcompoſe him, and the ſet- 'tlement of worldly affairs to diſturb and con- 'found him; and, in a word, all things con- 'ſpire to make his ſick bed grievous and uneaſy; nothing can then ſtand up againſt all theſe 'ruins, and ſpeak life in the midſt of death, 'but a clear conſcience.

'And the teſtimony of that ſhall make the 'comforts of heaven deſcend upon his weary 'head, like a refreſhing dew, or ſhower upon 'a parched ground. It ſhall give him ſome 'lively earneſts, and ſecret anticipations, of 'his approaching joy. It ſhall bid his ſoul go 'out of the body undauntedly, and lift up his 'head with confidence before ſaints and angels. 'Surely the comfort which it conveys at this 'ſeaſon, is ſomething bigger than the capacities of mortality, mighty and unſpeakable, 'and not to be underſtood until it comes to be 'felt.

'And now, who would not quit all the pleaſures, and traſh, and trifles, which are apt to 'captivate the heart of man, and purſue the 'greateſt rigours of piety, and auſterities of a 'good life, to purchaſe to himſelf ſuch a conſcience, as at the hour of death, when all the 'friendſhip in the world ſhall bid him adieu, 'and the whole creation turns its back upon 'him, ſhall diſmiſs the ſoul and cloſe his eyes 'with that bleſſed ſentence—"Well done, thou "good and faithful ſervant, enter thou into "the joy of thy Lord!" ☞*

No. CXXXVI. MONDAY, AUGUST 17.

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. V. 127.

The gates of death are open night and day.

DRYDEN.

SOME of our quaint moraliſts have pleaſed themſelves with an obſervation, that there is but one way of coming into the world, but a thouſand to go out of it. I have ſeen a fanciful dream written by a Spaniard, in which he introduced the perſon of Death metamorphoſing himſelf, like another Proteus, into innumerable ſhapes and figures. To repreſent the fatality of fevers and agues, with many other diſtempers and accidents that deſtroy the life of man, Death enters firſt of all in a body of fire; a little after he appears like a man of ſnow, then rolls about the room like a cannon-ball, then lies on the table like a gilded pill; after this he transforms himſelf all of a ſudden into a ſword, then dwindles ſucceſſively to a dagger, to a bodkin, to a crooked pin, to a needle, to a hair. The Spaniard's deſign by this allegory, was to ſhew the many aſſaults to which the life of man is expoſed, and to let his reader ſee that there was ſcarce any thing in nature ſo very mean and inconſiderable, but that it was able to overcome him, and lay his head in the duſt. I remember Monſieur Paſchal, in his Reflections on Providence, has this obſervation upon Cromwell's death †: 'That uſurper,' ſays he, 'who 'had deſtroyed the royal family in his own na- 'tion, who had made all the princes of Europe 'tremble, *and ſtruck a terror into Rome itſelf.* 'was at laſt taken out of the world by a fit of 'the gravel. An atom, a grain of ſand,' ſays 'he, that would have been of no ſignificancy 'in any other part of the univerſe, being lodg- 'ed in ſuch a particular place, was an inſtru- 'ment of Providence to bring about the moſt 'happy revolutions, and to remove from the 'face of the earth this troubler of mankind.' In ſhort, ſwarms of diſtempers are every where hovering over us; caſualties, whether at home or abroad, whether we wake or ſleep, ſit or

* *This Paper, No.* 135, *is diſtinguiſhed by a* Hand, ADDISON'S *ſignature in the* GUARDIAN, *and re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works*," 4*to. vol. IV. p.* 200.

† *This obſervation of M. Paſchal on* CROMWELL'S Death, *or as it is called here, this reflection of his on Providence,* ADDISON *might have pertinently introduced and animadverted upon, in one of his own antecedent Papers, equally commendable for its deſign and its execution,* SPECT. *No.* 483. *The words in* Italics *are ludicrous, conſidering the preſent ſtate of Rome, and an example of the* Bathos *in proſe.*

walk, are planted about us in ambuſcade; every element, every climate, every ſeaſon, all nature is full of death.

There are more caſualties incident to men than women, as battles, ſea-voyages, with ſeveral dangerous trades and profeſſions, that often prove fatal to the practitioners. I have ſeen a treatiſe written by a learned phyſician on the diſtempers peculiar to thoſe who work in ſtone or marble. It has been therefore obſerved by curious men, that upon a ſtrict examination there are more males brought into the world than females *. Providence, to ſupply this waſte in the ſpecies, has made allowances for it by a ſuitable redundancy in the male ſex. Thoſe who have made the niceſt calculations, have found, I think, that taking one year with another, there are about twenty boys produced to nineteen girls. This obſervation is ſo well grounded, that I will at any time lay five to four, that there appear more male than female infants in every weekly bill of mortality. And what can be a more demonſtrative argument for the ſuperintendency of Providence?

There are caſualties incident to every particular ſtation and way of life. A friend of mine was once ſaying, that he fancied there would be ſomething new and diverting in a country bill of mortality. Upon communicating this hint to a gentleman who was then going down to his ſeat, which lies at a conſiderable diſtance from London, he told me he would make a collection, as well as he could, of the ſeveral deaths that had happened in his country for the ſpace of a whole year, and ſend them up to me in the form of ſuch a bill as I mentioned. The reader will here ſee that he has been as good as his promiſe. To make it the more entertaining, he has ſet down, among the real diſtempers, ſome imaginary ones, to which the country people aſcribe the deaths of ſome of their neighbours. I ſhall extract out of them ſuch only as ſeem almoſt peculiar to the country, laying aſide fevers, apoplexies, ſmall pox, and the like, which they have in common with towns and cities.

Of a ſix bar-gate, fox-hunters	4
Of a quick-ſet hedge	2
Two duels, viz.	
Firſt, between a frying-pan and a pitch-fork	1
Second, between a joint-ſtool and a brown jug	1
Bewitched	13
Of an evil tongue	9
Croſt in love	7
Broke his neck in robbing a henrooſt	1
Cut finger turned to a gangrene by an old gentlewoman of the pariſh	1
Surfeit of curds and cream	2
Took cold ſleeping at church	11
Of a ſprain in his ſhoulder by ſaving his dog at a bull-baiting	1
Lady B——'s cordial water	2
Knocked drown by a quart bottle	1
Of October	25
Broke a vein in bawling for a knight of the ſhire	1
Old women drowned upon trial of witchcraft	1
Climbing a crow's neſt	1
Chalk and green apples	4
Led into a horſe-pond by a Will of the Wiſp	1
Died of a fright in an exerciſe of the Trained Bands	1
Over-eat himſelf at a houſe-warming	1
By the parſon's bull	2
Vagrant beggars worried by the ſquire's houſe-dog	2
Shot by miſtake	1
Of a mountebank doctor	6
Of the Merry Andrew	1
Caught her death in a wet ditch	1
Old age	100
Foul diſtemper †	0

☞ ‡

* *It is now ſaid, that Males are more difficult to be reared.* A.

† *This laſt article is in favour of the country; but it is a query, how juſtly.* A.

‡ *This Paper, No.* 136, *is marked with a* Hand, *the ſignature of* ADDISON'S *Papers in the* GUARDIAN, *and reprinted by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works*," *vol. IV. p.* 223.

No. CXXXVII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 18.

——Sanctus haberi
Juſtitiæque tenax, factis dictiſque mereris?
Agnoſco procerem—— JUV. SAT. 8. V. 24.
Convince the world, that you're devout and true,
Be juſt in all you ſay, in all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you're ſure to be
A peer of the firſt quality to me. STEPNEY.

HORACE, Juvenal, Boileau, and indeed the greateſt writers in almoſt every age, have expoſed with all the ſtrength of wit and good ſenſe, the vanity of a man's valuing himſelf upon his anceſtors, and endeavouring to ſhew that true nobility conſiſts in virtue, not in birth. With ſubmiſſion, however, to ſo many great authorities, I think they have puſhed this matter a little too far. We ought in gratitude to honour the poſterity of thoſe who have raiſed either the intereſt or reputation of their country; and by whoſe labours we ourſelves are more happy, wiſe, or virtuous, than we ſhould have been without them. Beſides, naturally ſpeaking, a man bids fairer for greatneſs of ſoul, who is the deſcendant of worthy anceſtors, and has good blood in his veins *, than one who is come of an ignoble and obſcure parentage. For theſe reaſons, I think a man of merit, who is derived from an illuſtrious line, is very juſtly to be regarded more than a man of equal merit, who has no claim to hereditary honours. Nay, I think thoſe who are indifferent in themſelves, and have nothing elſe to diſtinguiſh them but the virtues of their forefathers, are to be looked upon with a degree of veneration even upon that account, and to be more reſpected than the common run of men who are of low and vulgar extraction.

After having thus aſcribed due honours to birth and parentage, I muſt however take notice of thoſe who arrogate to themſelves more honours than are due to them on this account. The firſt are ſuch who are not enough ſenſible that vice and ignorance taint the blood, and that an unworthy behaviour degrades and diſennobles a man in the eye of the world, as much as birth and family aggrandize and exalt him.

The ſecond are thoſe who believe a new man of an elevated merit is not more to be honoured than an inſignificant and worthleſs man who is deſcended from a long line of patriots and heroes: or, in other words, behold with contempt a perſon who is ſuch a man as the firſt founder of their family was, upon whoſe reputation they value themſelves.

But I ſhall chiefly apply myſelf to thoſe whoſe quality ſits uppermoſt in all their diſcourſes and behaviour. An empty man, of a great family, is a creature that is ſcarce converſible. You read his anceſtry in his ſmile, in his air, in his eye-brow. He has indeed nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedency are the important points which he is always diſcuſſing within himſelf. A gentleman of this turn began a ſpeech in one of King Charles's parliaments: 'Sir, I had the 'honour to be born at a time—' Upon which a rough honeſt gentleman took him up ſhort— 'I would fain know what that gentleman 'means? Is there any one in the houſe that has 'not had the honour to be born as well as him-'ſelf?' The good ſenſe which reigns in our nation has pretty well deſtroyed this ſtarched behaviour among men who have ſeen the world, and know that every gentleman will be treated upon a foot of equality. But there are many who have had their education among women, dependents, or flatterers, that loſe all the reſpect which would otherwiſe be paid them, by being too aſſiduous in procuring it.

My Lord Froth has been ſo educated in punctilio, that he governs himſelf by a ceremonial in all the ordinary occurrences of life. He meaſures out his bow to the degree of the perſon he converſes with. I have ſeen him in every inclination of the body, from a familiar nod to the low ſtoop in the ſalutation ſign. I remember five of us, who were acquainted with one another, met together one morning at his lodgings, when a wag of the company was ſaying, it would be worth while to obſerve how he would diſtinguiſh us at his firſt entrance. Accordingly he no ſooner came into the room, but caſt-

* *Is it certain, that with an equal education, the ſon of a puny nobleman is more likely to make a good ſea or land officer, than the ſon of his brawny porter, or of his roſy coachman? A*

ing his eye about—'My lord ſuch a one, ſays he, 'your moſt humble ſervant.—Sir Richard, 'your humble ſervant.—Your ſervant, Mr. 'Ironſide.—Mr. Ducker, how do you do?—'Ha! Frank, are you there *?'

There is nothing more eaſy than to diſcover a man whoſe heart is full of his family. Weak minds that have imbibed a ſtrong tincture of the nurſery, younger brothers that have been brought up to nothing, ſuperannuated retainers to a great houſe, have generally their thoughts taken up with little elſe.

I had, ſome years ago, an aunt of my own, by name Mrs. Martha Ironſide, who would never marry beneath herſelf, and is ſuppoſed to have died a maid in the eightieth year of her age. She was the chronicle of our family, and paſſed away the greateſt part of the laſt forty years of her life in counting the antiquity, marriages, exploits, and alliances of the Ironſides. Mrs. Martha converſed generally with a knot of old virgins, who were likewiſe of good families, and had been very cruel all the beginning of the laſt century. They were every one of them as proud as Lucifer, but ſaid their prayers twice a day, and in all other reſpects were the beſt women in the world. If they ſaw a fine petticoat at church, they immediately took to pieces the pedigree of her that wore it, and would lift up their eyes to heaven at the confidence of the ſaucy mixt, when they found ſhe was an honeſt tradeſman's daughter. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the pious indignation that would riſe in them at the ſight of a man who lived plentifully on an eſtate of his own getting. They were tranſported with zeal beyond meaſure, if they heard of a young woman's matching into a great family upon account of her beauty, her merit, or her money. In ſhort, there was not a female within ten miles of them that was in poſſeſſion of a gold watch, a pearl necklace, or piece of Mecklin lace, but they examined her title to it. My aunt Martha uſed to chide me very frequently for not ſufficiently valuing myſelf. She would not eat a bit all dinner-time, if at an invitation ſhe found ſhe had been ſeated below herſelf; and would frown upon me for an hour together, if ſhe ſaw me give place to any man under a baronet. As I was once talking to her of a wealthy citizen whom ſhe had refuſed in her youth, ſhe declared to me with great warmth, that ſhe preferred a man of quality in his ſhirt, to the richeſt man upon the 'Change in a coach and ſix. She pretended that our family was nearly related by the mother's ſide to half a dozen peers; but as none of them knew any thing of the matter, we always kept it as a ſecret among ourſelves. A little before her death ſhe was reciting to me the hiſtory of my forefathers; but dwelling a little longer than ordinary upon the actions of Sir Gilbert Ironſide, who had a horſe ſhot under him at Edghill fight, I gave an unfortunate 'Piſh!' and aſked, What was all this to me? Upon which ſhe retired to her cloſet, and fell a ſcribbling for three hours together, in which time, as I afterwards found, ſhe ſtruck me out of her will, and left all ſhe had to my ſiſter Margaret, a wheedling baggage, that uſed to be aſking queſtions about her great grandfather from morning to night. She now lies buried among the family of the Ironſides, with a ſtone over her, acquainting the reader, that ſhe died at the age of eighty years, a ſpinſter, and that ſhe was deſcended of the ancient family of the Ironſides. After which follows the genealogy drawn up by her own hand. ☞†

No. CXXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19.

Incenditque animam famæ venientis amore. VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 889.
And fires his mind with love of future fame.

THERE is nothing which I ſtudy ſo much in the courſe of theſe my daily diſſertations as variety. By this means every one of my readers is ſure ſome time or other to find a ſubject that pleaſes him, and almoſt every paper has ſome particular ſet of men for its advocates. Inſtead of ſeeing the number of my papers every day increaſing, they would quickly lie as a drug upon my hands, did not I take care to keep up the appetite of my gueſts, and quicken it from time to time by ſomething new and unexpected. In ſhort, I endeavour to treat my reader in the

* *See a moſt excellent ſpeech of this kind in* A YOUNG'S "*Iriſh Tour.*" *A.*

† *This paper, No.* 137. *is diſtinguiſhed by a* Hand, *and re-printed by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works,*" *4to, vol. IV. p.* 225. *See* "*The Publiſher to the Reader.*"

ſame manner as Eve does the angel in that beauful deſcription of Milton—

So ſaying, with diſpatchful looks in haſte
She turns, on hoſpitable thoughts intent,
What choice to chuſe for delicacy beſt;
What order, ſo contrived as not to mix
Taſtes, not well joined, inelegant; but bring
Taſte after taſte, upheld with kindlieſt change.
Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India Eaſt or Weſt, or middle ſhore;
In Pontus or the Punic coaſt, or where
Alcinous reign'd *; fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or ſmooth-rined, or bearded huſk, or ſhell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unſparing hand. FIFTH BOOK.

If by this method I can furniſh out a *ſplendida farago*, according to the compliment lately paid me in a fine poem † publiſhed among the exerciſes of the laſt Oxford act; I have gained the end which I propoſe to myſelf.

In my yeſterday's paper, I ſhowed how the actions of our anceſtors and forefathers ſhould excite us to every thing that is great and virtuous. I ſhall here obſerve, that a regard to our poſterity, and thoſe who are to deſcend from us, ought to have the ſame kind of influence on a generous mind. A noble ſoul would rather die than commit an action that ſhould make his children bluſh when he is in his grave, and be looked upon as a reproach to thoſe who ſhall live a hundred years after him. On the contrary, nothing can be a more pleaſing thought to a man of eminence, than to conſider that his poſterity, who lie many removes from him, ſhall make their boaſts of his virtues, and be honoured for his ſake.

Virgil repreſents this conſideration as an incentive of glory to Æneas, when, after having ſhewn him the race of heroes who were to deſcend from him, Anchiſes adds, with a noble warmth—

Et dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factis?
ÆN. 6. v. 806.

And doubt we yet through dangers to purſue
The paths of honour?—— DRYDEN.

Since I have mentioned this paſſage in Virgil, where Æneas was entertained with the view of his great deſcendants, I cannot forbear obſerving a particular beauty, which I do not know that any one has taken notice of. The liſt which he has there drawn up was in general to do honour to the Roman name, but more particularly to compliment Auguſtus. For this reaſon, Anchiſes, who ſhews Æneas moſt of the reſt of his deſcendants in the ſame order that they were to make their appearance in the world, breaks his method for the ſake of Auguſtus, whom he ſingles out immediately after having mentioned Romulus, as the moſt illuſtrious perſon who was to riſe in that empire which the other had founded. He was impatient to deſcribe his poſterity raiſed to the utmoſt pitch of glory, and therefore paſſes over all the reſt to come at this great man, whom by this means he implicitly repreſents as making the moſt conſpicuous figure among them. By this artifice the poet did not only give his emperor the greateſt praiſe he could beſtow upon him; but hindered his reader from drawing a parallel, which would have been diſadvantageous to him, had he been celebrated in his proper place, that is, after Pompey ‡ and Cæſar, who each of them eclipſed the other in military glory.

Though there have been finer things ſpoken of Auguſtus than of any other man, all the wits of his age having tried to out-rival one another on that ſubject; he never received a compliment, which, in my opinion, can be compared, for ſublimity of thought, to that which the poet here makes him. The Engliſh reader may ſee a faint ſhadow of it in Mr. Dryden's tranſlation, for the original is inimitable.

Hic vir, hic eſt, &c. ÆN. 6. v. 791.

But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæſar himſelf, exalted in his line;
Auguſtus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to reſtore a better age of gold.
Afric, and India, ſhall his pow'r obey
He ſhall extend his propagated ſway
Beyond the ſolar year, without the ſtarry way,
Where Atlas turns the rolling heav'ns around,
And his broad ſhoulders with their lights are crown'd.

* *What a tirade is this of Milton's! Is Paradiſe raiſed by compariſon with Alcinous's kichen-garden? A.*

† *Q. Whoſe poem is here alluded to?*

‡ *If ſucceſs is to determine it, I think Auguſtus eclipſed Pompey. A.*

At his foreſeen approach, already quake
The Caſpian kingdoms and Mæotian lake.
Their ſeers behold the tempeſt from afar;
And threat'ning oracles denounce the war.
Nile hears him knocking at his ſev'n fold gate;
And ſeeks his hidden ſpring, and fears his nephew's fate.
Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
Not though the brazen-footed hind he ſlew;
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar;
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore.
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car;
From Niſus top deſcending on the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reigns.
And doubt we yet through dangers to purſue
The paths of honour?———

I could ſhow out of other poets the ſame kind of viſion as this in Virgil, wherein the chief perſons of the poem have been entertained with the ſight of thoſe who were to deſcend from them: but inſtead of that, I ſhall conclude with a Rabbinical ſtory, which has in it the oriental way of thinking, and is therefore very amuſing.

'Adam,' ſay the Rabbins, 'a little after 'his creation, was preſented with a view of all 'thoſe ſouls who were to be united to human 'bodies, and take their turn after him upon the 'earth. Among others, the viſion ſet before 'him the ſoul of David. Our great anceſtor 'was tranſported at the ſight of ſo beautiful an 'apparition; but, to his unſpeakable grief, 'informed that it was not to be converſant 'among men the ſpace of one year.

Oſtendent terris hunc tantúm fata, neque ultra
Eſſe ſinent——— ÆN. 6. v. 869.

This youth (the bliſsful viſion of a day)
Shall juſt be ſhewn on earth, and ſnatch'd away.
DRYDEN.

'Adam, to procure a longer life for ſo fine 'a piece of human nature, begged that three-'ſcore and ten years (which he heard would be 'the age of a man in David's time) might be 'taken out of his own life, and added to that 'of David. Accordingly,' ſay the Rabbins, 'Adam falls ſhort of a thouſand years, which 'was to have been the compleat term of his life, 'by juſt ſo many years as made up the life of 'David: Adam having lived 930 years, and 'David 70.

This ſtory was invented to ſhew the high opinion which the Rabbins entertained of this man after God's own heart, whom the prophet, who was his own contemporary, could not mention without rapture, where he records the laſt poetical compoſition of David—'of David the ſon 'of Jeſſe, of the man who was raiſed up on 'high, of the anointed of the God of Jacob, 'of the ſweet pſalmiſt of Iſrael.' ☞*

No. CXXXIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 20.

———*Priſca fides facto, ſed fama perennis.* VIRG. ÆN. 9. v. 79.
———*The fact, thro' length of time obſcure,*
Is hard to faith: yet ſhall the ſame endure. DRYDEN.

MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

I Find that every body is very much delighted with the voice of your Lion. His roarings againſt the tucker have been moſt melodious and emphatical. It is to be hoped, that the ladies will take warning by them, and not provoke him to greater outrages; for I obſerve, that your Lion, as you yourſelf have told us, is made up of mouth and paws. For my own part, I have long conſidered with myſelf how I might expreſs my gratitude to this noble animal, that has ſo much the good of our country at his heart. After many thoughts on this ſubject, I have at length reſolved to do honour to him, by compiling an hiſtory of his ſpecies, and extracting out of all authors whatever may redound to his reputation. In the proſecution of this deſign, I ſhall have no manner of regard to what Æſop has ſaid upon the ſubject, whom I look upon to have been a republican by the unworthy treatment which he often gives to the king of beaſts, and whom, if I had time, I could convict of falſhood and forgery in almoſt every matter of fact which he has related of this generous animal. Your romance writers are likewiſe a ſet of men whoſe authority I ſhall build upon very little in this

* *This Paper, No.* 138, *is diſtinguiſhed by* ADDISON'S *ſignature in the* GUARDIAN, *a* Hand; *and it is likewiſe re-printed by Mr. Tickell, in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works,*" 4*to, vol. IV. p.* 228.—Steele *was about this time endeavouring to get himſelf choſen a member for the next parliament. See* Exam. *vol IV. No.* 207. in fol. *No.* 27.

caſe. They all of them are born with a particular antipathy to Lions, and give them no more quarter than they do giants, wherever they chance to meet them. There is not one of the ſeven champions, but when he has nothing elſe to do, encounters with a Lion, and you may be ſure always gets the better of him. In ſhort, a knight-errant lives in a perpetual ſtate of enmity with this noble creature, and hates him more than all things upon the earth, except a dragon. Had the ſtories recorded of them by theſe writers been true, the whole ſpecies would have been deſtroyed before now. After having thus renounced all fabulous authorities, I ſhall begin my memoirs of the Lion with a ſtory related of him by Aulus Gellius, and extracted by him out of Dion Caſſius, an hiſtorian of undoubted veracity. It is the famous ſtory of Androcles the Roman ſlave, which I premiſe for the ſake of my learned reader, who needs go no farther in it, if he has read it already.

Androcles was the ſlave of a noble Roman who was proconſul of Afric. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his maſter would have put him to death, had not he found an opportunity to eſcape out of his hands, and fled into the deſarts of Numidia. As he was wandering among the barren ſands, and almoſt dead with heat and hunger, he ſaw a cave in the ſide of a rock. He went into it, and finding at the farther end of it a place to ſit down upon, reſted there for ſome time. At length to his great ſurprize, a huge overgrown Lion entered at the mouth of the cave, and ſeeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made towards him. Androcles gave himſelf † for gone; but the Lion, inſtead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and with a complaining kind of voice fell a licking his hand. Androcles, after having recovered himſelf a little from the fright he was in, obſerved the Lion's paw to be exceedingly ſwelled by a large thorn that ſtuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and by ſqueezing the paw very gently, made a great deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the Lion from the great anguiſh he had felt ſome time before. The Lion left him upon receiving this good office from him, and ſoon after returned with a fawn which he had juſt killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in purſuit of his prey. Androcles, after having ſodden the fleſh of it by the ſun, ſubſiſted upon it until the Lion had ſupplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful ſolitude, the Lion catering for him with great aſſiduity. Being tired at length with this ſavage ſociety, he was reſolved to deliver himſelf up into his maſter's hands, and ſuffer the worſt effects of his diſpleaſure, rather than be thus driven out from mankind. His maſter, as was cuſtomary for the proconſul of Africa, was at that time getting together a preſent of all the largeſt Lions that could be found in the country, in order to ſend them to Rome, that they might furniſh out a ſhow to the Roman people. Upon his poor ſlave's ſurrendering himſelf into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome as ſoon as the Lions were in readineſs to be ſent, and that for his crime he ſhould be expoſed to fight with one of the Lions in the amphitheatre, as uſual, for the diverſion of the people. This was all performed accordingly. Androcles, after ſuch a ſtrange run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre amidſt thouſands of ſpectators, expecting every moment when his antagoniſt would come out upon him. At length a huge monſtrous Lion leaped out from the place where he had been kept hungry for the ſhow. He advanced with great rage towards the man, but on a ſudden, after having regarded him a little wiſtfully, fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with all the ſigns of blandiſhment and careſs. Androcles, after a ſhort pauſe, diſcovered that it was his old Numidian friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very ſurprizing to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the Lion to be given up into his poſſeſſion. Androcles returned at Rome the civilities which he had received from him in the deſarts of Afric. Dion Caſſius ſays, that he himſelf ſaw the man leading the Lion about the ſtreets of Rome, the people every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another—'*Hic eſt leo hoſpes hominis, hic eſt homo medicus leonis.*—This is the 'Lion who was the man's hoſt; this is the man 'who was the Lion's phyſician.' ☞*

* *This Paper, No.* 139, *is maked with a* Hand ADDISON'S *ſignature in the* GUARDIAN; *and re-printed in Mr. Tickell's edit. of* ADDISON'S "*Works.*" *4to. vol. IV. p.* 232.

The curious Reader may find abundance of entertainment on this ſubject of Lions *in* M. BUFFON'S "Hiſtoire Naturelle," *and the Supplement to that work.*

No. CXL. FRIDAY, AUGUST 21.

——Quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo
Laomedontiades, vel Neſtoris hernia poſſit.
JUV. SAT. 6. v. 324.

A ſight, might thaw old Priam's frozen age,
And warm even Neſtor into amorous rage.

I Have lately received a letter from an aſtrologer in Moorfields, which I have read with great ſatisfaction. He obſerves to me, that my Lion at Button's coffee-houſe was very luckily erected in the very month when the ſun was in Leo. He further adds, that upon converſing with the above-mentioned Mr. Button, whoſe other name he obſerves is Daniel, (a good omen ſtill with regard to the Lion his cohabitant) he had diſcovered the very hour in which the ſaid Lion was ſet up; and that by the help of other lights, which he had received from the ſaid Mr. Button, he had been enabled to calculate the nativity of the Lion. This myſterious philoſopher acquaints me, that the ſign of Leo in the heavens immediately precedes that of Virgo, 'By 'which,' ſays he, 'is ſignified the natural love 'and friendſhip the Lion bears to virginity; and 'not only to virginity, but to ſuch matrons likewiſe as are pure and unſpotted:' from whence he foretels the good influence which the roarings of my Lion are likely to have over the female world, for the purifying of their behaviour, and bettering of their manners. He then proceeds to inform me, that in the moſt exact aſtrological ſchemes, the Lion is obſerved to affect, in a more particular manner, the legs and the neck, as well as to allay the power of the ſcorpion in thoſe parts which are allotted to that fiery conſtellation. From hence he very naturally prognoſticates, that my Lion will meet with great ſucceſs in the attacks he has made on the untuckered ſtays and ſhort petticoat; and that, in a few months, there will not be a female boſom or ancle uncovered in Great Britain. He concludes, that by the rules of his art he foreſaw five years ago, that both the Pope and myſelf ſhould about this time unite our endeavours in this particular, and that ſundry mutations and revolutions would happen in the female dreſs.

I have another letter by me from a perſon of a more volatile and airy genius, who, finding this great propenſion in the fair-ſex to go uncovered, and thinking it impoſſible to reclaim them entirely from it, is for compounding the matter with them, and finding out a middle expedient between nakedneſs and cloathing. He propoſes, therefore, that they ſhould imitate their great grandmothers the Briths or Picts, and paint the parts of their bodies which are uncovered with ſuch figures as ſhall be moſt to their fancy. 'The boſom of the coquette,' ſays he, 'may bear the figure of a Cupid, with a bow in 'his hand, and his arrow upon the ſtring. The 'prude might have a Pallas, with a ſhield and 'Gorgon's head.' In ſhort, by this method, he thinks every woman might make very agreeable diſcoveries of herſelf, and at the ſame time ſhew us what ſhe would be at. But, by my correſpondent's good leave, I can by no means conſent to ſpoil the ſkin of my pretty countrywomen. They could find no colours half ſo charming as thoſe which are natural to them; and though, like the old Picts, they painted the ſun itſelf upon their bodies, they would ſtill change for the worſe, and conceal ſomething more beautiful than what they exhibited.

I ſhall therefore perſiſt in my firſt deſign, and endeavour to bring about the reformation in neck and legs, which I have ſo long aimed at. Let them but raiſe their ſtays and let down* their petticoats, and I have done. However, as I will give them ſpace to conſider of it, I deſign this for the laſt time that my Lion ſhall roar upon the ſubject during this ſeaſon, which I give public notice of for the ſake of my correſpondents, that they may not be at an unneceſſary trouble or expence in furniſhing me with any informations relating to the tucker before the beginning of the next winter, when I may again reſume that point, if I find occaſion for it. I ſhall not, however, let it drop without acquainting my reader, that I have writen a letter to the Pope upon it, in order to encourage him in his preſent good intentions, and that we may act by concert in this matter. Here follows the copy of my letter:

* Lower *or* lengthen.

TO POPE CLEMENT THE EIGHTH, NESTOR IRONSIDE, GREETING.

DEAR BROTHER,

I Have heard, with great ſatisfaction that you have forbidden your prieſts to confeſs any woman who appears before them without a tucker, in which you pleaſe me well. I do agree with you, that it is impoſſible for the good man to diſcharge his office as he ought, who gives an ear to thoſe alluring penitents that diſcover their hearts and necks to him at the ſame time. I am labouring as much as in me lies to ſtir up the ſame ſpirit of modeſty among the women of this iſland, and ſhould be glad we might aſſiſt one another in ſo good a work. In order to it, I deſire that you would ſend me over the length of a Roman lady's neck, as it ſtood before your late prohibition. We have ſome here who have necks, of one, two, and three feet in length; ſome that have necks which reach down to their middles; and, indeed, ſome who may be ſaid to be all neck and no body. I hope, at the ſame time you obſerve the ſtays of your female ſubjects, that you have alſo an eye to their petticoats, which riſe in this iſland daily. When the petticoat reaches but to the knee, and the ſtays fall to the fifth rib, (which I hear is to be the ſtandard of each, as it has been lately ſettled in a junto of the ſex) I will take care to ſend you one of either ſort, which I advertiſe you of before-hand, that you may not compute the ſtature of our Engliſh women from the length of their garments. In the mean time, I have deſired the maſter of a veſſel, who tells me that he ſhall touch at Civita Vecchia, to preſent you with a certain female machine, which, I believe, will puzzle your infallibility to diſcover the uſe of it. Not to keep you in ſuſpenſe, it is what we call in this country a hooped petticoat. I ſhall only beg of you to let me know whether you find any garment of this nature among all the relicks of your female ſaints, and in particular, whether it was ever worn by any of your twenty thouſand virgin martyrs. Yours, *uſque ad aras*,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

I muſt not diſmiſs this letter without declaring myſelf a good Proteſtant, as I hint in the ſubſcribing part of it. This I think neceſſary to take notice of, leſt I ſhould be accuſed by an author of *unexampled* ſtupidity*, for corresponding with the head of the Romiſh church. ☞ †

No. CXLI. SATURDAY, AUGUST 22.

Frange, miſer, calamos, vigilataque proelia dele,
Qui facis in parvâ ſublimia carmina cellâ,
Ut dignus venias hederis, & imagine macrâ.

JUV. SAT. 7. v. 27.

Let flames on your unlucky papers prey,
Or moths through written pages eat their way;
Your wars, your loves, your praiſes be forgot;
And make of all an univerſal blot———
The reſt is empty praiſe, an ivy crown,
Or the lean ſtatue of a mean renown.

CH. DRYDEN.

'WIT,' ſaith the Biſhop of Rocheſter ‡, in his elegant ſermon againſt the ſcorner, 'as it implies a certain uncommon reach and 'vivacity of thought, is an excellent talent, 'very fit to be employed in the ſearch of truth, 'and very capable of aſſiſting us to diſcern 'and embrace it §.' I ſhall take leave to carry this obſervation farther into common life, and remark, that it is a faculty, when properly directed, very fit to recommend young perſons to the favour of ſuch patrons as are generouſly ſtudious to promote the intereſt of politeneſs, and

* *In this P. S.* ADDISON, *a man of temper, ſeems to loſe it. See No.* 116, *Quaker's letter, and No.* 134, *penult. paragr. Theſe harſh words are ſpoken of the writer of the* Examiner, *vol. IV. No.* 27, in folio. *See* ibidem *the concluſion, and the advertiſement.*

† *This Paper, No.* 140, *is marked with a* Hand, *the ſignature of* ADDISON'S *Papers in the* GUARDIAN; *and re-printed by Mr. Tickell in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works,*" *vol. IV. p.* 134.

‡ *Dr.* ATTERBURY.

§ *The Free-thinkers from Shafteſbury, &c. made good uſe of the Biſhop's doctrine. A.*

the honour of their country. I am therefore much grieved to hear the frequent complaints of ſome riſing authors whom I have taken under my guardianſhip. Since my circumſtances will not allow me to give them due encouragement, I muſt take upon me the perſon of a philoſopher, and make them a preſent of my advice. I would not have any poet whatſoever, who is not born to five hundred a year, deliver himſelf up to wit, but as it is ſubſervient to the improvement of his fortune. This talent is uſeful in all profeſſions, and ſhould be conſidered not as a wife, but as an attendant. Let them take an old man's word; the deſire of fame grows languid in a few years, and thoughts of eaſe and convenience eraſe the fairy images of glory and honour. Even thoſe who have ſucceeded both in fame and fortune, look back on the petty trifles of their youth with ſome regret, when their minds are turned to more exalted and uſeful ſpeculations. This is admirably expreſſed in the following lines, by an author †, whom I have formerly done juſtice to on the account of his paſtoral poems.

In ſearch of wiſdom far from wit I fly:
Wit is a harlot, beauteous to the eye,
In whoſe bewitching arms our early time
We waſte, and vigour of our youthful prime:
But when reflection comes with riper years,
And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears;
We caſt the miſtreſs off to take a wife,
And, wed to wiſdom, lead a happy life.

A paſſage which happened to me ſome years ago, confirmed ſeveral maxims of frugality in my mind. A woollen-draper of my acquaintance, remarkable for his learning ‡ and good-nature, pulled out his pocket-book, wherein he ſhewed me at the one end ſeveral well choſen mottos, and ſeveral patterns of cloth at the other. I, like a well-bred man, praiſed both ſorts of goods: whereupon he tore out the mottos, and generouſly gave them to me; but, with great prudence, put up the patterns in his pocket again.

I am ſenſible that any accounts of my own ſecret hiſtory can have but little weight with young men of ſanguine expectations. I ſhall therefore take this opportunity to preſent my wards with the hiſtory of an ancient Greek poet, which was ſent me from the library of Fez, and is to be found there in the end of a very ancient manuſcript of Homer's works, which was brought by the barbarians from Conſtantinople. The name of the poet is torn out, nor have the critics yet determined it. I have faithfully tranſlated part of it, and deſire that it may be diligently peruſed by all men who deſign to live by their wits.

'I was born at the foot of a certain mountain 'in Greece called Parnaſſus, where the country 'is remarkable delicious. My mother, while 'ſhe was with child of me, longed for laurel 'leaves; and as I lay in my cradle, a ſwarm of 'bees ſettled about my mouth, without doing 'me any injury. Theſe were looked upon as 'preſages of my being a great man; and the 'early promiſes I gave of a quick wit and 'lively fancy, confirmed the high opinion my 'friends had conceived of me. It would be an 'idle tale to relate the trifling adventures of my 'youth, until I arrived at my twentieth year. 'It was then that the love I bore to a beautiful 'young virgin, with whom I had innocently 'and familiarly converſed from my childhood, 'became the public talk of our village. I was 'ſo taken up with my paſſion, that I entirely 'neglected all other affairs: and though the 'daughter of Machaon the phyſician, and a 'rich heireſs, the daughter of a famous Grecian 'orator, were offered me in marriage, I pe-'remptorily refuſed both the matches, and raſh-'ly vowed to live and die with the lovely Poly-'hymnia. In vain did my parents remonſtrate 'to me, that the tradition of her being de-'ſcended from the gods was too poor a portion 'for one of my narrow fortunes; that, except 'her fine green-houſe and garden, ſhe had not 'one foot of land; and though ſhe ſhould gain 'the law-ſuit about the ſummit of Parnaſſus, '(which yet had many pretenders to it) that 'the air was ſo bleak there, and the ground ſo 'barren, that it would certainly ſtarve the poſ-'ſeſſor. I fear my obſtinacy in this particular 'broke my mother's heart, who died a ſhort 'time after, and was ſoon followed by my fa-'ther.

* *Mr. Ambroſe Philips. On Wit and Wiſdom. A fragment. Paſtorals, Epiſtles, Odes, and other Poems. By A. Philips, Eſq. Engliſh Poets, Vol. LVII. p. 82.*

‡ *Perhaps Will. Pate, a draper, celebrated for his wit and learning.*

'I now found myself at liberty; and, notwithstanding the opposition of a great many rivals, I won and enjoyed Polyhymnia. Our amour was known to the whole country, and all who saw, extolled the beauty of my mistress, and pronounced me happy in the possession of so many charms. We lived in great splendor and gaiety, I being persuaded that high living was necessary to keep up my reputation and the beauty of my mistress; from whom I had daily expectations given me of a post in the government, or some lavish present from the great men of our commonwealth. I was so proud of my partner, that I was perpetually bringing company to see her, and was a little tiresome to my acquaintance, by talking continually of her several beauties. She herself had a most exalted conceit of her charms, and often invited the ladies to ask their opinions of her dress; which if they disapproved in any particular, she called them a pack of envious, insipid things, and ridiculed them in all companies. She had a delicate set of teeth, which appeared most to advantage when she was angry; and therefore she was very often in a passion. By this imprudent behaviour, when we had run out of our money, we had no living soul to befriend us; and every body cried out, it was a judgment upon me, for being a slave to such a proud minx, such a conceited hussy.

'I loved her passionately, and exclaimed against a blind and injudicious world. Besides, I had several children by her, and was likely still to have more; for I always thought the youngest the most beautiful. I must not forget that a certain great lord offered me a considerable sum in my necessity, to have the reputation of fathering one of them; but I rejected his offer with disdain. In order to support her family and vanities, she carried me to Athens; where she put me upon a hundred pranks to get money. Sometimes she dressed me in an antic robe, and placed a diadem on my head, and made me gather a mob about me by talking in a blustering tone, and unintelligible language. Sometimes she made me foam at the mouth, roll my eyes, invoke the gods, and act a sort of madness which the Athenians call the Pindarism. At another time she put a sheep-hook into my hand, and drove me round my garret, calling it the plains of Arcadia. When these projects failed, she gave out, with great success, that I was an old astrologer *; after that, a dumb man †, and, last of all, she made me pass for a lion ‡.

'It may seem strange, that, after so tedious a slavery, I should ever get my freedom. But it so happened, that during the three last transformations, I grew acquainted with the Lady Sophia, whose superior charms cooled my passion for Polyhymnia; insomuch that some envious dull fellows gave it out, my mistress had jilted and left me. But the slanders of my enemies were silenced by my public espousal of Sophia; who, with a greatness of soul, void of all jealousy, had taken Polyhymnia for her woman, and is dressed by her every day ||.'

No. CXLII. MONDAY, AUGUST 24.

——Pacis mala sævior armis
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur——

JUV. SAT. 6. V. 291.

——Th' inveterate ills of peace,
And wasteful riot; whose destructive charms
Revenge the vanquish'd—— DRYDEN.

BEING obliged, at present, to attend a particular affair of my own §, I do empower my printer to look into the Arcana of the Lion, and select out of them such as may be of public utility; and Mr. Button is hereby authorised and commanded to give my said printer

* *Isaac* BICKERSTAFF, *Esq. an Astrologer in the* TATLER.

† *A Dumb* MAN *in the* SPECTATOR.

‡ *A Lion in the* GUARDIAN.

|| *See No.* 10, *and No.* 15, final Notes. *This Paper, if written originally by* STEELE, *contains allusions to the various employments of his ready pen, and seems to indicate that he was early in life urged to embrace the profession of* Physic, *or follow the study of the* Law.

§ *The particular affair alluded to here was probably* STEELE'S *election as M. P. for Stockbridge.*

free ingreſs and egreſs to the Lion, without any hindrance, let, or moleſtation whatſoever, until ſuch time as he ſhall receive orders to the contrary. And for ſo doing this ſhall be his warrant. NESTOR IRONSIDE.

By virtue of the foregoing order, the Lion has been carefully examined, and the two following papers being found upon him, are thought very proper for public uſe.

GIVEN IN AT THE LION'S MOUTH AT SIX OF THE CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

MR. IRONSIDE,

I Came very early this morning to rouſe your Lion, thinking it the propereſt time to offer him traſh when his ſtomach was empty and ſharp ſet; and being informed too that he is ſo very modeſt, as to be ſhy of ſwallowing any thing before much company; and not without ſome other politic views, the principle of which was, that his digeſtion being then the moſt keen and vigorous, it might probably refine this raw piece from ſeveral of its crudities, and ſo make it proper food for his maſter; for as great princes keep their taſter, ſo I perceive you keep your digeſter, having an appetite peculiarly turned for delicacies. If a fellow-feeling and ſimilitude of employment, are any motives to engage your attention. I may for once promiſe myſelf a favourable hearing. By the account you have given us of the Sparkler, and your other female wards, I am pretty confident you cannot be a ſtranger to the many great difficulties there are in weaning a young lady's inclination from a frolic which ſhe is fully bent upon. I am Guardian to a young heireſs, whoſe conduct I am more than ordinarily ſolicitous to keep ſteady in the ſlippery age we live in. I muſt confeſs Miſs hath hitherto been very tractable and toward, conſidering ſhe is an heireſs, and now upon the brink of fifteen; but here of late Tom Whirligig has ſo turned her head with the gallantries of a late maſquerade, (which no doubt Tom, according to his uſual vivacity, ſet forth in all its gayeſt colours) that the young creature has been perfectly giddy ever ſince, and ſo ſet agog with the thoughts of it, that I am teazed to death by her importuning me to let her go to the next. In the mean time, I have ſurprized her more than once or twice very buſy in pulling all her cloaths to pieces, in order to make up a ſtrange dreſs, and with much ado have reprieved them from her mercileſs ſciſſars. Now you muſt underſtand, Old Iron, I am very loth to truſt her all alone into ſuch an ocean of temptations. I have made uſe of all manner of diſſuaſives to her, and have ſufficiently demonſtrated to her, that the devil firſt addreſſed himſelf to Eve in a maſk, and that we owe the loſs of our firſt happy ſtate to a maſquerade, which that ſly intriguer made in the garden, where he ſeduced her; but ſhe does not at all regard this, the paſſion of curioſity is as predominant in her as ever it was in her predeceſſor. Therefore I appeal, ſage Neſtor, to your experienced age, whether theſe nocturnal aſſemblies have not a bad tendency, to give a looſe turn to a young lady's imagination. For the being in diſguiſe takes away the uſual checks and reſtraints of modeſty; and conſequently the beaux do not bluſh to talk wantonly nor the belles to liſten; the one as greedily ſucks in the poiſon, as the other induſtriouſly infuſes it: and I am apt to think too, that the ladies might poſſibly forget their own ſelves in ſuch ſtrange dreſſes, and do that in a perſonated character which may ſtain their real ones. A young milk-maid may indulge herſelf in the innocent freedom of a green-gown; and a ſhepherdeſs, without thinking any harm, may lie down with a ſhepherd on a moſſy bank; and all this while poor Sylvia may be ſo far loſt in the pleaſing thoughts of her new romantic attire, and Damon's ſoft endearing language, as never once to reflect who ſhe is, until the romance is compleated. Beſides, do but conſider, dear Neſtor, when a young lady's ſpirits are fermented with ſparkling champaign; her heart opened and dilated by the attractive gaiety of every thing about her; her ſoul melted away by the ſoft airs of muſic and the gentle powers of motion; in a word, the whole woman diſſolved in a luxury of pleaſure: I ſay, in ſuch critical circumſtances, in ſuch unguarded moments, how eaſy is it for a young thing to be led aſide by her ſtars! Therefore, good Mr. Ironſide, ſet your Lion a roaring againſt theſe dangerous aſſemblies: I can aſſure you, one good loud roar will be ſufficient to deter my ward from them, for ſhe is naturally mighty fearful, and has been always uſed from her childhood to be frightened into good behaviour. And it may prove too ſome benefit to yourſelf in the management of your own females, who, if they are not already, I do not at all queſtion but they will be very ſhortly, gadding after theſe midnight gambols. Therefore, to pro-

mote your own peace and quietneſs, as well as mine, and the ſafety of all young virgins, pray order your Lion to exert his loudeſt notes againſt maſquerades; I am ſure it would be a perfect concert to all good mothers, and particularly charm the ears of your faithful friend and companion,

OLD RUSTISIDES. *

MOST WORTHY SIR,

BEING informed that the Eveites daily increaſe, and that fig-leaves are ſhortly coming into faſhion; I have hired me a piece of ground and planted it with fig-trees, the ſoil being naturally productive of them. I hope, good Sir, you will ſo far encourage my new project, as to acquaint the ladies, that I have now by me a choice collection of fig-leaves of all ſorts and ſizes, of a delicate texture and a lovely bright verdure, beautifully ſcolloped at the extremities, and moſt curiouſly wrought with variety of ſlender fibres ranged in beautiful meanders and windings. I have ſome very cool ones for ſummer, ſo tranſparently thin that you may ſee through them, and others of a thicker ſubſtance for winter; I have likewiſe ſome very ſmall ones of a particular ſpecies for little miſſes. So that I do not queſtion but to give general ſatisfaction to all ladies whatſoever, that pleaſe to repair to me at the ſign of the Adam and Eve near Cupid's-Gardens. If you will favour me with the inſertion of this in your Guardian, I will make your favourite the Sparkler, a preſent of ſome of the choiceſt fig-leaves I have, and lay before her feet the primitiae of my new garden; and if you bring me a great many cuſtomers for my leaves, I promiſe you my figs ſhall be at your ſervice. I am, worthy Sir, your worſhip's moſt obedient humble ſervant.

ANTHONY EVER-GREEN.

N. B. I am now rearing up a ſet of fine furbelowed dock-leaves, which will be exceeding proper for old women and ſuperanuated maids; thoſe plants having two excellent and good properties; the one, that they flouriſh beſt in dry ground; the other, that being cloathed with ſeveral integuments of downy ſurfaces, they are exceedingly warm and cheriſhing †.

No CXLIII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 25.

Quis fuit, horrendos primus qui protulit enſes?
Quam ferus, et vere ferreus ille fuit!

TIBUL. ELEG. 10. L. 1. V. 1.

Who firſt, with ſkill inhuman, did produce,
And teach mankind, the ſword's deſtructive uſe?
What ſenſe of pity could the monſter feel!
Himſelf relentleſs as the murd'rous ſteel!

NOtwithſtanding the levity of the pun, which is in the ſecond line of my motto, the ſubject I am going upon is of the moſt ſerious conſequence, and concerns no leſs than the peace and quiet, and (for aught I know) the very life and ſafety, of every inoffenſive and well-diſpoſed inhabitant of this city. Frequent complaints have been made to me, by men of diſcretion and ſobriety, in moſt of the coffee-houſes from St. James's to Jonathan's, that there is ſprung up of late a very numerous race of young fellows about the town, who have the confidence to walk the ſtreets, and come into all public places in open-day light, with ſwords of ſuch immoderate length, as ſtrike terror into a great many of her majeſty's good ſubjects‡. Beſides this, half a dozen of this fraternity, in a room or a narrow ſtreet, are as inconvenient as ſo many turnſtiles, becauſe you can paſs neither backward nor forward, until you have firſt put their weapons aſide. When Jack Lizard made his firſt trip to town from the univerſity, he thought he could never bring up with him too much of the gentleman; this I ſoon perceived in the firſt viſit he made me, when, I remember, he came ſcraping in at the door, encumbered with a bar of cold iron ſo irkſomely long, that it banged againſt his calf, and jarred upon his right-heel, as he walked, and came rattling behind him as he ran down the

* *See two Letters to* Neſtor IRONSIDE, *Eſq. or in his abſence, to the keeper of the* LION *at Button's Coffee-houſe, Covent-Garden, ſigned* Incognito, *and* Tim. Frolic, *in Hughes's "Correſpondence," vol. I. p.* 75. *Dated Sept.* 7, 1713. *By Mr. John* HUGHES.

† *See the final Notes to No.* 10, *No.* 11, *and No.* 15.

‡ *See No.* 145, *and No.* 171.

ſtairs. But his ſiſter Annabella's raillery ſoon cured him of this aukward air, by telling him his ſword was only fit for going up ſtairs, or walking up hill, and that ſhe ſhrewdly ſuſpected he had ſtolen it out of the college kitchen.

But to return to the public grievance of this city; it is very remarkable, that theſe 'brothers of the blade,' began to appear upon the firſt ſuſpenſion of arms; and that ſince the concluſion of the peace the order is very much increaſed, both as to the number of the men, and the ſize of their weapons. I am informed, that theſe men of prepoſterous bravery, who affect a military air in a profound peace, and dare to look terrible amongſt their friends and fellow-citizens, have formed a plan to erect themſelves into a ſociety, under the name of the Terrible Club; and that they entertain hopes of getting the great armory-hall in the Tower for their club-room. Upon this I have made it my buſineſs to enquire more particularly into the cabals of theſe Hectors; and, by the help of my Lion, I have got ſuch informations as will enable me to countermine their deſigns, together with a copy of ſome fundamental articles drawn up by three of their ringleaders; the which it ſeems are to be augmented and aſſented to by the reſt of the gang on the firſt of January next, (if not timely prevented) at a general meeting in the Sword-cutlers hall. I ſhall at preſent (to let them ſee that they are not unobſerved) content myſelf with publiſhing only the ſaid articles.

ARTICLES TO BE AGREED UPON BY THE MEMBERS OF THE TERRIBLE CLUB.

Imprimis, That the club do meet at midnight in the great armory-hall in the Tower, (if leave can be obtained) the firſt Monday in every month.

II. That the preſident be ſeated upon a drum at the upper end of the table, accoutred with a helmet, a baſket-hilt ſword, and a buff-belt.

III. That the preſident be always obliged to provide, for the firſt and ſtanding diſh of the club, a paſty of bull beef, baked in a target made for that purpoſe.

IV. That the members do cut their meat with bayonets inſtead of knives.

V. That every member do ſit to the table, and eat with his hat, his ſword, and his gloves on.

VI. That there be no liquor drank but rack-punch, quickened with brandy and gunpowder.

VII. That a large mortar be made uſe of for a punch bowl.

In all appearance it could be no other than a member of this club, who came laſt week to Button's, and ſat over againſt the Lion with ſuch a ſettled fierceneſs in his countenance, as if he came to vie with that animal in ſternneſs of looks. His ſtature was ſomewhat low; his motions quick and ſmart, and might be miſtaken for ſtartings and convulſions. He wore a broad ſtiff hat, cudgel-proof, with an edging three-fingers deep, truſſed up into the fierce trooper's cock: to this was added a dark wig, very moderately curled, and tied in two large knots up to his ears; his coat was ſhort, and rich in tarniſhed lace; his noſtrils and his upper lip were all begrimed with ſnuff. At firſt I was in hopes the gentleman's friends took care not to entruſt him with any weapon; until, looking down, I could perceive a ſword of a moſt unwarrantable ſize, that hung careleſsly below his knee, with two large taſſels at the hilt, that played about his ancles.

I muſt confeſs I cannot help ſhrewdly ſuſpecting the courage of the Terribles. I beg pardon if I am in the wrong when I think, that the long ſword, and the ſwaggering cock, are the ordinary diſguiſes of a faint heart. Theſe men, while they think to impoſe terror upon others, do but render themſelves contemptible; their very dreſs tells you that they are ſurrounded with fears, that they live in Hobbs's ſtate of nature, and that they are never free from apprehenſions. I dare ſay, if one were to look into the hearts of theſe champions, one ſhould find there a great tendency to go caſed in armour, and that nothing but the fear of a ſtronger ridicule reſtrains them from it. A brave man ſcorns to wear any thing that may give him an advantage over his neighbour; his great glory is neither to fear nor to be feared. I remember, when I was abroad, to have ſeen a buffoon in an opera, whoſe exceſſive cowardice never failed to ſet the whole audience into a loud laughter: but the ſcene which ſeemed to divert them moſt, was that in which he came on with a ſword that reached quite acroſs the ſtage, and was put to flight by an adverſary, whoſe ſtature was not above four feet high, and whoſe weapon was not three feet long. This brings to my mind what I have formerly read of a King of Arabia, who ſhewing a rich ſword that had been preſented to him, his courtiers unanimouſly gave their opinion, that it had no other fault, but that of being too ſhort; upon which the king's ſon ſaid, that there was no weapon too ſhort for a brave man, ſince

there needed no more but to advance one ſtep to make it long enough. To this I ſhall ſubjoin, by way of corollary, that there is no weapon long enough for a coward, who never thinks himſelf ſecure while he is within ſight of his adverſary's point. I would therefore adviſe theſe men of diſtant courage, as they tender their honour, to ſhorten their dimenſions, and reduce their tilters to a more reputable, as well as a more portable ſize *.

No. CXLIV. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26.

Sua cuique quum ſit animi cogitatio,
Colorque primus—— PHÆDR. PROL. L. 5. V. 7.
Every man has his particular way of thinking and acting.

IT is a very juſt, and a common obſervation upon the natives of this iſland, that in their different degrees, and in their ſeveral profeſſions and employments, they abound as much, and perhaps more, in good ſenſe, than any people; and yet, at the ſame time, there is ſcarce an Engliſhman of any life and ſpirit, that has not ſome odd caſt of thought, ſome original humour that diſtinguiſhes him from his neighbour. Hence it is that our comedies are enriched with ſuch a diverſity of characters, as is not to be ſeen upon any other theatre in Europe. Even in the maſquerades that have been lately given to the town, (though they are diverſions we are not accuſtomed to) the ſingularities of dreſs were carried much farther than is uſual in foreign countries, where the natives are trained up, as it were, from their infancy, to thoſe amuſements. The very ſame meaſure of underſtanding, the very ſame accompliſhments, the very ſame defects ſhall, amongſt us, appear under a quite different aſpect in one man, to what they do in another. This makes it as impracticable to foreigners to enter into a thorough knowledge of the Engliſh, as it would be to learn the Chineſe language, in which there is a different character for every individual word. I know not how to explain this vein of humour ſo obvious in my countrymen, better, than by comparing it to what the French call *Le goût du terroir* in wines; by which they mean the different flavour one and the ſame grape ſhall draw from the different ſoils in which it is planted. This national mark is viſible amongſt us in every rank and degree of men, from the perſons of the firſt quality and politeſt ſenſe, down to the rudeſt and moſt ignorant of the people. Every mechanic has a peculiar caſt of head and turn of wit, or ſome uncommon whim, as a characteriſtic, that diſtinguiſhes him from others of his trade, as well as from the multitudes that are upon a level with him. We have a ſmall-coal-man †, who from beginning with two plain notes, which made up his daily cry, has made himſelf maſter of the whole compaſs of the gamut, and has frequent concerts of muſic at his own houſe for the entertainment of himſelf and his friends. There is a perſon of great hoſpitality, who lives in a plaiſtered cottage upon the road to Hampſtead, and gets a ſuperfluity of wealth, by ac-

* *See No.* 145; *No.* 171; *on this ſubject*; *and the final* Notes *to No.* 10, *No.* 11, *and No.* 15.

† *Mr. Thomas Breton, the muſical* Small-Coal-MAN, *the firſt who inſtituted a* Concert, *and introduced* Muſical-Meetings *and* CLUBS *into this country, was a native of Northamptonſhire. He ſerved a regular apprenticeſhip to his employment with a* Small-Coal-MAN, *in St. John the Baptiſt's-ſtreet, and began to trade in this way for himſelf by the little gate of St. John's of Jeruſalem, next to Clerkenwell-green. He became, ſoon after, an excellent chemiſt under the inſtructions of Dr. Garenciers, and by the help of a moveable elaboratory contrived and built by himſelf. He was likewiſe famous for his knowledge in the theory of Muſic, and became no inconſiderable performer. He pricked muſick with neatneſs and accuracy, and a judicious collection pricked with his own hand was ſold after his death for near* 100l. *He was a collector of curious books, and beſides a collection in this kind ſold before he died, left behind him, a choice library in the chemical and muſical branches of ſcience, both of printed books and manuſcripts, with a very conſiderable collection of muſical inſtruments, and many valuable curioſities. His death, which happened in Sept.* 1714, *was cauſed, or occaſioned, by a trick of a Ventriloquiſt, introduced on purpoſe to frighten him, to indulge the humour of a fooliſh Juſtice of Peace in the neighbourhood of the name of* Robe. *The circumſtances are minutely related by Sir John Hawkins in his* "Hiſtory of Muſick," *vol. V. B. I. cha.* 9. *where the curious may ſee a more particular account, and a fine print of this very ſingular and ingenious man.* P. 71. et ſeqq. ut ſupra.

commodating holiday paſſengers with ale, brandy, pipes, tobacco, cakes, gingerbread, apples, pears, and other ſmall refreſhments of life; and on working-days takes the air in his chaiſe, and recreates himſelf with the elegant pleaſures of the Beau-monde. The ſhining men amongſt our mob, dignified by the title of Ringleaders, have an inexhauſtible fund of archneſs and raillery; as likewiſe have our ſailors and watermen. Our very ſtreet-beggars are not without their peculiar oddities, as the ſchoolmen term them. The other day a tattered wag followed me acroſs the Meuſe with—'One farthing or halfpenny, good 'your honour, do your honour; and I ſhall 'make bold to pray for you.'

Shakeſpeare, (who was a great copier of nature) whenever he introduces any artiſans, or low characters into his plays, never fails to daſh them ſtrongly with ſome diſtinguiſhing ſtrain of humour, as may be ſeen more remarkably in the ſcene of the grave-diggers in Hamlet.

Though this ſingularity of temper, which runs through the generality of us, may make us ſeem whimſical to ſtrangers; yet it furniſhes out a perpetual change of entertainment to ourſelves, and diverſifies all our converſations with ſuch a variety of mirth, as is not to be met with in any other country. Sir William Temple, in his Eſſay upon Poetry, endeavours to account for the Britiſh humours in the following manner:

'This may proceed from the native plenty of 'our ſoil, the unequalneſs of our climate, as 'well as the eaſe of our government, and the 'liberty of profeſſing opinions and factions, 'which perhaps our neighbours have about them, 'but are forced to diſguiſe, and thereby may 'come in time to be extinguiſhed. Thus we 'come to have more originals, and more that 'appear what they are: we have more humour, 'becauſe every man follows his own, and takes 'a pleaſure, perhaps a pride, to ſhew it. On 'the contrary, where the people are generally 'poor, and forced to hard labour, their actions 'and lives are all of a piece; where they ſerve 'hard maſters, they muſt follow their examples, 'as well as commands, and are forced upon 'imitation in ſmall matters, as well as obedience 'in great: ſo that ſome nations look as if they 'were caſt all in one mould, or cut out all by 'one pattern, (at leaſt the common people in 'one, and the gentlemen in another.) They 'ſeem all of a ſort in their habits, their cuſtoms, 'and even their talk and converſation, as well 'as in the application and purſuit of their actions, and their lives. Beſides all this, there 'is another ſort of variety amongſt us, which 'ariſes from our climate, and the diſpoſitions it 'naturally produces.' We are not only more 'unlike one another, than any nation I know; 'but we are more unlike ourſelves too, at ſeveral times, and owe to our very air ſome ill qualities, as well as many good.'

Ours is the only country, perhaps in the whole world, where every man, rich and poor, dares to have a humour of his own, and to avow it upon all occaſions. I make no doubt, but that it is to this great freedom of temper, and this unconſtrained manner of living, that we owe, in a great meaſure, the number of ſhining geniuſes, which riſe up amongſt us from time to time, in the ſeveral arts and ſciences, for the ſervice and for the ornament of life. This frank and generous diſpoſition in a people will likewiſe never fail to keep up in their minds an averſion to ſlavery, and be, as it were, a ſtanding bulwark of their liberties. So long as ever wit and humour continues, and the generality of us will have their own way of thinking, ſpeaking, and acting, this nation is not like to give any quarter to an invader, and much leſs to bear with the abſurdities of Popery, in exchange for an eſtabliſhed and a reaſonable faith *.

No. CXLV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 27.

Jura neget ſibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

HOR. ARS. POET. v. 122.

Scorning all judges, and all law but arms. ROSCOMMON.

AMONGST the ſeveral challenges and letters which my paper of the twenty-fifth † has brought upon me, there happens to be one, which I know not well what to make of. I am doubtful whether it is the archneſs of ſome wag, or the ſerious reſentment of a coxcomb, that vents

* *See Notes to No.* 10, *No.* 11, *and No.* 15, ad fines. *Eſtabliſhed and reaſonable as our* FAITH *is*, *ſuch is the* oddity of HUMOUR *in certain Scholars, that they ſtill want and wiſh to have no ſmall alterations to be made in it.*

† *See No.* 143, *on the* Terrible CLUB.

his indignation with an insipid pertness. In either of these two lights I think it may divert my readers, for which reason I shall make no scruple to comply with the gentleman's request, and make his letter public.

TILT-YARD COFFEE-HOUSE.

OLD TESTY,

YOUR grey hairs for once shall be your protection, and this billet a fair warning to you for your audacious raillery upon the dignity of long swords. Look to it for the future; consider we brothers of the Blade are men of a long reach: think betimes—

How many perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.

It has always been held dangerous to play with edge-tools. I grant you, we men of valour are but aukward jesters; we know not how to repay joke for joke; but then we always make up in point what we want in wit. He that shall rashly attempt to regulate our hilts, or reduce our blades, had need to have a heart of oak, as well as 'Sides of Iron.' Thus much for the present. In the mean time, Bilbo * is the word; remember that and tremble.

THO. SWAGGER.

This jocose manner of bullying an old man, so long as it affords some entertainment to my friends, is what I shall not go about to discourage. However, my witty antagonist must give me leave, since he attacks me in proverbs, to exchange a thrust or two with him at the same weapons; and so let me tell Mr. Swagger—'There 'is no catching old birds with chaff;' and that 'Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better.' 'Fore-warned, fore-armed.' Having dispatched this combatant, and given him as good as he brings, I proceed to exhibit the case of a person who is the very reverse of the former, the which he lays before me in the following epistle.

WORTHY SIR,

I Am the most unfortunate of men, if you do not speedily interpose with your authority in behalf of a gentleman, who, by his own example, has for these six months endeavoured, at the peril of his life, to bring little swords into fashion, in hopes to prevail upon the gentry by that means (winning them over inch by inch) to appear without any swords at all. It was my misfortune to call in at Tom's last night, a little fuddled, where I happened only to point towards an odd fellow with a monstrous sword, that made a ring round him, as he turned upon his heel to speak to one or other in the room. Upon this Peccadillo the bloody minded villain has sent me a challenge this morning. I tremble at the very thought of it, and am sick with the apprehension of seeing that weapon naked, which terrified me in the scabbard. The unconscionable ruffian desires, in the most civil terms, he may have the honour of measuring swords with me. Alas, Sir, mine is not (hilt and all) above a foot and a half. I take the liberty of inclosing it to you in my wig-box, and shall be eternally obliged to you, if, upon sight of it, your compassion may be so far moved, as to occasion you to write a good word for me to my adversary, or to say any thing that may shame him into reason, and save at once the life and reputation of, Sir, your most devoted slave,

TIMOTHY BODKIN.

GOOD MR. BODKIN,

THE perusal of this paper will give you to understand, that your letter, together with the little implement you sent me in the band-box, came safe to my hands. From the dimensions of it, I perceive your courage lies in a narrow compass. Suppose you should send this bravo the fellow to it, and desire him to meet you in a closet, letting him know, at the same time, that you fight all your duels under lock and key, for the sake of privacy. But, if this proposal seems a little too rash, I shall send my servant with your sword to the person offended, and give him instructions to tell him you are a little purblind, and dare not, for that reason, trust to a longer weapon; and that an inch in his body will do your business as well as an ell: or, if you would have me proceed yet more cautiously, my servant shall let him know, as from me, that he should meddle with his match, and that alone, if he be a man of honour, will make him reflect; if otherwise, (as I am very inclinable to doubt it) you need give yourself no farther unnecessary fears; but rely upon the truth of my remarks upon the Terribles. I have bethought myself of one expedient more for you, which seems to be the most likely to succeed. Send your own servant to wait upon the gentleman.

* *Bilbo, a Spanish* sword blade *from* Bilboa *in Spain.*

Let him carry with him your ſword, and a letter, in which you tell him, that, admiring the magnificence and grandeur of his weapon at Tom's, you thought it great pity ſo gallant a cavalier ſhould not be compleatly armed; for which reaſon, you humbly requeſt that you may have the honour of preſenting him with a dagger. I am, Sir, your faithful ſervant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

I received a letter laſt week from one of my female wards, who ſubſcribes herſelf Teraminta *. She ſeems to be a lady of great delicacy, by the concern ſhe ſhews for the loſs of a ſmall covering, which the generality of the ſex have laid aſide. She is in pain, and full of thoſe fears which are natural in a ſtate of virginity, leſt any the ſmalleſt part of her linen ſhould be in the poſſeſſion of a man. In compliance therefore with her requeſt, and to gratify her modeſty ſo far as lies in my power, I have given orders to my printer to make room for her advertiſement in this day's paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AUGUST 19.

WHEREAS a Modeſty-Piece was loſt at the maſquerade laſt Monday night, being the 17th inſtant, between the hours of twelve and one; the author of this paper gives notice, that if any perſon will put it into the hands of Mr. Daniel Button, to be returned to the owner, it ſhall by her be acknowledged as the laſt favour, and no queſtions aſked.

N. B. It is of no uſe but to the owner †.

No. CXLVI. FRIDAY, AUGUST 28.

Primus hominum Leonem manu tractare auſus, et oſtendere manſueſactum, Hanno è clariſſimis Pœnorum traditur. PLIN.

Hanno, a noble Carthaginian, is reported to have been the firſt man who ventured to handle a lion, and bring him up tame.

THE generality of my readers, I find, are ſo well pleaſed with the ſtory of the Lion, in my paper of the twentieth inſtant ‡, and with my friend's deſign of compoſing a hiſtory of that noble ſpecies of animals, that a great many ingenious perſons have promiſed me their aſſiſtance to bring in materials for the work, from all the ſtorehouſes of ancient and modern learning, as well as from oral tradition. For a farther encouragement of the undertaking, a conſiderable number of virtuoſi have offered, when my collection ſhall ſwell into a reaſonable bulk, to contribute very handſomely, by way of ſubſcription, towards the printing of them in folio, on a large royal paper, curiouſly adorned with variety of foreſts, deſarts, rocks, and caves, and lions of all ſorts and ſizes, upon copper-plates, by the beſt hands. A rich old batchelor of Lion's-Inn, (who is zealous for the honour of the place in which he was educated) ſends me word, I may depend upon a hundred pounds from him, towards the embelliſhing of the work; aſſuring me, at the ſame time, that he will ſet his clerk to ſearch the records, and enquire into the antiquities of that houſe, that there may be no ſtone left unturned to make the book compleat. Conſidering the volumes that have been written upon inſects and reptiles, and the vaſt expence and pains ſome philoſophers have been at to diſcover, by the help of glaſſes, their almoſt imperceptible qualities and perfections; it will not, I hope, be thought unreaſonable, if the Lion (whoſe majeſtic form lies open to the naked eye) ſhould take up a firſt rate folio.

A worthy merchant, and a friend of mine, ſends me the following letter, to be inſerted in my commentaries upon Lions.

SIR,

SINCE one of your correſpondents has of late entertained the public with a very remarkable and ancient piece of hiſtory, in honour of the grandees of the foreſt; and ſince it is probable you may in time collect a great many curious records and amazing circumſtances, which may contribute to make theſe animals reſpected over the face of the whole earth; I am not a little ambitious to have the glory of contributing ſomewhat to ſo generous an undertaking. If you throw your work into the form of chronicle, I am in hopes I may furniſh out a page in it towards the latter end of the volume, by a narration of a modern date, which I had in the year 1700, from the gentleman to whom it happened.

About ſixty years ago, when the plague raged at Naples, Sir George Davis, conſul there for the Engliſh nation, retired to Florence. It

* *See No.* 109, ad initium, *Teraminta.* † *See final Notes to No.* 10, *and No.* 15. ‡ *See No.* 139.

happened one day he went out of curioſity to ſee the great duke's lions. At the farther end, in one of the dens, lay a lion, which the keepers in three years time could not tame, with all the art and gentle uſage imaginable. Sir George no ſooner appeared at the grates of the den, but the lion ran to him with all the marks of joy and tranſport he was capable of expreſſing: he reared himſelf up, and licked his hand, which this gentleman put in through the grates. The keeper, affrighted, took him by the arm and pulled him away, begging him not to hazard his life by g ing ſo near the fierceſt creature of that kind that ever entered thoſe dens. However nothing would ſatisfy Sir George, notwithſtanding all that could be ſaid to diſſuade him, but he muſt go into the den to him. The very inſtant he entered, the lion threw his paws upon his ſhoulders and licked his face, and ran to and fro in the den, fawning, and full of joy, like a dog at the ſight of his maſter. After ſeveral embraces and ſalutations exchanged on both ſides, they parted very good friends. The rumour of this interview between the lion and the ſtranger rung immediately through the whole city, and Sir George was very near paſſing for a ſaint among the people. The great duke, when he heard of it, ſent for Sir George, who waited upon his highneſs to the den; and to ſatisfy his curioſity, gave him the following account of what ſeemed ſo ſtrange to the duke and his followers:

'A captain of a ſhip from Barbary gave me 'this lion when he was a young whelp. I 'brought him up tame; but when I thought 'him too large to be ſuffered to run about the 'houſe, I built a den for him in my court-yard; 'from that time he was never permitted to go 'looſe, except when I brought him within doors 'to ſhew him to my friends. When he was 'five years old, in his gameſome tricks, he did 'ſome miſchief by pawing and playing with 'people: having griped a man one day a little 'too hard, I ordered him to be ſhot, for fear of 'incurring the guilt of what might happen; 'upon this, a friend, who was then at dinner 'with me, begged him: how he came here I 'know not.'

Here Sir George Davis ended; and thereupon the Duke of Tuſcany aſſured him, that he had the lion from that very friend of his. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant, and conſtant reader, &c. *

No. CXLVII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 29.

Bonum eſt, fugienda aſpicere alieno in malo. PUBL. SYR.
It is a good thing to learn caution by the misfortunes of others.

HAVING, in my paper of the 21ſt of July†, ſhewed my diſlike of the ridiculous cuſtom of garniſhing a new-married couple, and ſetting a gloſs upon their perſons which is to laſt no longer than the honey-moon; I think it may be much for the emolument of my diſciples of both ſexes, to make them ſenſible, in the next place, of the folly of launching out into extravagant expences, and a more magnificent way of living, immediately upon marriage. If the bride and bridegroom happen to be perſons of any rank, they come into all public places, and go upon all viſits with ſo gay an equipage, and ſo glittering an appearance, as if they were making ſo many public entries. But to judicious minds, and to men of experience in this life, the gilt chariot, the coach and ſix, the gaudy liveries, the ſupernumerary train of ſervants, the great houſe, the ſumptuous table, the ſervices of plate, the embroidered cloaths, the rich brocades, and the profuſion of jewels, that upon this occaſion break out at once, are ſo many ſymptoms of madneſs in the happy pair, and prognoſtications of their future miſery.

I remember a country neighbour of my Lady Lizard's, Squire Wiſeacre by name, who enjoyed a very clear eſtate of five hundred pounds per annum, and, by living frugally upon it, was before-hand in the world. This gentleman unfortunately fell in love with Miſs Fanny Flippant, the then reigning toaſt in thoſe parts. In a word, he married her; and to give a laſting proof of his affection, conſented to make both her and himſelf miſerable, by ſetting out in the high mode of wedlock. He, in leſs than the ſpace of five years, was reduced to ſtarve in priſon for debt; and his lady, with a ſon and

* *See No.* 10, *and No.* 15, *Notes* ad fines. † *See No* 113.

three daughters, became a burden to the parish. The conduct of Frank Foresight * was the very reverse to Squire Wiseacre's. He had lived a batchelor some years about this town, in the best of companies; kept a chariot and four footmen, besides six saddle-horses; he did not exceed, but went to the utmost stretch of his income; but when he married the beautiful Clarinda, (who brought him a plentiful fortune) he dismissed two of his footmen, four of the saddle-horses, and his chariot; and kept only a chair for the use of his lady. Embroidered cloaths and laced linen were quite laid aside; he was married in a plain drugget, and from that time forward, in all the accommodations of life, never coveted any thing beyond cleanliness and conveniency. When any of his acquaintance asked him the reason of this sudden change, he would answer—'In single life I could easily 'compute my wants, and provide against them; 'but the condition of life I am now engaged in, 'is attended with a thousand unforeseen casual-'ties, as well as a great many distant, but una-'voidable expences. The happiness or misery, 'in this world, of a future progeny, will prob-'ably depend upon my good or ill husbandry. 'I shall never think I have discharged my duty, 'until I have laid up a provision for three or 'four children at least.'—'But pr'ythee, Frank,' says a pert coxcomb that stood by, 'why shouldst 'thou reckon thy chickens before——' upon which he cut him short, and replied—'It is no 'matter; a brave man can never want heirs, 'while there is one man of worth living.' This precautious way of reasoning and acting, has proved to Mr. Foresight and his lady an uninterrupted source of felicity. Wedlock sits light and easy upon them; and they are at present happy in two sons and a daughter, who a great many years hence will feel the good effects of their parents prudence.

My memory fails me in recollecting where I have read, that in some parts of Holland † it is provided by law, that every man, before he marries, shall be obliged to plant a certain number of trees, proportionable to his circumstances, as a pledge to the government for the maintenance of his children. Every honest as well as every prudent man should do something equivalent to this, by retrenching all superfluous and idle expences, instead of following the extravagant practice of persons who sacrifice every thing to their present vanity, and never are a day before-hand in thought. I know not what delight splendid nuptials may afford to the generality of the great world; I could never be present at any of them without a heavy heart. It is with pain I refrain from tears, when I see the bride thoughtlessly jigging it about the room, dishonoured with jewels, and dazzling the eyes of the whole assembly at the expence of her children's future subsistence. How singular, in the age we live in, is the moderate behaviour of young Sophia, and how amiable does she appear in the eyes of wise men! Her lover, a little before marriage, acquainted her, that he intended to lay out a thousand pounds for a present in jewels; but before he did it, desired to know what sort would be most acceptable to her. 'Sir,' replied Sophia, 'I thank you for your 'kind and generous intentions, and only beg 'they may be executed in another manner: be 'pleased only to give me the money, and I will 'try to lay it out to a better advantage. I am 'not,' continues she, 'at all fond of those expen-'sive trifles; neither do I think the wearing of 'diamonds can be any addition, nor the absence 'of them any diminution, to my happiness. I 'should be ashamed to appear in public for a 'few days in a dress which does not become me 'at all times. Besides, I see by that modest 'plain garb of yours, that you are not yourself 'affected with the gaiety of apparel. When I 'am your wife, my only care will be to keep 'my person clean and neat for you, and not to 'make it fine for others.' The gentleman, transported with this excellent turn of mind in his mistress, presented her with the money in new gold. She purchased an annuity with it; out of the income of which, at every revolution of her wedding-day, she makes her husband some pretty present, as a token of her gratitude, and a fresh pledge of her love; part of it she yearly distributes among her indigent and best-deserving neighbours; and the small remainder she lays out in something useful for herself, or the children ‡.

* *See No.* 114, ad finem. *Tom Truelove.*

† *I believe it is in Switzerland. A.*

‡ *See final* Notes *to No.* 10, *and No.* 13, *and the introductory* Note *to No.* 151, *p.* 412, ad finem.

No. CXLVIII. MONDAY, AUGUST 31.

———*Fas eſt et ab hoſte doceri.*

OVID. MET. L. 4. V. 428.

'Tis good to learn ev'n from an enemy.

THERE is a kind of apophthegm, which I have frequently met with in my reading, to this purpoſe, that there are few, if any books, out of which a man of learning may not extract ſomething for his uſe. I have often experienced the truth of this maxim, when calling in at my bookſeller's, I have taken the book next to my hand off the counter, to employ the minutes I have been obliged to linger away there, in waiting for one friend or other. Yeſterday when I came there, the Turkiſh Tales happened to lie in my way; upon opening that amuſing author, I happened to dip upon a ſhort tale, which gave me a great many ſerious reflections. The very ſame fable may fall into the hands of a great many men of wit and pleaſure, who, it is probable, will read it with their uſual levity; but ſince it may as probably divert and inſtruct a great many perſons of plain and virtuous minds, I ſhall make no ſcruple of making it the entertainment of this day's paper. The moral to be drawn from it is entirely Chriſtian, and is ſo very obvious, that I ſhall leave to every reader the pleaſure of picking it out for himſelf. I ſhall only premiſe, to obviate any offence that may be taken, that a great many notions in the Mahometan religion are borrowed from the Holy Scriptures.

THE HISTORY OF SANTON BARSISA.

THERE was formerly a Santon whoſe name was Barſiſa, who for the ſpace of an hundred years very fervently applied himſelf to prayers *; and ſcarce ever went out of the grotto in which he made his reſidence, for fear of expoſing himſelf to the danger of offending God. He faſted in the day time, and watched in the night. All the inhabitants of the country had ſuch a great veneration for him, and ſo highly valued his prayers, that they commonly applied to him, when they had any favour to beg of Heaven. When he made vows for the health of a ſick perſon, the patient was immediately cured. It happened that the daughter of the king of that country fell into a dangerous diſtemper, the cauſe of which the phyſicians could not diſcover, yet they continued preſcribing remedies by gueſs; but inſtead of helping the princeſs, they only augmented her diſeaſe. In the mean time the king was inconſolable, for he paſſionately loved his daughter; wherefore, one day, finding all human aſſiſtance vain, he declared it as his opinion that the princeſs ought to be ſent to the Santon Barſiſa.

All the Beys applauded his ſentiment, and the king's officers conducted her to the Santon; who, notwithſtanding his frozen age, could not ſee ſuch a beauty without being ſenſibly moved. He gazed on her with pleaſure; and the devil taking this opportunity, whiſpered in his ear thus: 'O Santon! don't let ſlip ſuch a fortu-'nate minute: tell the king's ſervants that it is 'requiſite for the princeſs to paſs this night in 'the grotto, to ſee whether it will pleaſe God to 'cure her; that you will put up a prayer for her, 'and that they need only come to fetch her to-'morrow.'

How weak is man! The Santon followed the devil's advice, and did what he ſuggeſted to him. But the officers, before they would yield to leave the princeſs, ſent one of their number to know the king's pleaſure. That monarch, who had an entire confidence in Barſiſa, never in the leaſt ſcrupled the truſting of his daughter with him. 'I conſent,' ſaid he, 'that ſhe ſtay with that 'holy man, and that he keep her as long as he 'pleaſes; I am wholly ſatisfied on that head.'

When the officers had received the king's anſwer, they all retired, and the princeſs remained alone with the hermit. Night being come, the devil preſented himſelf to the Santon, ſaying, —'Canſt thou let ſlip ſo favourable an opportu-'nity with ſo charming a creature? Fear not 'her telling of the violence you offer her; 'if ſhe were even ſo indiſcreet as to reveal it, 'who will believe her? The court, the city, 'and all the world, are too much prepoſſeſſed in 'your favour, to give any credit to ſuch a re-'port. You may do any thing unpuniſhed, 'when armed by the great reputation for wiſdom, 'which you have acquired.' The unfortunate

* *Eaſtern Apologues are drawn up ſtrong; elſe a hundred years of prayers, and a* frozen age, *might have ſecured a man.* A.

Barſiſa was ſo weak as to hearken to the enemy of mankind. He approached the princeſs, took her into his arms, and in a moment cancelled a virtue of an hundred years duration.

He had no ſooner perpetrated his crime, than a thouſand avenging horrors haunted him night and day. He thus accoſts the devil: 'Oh 'wretch,' ſays he, 'it is thou which haſt de'ſtroyed me! Thou haſt encompaſſed me for a 'whole age, and endeavoured to ſeduce me; 'and now at laſt thou haſt gained thy end.'—'Oh Santon!' anſwered the devil, 'do not re'proach me with the pleaſure thou haſt enjoyed. 'Thou mayeſt repent: but what is unhappy for 'thee is, that the princeſs is impregnated, and 'thy ſin will become public: thou wilt become 'the laughing-ſtock of thoſe who admire and 'reverence thee at preſent, and the king will 'put thee to an ignominious death.'

Barſiſa, terrified by this diſcourſe, ſays to the devil—'What ſhall I do to prevent the publica'tion of my ſhame?'—'To hinder the know'ledge of your crime, you ought to commit a 'freſh one,' anſwered the devil: 'kill the prin'ceſs, bury her at the corner of the grotto; and 'when the king's meſſengers come to-morrow, 'tell them you have cured her, and that ſhe 'went from the grotto very early in the morning: 'they will believe you, and ſearch for her all 'over the city and country; and the king her 'father will be in great pain for her, but after 'ſeveral vain ſearches it will wear off.'

The hermit, abandoned by God, purſuant to this advice, killed the princeſs, buried her in a corner of the grotto, and the next day told the officers what the devil bid him ſay. They made diligent enquiry for the king's daughter, but not being able to hear of her, they deſpaired of finding her, when the devil told them that all their ſearch for the princeſs was vain; and relating what had paſſed betwixt her and the Santon, he told them the place where ſhe was interred. The officers immediately went to the grotto, ſeized Barſiſa, and found the princeſs's body in the place to which the devil had directed them; whereupon they took up the corpſe, and carried that and the Santon to the palace.

When the king ſaw his daughter dead, and was informed of the whole event, he broke out into tears and bitter lamentations; and aſſembling the doctors, he laid the Santon's crime before them, and aſked their advice how he ſhould be puniſhed. All the doctors condemned him to death, upon which the king ordered him to be hanged: accordingly, a gibbet was erected, the hermit went up the ladder, and when he was going to be turned off, the devil whiſpered in his ear theſe words: 'O Santon! if 'you will worſhip me, I will extricate you out 'of this difficulty, and tranſport you two thou'ſand leagues from hence, into a country where 'you ſhall be reverenced by men, as much as 'you were before this adventure.'—'I am con'tent,' ſays Barſiſa; 'deliver me, and I will 'worſhip thee.'—'Give me firſt a ſign of ado'ration,' replies the devil. Whereupon the Santon bowed his head, and ſaid—'I give my'ſelf to you.' The devil then raiſing his voice, ſaid—'O Barſiſa, I am ſatisfied; I have ob'tained what I deſired:' and with theſe words, ſpitting in his face, he diſappeared: and the deluded Santon was hanged *.

No. CXLIX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

——Uratur veſtis amore tuæ.

OVID.

Your very dreſs ſhall captivate his heart.

I Have, in a former Precaution †, endeavoured to ſhew the mechaniſm of an epic poem: and given the reader preſcriptions whereby he may, without the ſcarce ingredient of a genius, compoſe the ſeveral parts of that great work. I ſhall now treat of an affair of more general

* *This and ſeveral preceding Papers are in this edition aſcribed to* STEELE, *with dubiety, and in default of authorities for other aſſignments. See final* Notes *on No.* 10 *and No.* 15; *and introductory* Note *to No.* 151.

† *See No.* 78.

importance, and make dreſs the ſubject of the following paper.

Dreſs is grown of univerſal uſe in the conduct of life. Civilities and reſpect are only paid to appearance. It is a varniſh that gives a luſtre to every action, '*a paſſe par tout*,' that introduces us into all polite aſſemblies, and the only certain method of making moſt of the youth of our nation conſpicuous.

There was formerly an abſurd notion among the men of letters, that to eſtabliſh themſelves in the character of wits, it was abſolutely neceſſary to ſhew a contempt of dreſs. This injudicious affectation of theirs flattened all their converſation, took off the force of every expreſſion, and incapacitated a female audience from giving attention to any thing they ſaid: while the man of dreſs catches their eyes as well as ears, and at every ludicrous turn obtains a laugh of applauſe by way of compliment.

I ſhall lay down as an eſtabliſhed maxim, which hath been received in all ages, that no perſon can dreſs without a genius.

A genius is never to be acquired by art, but is the gift of nature; it may be diſcovered even in infancy. Little Maſter will ſmile when you ſhake his plume of feathers before him, and thruſt its little knuckles in papa's full-bottom; Miſs will toy with her mother's Mechlin lace, and gaze on the gaudy colours of a fan; ſhe ſmacks her lips for a kiſs at the appearance of a gentleman in embroidery, and is frighted at the indecency of the houſe-maid's blue apron: as ſhe grows up, the dreſs of her baby begins to be her care, and you will ſee a genteel fancy open itſelf in the ornaments of the little machine.

We have a kind of ſketch of dreſs, if I may ſo call it, among us, which, as the invention was foreign, is called a Diſhabille: every thing is thrown on with a looſe and careleſs air; yet a genius diſcovers itſelf even through this negligence of dreſs, juſt as you may ſee the maſterly hand of a painter in three or four ſwift ſtrokes of the pencil.

The moſt fruitful in geniuſes is the French nation; we owe moſt of our janty faſhions, now in vogue, to ſome adept beau among them. The ladies exert the whole ſcope of their fancies upon every new petticoat; every head-dreſs undergoes a change; and not a lady of genius will appear in the ſame ſhape two days together; ſo that we may impute the ſcarcity of geniuſes in our climate to the ſtagnation of faſhions.

The ladies among us have a ſuperior genius to the men; which have for ſome years paſt ſhot out in ſeveral exorbitant inventions for the greater conſumption of our manufactures. While the men have contented themſelves with the retrenchment of the hat, or the various ſcallop of the pocket, the ladies have ſunk the head-dreſs, incloſed themſelves in the circumference of the hoop-petticoat; furbelows and flounces have been diſpoſed of at will, the ſtays have been lowered behind, for the better diſplaying the beauties of the neck; not to mention the various rolling of the ſleeve, and thoſe other nice circumſtances of dreſs upon which every lady employs her fancy at pleaſure.

The ſciences of poetry and dreſs have ſo near an alliance to each other, that the rules of the one, with very little variation, may ſerve for the other.

As in a poem all the ſeveral parts of it muſt have a harmony with the whole; ſo, to keep to the propriety of dreſs, the coat, waiſtcoat, and breeches, muſt be of the ſame piece*.

An Ariſtotle obliges all dramatic writers to a ſtrict obſervance of time, place, and action, in order to compoſe a juſt work of this kind of poetry; ſo it is abſolutely neceſſary for a perſon that applies himſelf to the ſtudy of dreſs, to have a ſtrict regard to theſe three particulars.

To begin with the *time*. What is more abſurd than the velvet gown in ſummer? and what is more agreeable in the winter? The muff and fur are prepoſterous in June, which are charmingly ſupplied by the Turkey handkerchief and fan. Every thing muſt be ſuitable to the ſeaſon; and there can be no propriety in dreſs without a ſtrict regard to *time*.

You muſt have no leſs reſpect to *place*. What gives a lady a more eaſy air than the wrapping-gown in the morning at the tea-table? The Bath countenances the men of dreſs in ſhowing

* *I ſhould not have ſuſpected this.* PRIOR *as an Embaſſador is in a Scotch ſnuff-coloured coat, turned up with large cuffs of white ſattin, embroidered with a border of coloured flowers, which is the pattern of his waiſtcoat.* A.

themſelves at the pump in their Indian night-gowns, without the leaſt indecorum.

Action is what gives the ſpirit both to writing and dreſs. Nothing appears graceful without *action*; the head, the arms, the legs, muſt all conſpire to give a habit a genteel air. What diſtinguiſhes the air of the court from that of the country but *action?* A lady, by the careleſs toſs of her head, will ſhew a ſet of ribbands to advantage; by a pinch of ſnuff judiciouſly taken will diſplay the glittering ornament of her little finger; by the new-modelling her tucker, at one view preſent you with a fine-turned hand, and a riſing boſom. In order to be a proficient in *action*, I cannot ſufficiently recommend the ſcience of Dancing: this will give the feet an eaſy gait, and the arms a gracefulneſs of motion. If a perſon have not a ſtrict regard to theſe three above-mentioned rules of antiquity, the richeſt dreſs will appear ſtiff and affected, and the moſt gay habit fantaſtical and tawdry.

As different ſorts of poetry require a different ſtyle: the Elegy, tender and mournful; the Ode, gay and ſprightly; the Epic, ſublime, &c. ſo muſt the widow confeſs her grief in the veil; the bride frequently makes her joy and exultation conſpicuous in the ſilver brocade; and the plume and the ſcarlet dye is requiſite to give the ſoldier a martial air. There is another kind of occaſional dreſs in uſe among the ladies; I mean the riding-habit, which ſome have not injudiciouſly ſtyled the Hermaphroditical, by reaſon of its maſculine and feminine compoſition; but I ſhall rather chuſe to call it the Pindaric, as its firſt inſtitution was at a Newmarket horſe-race, and as it is a mixture of the ſublimity of the epic with the eaſy ſoftneſs of the ode.

There ſometimes ariſes a great genius in dreſs, who cannot content himſelf with merely copying from others, but will, as he ſees occaſion, ſtrike out into the long pocket, ſlaſhed ſleeve, or ſomething particular in the diſpoſition of his lace, or the flouriſh of his embroidery. Such a perſon, like the maſters of other ſciences, will ſhow that he hath a manner of his own.

On the contrary, there are ſome pretenders to dreſs who ſhine out but by halves; whether it be for want of genius or money. A dancing-maſter of the loweſt rank ſeldom fails of the ſcarlet ſtocking and the red heel; and ſhows a particular reſpect to the Leg and Foot, to which he owes his ſubſiſtence: when at the ſame time perhaps all the ſuperior ornament of his body is neglected. We may ſay of theſe ſort of dreſſers what Horace ſays of his patch-work poets—

Purpureus latè qui ſplendeat unus et alter
Aſſuitur pannus———

ARS POET. v. 15.

———A few florid lines
Shine thro' th' inſipid dulneſs of the reſt.
ROSCOMMON.

Others, who lay the ſtreſs of beauty in their face, exert all their extravagance in the periwig, which is a kind of index of the mind; the full-bottom formally combed all before, denotes the lawyer and the politician; the ſmart tye-wig, with the black ribband, ſhews a man of fierceneſs of temper; and he that burdens himſelf with a ſuperfluity of white hair which flows down the back, and mantles in waving curls over the ſhoulders, is generally obſerved to be leſs curious in the furniture of the inward receſſes of the ſcull, and lays himſelf open to the application of that cenſure which Milton applies to the fair-ſex:

———of outward form
Elaborate, of inward leſs exact.

A lady of genius will give a genteel air to her whole dreſs by a well-fancied ſuit of knots, as a judicious writer gives a ſpirit to a whole ſentence by a ſingle expreſſion. As words grow old, and new ones enrich the language, ſo there is a conſtant ſucceſſion of dreſs: the fringe ſucceeds the lace, the ſtays ſhorten or extend the waiſt, the ribband undergoes divers variations, the head-dreſs receives frequent riſes and falls every year; and, in ſhort, the whole woman throughout, as curious obſervers of dreſs have remarked, is changed from top to toe in the period of five years. A poet will now and then, to ſerve his purpoſe, coin a word; ſo will a lady of genius venture at an innovation in the faſhion: but as Horace adviſes, that all new-minted words ſhould have a Greek derivation to give them an indiſputable authority, ſo I

would counſel all our improvers of faſhion always to take the hint from France, which may as properly be called the 'fountain of dreſs,' as Greece was of literature.

Dreſs may bear a parallel to poetry with reſpect to moving the paſſions. The greateſt motive to Love, as daily experience ſhows us, is Dreſs. I have known a lady at ſight fly to a red feather, and readily give her hand to a fringed pair of gloves. At another time I have ſeen the aukward appearance of her rural humble ſervant move her indignation; ſhe is jealous every time her rival hath a new ſuit; and in a rage when her woman pins her mantua to diſadvantage. Unhappy unguarded woman! alas! what moving rhetoric has ſhe often found in the ſeducing full-bottom? Who can tell the reſiſtleſs eloquence of the embroidered coat, the gold ſnuff-box, and the amber-headed cane?

I ſhall conclude theſe criticiſms with ſome general remarks upon the Milliner, the Mantua-maker, and the Lady's Woman, theſe being the three chief on which all the circumſtances of dreſs depend.

The Milliner muſt be thoroughly verſed in phyſiognomy; in the choice of ribbands ſhe muſt have a particular regard to the complexion, and muſt ever be mindful to cut the head dreſs to the dimenſions of the face. When ſhe meets with a countenance of large diameter, ſhe muſt draw the dreſs forward to the face, and let the lace encroach a little upon the cheek, which caſts an agreeable ſhade, and takes off from its maſculine figure: the little oval face requires the diminutive commode juſt on the tip of the crown of the head. She muſt have a regard to the ſeveral ages of women; the head-dreſs muſt give the mother a more ſedate mein than the virgin; and age muſt not be made ridiculous by the flaunting airs of youth. There is a beauty peculiar to the ſeveral ſtages of life; and as much propriety muſt be obſerved in the dreſs of the old as the young.

The Mantua-maker muſt be an expert anatomiſt; and muſt, if judiciouſly choſen, have a name of French termination; ſhe muſt know how to hide all the defects in the proportions of the body, and muſt be able to mould the ſhape by the ſtays, ſo as to preſerve the inteſtines, that while ſhe corrects the body, ſhe may not interfere with the pleaſures of the palate.

The Lady's Woman muſt have all the qualities of a critic in poetry; as her dreſs like the critic's learning, is at ſecond hand, ſhe muſt, like him, have a ready talent at cenſure, and her tongue muſt be deeply verſed in detraction; ſhe muſt be ſure to aſperſe the characters of the ladies of moſt eminent virtue and beauty, to indulge her lady's ſpleen: and as it hath been remarked, that critics are the moſt fawning ſycophants to their patrons, ſo muſt our female critic be a thorough proficient in flattery; ſhe muſt add ſprightlineſs to her lady's air, by encouraging her vanity; give gracefulneſs to her ſtep, by cheriſhing her pride; and make her ſhew a haughty contempt of her admirers, by enumerating her imaginary conqueſts. As a critic muſt ſtock his memory with the names of all the authors of note, ſhe muſt be no leſs ready in the recital of all the beaus and pretty fellows in vogue; like the male critic, ſhe aſſerts, that the theory of any ſcience is above the practice, and that it is not neceſſary to be able to ſet her own perſon off to advantage, in order to be a judge of the dreſs of others; and beſides all thoſe qualifications, ſhe muſt be endued with the gift of ſecrecy, a talent very rarely to be met with in her profeſſion.

By what I have ſaid, I believe my reader will be convinced, that notwithſtanding the many pretenders, the perfections of dreſs cannot be attained without a genius; and ſhall venture boldly to affirm, that in all arts and ſciences whatever, Epic poetry excepted, (of which I formerly ſhewed the Knack or Mechaniſm) a genius is abſolutely neceſſary*.

* *This Paper, No.* 149, *is aſcribed to Mr.* GAY, *on the authority of* STEELE *himſelf. See "The "Publiſher to the Reader." It is nevertheleſs re-publiſhed as* POPE'S, *in the latter editions of* POPE'S "*Works*;" *but is not admitted into Warburton's edition in* 8vo, 1751.

No. CL. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.

——Neſcio qua dulcedine læti,
Progeniem nidoſque fovent—— VIRG. GEORG. 4. v. 55.

——With ſecret joy,
Their young ſucceſſion all their cares employ. DRYDEN.

I Went the other day to viſit Eliza, who in the perfect bloom of beauty, is the mother of ſeveral children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap, who was begging to be very fine, that ſhe might go abroad; and the indulgent mother at her little daughter's requeſt, had juſt taken the knots off her own head, to adorn the hair of the pretty trifler. A ſmiling boy was at the ſame time careſſing a lap-dog, which is their mother's favourite, becauſe it pleaſes the children; and ſhe, with a delight in her looks which heightened her beauty, ſo divided her converſation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally chearful.

As I came in, ſhe ſaid with a bluſh—'Mr. 'Ironſide, though you are an old batchelor, you 'muſt not laugh at my tenderneſs to my chil-'dren.' I need not tell my reader what civil things I ſaid in anſwer to the lady, whoſe matron-like behaviour gave me infinite ſatisfaction; ſince I myſelf take great pleaſure in playing with children, and am ſeldom unprovided of plums, or marbles, to make my court to ſuch entertaining companions.

'Whence is it,' ſaid I to myſelf when I was alone, 'that the affection of parents is ſo in-'tenſe to their offspring? Is it becauſe they ge-'nerally find ſuch reſemblances in what they 'have produced, as that thereby they think 'themſelves renewed in their children, and are 'willing to tranſmit themſelves to future times? 'or is it, becauſe they think themſelves obliged, 'by the dictates of humanity, to nouriſh and rear 'what is placed ſo immediately under their 'protection; and what by their means is brought 'into this world, the ſcene of miſery, of neceſſity? 'Theſe will not come up to it. Is it not ra-'ther the good providence of that Being, who 'in a ſuper-eminent degree protects and che-'riſhes the whole race of mankind, his ſons and 'creatures?' How ſhall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, ſo ſignally diſplayed throughout every ſpecies of the animal creation, without which the courſe of nature would quickly fail, and every various kind be extinct? Inſtances of tenderneſs in the moſt ſavage brutes are ſo frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unneceſſary.

If we, who have no particular concern in them, take a delight in obſerving the gentle dawn of reaſon in babes; if our ears are ſoothed with their half forming and aiming at articulate ſounds; if we are charmed with their pretty mimicry, and ſurpriſed at the unexpected ſtarts of wit and cunning in theſe miniatures of man; what tranſport may we imagine in the breaſts of thoſe into whom natural inſtinct hath poured tenderneſs and fondneſs for them? How amiable is ſuch a weakneſs in human nature! or rather, how great a weakneſs is it, to give humanity ſo reproachful a name! The bare conſideration of paternal affection ſhould methinks create a more grateful tenderneſs in children toward their parents than we generally ſee; and the ſilent whiſpers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

Theſe ſilent whiſpers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cauſe hath been unknown. There are ſeveral examples in ſtory of tender friendſhips formed betwixt men who know not of their near relation. Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a ſympathy betwixt ſouls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the ſenſe of duty, or any other human motive.

The memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now lie before me, furniſh me with a very entertaining inſtance of this ſecret attraction, implanted by Providence in the human ſoul. It will be neceſſary to inform the reader, that the perſon whoſe ſtory I am going to relate, was one whoſe roving and romantic temper, joined to a diſpoſition ſingularly amorous had led him through a vaſt variety of gallantries and amours. He had in his youth attended a princeſs of France into Poland, where he had

been entertained by the king her husband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country; where his intrigues and other misfortunes having consumed his paternal estate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceased wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warsaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure; which shall be related in his own words.

'I had been in this condition for four days, 'when the Countess of Venoski passed that 'way. She was informed that a stranger of 'good fashion lay sick, and her charity led her 'to see me. I remembered her, for I had often 'seen her with my wife, to whom she was nearly 'related; but when I found she knew me not, I 'thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I 'was a German; that I had been robbed; and 'if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, 'the queen would acknowledge it; I having 'the honour to be known to her majesty. The 'Countess had the goodness to take compassion 'of me; and ordering me to be put in a litter, 'carried me to Warsaw, where I was lodged in 'her own house until my health should allow me 'to wait on the queen.

'My fever increased after my journey was 'over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen 'days. When the countess first saw me, she 'had a young lady with her about eighteen years 'of age, who was much taller and better shaped 'than the Polish women generally are. She 'was very fair, her skin exceeding fine, and her 'air and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was 'not so sick as to overlook this young beauty; 'and I felt in my heart such emotions at the 'first view, as made me fear that all my misfor-'tunes had not armed me sufficiently against 'the charms of the fair-sex. The amiable 'creature seemed afflicted at my sickness; and 'she appeared to have so much concern and 'care for me, as raised in me a great incli-'nation and tenderness for her. She came every 'day into my chamber to inquire after my 'health. I asked who she was, and I was an-'swered, that she was niece to the Countess of 'Venoski.

'I verily believe that the constant sight of 'this charming maid, and the pleasure I re-'ceived from her careful attendance, contribut-'ed more to my recovery than all the medi-'cines the physicians gave me. In short, my 'fever left me, and I had the satisfaction to 'see the lovely creature overjoyed at my reco-'very. She came to see me oftener as I grew 'better; and I already felt a stronger and more 'tender affection for her than I ever bore to 'any woman in my life: when I began to 'perceive that her constant care of me was only 'a blind, to give her an opportunity of seeing 'a young Pole whom I took to be her lover. 'He seemed to be much about her age, of a 'brown complexion, very tall, but finely shap-'ed. Every time she came to see me the young 'gentleman came to find her out; and they 'usually retired to a corner of the chamber, 'where they seemed to converse with great ear-'nestness. The aspect of the youth pleased 'me wonderfully; and if I had not suspected 'that he was my rival, I should have taken de-'light in his person and friendship.

'They both of them often asked me if I were 'in reality a German; which when I continued 'to affirm, they seemed very much troubled. 'one day I took notice, that the young lady and 'gentleman, having retired to a window, were 'very intent upon a picture; and that every 'now and then they cast their eyes upon me, 'as if they had found some resemblance be-'twixt that and my features. I could not for-'bear to ask the meaning of it; upon which the 'lady answered, that if I had been a Frenchman, 'she should have imagined that I was the per-'son for whom the picture was drawn, because 'it so exactly resembled me. I desired to see 'it. But how great was my surprize! when I 'found it to be the very painting, which I had 'sent to the queen, five years before, and which 'she commanded me to get drawn to be given 'to my children. After I had viewed the 'piece, I cast my eyes upon the young lady, 'and then upon the gentleman I had thought 'to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt 'a secret emotion which filled me with wonder. 'I thought I traced in the two young persons 'some of my own features, and at that moment 'I said to myself—"Are not these my chil-"dren?" 'The tears came into my eyes, and 'I was about to run and embrace them; but 'constraining myself with pain, I asked whose 'picture it was. The maid, perceiving that 'I could not speak without tears, fell a weep-

" ing. Her tears abſolutely confirmed me in " my opinion, and falling upon her neck—" Ah, " my dear child!" ſaid I, " yes, I am your " father." ' I could ſay no more. The youth ' ſeized my hands at the ſame time, and kiſſing, ' bathed them with his tears. Throughout ' my life, I never felt joy equal to this; and it ' muſt be owned, that nature inſpires more ' lively motions and pleaſing tenderneſs, than ' the paſſions can poſſibly excite*.'

No. CLI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3†.

Accipiat ſanè mercedem ſanguinis, & ſic
Palleat, ut nudis preſſit qui calcibus anguem. JUV. SAT. I. V. 42.

A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice concocted blood is paid;
With looks as wan, as he, who in the brake,
At unawares has trod upon a ſnake. DRYDEN.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

OLD NESTOR,

I Believe you diſtance me not ſo much in years as in wiſdom; and therefore, ſince you have gained ſo deſerved a reputation, I beg your aſſiſtance in correcting the manners of an untoward lad, who perhaps may liſten to your admonitions, ſooner than to all the ſevere checks and grave reproofs of a father. Without any longer preamble, you muſt know, Sir, that about two years ago, Jack, my eldeſt ſon and heir, was ſent up to London, to be admitted of the Temple, not ſo much with a view of his ſtudying the law, as a deſire to improve his breeding. This was done out of complaiſance to a couſin of his, an airy lady, who was continually teazing me, that the boy would ſhoot up into a mere country booby, if he did not ſee a little of the world. She herſelf was bred chiefly in town, and ſince ſhe was married into the country, neither looks, nor talks, nor dreſſes like any of her neighbours, and is grown the admiration of every one but her huſband. The latter end of laſt month, ſome important buſineſs called me up to town, and the firſt thing I did, the next morning about ten, was to pay a viſit to my ſon at his chambers; but as I began to knock at the door, I was interrupted by the bed-maker in the ſtair-caſe, who told me her maſter ſeldom roſe till about twelve, and about one I might be ſure to find him drinking tea. I bid her ſomewhat haſtily hold her prating, and open the door, which ſhe accordingly did. The firſt thing I obſerved upon the table was the ſecret amours of ———, and by it ſtood a box of pills; on a chair lay a ſnuff-box with a fan half broke, and on the floor a pair of foils. Having ſeen this furniture, I entered his bed-chamber, not without ſome noiſe; whereupon he began to ſwear at his bed-maker (as he thought) for diſturbing him ſo ſoon, and was turning about for the other nap, when he diſcovered ſuch a thin, pale, ſickly viſage, that had I not heard the voice, I ſhould never have gueſſed him to have been my ſon. How different was this countenance from that ruddy, hale complexion, which he had in parting with me from home! After I had waked him, he gave me to underſtand, that he was but lately recovered out of a violent fever; and the reaſon why he did not acquaint me with it was, leſt the melancholy news might occaſion too many tears among his relations, and be an unſupportable grief to his mother. To be ſhort with you, old Neſtor, I hurried my young ſpark down into the country along with me, and there am endeavouring to plump him up, ſo as to be no diſgrace to his pedigree; for I aſſure you it was never known in the memory of man, that any one of the family

* *See Notes to No.* 10, *and No.* 15, ad fines.

† *This and the preceding Paper are aſcribed to* STEELE, *but it is highly probable that they were not written by him. He was at this time deeply engaged in his election at* Stockbridge, *as appears from what follows.* " Stock *at the* Bridge *formerly was at* 100, *it is now near* 500. *We are in-* " *formed that Mr. Neſtor,* alias *Birmingham Ironſide, deſigns to make a* Guardian *on the nature and* " *uſefulneſs of bribery; and inſtead of a motto will dedicate it to the electors of the* Stock *which is of* " *late riſen.*" *Then follows a tranſcript of the laſt paragraph of* GUARDIAN, *No.* 152. ' *But as it* ' *is uſual enough for ſeveral perſons to dreſs themſelves in the habit of a great Leader,*' &c.

Poſt Boy, *Sept.* 4, 1713.

of the Ringwoods ever fell into a conſumption, except Mrs. Dorothy Ringwood, who died a maid at forty-five. In order to bring him to himſelf, and to be one of us again, I make him go to bed at ten, and riſe half an hour paſt five; and when he is puling for bohea tea and cream, I place upon a table a jolly piece of cold roaſt beef, or well-powdered ham, and bid him eat and live; then take him into the fields to obſerve the reapers, how the harveſt goes forwards. There is nobody pleaſed with his preſent conſtitution, but his gay couſin, who ſpirits him up, and tells him he looks fair, and is grown well-ſhaped; but the honeſt tenants ſhake their heads, and cry—'Lack-a-'day, how thin is poor young maſter fallen!' The other day, when I told him of it, he had the impudence to reply,—'I hope, Sir, you 'would not have me as fat as Mr. ———. 'Alas! what would then become of me? how 'would the ladies piſh at ſuch a great mon-'ſtrous thing?'—If you are truly what your title imports, a Guardian, pray, Sir, be pleaſed to conſider what a noble generation muſt in all probability enſue from the lives which the town-bred gentlemen too often lead. A friend of mine not long ago, as we were complaining of the times, repeated two ſtanzas out of my Lord Roſcommon, which I think may be here applicable.

'Twas not the ſpawn of ſuch as theſe,
That dy'd with Punick blood the conquer'd ſeas,
And quaſh'd the ſtern Æacides:
Made the proud Aſian monarch feel
How weak his gold was againſt Europe's ſteel;
Forc'd e'en dire Hannibal to yield;
And won the long-diſputed world at Zama's fatal field.
But ſoldiers of a ruſtic mould,
Rough, hardy, ſeaſon'd, manly, bold,
Either they dug the ſtubborn ground,
Or thro' hewn woods their mighty ſtrokes did ſound:
And after the declining ſun
Had chang'd the ſhadows, and their taſk was done;
Home with their weary team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labours of the day.

I am, Sir, your very humble ſervant,

JONATHAN RINGWOOD.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, that while I waited in my ſon's anti-chamber, I found upon the table the following bill:

	l.	s.	d.
'Sold to Mr. Jonathan Ring-'wood, a plain muſlin head and ruf-'fles, with colbertine lace -	1	18	6
'Six pair of white kid gloves for 'Madam Salley - -	0	14	0
'Three handkerchiefs for Madam 'Salley - -	0	15	0

In his chamber-window I ſaw his ſhoemaker's bill, with this remarkable article:

'For Mr. Ringwood, three pair 'of laced ſhoes - -	3	00	0

And in the drawer of the table was the following billet:

MR. RINGWOOD,

I Deſire, that becauſe you are ſuch a country booby, that you forget the uſe and care of your ſnuff-box, you would not call me thief. Pray ſee my face no more. Your abuſed friend,

SARAH GALLOPP.

Under theſe words my hopeful heir had writ —'Memorandum, to ſend her word I have 'found my box, though I know ſhe has it.'

No. CXLII. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

Quin potius pacem æternam pactoſque hymenæos
Exercemus——— VIRG. ÆN. 4. v. 99.

Rather in leagues of endleſs peace unite,
And celebrate the hymeneal rite.

THERE is no rule in Longinus which I more admire than that wherein he adviſes an author who would attain to the ſublime, and writes for eternity, to conſider, when he is engaged in his compoſition, what Homer or Plato, or any other of thoſe heroes in the learned world, would have ſaid or thought upon the ſame occaſion. I have often practiſed this rule, with regard to the beſt authors among the ancients, as well as among the moderns; with

what ſucceſs, I muſt leave to the judgment of others. I may at leaſt venture to ſay with Mr. Dryden, where he profeſſes to have imitated Shakeſpeare's ſtyle, that in imitating ſuch great authors, I have always excelled myſelf.

I have alſo by this means revived ſeveral antiquated ways of writing, which though very inſtructive and entertaining, had been laid aſide, and forgotten for ſome ages. I ſhall in this place only mention thoſe allegories wherein virtues, vices, and human paſſions, are introduced as real actors. Though this kind of compoſition was practiſed by the fineſt authors among the ancients, our countryman Spenſer is the laſt writer of note who has applied himſelf to it with ſucceſs *.

That an allegory may be both delightful and inſtructive, in the firſt place, the fable of it ought to be perfect, and if poſſible to be filled with ſurprizing turns and incidents. In the next, there ought to be uſeful morals and reflections couched under it, which ſtill receive a greater value from their being new and uncommon; as alſo from their appearing difficult to have been thrown into emblematical types and ſhadows.

I was once thinking to have written a whole canto in the ſpirit of Spenſer; and in order to it, contrived a fable of imaginary perſons and characters. I raiſed it on that common diſpute between the comparative perfections and pre-eminence of the two ſexes, each of which have very frequently had their advocates among the men of letters. Since I have not time to accompliſh this work, I ſhall preſent my reader with the naked fable, reſerving the embelliſhments of verſe and poetry to another opportunity †.

The two ſexes contending for ſuperiority, were once at war with each other, which was chiefly carried on by their auxiliaries. The males were drawn up on the one ſide of a very ſpacious plain, the females on the other; between them was left a very large interval for their auxiliaries to engage in. At each extremity of the middle ſpace lay encamped ſeveral bodies of neutral forces, who waited for the event of the battle before they would declare themſelves, that they might then act as they ſaw occaſion.

The main body of the male auxiliaries was commanded by *Fortitude*; that of the female by *Beauty*. *Fortitude* began the onſet on *Beauty*; but found, to his coſt, that ſhe had ſuch a particular witchcraft in her looks, as withered all his ſtrength. She played upon him ſo many ſmiles and glances, that ſhe quite weakened and diſarmed him.

In ſhort, he was ready to call for quarter, had not *Wiſdom* come to his aid: this was the commander of the male right wing, and would have turned the fate of the day, had not he been timely oppoſed by *Cunning*, who commanded the left wing of the female auxiliaries. *Cunning* was the chief engineer of the fair army; but upon this occaſion was poſted, as I have here ſaid, to receive the attacks of *Wiſdom*. It was very entertaining to ſee the workings of thoſe two antagoniſts; the conduct of the one, and the ſtratagems of the other. Never was there a more equal match. Thoſe who beheld it gave the victory ſometimes to the one, and ſometimes to the other; though moſt declared the advantage was on the ſide of the female commander.

In the mean time, the conflict was very great in the left wing of the army, where the battle began to turn to the male ſide. This wing was commanded by an old experienced officer called *Patience*, and the female ſide by a general known by the name of *Scorn*. The latter, that fought after the manner of the Parthians, had the better of it all the beginning of the day; but being quite tired out with the long purſuits, and repeated attacks of the enemy, who had been repulſed above a hundred times, and rallied as often, began to think of yielding; when on a ſudden a body of neutral forces began to move. The leader was of an ugly look, and gigantic ſtature. He acted like a Drawcanſir ‡, ſparing neither friend nor foe. His name was *Luſt*. On the female ſide he was oppoſed by a ſelect body of forces, commanded by a young officer that had the face of a cherubim, and the name of *Modeſty*. This beautiful young hero was ſupported by one of a more maſculine turn, and fierce behaviour, called by *men* HONOUR, and by the *gods* PRIDE. This laſt made an ob-

* *And he continues unexcelled to this day.* A.

† *See* WESLEY'S *noble allegoric poem, intituled,* "*The Battle of the Sexes.*"

‡ *A character drawn in* The Rehearſal.

ſtinate defence, and drove back the enemy more than once, but at length reſigned at diſcretion.

The dreadful monſter, after having overturned whole ſquadrons in the female army, fell in among the males, where he made a more terrible havock than on the other ſide. He was here oppoſed by *Reaſon*, who drew up all his forces againſt him, and held the fight in ſuſpence for ſome time; but at length quitted the field.

After a great ravage on both ſides, the two armies agreed to join againſt this common foe. And in order to it drew out a ſmall choſen band, whom they placed by conſent under the conduct of *Virtue*, who in a little time drove this foul ugly monſter out of the field.

Upon his retreat, a ſecond neutral leader, whoſe name was *Love*, marched in between the two armies. He headed a body of ten thouſand winged boys that threw their darts and arrows promiſcuouſly among both armies. The wounds they gave were not the wounds of an enemy, they were pleaſing to thoſe that felt them; and had ſo ſtrange an effect, that they wrought a ſpirit of mutual friendſhip, reconciliation, and good-will, in both ſexes. The two armies now looked with cordial love on each other, and ſtretched out their arms with tears of joy, as longing to forget old animoſities, and embrace one another.

The laſt general of neutrals that appeared in the field was *Hymen*, who marched immediately after *Love*, and ſeconding the good inclinations which he had inſpired, joined the hands of both armies. *Love* generally accompanied him, and recommended the ſexes pair by pair to his good offices.

But as it is uſual enough for ſeveral perſons to dreſs themſelves in the habit of a great leader, *Ambition* and *Avarice* had taken on them the garb and habit of *Love*, by which means they often impoſed upon *Hymen*, by putting into his hands ſeveral couples whom he would never have joined together, had it not been brought about by the deluſion of theſe two impoſtors. ☞

No. CLIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

Admiranda tibi levium ſpectacula rerum.

VIRG. GEORG. 4. v. 3.

A mighty pomp, tho' made of little things.

DRYDEN.

THERE is no paſſion which ſteals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itſelf under more diſguiſes, than Pride. For my own part, I think if there is any paſſion or vice which I am wholly a ſtranger to, it is this; though at the ſame time, perhaps, this very judgment which I form of myſelf proceeds in ſome meaſure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that ſentence in holy writ—'Pride was not made for man.' There is not indeed any ſingle view of human nature, under its preſent condition, which is not ſufficient to extinguiſh in us all the ſecret ſeeds of pride; and, on the contrary, to ſink the ſoul into the loweſt ſtate of humility, and what the ſchoolmen call ſelf-annihilation. Pride was not made for man, as he is—

1. A ſinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miſerable being.

There is nothing in his underſtanding, in his will, or in his preſent condition, that can tempt any conſiderate creature to pride or vanity.

Theſe three very reaſons why he ſhould not be proud, are notwithſtanding the reaſons why he is ſo. Were not he a ſinful creature, he would not be ſubject to a paſſion which riſes from the depravity of his nature; were he not an ignorant creature, he would ſee that he has nothing to be proud of; and were not the whole ſpecies miſerable, he would not have thoſe wretched objects of compariſon before his eyes, which are the occaſions of his paſſion, and which make one man value himſelf more than another.

A wiſe man will be contented that his glory be deferred until ſuch time as he ſhall be truly glorified; when his underſtanding ſhall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happineſs aſſured; or, in other words, when he ſhall be neither ſinful, nor ignorant, nor miſerable.

If there be any thing which makes human nature appear *ridiculous* to beings of ſuperior faculties, it muſt be pride. They know ſo well the vanity of thoſe imaginary perfections that ſwell the heart of man, and of thoſe little ſupernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it muſt certainly very much aſtoniſh, if it does not very much divert them, when they ſee a mortal puffed up, and valuing himſelf above his neighbours on any of theſe accounts, at the ſame time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the ſpecies.

To ſet this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you pleaſe, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reaſonable creatures, and that every piſmire (his ſhape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human paſſions. How ſhould we ſmile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, diſtinctions, and titles, that reign among them? Obſerve how the whole ſwarm divide and make way for the piſmire that paſſes through them! you muſt underſtand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any piſmire in the mole-hill. Do not you ſee how ſenſible he is of it, how ſlow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their diſtance? Here you may obſerve one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richeſt inſect on this ſide the hillock, he has a walk of half a yard in length and a quarter of an inch in breadth; he keeps an hundred menial ſervants, and has at leaſt fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beſlaving the emmet that ſtands before him, and who, for all that we can diſcover, is as good an emmet as himſelf.

But here comes an inſect of figure! Do not you take notice of a little white ſtraw that he carries in his mouth? That ſtraw, you muſt underſtand, he would not part with for the longeſt tract about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchaſe it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions ſwarm about him! Should this ſtraw drop out of his mouth, you would ſee all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the diſcarded inſect, or run over his back, to come at his ſucceſſor.

If now you have a mind to ſee all the ladies of the mole-hill, obſerve firſt the piſmire that liſtens to the emmet on her left-hand, at the ſame time that ſhe ſeems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor inſect that ſhe is a goddeſs, that her eyes are brighter than the ſun, that life and death are at her diſpoſal. She believes him, and gives herſelf a thouſand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the piſmire on your left-hand. She can ſcarce crawl with age; but you muſt know ſhe values herſelf upon her birth; and, if you mind, ſpurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running along by the ſide of her is a wit. She has broke many a piſmire's heart. Do but obſerve what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finiſh this imaginary ſcene; but firſt of all, to draw the parallel cloſer, will ſuppoſe, if you pleaſe, that death comes down upon the mole-hill, in the ſhape of a cock-ſparrow, who picks up without diſtinction, the piſmire of quality and his flatterers, the piſmire of ſubſtance and day-labourers, the white-ſtraw officer and his ſycophants, with all the goddeſſes, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine that beings of ſuperior natures and perfections regard all the inſtances of pride and vanity, among our own ſpecies, in the ſame kind of view, when they take a ſurvey of thoſe who inhabit the earth; or, in the language of an ingenious French poet, of thoſe piſmires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions? ☞

No. CLIV. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.

Omnia transformat ſeſe in miracula rerum.

VIRG. GEORG. 4. v. 441.

All ſhapes, the moſt prodigious, they aſſume.

I Queſtion not but the following letter will be entertaining to thoſe who were preſent at the late maſquerade, as it will recal into their minds ſeveral merry particulars that paſſed in it, and at the ſame time be very acceptable to thoſe who were at a diſtance from it, as they may form from hence ſome idea of this faſhionable amuſement.

TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

PER VIA LEONIS.

SIR,

I Could ſcarce ever go into good company, but the diſcourſe was on the ambaſſador, the politeneſs of his entertainments, the goodneſs of his Burgundy and Champaign, the gaiety of his maſquerades, with the odd fantaſtical dreſſes which were made uſe of in thoſe midnight ſolemnities. The noiſe theſe diverſions made, at laſt raiſed my curioſity, and for once I reſolved to be preſent at them, being at the ſame time provoked to it by a lady I then made my addreſſes to, one of a ſprightly humour, and a great admirer of ſuch novelties. In order to it I hurried my habit, and got it ready a week before the time, for I grew impatient to be initiated in theſe new myſteries. Every morning, I dreſt myſelf in it, and acted before the looking-glaſs; ſo that I am vain enough to think I was as perfect in my part, as moſt who had oftener frequented thoſe diverſions. You muſt underſtand I perſonated a Devil, and that for ſeveral weighty reaſons. Firſt, becauſe appearing as one of that fraternity, I expected to meet with particular civilities from the more polite and better-bred part of the company. Beſides, as from their uſual reception they are called Familiars, I fancied I ſhould, in this character, be allowed the greateſt liberties, and ſooneſt be led into the ſecrets of the maſquerade. To recommend and diſtinguiſh me from the vulgar, I drew a very long tail after me. But to ſpeak the truth, what perſuaded me moſt to this diſguiſe was, becauſe I heard an intriguing lady ſay, in a large company of females, who unanimouſly aſſented to it, that ſhe loved to converſe with ſuch, for that generally they were very clever fellows who made choice of that ſhape. At length when the long-wiſhed-for evening came, which was to open to us ſuch vaſt ſcenes of pleaſure, I repaired to the place appointed about ten at night, where I found nature topſy-turvy, women changed into men, and men into women, children in leading-ſtrings ſeven feet high, courtiers transformed into clowns, ladies of the night into ſaints, people of the firſt quality into beaſts or birds, gods or goddeſſes. I fancied I had all Ovid's Metamorphoſes before me. Among theſe were ſeveral monſters to which I did not know how to give a name—

——worſe
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived;
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire.

MILTON.

In the middle of the firſt room I met with one dreſſed in a ſhroud. This put me in mind of the old cuſtom of ſerving up a death's head at a feaſt. I was a little angry at the dreſs, and aſked the gentleman whether he thought a dead man was fit company for ſuch an aſſembly; but he told me, that he was one who loved his money, and that he conſidered this dreſs would ſerve him another time. This walking corſe was followed by a gigantic woman with a high-crowned hat that ſtood up like a ſteeple over the heads of the whole aſſembly. I then chanced to tread upon the foot of a female Quaker, to all outward appearances; but was ſurprized to hear her cry out—'D—n you, you ſon of a ——!' upon which I immediately rebuked her, when all of a ſudden reſuming her character—'Verily,' ſays ſhe, 'I was to blame; but thou haſt bruiſ-

'ed me ſorely.' A few moments after this adventure, I had like to have been knocked down by a ſhepherdeſs for having run my elbow a little inadvertently into one of her ſides. She ſwore like a trooper, and threatened me with a very maſculine voice; but I was timely taken off by a Preſbyterian parſon, who told me in a very ſoft tone, that he believed I was a pretty fellow, and that he would meet me in Spring Garden to-morrow night. The next object I ſaw was a chimney-ſweeper made up of black crape and velvet, with a huge diamond in his mouth, making love to a butterfly. On a ſudden I found myſelf among a flock of bats, owls, and lawyers. But what took up my attention moſt was, one dreſſed in white feathers that repreſented a ſwan. He would fain have found out a Leda among the fair-ſex, and indeed was the moſt unlucky bird in the company. I was then engaged in a diſcourſe with a running-footman; but as I treated him like what he appeared to be, a Turkiſh emperor whiſpered me in the ear, deſiring me to uſe him civilly, for that it was his maſter. I was here interrupted by the famous large figure of a woman hung with little looking-glaſſes. She had a great many that followed her as ſhe paſſed by me; but I would not have her value herſelf upon that account, ſince it was plain they did not follow ſo much to look upon her as to ſee themſelves. The next I obſerved was a nun making an aſſignation with a heathen god; for I heard them mention the Little Piazza in Covent Garden. I was by this time exceeding hot and thirſty; ſo that I made the beſt of my way to the place where wine was dealt about in great quantities. I had no ſooner preſented myſelf before the table, but a magician ſeeing me, made a circle over my head with his wand, and ſeemed to do me homage. I was at a loſs to account for his behaviour, until I recollected who I was: this however drew the eyes of the ſervants upon me, and immediately procured me a glaſs of excellent champaign. The magician ſaid I was a ſpirit of an aduſt and dry conſtitution; and deſired that I might have another refreſhing glaſs; adding withal, that it ought to be a brimmer. I took it in my hand, and drank it off to the magician. This ſo enlivened me, that I led him by the hand into the next room, where we danced a rigadoon together. I was here a little offended at a jackanapes of a Scaramouch, that I cried out—'Avaunt, Satan!' and gave me a little tap on my left-ſhoulder, with the end of his lath-ſword. As I was conſidering how I ought to reſent this affront, a well-ſhaped perſon that ſtood at my left-hand, in the figure of a bellman, cried out with a ſuitable voice—'Paſt twelve o'clock!' This put me in mind of bed-time: accordingly I made my way towards the door, but was intercepted by an Indian king, a tall, ſlender youth, dreſſed up in the moſt beautiful party coloured plumage. He regarded my habit very attentively, and after having turned me about once or twice, aſked me whom I had been tempting: I could not tell what was the matter with me, but my heart leaped as ſoon as he touched me, and was ſtill in greater diſorder upon my hearing his voice. In ſhort, I found after a little diſcourſe with him, that his Indian majeſty was my dear Leonora, who knowing the diſguiſe I had put on, would not let me paſs by her unobſerved. Her awkward manlineſs made me gueſs at her ſex, and her own confeſſion quickly let me know the reſt. This maſquerade did more for me than a twelve-month's courtſhip; for it inſpired her with ſuch tender ſentiments, that I married her the next morning.

How happy I ſhall be in a wife taken out of a maſquerade, I cannot yet tell; but I have reaſon to hope the beſt, Leonora having aſſured me it was the firſt, and ſhall be the laſt, time of her appearing at ſuch an entertainment.

And now, Sir, having given you the hiſtory of this ſtrange evening, which looks rather like a dream than a reality, it is my requeſt to you, that you will oblige the world with a diſſertation on maſquerades in general, that we may know how far they are uſeful to the public, and conſequently how far they ought to be encouraged. I have heard of two or three very odd accidents that have happened upon this occaſion; as, in particular, of a lawyer's being now big-bellied, who was preſent at the firſt of theſe entertainments; not to mention (what is ſtill more ſtrange) an old man with a long beard, who was got with child by a milk-maid. But in caſes of this nature, where there is ſuch a confuſion of ſex, age, and quality, men are apt to report rather what might have hap-

pened, than what really came to paſs. Without giving credit therefore to any of theſe rumours, I ſhall only renew my petition to you, that you will tell us your opinion at large of theſe matters; and am, Sir, &c.

☞ LUCIFER.

No. CLV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

——Libelli Stoici inter ſericos
Jacere pulvillos amant.

HOR. EPOD. 8. v. 15.

The books of Stoics ever choſe
On ſilken cuſhions to repoſe.

I HAVE often wondered that learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of a woman of quality or fortune. Since they have the ſame improveable minds as the male part of the ſpecies, why ſhould they not be cultivated by the ſame method? why ſhould reaſon be left to itſelf in one of the ſexes, and be diſciplined with ſo much care in the other?

There are ſome reaſons why learning ſeems more adapted to the female world than to the male. As, in the firſt place, becauſe they have more ſpare time upon their hands, and lead a more ſedentary life. Their employments are of a domeſtic nature, and not like thoſe of the other ſex, which are often inconſiſtent with ſtudy and contemplation. The excellent lady, the Lady Lizard, in the ſpace of one ſummer furniſhed a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughters working; and at the ſame time heard all Doctor Tillotſon's Sermons twice over. It is always the cuſtom for one of the young ladies to read, while the others are at work; ſo that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleaſed the other day to find them all buſy in preſerving ſeveral fruits of the ſeaſon, with the Sparkler in the midſt of them, reading over 'The Plurality of Worlds.' It was very entertaining to me to ſee them dividing their ſpeculations between jellies and ſtars, and making a ſudden tranſition from the ſun to an apricot, or from the Copernican Syſtem to the figure of a cheeſe-cake.

A ſecond reaſon why women ſhould apply themſelves to uſeful knowledge rather than men, is becauſe they have that natural gift of ſpeech in greater perfection. Since they have ſo excellent a talent, ſuch a *copia verborum*, or plenty of words, it is pity they ſhould not put it to ſome uſe. If the female tongue will be in motion, why ſhould it not be ſet to go right? Could they diſcourſe about the ſpots in the ſun, it might divert them from publiſhing the faults of their neighbours: could they talk of the different aſpects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandeſtine marriages. In ſhort, were they furniſhed with matters of fact, out of arts and ſciences, it would now and then be of great eaſe to their invention.

There is another reaſon why thoſe eſpecially who are women of quality, ſhould apply themſelves to letters; namely, becauſe their huſbands are generally ſtrangers to them.

It is great pity there ſhould be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned when I go into a great houſe, where perhaps there is not a ſingle perſon that can ſpell, unleſs it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's ſide?

If we look into the hiſtories of famous women, we find many eminent philoſophers of this ſex. Nay, we find that ſeveral females have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in thoſe ſects of philoſophy which ſeem almoſt repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female Pythagoreans, notwithſtanding moſt of that philoſophy conſiſted in keeping a ſecret, and that the diſciple was to hold her tongue five years together. I need not mention Portia, who was a Stoick in petticoats; nor Hipparchia, the famous She-cynic, who arrived at ſuch a perfection in her ſtudies, that ſhe converſed with her huſband, or man-planter, in broad day-light, and in the open ſtreets.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reaſonable

creatures, in which order of beings the female world is upon the ſame level with the male. We ought to conſider in this particular, not what is the ſex, but what is the ſpecies to which they belong. At leaſt I believe every one will allow me, that a female philoſopher is not ſo abſurd a character and ſo oppoſite to the ſex, as a female gameſter; and that it is more irrational for a woman to paſs away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up ſtores of uſeful learning. This therefore is another reaſon why I would recommend the ſtudy of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loſs how to employ thoſe hours that lie upon their hands.

I might alſo add this motive to my fair readers, that ſeveral of their ſex, who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raiſed themſelves to the higheſt poſts of honour and fortune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furniſh us with a very remarkable inſtance of this kind; but I ſhall conclude this head with the hiſtory of Athenais, which is a very ſignal example to my preſent purpoſe.

The Emperor Theodoſius being about the age of one and twenty, and deſigning to take a wife, deſired his ſiſter Pulcheria and his friend Paulinus to ſearch his whole empire for a woman of the moſt exquiſite beauty and higheſt accompliſhments. In the midſt of this ſearch Athenais, a Grecian virgin, accidentally offered herſelf. Her father, who was an eminent philoſopher of Athens, and had bred her up in all the learning of that place, at his death left her but a very ſmall portion, in which alſo ſhe ſuffered great hardſhips from the injuſtice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to Conſtantinople, where ſhe had a relation who repreſented her caſe to Pulcheria, in order to obtain ſome redreſs from the emperor. By this means that religious princeſs became acquainted with Athenais, whom ſhe found the moſt beautiful woman of her age, and educated under a long courſe of philoſophy in the ſtricteſt virtue, and moſt unſpotted innocence. Pulcheria was charmed with her converſation, and immediately made her reports to the Emperor her brother Theodoſius. The character ſhe gave made ſuch an impreſſion on him, that he deſired his ſiſter to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend Paulinus, where he found her beauty and her converſation beyond the higheſt idea he had framed of them. His friend Paulinus converted her to Chriſtianity, and gave her the name of Eudoſia; after which the emperor publicly eſpouſed her, and enjoyed all the happineſs in his marriage which he promiſed himſelf from ſuch a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raiſed them to great honours; and by ſeveral works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herſelf ſo dear to the whole empire, that ſhe had many ſtatues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the fathers of the church as the ornament of her ſex. ☞

No. CLVI. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

——Magni formica laboris
Ore trahit quodcunque poteſt, atque addit acervo,
Quem ſtruit haud ignara, ac non incauta futuri.
Quæ, ſimul inverſum contriſtat Aquarius annum,
Non uſquam prorepit, et illis utitur ante
Quæſitis patiens——

HOR. SAT. 1. L. 1. V. 33.

As the ſmall ant (for ſhe inſtructs the man,
And preaches labour) gathers all ſhe can,
And brings it to increaſe her heap at home,
Againſt the winter, which ſhe knows will come:
But, when that comes, ſhe creeps abroad no more,
But lies at home, and feaſts upon her ſtore.

CREECH.

IN my laſt Saturday's paper I ſuppoſed a mole-hill, inhabited by piſmires or ants, to be a lively image of the earth, peopled by human creatures. This ſuppoſition will not appear too forced or ſtrained to thoſe who are acquainted with the natural hiſtory of theſe

little insects; in order to which I shall present my reader with the extract of a letter upon this curious subject, as it was published by the members of the French academy, and since translated into English. I must confess I was never in my life better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

'In a room next to mine, which had been 'empty for a long time, there was upon a 'window a box full of earth, two feet deep, 'and fit to keep flowers in. That kind of 'parterre had been long uncultivated; and 'therefore it was covered with old plaister, 'and a great deal of rubbish that fell from 'the top of the house, and from the walls, 'which, together with the earth formerly im-'bibed with water, made a kind of a dry and 'barren soil. That place lying to the south, 'and out of the reach of the wind and rain, be-'sides the neighbourhood of a granary, was 'a most delightful spot of ground for ants; 'and therefore they had made three nests there, 'without doubt for the same reason that men 'build cities in fruitful and convenient places, 'near springs and rivers.

'Having a mind to cultivate some flowers, 'I took a view of that place, and removed 'a tulip out of the garden into that box; but 'casting my eyes upon the ants, continually 'taken up with a thousand cares, very incon-'siderable with respect to us, but of the great-'est importance for them, they appeared to 'me more worthy of my curiosity than all the 'flowers in the world. I quickly removed 'the tulip, to be the admirer and restorer of 'that little commonwealth. This was the 'only thing they wanted; for their policy 'and the order observed among them, are 'more perfect than those of the wisest repub-'lics; and therefore they have nothing to 'fear, unless a new legislator should attempt 'to change the form of their government.

'I made it my business to procure them all 'sorts of conveniencies. I took out of the 'box every thing that might be troublesome 'to them; and frequently visited my ants, 'and studied all their actions. Being used to 'go to bed very late, I went to see them work 'in a moon-shiny-night; and I did frequent-'ly get up in the night, to take a view of 'their labours. I always found some going 'up and down, and very busy: one would 'think that they never sleep. Every body 'knows that ants come out of their holes in 'the day-time, and expose to the sun the corn, 'which they keep under ground in the night. 'Those who have seen ant-hillocks, have easily 'perceived those small heaps of corn about 'their nests. What surprised me at first was, 'that my ants never brought out their corn but 'in the night, when the moon did shine, and 'kept it under ground in the day-time; which 'was contrary to what I had seen, and saw 'still, practised by those insects in other places. 'I quickly found out the reason of it; there 'was a pigeon-house not far from thence; 'pigeons and birds would have eaten their 'corn, if they had brought it out in the day-'time. It is highly probable they knew it 'by experience; and I frequently found pige-'ons and birds in that place, when I went to 'it in a morning. I quickly delivered them 'from those robbers: I frighted the birds away 'with some pieces of paper tied to the end of a 'string over the window. As for the pigeons, 'I drove them away several times; and when 'they perceived that the place was more fre-'quented than before, they never came to it 'again. What is most admirable, and what I 'could hardly believe, if I did not know it by 'experience, is, that those ants knew some days 'after that they had nothing to fear, and began 'to lay out their corn in the sun. However, I 'perceived they were not fully convinced of 'being out of all danger; for they durst not 'bring out their provisions all at once, but by 'degrees, first in a small quantity, and without 'any great order, that they might quickly carry 'them away in case of any misfortune, watching 'and looking every way. At last being per-'suaded that they had nothing to fear, they 'brought out all their corn, almost every 'day, and in good order, and carried it in at 'night.

There is a straight hole in every ant's nest, 'about half an inch deep; and then it goes 'down sloping into a place where they have 'their magazine, which I take to be a dif-'ferent place from that where they rest and 'eat. For it is highly improbable that an 'ant, which is a very cleanly insect, and 'throws out of her nest all the small remains 'of the corn on which she feeds, as I have

'obſerved a thouſand times, would fill up her ma-
'gazine, and mix her corn with dirt and or-
'dure.

'The corn that is laid up by the ants,
'would ſhoot under ground, if thoſe inſects did
'not take care to prevent it. They bite off all
'the buds before they lay it up; and there-
'fore the corn that has lain in their neſts will
'produce nothing. Any one may eaſily make
'this experiment, and even plainly ſee that
'there is no bud in their corn. But though
'the bud be bitten off, there remains another
'inconvenience, that corn muſt needs ſwell and
'rot under ground; and therefore it could be
'of no uſe to the nouriſhment of ants. Thoſe
'inſects prevent that inconvenience by their
'labour and induſtry, and contrive the mat-
'ter ſo, that corn will keep as dry in their
'neſts as in our granaries.

'They gather many ſmall particles of dry
'earth, which they bring every day out of
'their holes, and place them round to heat
'them in the ſun. Every ant brings a
'ſmall particle of that earth in her pincers,
'lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches
'another. Thus, in leſs than a quarter of
'an hour, one may ſee a vaſt number of ſuch
'ſmall particles of dry earth, heaped up round
'the hole. They lay their corn under ground
'upon that earth, and cover it with the ſame.
'They perform this work almoſt every day,
'during the heat of the ſun; and though the
'ſun went from the window about three or
'four of the clock in the afternoon, they did
'not remove their corn and their particles
'of earth, becauſe the ground was very hot,
'until the heat was over.

'If any one ſhould think that thoſe animals
'ſhould uſe ſand, or ſmall particles of brick
'or ſtone, rather than take ſo much pains
'about dry earth; I anſwer, that upon ſuch
'an occaſion nothing can be more proper
'than earth heated in the ſun. Corn does
'not keep upon ſand; beſides, a grain of
'corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud,
'would be filled with ſmall ſandy particles
'that could not eaſily come out. To which
'I add, that ſand conſiſts of ſuch ſmall par-
'ticles, that an ant could not take them up
'one after another; and therefore thoſe inſects
'are ſeldom to be ſeen near rivers, or in a very
'ſandy ground.

'As for the ſmall particles of brick or
'ſtone, the leaſt moiſtneſs would join them
'together, and turn them into a kind of maſ-
'tic, which thoſe inſects could not divide.
'Theſe particles ſticking together, could not
'come out of an ant's neſt, and would ſpoil
'its ſymmetry.

'When ants have brought out thoſe par-
'ticles of earth, they bring out their corn after
'the ſame manner, and place it round the
'earth. Thus one may ſee two heaps ſur-
'rounding their hole, one of dry earth, and
'the other of corn; and then they fetch out
'a remainder of dry earth, on which doubtleſs
'their corn was laid up.

'Thoſe inſects never go about this work,
'but when the weather is clear, and the ſun
'very hot. I obſerved, that thoſe little ani-
'mals having one day brought out their corn
'at eleven of the clock in the forenoon, re-
'moved it, againſt their uſual cuſtom, before
'one in the afternoon: the ſun being very
'hot, and ſky very clear, I could perceive
'no reaſon for it. But half an hour after,
'the ſky began to be overcaſt, and there fell
'a ſmall rain which the ants foreſaw; where-
'as the Milan almanack had foretold there
'would be no rain upon that day.

'I have ſaid before, that thoſe ants which
'I did ſo particularly conſider, fetched their
'corn out of a garret. I went very frequently
'into that garret: there was ſome old corn in it;
'and becauſe every grain was not alike, I
'obſerved that they choſe the beſt.

'I know, by ſeveral experiments, that thoſe
'little animals take great care to provide
'themſelves with wheat when they can find
'it, and always pick out the beſt; but they
'can make ſhift without it. When they can
'get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet,
'and even crumbs of bread; but ſeldom any
'barley, unleſs it be in a time of great ſcar-
'city, and when nothing elſe can be had.

'Being willing to be more particularly in-
'formed of their forecaſt and induſtry, I put
'a ſmall heap of wheat in a corner of the
'room, where they were kept: and to pre-
'vent their fetching corn out of the garret, I
'ſhut up the window, and ſtopt all the
'holes. Though ants are very knowing, I
'do not take them to be conjurors; and
'therefore they could not gueſs that I had put

'ſome corn in that room. I perceived for ſe-
'veral days that they were very much perplexed,
'and went a great way to fetch their provi-
'ſions. I was not willing for ſome time to
'make them more eaſy, for I had a mind to
'know, whether they would at laſt find out the
'treaſure, and ſee it at a great diſtance; and
'whether ſmelling enabled them to know what
'is good for their nouriſhment. Thus they
'were ſome time in great trouble, and took a
'great deal of pains: they went up and down
'a great way looking out for ſome grains of
'corn; they were ſometimes diſappointed, and
'ſometimes they did not like their corn, af-
'ter many long and painful excurſions. What
'appeared to me wonderful, was, that none of
'them came home without bringing ſomething:
'one brought a grain of wheat, another a grain
'of rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if ſhe
'could get nothing elſe.

'The window, upon which thoſe ants had
'made their ſettlement, looked into a garden,
'and was two ſtories high. Some went to
'the farther end of the garden, others to the
'fifth ſtory, in queſt of ſome corn. It was a
'very hard journey for them, eſpecially when
'they came home loaded with a pretty large
'grain of corn, which muſt needs be a heavy
'burden for an ant, and as much as ſhe can
'bear. The bringing of that grain from the
'middle of the garden to the neſt, took up four
'hours; whereby one may judge of the ſtrength
'and prodigious labour of thoſe little animals. It
'appears from thence, that an ant works as
'hard as a man, who ſhould carry a very
'heavy load on his ſhoulders almoſt every day
'for the ſpace of four leagues. It is true,
'thoſe inſects do not take ſo much pains upon
'a flat ground: but then how great is the hard-
'ſhip of a poor ant, when ſhe carries a grain
'of corn to the ſecond ſtory, climbing up a
'wall with her head downwards, and her back-
'ſide upwards? None can have a true notion of
'it, unleſs they ſee thoſe little animals at work
'in ſuch a ſituation. The frequent ſtops they
'made in the moſt convenient places are a plain
'indication of their wearineſs. Some of them
'were ſtrangely perplexed, and could not get
'to their journey's end. In ſuch a caſe, the
'ſtrongeſt ants, or thoſe that are not ſo weary,
'having carried their corn to their neſts, came
'down again to help them. Some are ſo un-
'fortunate as to fall down with their load,
'when they are almoſt come home: when this
'happens they ſeldom loſe their corn, but carry
'it up again.

'I ſaw one of the ſmalleſt carrying a large
'grain of wheat with incredible pains: when
'ſhe came to the box where the neſt was, ſhe
'made ſo much haſte that ſhe fell down with
'her load, after a very laborious march: ſuch
'an unlucky accident would have vexed a phi-
'loſopher. I went down, and found her with
'the ſame corn in her paws: ſhe was ready to
'climb up again. The ſame misfortune hap-
'pened to her three times. Sometimes ſhe fell
'in the middle of her way, and ſometimes
'higher; but ſhe never let go her hold, and was
'not diſcouraged. At laſt her ſtrength failed
'her: ſhe ſtopt; and another ant helped her
'to carry her load, which was one of the largeſt
'and fineſt grains of wheat that an ant can
'carry. It happens ſometimes, that a corn
'ſlips out of their paws, when they are climb-
'ing up: they take hold of it again, when they
'can find it; otherwiſe they look for another,
'or take ſomething elſe, being aſhamed to re-
'turn to their neſt without bringing ſomething.
'This I have experimented, by taking away the
'grain which they looked for. All thoſe ex-
'periments may eaſily be made by any one that
'has patience enough: they do not require ſo
'great a patience as that of ants; but few peo-
'ple are capable of it.' ☞*

* This paper No. 156, has the mark of ADDISON, and is re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of ADDISON'S "Works," 4to. p. 249. vol. IV. Nevertheleſs both this and the following Paper are printed here *verbatim*, as tranſlated from the *Mercure Galant*. The tranſlator of this anonymous piece was Michael De La Roche, who publiſhed them about this time in his "Memoirs of Literature," under the title of "Obſervations upon Ants, in a Let-
"ter to a Friend." See the 2d Edit. of "Memoirs of Literature," 8vo. vol. III. p. 204. Art. XLIII. 8 vols. 1722; the Continuation under various titles, makes 38 vols. 8vo.

No. CLVII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

Go to the ant, thou ſluggard; conſider her ways, and be wiſe.

PROV. VI. 6.

IT has been obſerved by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human induſtry, Providence has ſo contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chace of birds and beaſts, the ſeveral arts of fiſhing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are neceſſary ſcenes of buſineſs, and give employment to the greateſt part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a neceſſary ſubſiſtence for themſelves, or thoſe that grow up under them: the preſervation of their being is the whole buſineſs of it. An idle man is therefore a kind of monſter in the creation. All nature is buſy about him; every animal he ſees reproaches him. Let ſuch a man, who lies as a burden or dead weight upon the ſpecies, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commonwealth, or to the maintenance of himſelf and family, conſider that inſtinct with which Providence has endued the ant, and by which is exhibited an example of induſtry to rational creatures. This is ſet forth under many ſurpriſing inſtances in the paper of yeſterday, and in the concluſion of that narrative, which is as follows:

'Thus my ants were forced to make ſhift 'for a livelihood, when I had ſhut up the garret, 'out of which they uſed to fetch their pro'viſions. At laſt being ſenſible that it would 'be a long time before they could diſcover the 'ſmall heap of corn, which I had laid up for 'them, I reſolved to ſhew it to them.

'In order to know how far their induſtry 'could reach, I contrived an expedient, which 'had good ſucceſs: the thing will appear in'credible to thoſe who never conſidered, that 'all animals of the ſame kind which form a 'ſociety are more knowing than others. I 'took one of the largeſt ants, and threw her 'upon that ſmall heap of wheat. She was ſo 'glad to find herſelf at liberty, that ſhe ran 'away to her neſt, without carrying off a 'grain; but ſhe obſerved it: for an hour af'ter all my ants had notice given them of ſuch 'a proviſion; and I ſaw moſt of them very bu'ſy in carrying away the corn I had laid up in 'the room. I leave it to you to judge, whether 'it may not be ſaid, that they have a particular 'way of communicating their knowledge to 'one another; for otherwiſe how could they 'know, one or two hours after, that there 'was corn in that place? It was quickly 'exhauſted; and I put in more, but in a ſmall 'quantity to know the true extent of their 'appetite or prodigious avarice: for I make no 'doubt but they lay up proviſions againſt the 'winter: we read it in Holy Scripture; a thou'ſand experiments teach us the ſame; and I 'do not believe that any experiment has been 'made that ſhews the contrary.

'I have ſaid before, that there were three 'ants-neſts in that box or parterre, which 'formed, if I may ſay ſo, three different cities, 'governed by the ſame laws, and obſerving the 'ſame order and the ſame cuſtoms. However, 'there was this difference, that the inhabitants 'of one of thoſe holes ſeemed to be more know'ing and induſtrious than their neighbours. 'The ants of that neſt were diſpoſed in a bet'ter order; their corn was finer; they had a 'greater plenty of proviſions; their neſt was 'furniſhed with more inhabitants, and they 'were bigger and ſtronger: it was the principal 'and the capital neſt. Nay, I obſerved, that 'thoſe ants were diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, and 'had ſome pre-eminence over them.

'Though the box full of earth, where the 'ants had made their ſettlement, was generally 'free from rain; yet it rained ſometimes upon 'it, when a certain wind blew. It was a 'great inconvenience for thoſe inſects: ants 'are afraid of water; and when they go a 'great way in queſt of proviſions, and are ſur'prized by the rain, they ſhelter themſelves 'under ſome tile, or ſomething elſe, and do not 'come out until the rain is over. The ants of 'the principal neſt found out a wonderful 'expedient to keep out the rain: there was 'a ſmall piece of a flat ſlate, which they laid 'over the hole of their neſt in the day-time, 'when they foreſaw it would rain, and almoſt 'every night. Above fifty of thoſe little ani-

'mals, eſpecially the ſtrongeſt, ſurrounded 'that piece of ſlate, and drew it equally in a 'wonderful order: they removed it in the 'morning; and nothing could be more curious 'than to ſee thoſe little animals about ſuch a 'work. They had made the ground uneven 'about their neſt, inſomuch that the ſlate did 'not lie flat upon it, but left a free paſſage 'underneath. The ants of the two other 'neſts did not ſo well ſucceed in keeping out 'the rain: they laid over their holes ſeveral 'pieces of old and dry plaiſter one upon 'the other; but they were ſtill troubled with 'the rain, and the next day they took a world 'of pains to repair the damage. Hence it is, 'that thoſe inſects are ſo frequently to be found 'under tiles, where they ſettle themſelves to 'avoid the rain. Their neſts are at all times 'covered with thoſe tiles without any incum-'brance, and they lay out their corn and their 'dry earth in the ſun about the tiles, as one 'may ſee every day. I took care to cover the 'two ants-neſts that were troubled with the 'rain: as for the capital neſt, there was no 'need of exerciſing my charity towards it.

'M. de la Loubre ſays, in his relation of 'Siam, that in a certain part of that kingdom, 'which lies open to great inundations, all the 'ants make their ſettlements upon trees: no 'ants-neſts are to be ſeen any where elſe. I 'need not inſert here what that author ſays 'about thoſe inſects: you may ſee his rela-'tion *.

'Here follows a curious experiment, which 'I made upon the ſame ground, where I had 'three ants-neſts. I undertook to make a 'fourth, and went about it in the following 'manner. In a corner of a kind of a terrace, 'at a conſiderable diſtance from the box, I 'found a hole ſwarming with ants, much 'larger than all thoſe I had already ſeen; but 'they were not ſo well provided with corn, 'nor under ſo good a government. I made 'a hole in the box like that of an ants-neſt, 'and laid, as it were, the foundation of a 'new city. Afterwards I got as many ants 'as I could out of the neſt in the terrace, 'and put them into a bottle, to give them 'a new habitation in my box; and becauſe 'I was afraid they would return to the ter-'race, I deſtroyed the old neſt, pouring boil-'ing water into the hole, to kill thoſe ants 'that remained in it. In the next place I 'filled the new hole with the ants that were 'in the bottle; but none of them would 'ſtay in it. They went away in leſs than 'two hours; which made me believe, that it 'was impoſſible to make a fourth ſettlement in 'my box.

'Two or three days after, going acciden-'tally over the the terrace, I was much ſur-'prized to ſee the ants neſt which I had de-'ſtroyed very artfully repaired. I reſolved 'then to deſtroy it entirely, and to ſettle 'thoſe ants in my box. To ſucceed in my 'deſign, I put ſome gunpowder and brimſtone 'into their hole, and ſprung a mine, whereby 'the whole neſt was overthrown; and then 'I carried as many ants as I could get, into 'the place which I deſigned for them. It 'happened to be a very rainy day, and it 'rained all night; and therefore they re-'mained in the new hole all that time. In 'the morning, when the rain was over, moſt 'of them went away to repair their old habi-'tation; but finding it impracticable, by rea-'ſon of the ſmell of the powder and brim-'ſtone, which kills them, they came back 'again, and ſettled in the place I had ap-'pointed for them. They quickly grew ac-'quainted with their neighbours, and received 'from them all manner of aſſiſtance out of 'their holes. As for the inſide of their 'neſt, none but themſelves were concerned in 'it, according to the inviolable laws eſtabliſhed 'among thoſe animals.

'An ant never goes into any other neſt but 'her own; and if ſhe ſhould venture to do it, 'ſhe would be turned out, and ſeverely pu-'niſhed. I have often taken an ant out of 'one neſt, to put her into another; but ſhe 'quickly came out, being warmly purſued by 'two or three other ants. I tried the ſame 'experiment ſeveral times with the ſame ant; 'but at laſt the other ants grew impatient, 'and tore her to pieces. I have often fright-'ened ſome ants with my fingers, and pur-'ſued them as far as another hole, ſtopping

* *Du Royaume de* SIAM, Par M. de La Loubere, 2 Tomes, Amſt. 1691. 24to. Tom. I. chap. v. p. 44.

'all the paſſages to prevent their going to their 'own neſt. It was very natural for them to 'fly into the next hole. Many a man would 'not be ſo cautious, and would throw himſelf 'out of the windows, or into a well, if he 'were purſued by aſſaſſins. But the ants I 'am ſpeaking of, avoided going into any 'other hole but their own, and rather tried 'all other ways of making their eſcape. They 'never fled into another neſt, but at the laſt 'extremity; and ſometimes choſe rather to be 'taken, as I have often experienced. It is 'therefore an inviolable cuſtom among thoſe 'inſects, not to go into any other hole but 'their own. They do not exerciſe hoſpi-'tality; but they are very ready to help 'one another out of their holes. They put 'down their loads at the entrance of a neigh-'bouring neſt; and thoſe that live in it, carry 'them in.

'They keep up a ſort of trade among them-'ſelves; and it is not true that thoſe inſects are 'not for lending. I know the contrary: they 'lend their corn; they make exchanges; they 'are always ready to ſerve one another; and I 'can aſſure you, that more time and patience 'would have enabled me to obſerve a thouſand 'things more curious and wonderful than what 'I have mentioned. For inſtance, how they 'lend and recover their loans; whether it be 'in the ſame * quantity, or with uſury; whether 'they pay the ſtrangers that work for them, &c. 'I do not think it impoſſible to examine all 'thoſe things: and it would be a great curioſity 'to know by what maxims they govern them-'ſelves. Perhaps ſuch a knowledge might be 'of ſome uſe to us.

'They are never attacked by any enemies 'in a body, as it is reported of bees. Their 'only fear proceeds from birds, which ſometimes 'eat their corn when they lay it out in the ſun; 'but they keep it under ground when they are 'afraid of thieves. It is ſaid, that ſome birds 'eat them; but I never ſaw any inſtance of it. 'They are alſo infeſted by ſmall worms; but 'they turn them out and kill them. I obſerved, 'that they puniſhed thoſe ants which probably 'had been wanting to their duty; nay, ſome-'times they killed them, which they did in the 'following manner: three or four ants fell upon 'one, and pulled her ſeveral ways, until ſhe 'was torn in pieces. Generally ſpeaking, they 'live very quietly; from whence I infer, that 'they have a very ſevere diſcipline among them-'ſelves, to keep ſo good an order, or that they 'are great lovers of peace, if they have no oc-'caſion for any diſcipline.

'Was there ever a greater union in any com-'monwealth? Every thing is common among 'them; which is not to be ſeen any where elſe. 'Bees, of which we are told ſo many wonderful 'things, have each of them a hole in their 'hives; their honey is their own; every bee 'minds her own concerns. The ſame may be 'ſaid of all other animals. They frequently 'fight, to deprive one another of their portion. 'It is not ſo with ants; they have nothing of 'their own; a grain of corn which an ant car-'ries home, is depoſited in a common ſtock; it 'is not deſigned for her own uſe, but for the 'whole community; there is no diſtinction be-'tween a private and a common intereſt. An 'ant never works for herſelf, but for the ſociety.

'Whatever misfortune happens to them, 'their care and induſtry find out a remedy for 'it; nothing diſcourages them. If you deſtroy 'their nests, they will be repaired in two days. 'Any body may eaſily ſee how difficult it is 'to drive them out of their habitations, without 'deſtroying the inhabitants; for, as long as 'there are any left, they will maintain their 'ground.

'I had almoſt forgot to tell you, Sir, that 'mercury has hitherto proved a mortal poiſon for 'them; and that it is the moſt effectual way of 'deſtroying thoſe inſects. I can do ſomething 'for them in this caſe; perhaps you will hear 'in a little time that I have reconciled them to 'mercury.' ☞ †

* There are ſundry particulars in this and the preceding Paper apocryphal in the Natural Hiſtory of ANTS. See the references *ad finem*.

† See No. 156, *Note* at the end; and "*Melanges D'Hiſtoire Naturelle*," T. I. p. 152, *et ſeqq.* "Diſſertation ſur la Police des Fourmis." *Toute differente des fauſſes conjectures qu'on a ſuivies juſqu' aujourd' hui, par* M. *Francois* CARRE. M. F. C. obviates various prejudices and errors in this and the foregoing Paper. The *Melanges*, &c. here referred to, is a Collection in 6 *tomes*, 12*mo*, *par* M. A. D. a LYON, 1762. See *Ibidem*, T. I. p. 185, *&c.*

No. CLVIII. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

Gnoſſius hæc Rhadamanthus habet duriſſima regna;
Caſtigatque, auditque dolos; ſubigitque fateri
Quæ quis apud ſuperos, furto lætatus inani,
Diſtulit in ſeram commiſſa piacula mortem.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 566.

Theſe are the realms of unrelenting fate;
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the ſtate.
He hears, and judges, each committed crime;
Enquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conſcious wretch muſt all his acts reveal,
Loth to confeſs, unable to conceal,
From the firſt moment of his vital breath,
To the laſt hour of unrepenting death.

DRYDEN.

I Was yeſterday purſuing the hint which I mentioned in my laſt paper, and comparing together the induſtry of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but obſerve, that notwithſtanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourſelves in conſtant employ, after the ſame manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by inſtinct, we fall very ſhort of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcuſable, becauſe there is a greater variety of buſineſs to which we may apply ourſelves. Reaſon opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beaſts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural ſtate of being, divide their time between action and reſt. They are always at work or aſleep. In ſhort, their waking hours are wholly taken up in ſeeking after their food, or in conſuming it. The human ſpecies only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that 'the 'day hangs heavy on them,' that 'they do 'not know what to do with themſelves,' that 'they are at a loſs how to paſs away their time,' with many of the like ſhameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of thoſe who are ſtiled reaſonable beings. How monſtrous are ſuch expreſſions among creatures, who have the labours of the mind, as well as thoſe of the body, to furniſh them with proper employments; who, beſides the buſineſs of their proper callings and profeſſions, can apply themſelves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of uſeful books, to diſcourſe; in a word, who may exerciſe themſelves in the unbounded purſuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themſelves wiſer or better than they were before.

After having been taken up for ſome time in this courſe of thought, I diverted myſelf with a book according to my uſual cuſtom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to ſleep. The book I made uſe of on this occaſion was Lucian, where I amuſed my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I ſaw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, ſeated on his tribunal. On his left-hand ſtood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elyſium. I was told he ſat upon women that day, there being ſeveral of the ſex lately arrived, who had not yet their manſions aſſigned them. I was ſurpriſed to hear him aſk every one of them the ſame queſtion, namely, 'What they had been doing?' Upon this queſtion being propoſed to the whole aſſembly, they ſtared one upon another, as not knowing what to anſwer. He then interrogated each of them ſeparately. 'Madam,' ſays he, to the firſt of them, 'you have been upon the earth about 'fifty years: what have you been doing there 'all this while?'—'Doing,' ſays ſhe, 'really 'I do not know what I have been doing: I 'deſire I may have time given me to recollect.' After about half an hour's pauſe ſhe told him, that ſhe had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on

his left hand, to take her into cuſtody.—— ‘And you, Madam,’ ſays the judge, ‘that ‘look with ſuch a ſoft and languiſhing air, I ‘think you ſet out for this place in your nine ‘and twentieth year; what have you been do- ‘ing all this while?’—‘I had a great deal of ‘buſineſs on my hands,’ ſays ſhe, ‘being taken ‘up the firſt twelve years of my life, in dreſſ- ‘ing a jointed baby, and all the remaining ‘part of it reading plays and romances.’— ‘Very well,’ ſays he, ‘you have employed ‘your time to a good purpoſe. Away with ‘her*.’ The next was a plain countrywoman. ‘Well, miſtreſs, ſays Rhadamanthus, and ‘what have you been doing?’—‘An’t pleaſe ‘your worſhip,’ ſays ſhe, ‘I did not live quite ‘forty years; and in that time brought my ‘huſband ſeven daughters, made him nine ‘thouſand cheeſes, and left my eldeſt girl with ‘him, to look after his houſe in my abſence, ‘and who, I may venture to ſay, is as pretty ‘a houſewife as any in the country.’ Rhada- manthus ſmiled at the ſimplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elyſium to take her into his care. ‘And you, fair lady,’ ſays he, ‘what have you been doing theſe five- ‘and-thirty years?’—‘I have been doing no ‘hurt, I aſſure you, Sir,’ ſaid ſhe. ‘That is ‘well,’ ſaid he; ‘but what good have you ‘been doing?’ The lady was in great confu- ſion at this queſtion; and not knowing what to anſwer, the two keepers leaped out to ſeize her at the ſame time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elyſium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rha- damanthus obſerving an ingenuous modeſty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her looſe, and ſet her aſide for a re-examina- tion when he was more at leiſure. An old woman, of a proud and ſour look, preſented herſelf next at the bar, and being aſked what ſhe had been doing—‘Truly,’ ſays ſhe, ‘I ‘lived threeſcore and ten years in a very wicked ‘world, and was ſo angry at the behaviour of ‘a parcel of young flirts, that I paſſed moſt of ‘my laſt years in condemning the follies of the ‘times; I was every day blaming the ſilly con- ‘duct of people about me, in order to deter ‘thoſe I converſed with from falling into the ‘like errors and miſcarriages.’—‘Very well,’ ſays Rhadamanthus; ‘but did you keep the ‘ſame watchful eye over your own actions?’ —‘Why truly,’ ſays ſhe, ‘I was ſo taken ‘up with publiſhing the faults of others, that I ‘had no time to conſider my own.’—‘Madam,’ ſays Rhadamanthus, ‘be pleaſed to file off to ‘the left, and make room for the venerable ‘matron that ſtands behind you.—Old gentle- ‘woman,’ ſays he, ‘I think you are fourſcore. ‘You have heard the queſtion, What have you ‘been doing ſo long in the world?’—‘Ah, Sir,’ ‘ſays ſhe, I have been doing what I ſhould ‘not have done; but I had made a firm reſo- ‘lution to have changed my life, if I had not ‘been ſnatched off by an untimely end.’— ‘Madam,’ ſays he, ‘you will pleaſe to follow ‘your leader;’ and ſpying another of the ſame age, interrogated her in the ſame form. To which the matron replied—‘I have been the ‘wife of a huſband who was as dear to me in ‘his old age as in his youth. I have been a ‘mother, and very happy in my children, ‘whom I endeavoured to bring up in every ‘thing that is good. My eldeſt ſon is bleſt by ‘the poor, and beloved by every one that knows ‘him. I lived within my own family, and ‘left it much more wealthy than I found it.’ Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, ſmiled upon her in ſuch a manner, that the keeper of Elyſium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no ſooner touched her but her wrinkles vaniſhed, her eyes ſparkled, her cheeks glowed with bluſhes, and ſhe appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman obſerving that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elyſium, was ſo great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; ſo that preſſing through the crowd, ſhe was the next that appeared at the bar. And being aſked what ſhe had been doing the five-and-twenty years that ſhe had paſſed in the world—‘I have en- ‘deavoured,’ ſays ſhe, ‘ever ſince I came to ‘years of diſcretion, to make myſelf lovely, ‘and gain admirers. In order to it, I paſſed ‘my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing ‘white-waſhes, mixing colours, cutting out ‘patches, conſulting my glaſs, ſuiting my ‘complexion, tearing off my tucker, ſinking ‘my ſtays.’ Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the ſign to take her off. Upon

* Judge *Rhadamanthus* uſes low language as our Judge Jefferies did. A.

the approach of the keeper of Erebus, her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole perſon loſt in deformity.

I was then ſurprized with a diſtant ſound of a whole troop of females that came forward, laughing, ſinging, and dancing. I was very deſirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehenſive that Rhadamanthus would ſpoil their mirth: but at their nearer approach the noiſe grew ſo very great that it awakened me.

I lay ſome time, reflecting in myſelf on the oddneſs of this dream; and could not forbear aſking my own heart, what I was doing? I anſwered myſelf that I was writing Guardians. If my readers make as good a uſe of this work as I deſign they ſhould, I hope it will never be imputed to me as work that is vain and unprofitable.

I ſhall conclude this paper with recommending to them the ſame ſhort ſelf-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and conſiders what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or what is worſe, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a ſeries of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in thoſe which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the beſt of men have reaſon to acknowledge in their daily confeſſions, of 'leaving undone 'thoſe things which they ought to have done, 'and of doing thoſe things which they ought 'not to have done.' ☞ *

No. CLIX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

Præſens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel ſuperbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos.

HOR. OD. 35. L. 1. V. 2.

Whoſe force is ſtrong, and quick to raiſe
The loweſt to the higheſt place;
Or, with a wond'rous fall,
To bring the haughty lower,
And turn proud triumphs to a funeral.

CREECH.

SIR,

HAVING read over your paper of Tueſday laſt †, in which you recommend the purſuits of wiſdom and knowledge to thoſe of the fair-ſex who have much time lying upon their hands; and among other motives make uſe of this, that ſeveral women, thus accompliſhed, have raiſed themſelves by it to conſiderable poſts of honour and fortune; I ſhall beg leave to give you an inſtance of this kind, which many now living can teſtify the truth of, and which I can aſſure you is matter of fact.

About twelve years ago I was familiarly acquainted with a gentleman, who was in a poſt that brought him a yearly revenue, ſufficient to live very handſomely upon. He had a wife, and no child but a daughter, whom he bred up, as I thought, too high for one that could expect no other fortune than ſuch a one as her father could raiſe out of the income of his place; which, as they managed it, was ſcarce ſufficient for their ordinary expences. Miſs Betty had always the beſt ſort of cloaths, and was hardly allowed to keep company but with thoſe above her rank; ſo that it was no wonder ſhe grew proud and haughty towards thoſe ſhe looked upon as her inferiors. There lived by them a barber who had a daughter about Miſs's age, that could ſpeak French, had read ſeveral books at her leiſure hours, and was a perfect miſtreſs of her needle, and in all kinds of female manufacture. She was at the ſame time a pretty, modeſt, witty girl. She was hired

* This Paper, No. 158, is marked with a *Hand*, the diſtinguiſhing mark of ADDISON'S Papers in the GUARDIAN: and re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of ADDISON'S "Works," 4to. vol. IV. p. 259.

† See No. 155.

to come to Miſs an hour or two every day, to talk French with her, and teach her to work; but Miſs always treated her with great contempt; and when Molly gave her any advice, rejected it with ſcorn.

About the ſame time ſeveral young fellows made their addreſſes to Miſs Betty, who had indeed a great deal of wit and beauty, had they not been infected with ſo much vanity and ſelf-conceit. Among the reſt was a plain, ſober young man, who loved her almoſt to diſtraction. His paſſion was the common talk of the neighbourhood, who uſed to be often diſcourſing of Mr. T——'s angel, for that was the name he always gave her in ordinary converſation. As his circumſtances were very indifferent, he being a younger brother, Mrs. Betty rejected him with diſdain. Inſomuch that the young man, as is uſual among thoſe who are croſſed in love, put himſelf aboard the fleet, with a reſolution to ſeek his fortune, and forget his miſtreſs. This was very happy for him; for in a very few years, being concerned in ſeveral captures, he brought home with him an eſtate of about twelve thouſand pounds.

Mean while days and years went on, Miſs lived high, and learned but little, moſt of her time being employed in reading plays and practiſing to dance, in which ſhe arrived at great perfection; when of a ſudden, at a change of the miniſtry, her father loſt his place, and was forced to leave London, where he could no longer live upon the foot he had formerly done. Not many years after I was told that the poor gentleman was dead, and had left his widow and daughter in a very deſolate condition, but I could not learn where to find them, though I made what enquiry I could; and I muſt own, I immediately ſuſpected their pride would not ſuffer them to be ſeen or relieved by any of their former acquaintance. I had left enquiring after them for ſome years, when I happened, not long ago, as I was aſking at a houſe for a gentleman I had ſome buſineſs with, to be led into a parlour by a handſome young woman, who I preſently fancied was that very daughter I had ſo long ſought in vain. My ſuſpicion increaſed, when I obſerved her to bluſh at the ſight of me, and to avoid as much as poſſible, looking upon, or ſpeaking to me: 'Madam,' ſaid I, are not you Mrs. ſuch-a-one?' At which words the tears ran down her cheeks, and ſhe would fain have retired without giving me an anſwer; but I ſtopped her, and being to wait a while for the gentleman I was to ſpeak to, I reſolved not to loſe this opportunity of ſatisfying my curioſity. I could not well diſcern by her dreſs, which was genteel, though not fine, whether ſhe was the miſtreſs of the houſe, or only a ſervant: but ſuppoſing her to be the firſt—'I am glad, Madam,' ſaid I, 'after having long enquired after you, to 'have ſo happily met with you, and to find 'you miſtreſs of ſo fine a place.' Theſe words were like to have ſpoiled all, and threw her into ſuch a diſorder, that it was ſome time before ſhe could recover herſelf; but as ſoon as ſhe was able to ſpeak—'Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'you are miſtaken; I am but a ſervant.' Her voice fell in theſe laſt words, and ſhe burſt again into tears. I was ſorry to have occaſioned in her ſo much grief and confuſion, and ſaid what I could to comfort her. 'Alas, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, my condition is much better 'than I deſerve. I have the kindeſt and 'beſt of women for my miſtreſs. She is wife 'to the gentleman you come to ſpeak withal. 'You know her very well, and have often 'ſeen her with me.' To make my ſtory ſhort, I found that my late friend's daughter was now a ſervant to the barber's daughter whom ſhe had formerly treated ſo diſdainfully. The gentleman at whoſe houſe I now was, fell in love with Moll, and being maſter of a great fortune, married her, and lives with her as happily, and as much to his ſatisfaction, as he could deſire. He treats her with all the friendſhip and reſpect poſſible, but not with more than her behaviour and good qualities deſerve. And it was with a great deal of pleaſure I heard her maid dwell ſo long upon her commendation. She informed me, that after her father's death, her mother and ſhe lived for a while together in great poverty. But her mother's ſpirit could not bear the thoughts of aſking relief of any of her own, or huſband's acquaintance, ſo they retired from all their friends, until they were providentially diſcovered by this new-married woman, who heaped on them favours upon favours. Her mother died ſhortly after, who,

while she lived was better pleased to see her daughter a beggar than a servant; but being freed by her death, she was taken into this gentlewoman's family, where she now lived, though much more like a friend or a companion, than like a servant.

I went home full of this strange adventure; and about a week after chancing to be in company with Mr. T. the rejected lover, whom I mentioned in the beginning of my letter, I told him the whole story of his angel, not questioning but he would feel on this occasion the usual pleasures of a resenting lover, when he hears that fortune has avenged him of the cruelty of his mistress. As I was recounting to him at large these several particulars, I observed that he covered his face with his hand, and that his breast heaved as though it would have bursted, which I took at first to have been a fit of laughter; but upon lifting up his head, I saw his eyes all red with weeping. He forced a smile at the end of my story, and we parted.

About a fortnight after I received from him the following letter:

DEAR SIR,

I Am infinitely obliged to you for bringing me news of my angel. I have since married her; and think the low circumstances she was reduced to, a piece of good luck to us both, since it has quite removed that little pride and vanity, which was the only part of her character that I disliked, and given me an opportunity of shewing her the constant and sincere affection which I professed to her in the time of her prosperity.

☞ * Yours, R. T.

No. CLX. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

Solventur risu tabulæ, tu missus abibis.

HOR. SAT. 1. L. 2. V. ULT.

IMITATED.

My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd. POPE.

FROM writing the history of Lions, I lately went off to that of Ants; but, to my great surprize, I find that some of my good readers have taken this last to be a work of invention, which was only a plain narrative of matter of fact. They will several of them have it that my last Thursday's and Friday's papers † are full of concealed satire; and that I have attacked people in the shape of pismires, whom I durst not meddle with in the shape of men. I must confess that I write with fear and trembling, ever since that ingenious person, the Examiner, in his little pamphlet, which was to make way for one of his following papers, found out treason in the word *expect* ‡.

But I shall, for the future, leave my friend § to manage the controversy in a separate work, being unwilling to fill with disputes a paper which was undertaken purely out of good-will to my countrymen. I must therefore declare, that these jealousies and suspicions, which have been raised in some weak minds, by means of the two above-mentioned discourses concerning Ants or Pismires, are altogether groundless.

* *This Paper, No.* 157, *is marked with a* Hand, *the signature of* ADDISON'S *Papers, in the* GUARDIAN, *and re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works*," 4*to. vol. IV. p.* 263, *but seems to have been composed or communicated from the Letter-Box.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

*** *Ladies and Childrens' hair is cut and curled after the most fashionable mode, by Mary Newby,* Tire-woman, *&c. who changes* red *hair to a curious* brown; *shapes eye-brows; takes off superfluous hair; sells a wonderful cosmetic; a liquor that takes off freckles; drops that speedily cure warts; drops that effectually cure fits, vapours,* &c. *a cordial that prevents miscarriage, &c. a dentifrice that infallibly cures the scurvy, fastens and whitens the teeth; and sovereign instantaneous cure for the tooth-ach, &c.* GUARDIAN, *in* folio, *No.* 158.

† *No.* 157, *No.* 158, *and* Note *at the end concerning the* original *and* translation *of the two Papers in question, the anonymous writer of which has in sundry instances blended fable with the truth of Natural History.*

‡ *See No.* 128, *and* Note.

§ *Meaning* STEELE.

There is not an emmet in all that whole narrative who is either Whig or Tory; and I could heartily wiſh, that the individuals of all parties among us, had the good of their country at heart, and endeavoured to advance it by the ſame ſpirit of frugality, juſtice, and mutual benevolence, as are viſibly exerciſed by the members of thoſe little commonwealths.

After this ſhort preface, I ſhall lay before my readers a letter or two which occaſioned it.

MR. IRONSIDE,

I Have laid a wager with a friend of mine about the pigeons that uſed to peck up the corn which belonged to the ants. I ſay that by theſe pigeons you meant the Palatine. He will needs have it that they were the Dutch. We both agree that the papers upon the ſtrings, which frighted them away, were pamphlets, Examiners and the like. We beg you will ſatisfy us in this particular, becauſe the wager is very conſiderable, and you will much oblige two of your daily readers.

OLD IRON,

WHY ſo ruſty? Will you never leave your innuendoes? Do you think it hard to find out who is the tulip in your laſt Thurſday's paper? Or can you imagine that three neſts of ants is ſuch a diſguiſe, that the plaineſt reader cannot ſee three kingdoms through it? The blowing up of a neighbouring ſettlement, where there was a race of poor beggarly ants, under a worſe form of government, is not ſo difficult to be explained as you imagine. Dunkirk is not yet demoliſhed. Your ants are enemies to rain, are they! Old Birmingham, no more of your ants, if you do not intend to ſtir up a neſt of hornets.

WILL WASPE.

DEAR GUARDIAN,

CALLING in yeſterday at a coffee-houſe in the city, I ſaw a very ſhort, corpulent, angry man, reading your paper about the Ants. I obſerved that he reddened and ſwelled over every ſentence of it. After having peruſed it throughout, he laid it down upon the table, called the woman of the coffee-houſe to him, and aſked her in a magiſterial voice, if ſhe knew what ſhe did in taking in ſuch papers! The woman was in ſuch a confuſion, that I thought it a piece of charity to interpoſe in her behalf, and aſked him whether he had found any thing in it of dangerous import. 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'it 'is a republican paper from one end to the 'other; and if the author had his deſerts—' He here grew ſo exceeding choleric and fierce, that he could not proceed; till after having recovered himſelf, he laid his finger upon the following ſentence, and read it with a very ſtern voice: 'Though ants are very knowing, I 'don't take them to be conjurers: and there-'fore they could not gueſs that I had put ſome 'corn in that room. I perceived for ſeveral 'days that they were very much perplexed, and 'went a great way to fetch their proviſions. 'I was not willing for ſome time to make 'them more eaſy; for I had a mind to know 'whether they would at laſt find out the trea-'ſure, and ſee it at a great diſtance; and whe-'ther ſmelling enabled them to know what is 'good for their nouriſhment.' Then throwing the paper upon the table—'Sir,' ſays he, 'theſe 'things are not to be ſuffered—I would engage 'out of this ſentence to draw up an indict-'ment that——' He here loſt his voice a ſecond time, in the extremity of his rage; and the whole company, who were all of them Tories, burſting into a ſudden laugh, he threw down his penny in great wrath, and retired with a moſt formidable frown.

This, Sir, I thought fit to acquaint you with, that you may make what uſe of it you pleaſe. I only wiſh that you would ſometimes diverſify your papers with many other pieces of natural hiſtory, whether of inſects or animals*; this being a ſubject which the moſt common reader is capable of underſtanding, and which is very diverting in its nature; beſides that it highly redounds to the praiſe of that Being who has inſpired the ſeveral parts of the ſenſitive world with ſuch wonderful and different kinds of inſtinct as enable them to provide for themſelves, and preſerve their ſpecies in that ſtate of exiſtence wherein they are placed. There is no party concerned in ſpeculations of this nature, which inſtead of inflaming thoſe unnatural heats that prevail among us, and take up moſt of our thoughts, may divert our minds to ſubjects that are uſeful, and ſuited to reaſonable creatures. Diſſertations of this kind are

* *What are* Inſects?

the more proper for your purpoſe, as they do not require any depth of mathematics, or any previous ſcience, to qualify the reader for the underſtanding of them. To this I might add, that it is a ſhame for men to be ignorant of theſe worlds of wonders which are tranſacted in the midſt of them, and not be acquainted with thoſe objects which are every where before their eyes. To which I might further add, that ſeveral are of opinion there is no other uſe in many of theſe creatures than to furniſh matter of contemplation and wonder to thoſe inhabitants of the earth, who are its only creatures that are capable of it.

I am, Sir, your conſtant reader,
And humble ſervant.

After having preſented my reader with this ſet of letters, which are all upon the ſame ſubject, I ſhall here inſert one that has no relation to it. But it has always been my maxim never to refuſe going out of my way to do any honeſt man a ſervice, eſpecially when I have an intereſt in it myſelf.

MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

AS you are a perſon that very eminently diſtinguiſh yourſelf in the promotion of the public good, I deſire your friendſhip in ſignifying to the town what concerns the greateſt good of life, health. I do aſſure you, Sir, there is in a vault under the Exchange in Cornhill, over-againſt Pope's-Head-Alley, a parcel of French wines, full of the ſeed of good-humour, cheerfulneſs, and friendly mirth. I have been told, the learned of our nation agree, there is no ſuch thing as bribery in liquors, therefore I ſhall preſume to ſend you of it, leſt you ſhould think it inconſiſtent with integrity to recommend what you do not underſtand by experience. In the mean time, pleaſe to inſert this, that every man may judge for himſelf.

☞ * I am, Sir, &c.

No. CLXI. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

—— Incoctum generoſo pectus honeſto.

PERS. SAT. 2. V. 74.

A genuine virtue of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the laſt receſſes of the mind. DRYDEN.

EVERY principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, ſince men are of ſo different a make, that the ſame principle does not work equally upon all minds. What ſome men are prompted to by conſcience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the ſame thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The ſenſe of honour is of ſo fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in ſuch as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This paper, therefore, is chiefly deſigned for thoſe who by means of any of theſe advantages are, or ought to be actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is miſunderſtood, I ſhall conſider honour with reſpect to three ſorts of men. Firſt of all, with regard to thoſe who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to thoſe who have a miſtaken notion of it. And, thirdly, with regard to thoſe who treat it as † chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the firſt place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the ſame effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the ſame point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; Honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man *fears*, the man of honour *ſcorns*, to do an ill action. The latter conſiders vice as ſomething that is beneath him, the other as ſomething that is offenſive to the Divine Being; the one as what is *unbecoming*, the other as what is *forbidden*. Thus Seneca ſpeaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares that were there no God to ſee or puniſh vice, he would not commit it, becauſe it is of ſo mean, ſo baſe, and ſo vile a nature.

I ſhall conclude this head with the deſcription of honour in the part of young Juba—

* *This Paper, No.* 160, *is diſtinguiſhed by a* Hand, ADDISON'S *ſignature in the* GUARDIAN; *and re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of* ADDISON'S "*Works,*" 4*to vol. IV. p.* 266.

† *See* THEATRE, *No.* 4. *Deſcription of a* Whimſical.

Honour's a ſacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's diſtinguiſhing perfection,
That aids and ſtrengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions where ſhe is not.
It ought not to be ſported with. CATO.

In the ſecond place, we are to conſider thoſe who have miſtaken notions of honour. And theſe are ſuch as eſtabliſh any thing to themſelves for a point of honour which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge than to forgive an injury; who make no ſcruple of telling a lye, but would put any man to death that accuſes them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed ſo becoming in human nature, that he who wants it ſcarce deſerves the name of a man; but we find ſeveral who ſo much abuſe this nation, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themſelves men of honour, that would have been a diſgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who ſacrifices any duty of a reaſonable creature to a prevailing mode or faſhion; who looks upon any thing as honourable that is diſpleaſing to his Maker, or deſtructive to ſociety; who thinks himſelf obliged by this principle to the practice of ſome virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively inſtance of one actuated by falſe honour. Timogenes would ſmile at a man's jeſt who ridiculed his Maker, and at the ſame time run a man through the body that ſpoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have ſcorned to have betrayed a ſecret that was entruſted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the diſcovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having ſpoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himſelf had ſeduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To cloſe his character, Timogenes, after having ruined ſeveral poor tradeſmen's families, who had truſted him, ſold his eſtates to ſatisfy his creditors; but like a man of honour, diſpoſed of all the money he could make of it, in the paying off his play debts, or, to ſpeak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to conſider thoſe perſons who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are profeſſedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even thoſe who are actuated by falſe notions of it, as there is more hopes of a heretic than of an atheiſt. Theſe ſons of infamy conſider honour with old Syphax, in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads aſtray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real miſchiefs, while they are engaged in the purſuits of a ſhadow. Theſe are generally perſons who, in Shakeſpeare's phraſe, 'are worn and hackneyed in the 'ways of men;' whoſe imaginations are grown callous, and have loſt all thoſe delicate ſentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miſcreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their preſent intereſt, and treat thoſe perſons as viſionaries, who dare ſtand up in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, intereſt, or experience, of ſuch men, make them very often uſeful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to conſider, that every one ſtands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of *Honour* by any other way than through that of *Virtue*. ☞ *

No. CLXII. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16.

Proprium hoc eſſe prudentiæ, conciliare ſibi animos hominum, et ad uſus ſuos adjungere. CICERO.

The art of prudence lies in gaining the eſteem of the world, and turning it to a man's own advantage.

I WAS the other day in company at my Lady Lizard's, when there came in among us their couſin Tom, who is one of thoſe country ſquires that ſet up for plain honeſt gentlemen who ſpeak their minds. Tom is, in ſhort, a lively impudent clown, and has wit enough to have made

* *This Paper, No.* 161, *is marked with a* Hand, *and re-printed in* ADDISON'S "*Works*," 4*to vol. IV. p.* 269.

him a pleaſant companion, had it been poliſhed and rectified by good-manners. Tom had not been a quarter of an hour with us, before he ſet every one in the company a bluſhing, by ſome blunt queſtion, or unlucky obſervation. He aſked the Sparkler if her wit had yet got her a huſband; and told her eldeſt ſiſter ſhe looked a little wan under the eyes, and that it was time for her to look about her, if ſhe did not deſign to lead apes in the other world. The good Lady Lizard, who ſuffers more than her daughters on ſuch an occaſion, deſired her couſin Thomas, with a ſmile, not to be ſo ſevere on his relations; to which the booby replied, with a rude country laugh—'If I be not miſtaken, aunt, 'you were a mother at fifteen; and why do you 'expect that your daughters ſhould be maids 'till five and twenty!' I endeavoured to divert the diſcourſe; when without taking notice of what I ſaid—'Mr. Ironſide,' ſays he, 'you 'fill my couſins heads with your fine notions, 'as you call them; can you teach them to 'make a pudding? I muſt confeſs he put me out of countenance with his ruſtic raillery, ſo that I made ſome excuſe, and left the room.

This fellow's behaviour made me reflect on the uſefulneſs of complaiſance, to make all converſation agreeable. This, though in itſelf it be ſcarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a luſtre to every talent a man can be poſſeſſed of. It was Plato's advice to an unpoliſhed writer, that he ſhould ſacrifice to the Graces. In the ſame manner, I would adviſe every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a mere ſcholar, or philoſopher, to make himſelf maſter of the ſocial virtue which I have here mentioned.

Complaiſance renders a ſuperior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It ſmooths diſtinction, ſweetens converſation, and makes every one in the company pleaſed with himſelf. It produces good-nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, ſoothes the turbulent, humaniſes the fierce, and diſtinguiſhes a ſociety of civilized perſons from a confuſion of ſavages. In a word, complaiſance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourſe of words and actions, and is ſuited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to conſider, ſo far as is conſiſtent with the order and œconomy of the world.

If we could look into the ſecret anguiſh and affliction of every man's heart, we ſhould often find that more of it ariſes from little imaginary diſtreſſes, ſuch as checks, frowns, contradictions, expreſſions of contempt, and (what Shakeſpeare reckons among other evils under the ſun)—

——The proud man's contumely,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove theſe imaginary diſtreſſes as much as poſſible out of human life, would be the univerſal practice of ſuch an ingenuous complaiſance, as I have been here deſcribing, which, as it is a virtue, may be defined to be a conſtant endeavour to pleaſe thoſe whom we converſe with, ſo far as we may do it innocently. I ſhall here add, that I know nothing ſo effectual to raiſe a man's fortune as complaiſance; which recommends more to the favour of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatſoever. I find this conſideration very prettily illuſtrated by a little wild Arabian tale, which I ſhall here abridge, for the ſake of my reader, after having again warned him, that I do not recommend to him ſuch an impertinent or vicious complaiſance as is not conſiſtent with honour and integrity.

SCHACABAC being reduced to great poverty, and having eat nothing for two days together, made a viſit to a noble Barmecide in Perſia, who was very hoſpitable, but withal a great humouriſt. The Barmecide was ſitting at his table, that ſeemed ready covered for an entertainment. Upon hearing Schacabac's complaint, he deſired him to ſit down and fall on. He then gave him an empty plate, and aſked him how he liked his rice-ſoup. Schacabac, who was a man of wit, and reſolved to comply with the Barmecide in all his humours, told him it was admirable, and at the ſame time, in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty ſpoon to his mouth with great pleaſure. The Barmecide then aſked him if he ever ſaw whiter bread? Schacabac, who ſaw neither bread nor meat—'If I did not like it, you may be ſure,' ſays he, 'I ſhould not eat ſo heartily of it.'—'You oblige me mightily,' replied the Barme-

cide; 'pray let me help you to this leg of a 'gooſe.' Schacabac reached out his plate, and received nothing on it with great chearfulneſs. As he was eating very heartily on this imaginary gooſe, and crying up the ſauce to the ſkies, the Barmecide deſired him to keep a corner of his ſtomach for a roaſted lamb fed with piſtacho-nuts, and after having called for it, as though it had really been ſerved up—'Here is a diſh,' ſays he, 'that you will ſee at nobody's table 'but my own.' Schacabac was wonderfully delighted with the taſte of it, 'which is like 'nothing,' ſays he, 'I ever eat before.' Several other nice diſhes were ſerved up in idea, which both of them commended, and feaſted on after the ſame manner. This was followed by an inviſible deſſert, no part of which delighted Schacabac ſo much as a certain lozenge, which the Barmecide told him was a ſweet-meat of his own invention. Schacabac at length, being courteouſly reproached by the Barmecide, that he had no ſtomach, and that he eat nothing, and at the ſame time being tired with moving his jaws up and down to no purpoſe, deſired to be excuſed, for that really he was ſo full he could not eat a bit more. 'Come then,' ſays the Barmecide, 'the cloth ſhall be removed, 'and you ſhall taſte of my wines, which I may 'ſay, without vanity, are the beſt in Perſia.' He then filled both their glaſſes out of an empty decanter. Schacabac would have excuſed himſelf from drinking ſo much at once, becauſe he ſaid he was a little quarrelſome in his liquor; however, being preſſed to it, he pretended to take it off, having before-hand praiſed the colour, and afterwards the flavour. Being plied with two or three other imaginary bumpers of different wines, equally delicious, and a little vexed with his fantaſtic treat, he pretended to grow fluſtered, and gave the Barmecide a good box on the ear, but immediately recovering himſelf—'Sir,' ſays he, 'I beg ten thou-'ſand pardons, but I told you before, that it 'was my misfortune to be quarrelſome in my 'drink.' The Barmecide could not but ſmile at the humour of his gueſt, and inſtead of being angry at him—'I find,' ſays he, 'thou 'art a complaiſant fellow, and deſerveſt to be 'entertained in my houſe. Since thou can'ſt ac-'commodate thyſelf to my humour, we will 'now eat together in good-earneſt.' Upon which calling for his ſupper, the rice-ſoup, the gooſe, the piſtacho-lamb, the ſeveral other nice diſhes, with the deſſert, the lozenges, and all the variety of Perſian wines, were ſerved up ſucceſſively, one after another; and Schacabac was feaſted in reality, with thoſe very things which he had before been entertained with in imagination. ☞ *

No. CLXIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

——— *Miſerum eſt aliena vivere quadra.*

JUV. SAT. 5. V. 2.

How wretched he, by cruel fortune croſt,
Who never dines but at another's coſt!

WHEN I am diſpoſed to give myſelf a day's reſt, I order the Lion to be opened, and ſearch into that magazine of intelligence for ſuch letters as are to my purpoſe. The firſt I looked into comes to me from one who is chaplain to a great family. He treats himſelf in the beginning of it, after ſuch a manner, as I am perſuaded no man of ſenſe would treat him. Even the lawyer and the phyſician, to a man of quality, expect to be uſed like gentlemen, and much more may any one of ſo ſuperior a profeſſion. I am by no means for encouraging that diſpute, whether the chaplain or the maſter of the houſe be the better man, and the more to be reſpected. The two learned authors, Doctor Hicks and Mr. Collier, to whom I might add ſeveral others, are to be excuſed, if they have carried the point a little too high in favour of the chaplain, ſince in ſo corrupt an age as that we live in, the popular opinion runs ſo far into the other extreme. The only controverſy between the patron and the chaplain ought to be which ſhould promote the good deſigns and intereſts of each other

* *This Paper, No.* 162, *is marked with a* Hand; *and re-printed in* ADDISON'S "*Works*," 4*to. Vol. IV. p.* 272.

moſt; and for my own part, I think it is the happieſt circumſtance in a great eſtate or title, that it qualifies a man for chooſing out of ſuch a learned and valuable body of men as that of the Engliſh clergy, a friend, a ſpiritual guide, and a companion *. The letter I have received, from one of this order, is as follows.

MR. GUARDIAN,

I Hope you will not only indulge me in the liberty of two or three queſtions, but alſo in the ſolution of them.

I have had the honour many years of being chaplain to a noble family, and of being accounted the higheſt ſervant in the houſe, either out of reſpect to my cloth, or becauſe I lie in the uppermoſt garret.

Whilſt my old lord lived, his table was always adorned with uſeful learning and innocent-mirth, as well as covered with plenty. I was not looked upon as a piece of furniture fit only to ſanctify and garniſh a feaſt, but treated as a gentleman, and generally deſired to fill up the converſation an hour after I had done my duty. But now my young lord is come to the eſtate, I find I am looked upon as a *cenſor morum*, an obſtacle of mirth and talk, and ſuffered to retire conſtantly with—'Proſperity to the church!' in my mouth. I declare ſolemnly, Sir, that I have heard nothing from all the fine gentlemen who viſit us, more remarkable for half a year, than that one young lord was ſeven times drunk at Genoa, and another had an affair with a famous courtezan at Venice. I have lately taken the liberty to ſtay three or four rounds beyond the church, to ſee what topics of diſcourſe they went upon; but, to my great ſurpriſe, have hardly heard a word all the time beſide the toaſts. Then they all ſtare full in my face, and ſhew all the actions of uneaſineſs till I am gone. Immediately upon my departure, to uſe the words in an old comedy, 'I find by the noiſe 'they make, that they had a mind to be pri-'vate.' I am at a loſs to imagine what converſation they have among one another, which I may not be preſent at; ſince I love innocent mirth as much as any of them, and am ſhocked with no freedoms whatſoever, which are conſiſtent with Chriſtianity. I have, with much ado, maintained my poſt hitherto at the deſſert, and every day eat tart in the face of my patron; but how long I ſhall be inveſted with this privilege I do not know. For the ſervants, who do not ſee me ſupported as I was in my old lord's time, begin to bruſh very familiarly by me, and thruſt aſide my chair, when they ſet the ſweet-meats on the table. I have been born and educated a gentleman, and deſire you will make the public ſenſible, that the Chriſtian prieſthood was never thought in any age or country to debaſe the man who is a member of it. Among the great ſervices which your uſeful papers daily do to religion, this perhaps will not be the leaſt, and will lay a very great obligation on your unknown ſervant,

G. W.

VENERABLE NESTOR,

I Was very much pleaſed with your paper of the 7th inſtant, in which you recommend the ſtudy of uſeful knowledge to women of quality or fortune. I have ſince that met with a very elegant poem, written by the famous Sir Thomas More. It is inſcribed to a friend of his, who was then ſeeking out a wife; he adviſes him on that occaſion to overlook wealth and beauty, and if he deſires a happy life, to join himſelf with a woman of virtue and knowledge. His words on this laſt head are as follow:

Proculque ſtulta ſit,
Parvis labellulis,
Semper loquacitas;
Proculque ruſticum
Semper ſilentium.
Sit illa, vel modò
Inſtructa literis;
Vel talis, ut modò
Sit apta literis,
Felix quævis bene
Priſcis ab omnibus
Poſſit libellulis
Vitam beantia
Haurire dogmata:
Armata cum quibus,
Nec illa proſperis
Superba turgeat;
Nec illa turbidis
Miſcella lugeat,
Proſtrata caſibus.
Jucunda ſic erit
Semper nec unquam
erit
Gravis, moleſtave
Vitæ comes tuæ;
Quæ docta parvulos
Docebit et tuos
Cum lacte literas
Olim nepotulos.
Jam te juvaverit
Viros relinquere,
Doctæque conjugis
Sinu quieſcere:
Dum grata te fovet;
Manuque mobili
Dum plectra perſonat;

* *See* TAT. *No* 255, *on this ſubject by* ADDISON; *and* Note, *on Dr. Geekie.*

Et voce (quâ nec eſt,
Progne, ſororculæ
Tuæ ſuavior)
Amœna cantillat,
Apollo quæ velit
Audire carmina.
Jam te juvaverit
Sermone blandulo,
Docto tamen, dies
Noctesque ducere;
Notare verbula
Mellita, maximis
Non abſque gratiis,
Ab ore melleo
Semper fluentia:
Quibus coërceat,
Si quando te levet
Inane gaudium;
Quibus levaverit,
Si quando deprimat
Te mœror anxius.
Certabit in quibus
Summa eloquentia,
Jam cum omnium
gravi
Rerum ſcientia.

Talem olim ego putem
Et vatis Orphei
Fuiſſe conjugem;
Nec unquam ab inferis
Curâſſet, improbo
Labore, fœminam
Referre ruſticam:
Talemque credimus
Naſonis inclytam,
Quæ vel patrem queat
Æquare carmine,
Fuiſſe filiam;
Talemque ſuſpicor
(Quâ nulla charior
Unquam fuit patri,
Quo nemo doctior)
Fuiſſe Tulliam:
Taliſque, quæ tulit
Gracchos duos, fuit;
Quæ quos tulit, bonis
Inſtruxit artibus;
Nec profuit minus
Magiſtra, quam parens.

The ſenſe of this elegant deſcription is as follows.

May you meet with a wife who is not always ſtupidly ſilent, not always prattling nonſenſe! May ſhe be learned, if poſſible, or at leaſt capable of being made ſo! A woman thus accompliſhed will be always drawing ſentences and maxims of virtue out of the beſt authors of antiquity. She will be herſelf in all changes of fortune; neither blown up in proſperity, nor broken with adverſity. You will find in her an even, chearful, good-humoured friend, and an agreeable companion for life. She will infuſe knowledge into your children with their milk, and from their infancy train them up to wiſdom. Whatever company you are engaged in, you will long to be at home, and retire with delight from the ſociety of men into the boſom of one who is ſo dear, ſo knowing, and ſo amiable. If ſhe touches her lute, or ſings to it any of her own compoſitions, her voice will ſoothe you in your ſolitudes, and ſound more ſweetly in your ear than that of the nightingale. You will waſte with pleaſure whole days and nights in her converſation, and be ever finding out new beauties in her diſcourſe. She will keep your mind in perpetual ſerenity, reſtrain its mirth from being diſſolute, and prevent its melancholy from being painful.

Such was doubtleſs the wife of Orpheus; for who would have undergone what he did to have recovered a fooliſh bride? Such was the daughter of Ovid, who was his rival in poetry. Such was Tullia as ſhe is celebrated by the moſt learned and the moſt fond of fathers. And ſuch was the mother of the two Gracchi, who is no leſs famous for having been their inſtructor, than their parent. ☞*

No. CLXIV. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.

———Simili frondeſcit virga metallo.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. V. 144.

The ſame rich metal glitters on the tree.

AN eminent prelate of our church obſerves that 'there is no way of writing 'ſo proper, for the refining and poliſhing a 'language, as the tranſlating of books into 'it, if he who undertakes it has a competent 'ſkill of the one tongue, and is a maſter of the

* *This Paper, No.* 163, *is marked with a* Hand, *and republiſhed in* ADDISON'S "*Works,*" *4to. p.* 275.

*** *A Warning againſt Popery; being an Account of the late Converſion of Mr. John Barvell,* alias *Barton, an eminent Romiſh Prieſt, to the Reformed Church of England. It is the compleateſt account of the groſs cheats and errors of the Romiſh Church which was ever publiſhed, and very proper to be read in all Proteſtant families at this time. Price bound* 2*s.* 6*d.*

'other. When a man writes his own thoughts, 'the heat of his fancy, and the quickneſs of 'his mind, carry him ſo much after the no- 'tions themſelves, that for the moſt part he 'is too warm to judge of the aptneſs of words, 'and the juſtneſs of figures; ſo that he either 'neglects theſe too much, or overdoes them: 'but when a man tranſlates, he has none of 'theſe heats about him; and therefore the 'French took no ill method, when they in- 'tended to reform and beautify their language, 'in ſetting their beſt writers on work to 'tranſlate the Greek and Latin authors into 'it.' Thus far this learned prelate.

And another lately deceaſed, tells us, that 'the way of leaving verbal tranſlations, and 'chiefly regarding the ſenſe and genius of 'the author, was ſcarce heard of in England 'before this preſent age.' As for the difficulty of tranſlating well, every one, I believe, muſt allow my Lord Roſcommon to be in the right, when he ſays—

'Tis true, compoſing is the nobler part,
But good tranſlation is no eaſy art:
For tho' materials have long ſince been found,
Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound;
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours leſs, but judgment more.

Dryden judiciouſly remarks, that 'a tranſla- 'tor is to make his author appear as charm- 'ing as poſſibly he can, provided he main- 'tains his character, and makes him not un- like himſelf.' And a too cloſe and ſervile imitation, which the ſame poet calls 'tread- 'ing on the heels of an author,' is deſervedly laughed at by Sir John Denham. 'I conceive 'it,' ſays he, 'a vulgar error in tranſlating po- 'ets, to affect being *fidus interpres*: let that care 'be with them who deal in matters of fact, or 'matters of faith; but whoſoever aims at it in 'poetry, as he attempts what is not required, 'ſo ſhall he never perform what he attemps; 'for it is not his buſineſs alone to tranſlate 'language into language, but poeſy into poeſy; 'and poeſy is of ſo ſubtile a ſpirit, that in 'pouring out one language into another, it 'will all evaporate; and if a new ſpirit is not 'added in the transfuſion, there will remain 'nothing but a *caput mortuum*, there being 'certain graces and happineſſes peculiar to 'every language, which give life and energy 'to the words; and whoſoever offers at ver- 'bal tranſlation, ſhall have the misfortune of 'that young traveller, who loſt his own lan- 'guage abroad, and brought home no other 'inſtead of it. For the grace of the Latin 'will be loſt by being turned into Engliſh 'words, and the grace of the Engliſh by being 'turned into the Latin phraſe.'

After this collection of authorities out of ſome of our greateſt Engliſh writers, I ſhall preſent my reader with a tranſlation, in which the author has conformed himſelf to the opinion of theſe great men. The beauty of the tranſlations ſufficient to recommend it to the public, without acquainting them that the tranſlator is Mr. Euſden of Cambridge: who obliged them in the Guardian * of Auguſt the 6th, with the Court of Venus out of the ſame Latin poet, which was highly applauded by the beſt judges in performances of this nature.

THE SPEECH OF PLUTO TO PROSERPINE, FROM THE SECOND BOOK OF HER RAPE, BY CLAUDIAN.

CEASE, ceaſe, fair nymph, to laviſh precious tears,
And diſcompoſe your ſoul with airy fears.
Look on Sicilia's glitt'ring courts with ſcorn;
A nobler ſcepter ſhall that hand adorn.
Imperial pomp ſhall ſoothe a gen'rous pride;
The bridegroom never will diſgrace the bride.
If you above terreſtrial thrones aſpire,
From heav'n I ſprung, and Saturn was my ſire.
The pow'r of Pluto ſtretches all around,
Uncircumſcrib'd by nature's utmoſt bound:
Where matter mould'ring dies, where forms decay,
Thro' the vaſt trackleſs void extends my ſway.
Mark not with mournful eyes the fainting light,
Nor tremble at this interval of night;
A fairer ſcene ſhall open to your view,
An earth more verdant and a heav'n more blue.
Another Phœbus gilds thoſe happy ſkies,
And other ſtars with purer flames, ariſe.
There chaſte adorers ſhall their praiſes join,
And with the choiceſt gifts enrich your ſhrine.
The bliſsful climes no change of ages knew,
The golden firſt began, and ſtill is new.

* *See No.* 124; *Let. I. No.* 127, *the Court of Venus*; *and* SPECT. *Vol. I. No.* 54, *on th* Lowngers.

That golden age your world a while could boaſt,
But here it flouriſh'd, and was never loſt.
Perpetual zephyrs breathe thro' fragrant bow'rs,
And painted meads ſmile with unbidden flow'rs;
Flow'rs of immortal bloom and various hue;
No rival ſweets in your own Enna grew.
In the receſs of a cool ſylvan glade
A monarch-tree projects no vulgar ſhade.
Encumber'd with their wealth, the branches bend,
And golden apples to your reach deſcend.
Spare not the fruit, but pluck the blooming ore,
The yellow harveſt will increaſe the more.
But I too long on trifling themes explain,
Nor ſpeak th' unbounded glories of your reign.
Whole nature owns your pow'r: whate'er have birth,
And live, and move o'er all the face of earth;
Or in old ocean's mighty caverns ſleep,
Or ſportive roll along the foamy deep;
Or on ſtiff pinions airy journeys take,
Or cut the floating ſtream or ſtagnant lake:
In vain they labour to preſerve their breath,
And ſoon fall victims to your ſubject, death.
Unnumber'd triumphs ſwift to you he brings,
Hail! Goddeſs of all ſublunary things!
Empires, that ſink above, here riſe again,
And worlds unpeopled crowd th' Elyſian plain.
The rich, the poor, the monarch, and the ſlave,
Know no ſuperior honours in the grave.
Proud tyrants once, and laurel'd chiefs ſhall come,
And kneel, and trembling wait from you their doom.
The impious, forc'd, ſhall then their crimes diſcloſe,
And ſee paſt pleaſures teem with future woes;
Deplore in darkneſs your impartial ſway,
While ſpotleſs ſouls enjoy the fields of day.
When ripe for ſecond birth the dead ſhall ſtand
In ſhiv'ring throngs on the Lethæan ſtrand,
That ſhade whom you approve, ſhall firſt be brought
To quaff oblivion in the pleaſing draught.
Whoſe thread of life, juſt ſpun, you would renew,
But nod—and Clotho ſhall re-wind the clue.
Let no diſtruſt of pow'r your joys abate,
Speak what you wiſh, and what you ſpeak is fate.
The raviſher thus ſooth'd the weeping fair,
And check'd the fury of his ſteeds with care:
Poſſeſs'd of beauty's charms, he calmly rode,
And love firſt ſoften'd the relentleſs god.

No. CLXV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19.

Decipit exemplar, vitiis imitabile—

HOR. 1. Ep. xix. 17.

Examples, vice can imitate, deceive.

CREECH.

IT is a melancholy thing to ſee a coxcomb at the head of a family. He ſcatters infection through the whole houſe. His wife and children have always their eyes upon him: if they have more ſenſe than himſelf, they are out of countenance for him; if leſs, they ſubmit their underſtandings to him, and make daily improvements in folly and impertinence. I have been very often ſecretly concerned, when I have ſeen a circle of pretty children cramped in their natural parts, and prattling even below themſelves, while they are talking after a couple of ſilly parents. The dulneſs of a father often extinguiſhes a genius in the ſon, or gives ſuch a wrong caſt to his mind, as it is hard for him ever to wear off. In ſhort, where the head of a family is weak, you hear the repetitions of his inſipid pleaſantries, ſhallow conceits, and topical points of mirth, in every member of it. His table, his fire-ſide, his parties of diverſion, are all of them ſo many ſtanding ſcenes of folly.

This is one reaſon why I would the more recommend the improvements of the mind to my female readers, that a family may have a double chance for it; and if it meets with weakneſs in one of the heads, may have it made up in the other. It is indeed an unhappy circumſtance in a family, where the wife has more knowledge than the huſband; but it is better it ſhould be ſo than that there ſhould be no knowledge in the whole houſe. It is highly expedient that at leaſt one of the perſons who ſits at the helm of affairs ſhould give an example of good-ſenſe to thoſe who are under them in their little domeſtic governments.

If folly is of ill conſequence in the head of a family, vice is much more ſo, as it is of a more pernicious and of a more contagious nature. When the maſter is a profligate, the rake runs through the houſe. You hear the ſons talking looſely and ſwearing after the father, and ſee the daughters either familiarized to his diſcourſe, or every moment bluſhing for him.

The very footman will be a fine gentleman in his maſter's way. He improves by his table-talk, and repeats in the kitchen what he learns in the parlour. Inveſt him with the ſame title and ornaments, and you would ſcarce know him from his lord. He practiſes the ſame oaths, the ſame ribaldry, the ſame way of joking.

It is therefore of very great concern to a family, that the ruler of it ſhould be wiſe and virtuous. The firſt of theſe qualifications does not indeed lie within his power: but though a man cannot abſtain from being weak, he may from being vicious. It is in his power to give a good example of modeſty, of temperance, of frugality, of religion, and of all other virtues, which though the greateſt ornaments of human nature, may be put in practice by men of the moſt ordinary capacities.

As wiſdom and virtue are the proper qualifications in the maſter of a houſe, if he is not accompliſhed in both of them, it is much better that he ſhould be deficient in the former than in the latter, ſince the conſequences of vice are of an infinitely more dangerous nature than thoſe of folly.

When I read the hiſtories that are left us of Pythagoras, I cannot but take notice of the extraordinary influence which that great philoſopher, who was an illuſtrious pattern of virtue and wiſdom, had on his private family. This excellent man, after having perfected himſelf in the learning of his own country, travelled into all the known parts of the world, on purpoſe to converſe with the moſt learned men of every place; by which means he gleaned up all the knowledge of the age, and is ſtill admired by the greateſt men of the preſent times, as a prodigy of ſcience. His wife, Theano, wrote ſeveral books; and after his death taught his philoſophy in his public ſchool, which was frequented by numberleſs diſciples of different countries. There are ſeveral excellent ſayings recorded of her. I ſhall only mention one, becauſe it does honour to her virtue, as well as to her wiſdom. Being aſked by ſome of her ſex, in how long a time a woman might be allowed to pray to the gods, after having converſed with a man—'If it were her huſband,' ſays ſhe, 'the next day; if a ſtranger, 'never.' Pythagoras * had by his wife two ſons and three daughters. His two ſons, Telauges and Mneſarchus, were both eminent philoſophers, and were joined with their mother in the government of the Pythagorean ſchool. Arignote was one of the daughters, whoſe writings were extant, and very much admired, in the age of Porphyrius. Damo was another of his daughters, in whoſe hands Pythagoras left his works, with a prohibition to communicate them to ſtrangers, which ſhe obſerved to the hazard of her life; and though ſhe was offered a great ſum for them, rather choſe to live in poverty, than not obey the commands of her beloved father. Mila was the third of the daughters, whoſe works and hiſtory were very famous, even in Lucian's time. She was ſo ſignally virtuous, that for her unblemiſhed behaviour in her virginity, ſhe was choſen to lead up the chorus of maids in a national ſolemnity: and for her exemplary conduct in marriage, was placed at the head of all the matrons, in the like public ceremony. The memory of this learned woman was ſo precious among her countrymen, that her houſe was after her death converted into a temple, and the ſtreet ſhe lived in called by the name of the Muſæum. Nor muſt I omit, whilſt I am mentioning this great philoſopher under his character as the maſter of a family, that two of his ſervants ſo improved themſelves under him, that they were inſtituted into his ſect, and make an eminent figure in the liſt of Pythagoreans. The names of theſe two ſervants were Aſtræus and Zamolxes. This ſingle example ſufficiently ſhews us both the influence and merit of one who diſcharges as he ought the office of a good maſter of a family; which, if it were well obſerved in

* *See* TAT. *No.* 108, *No.* 214; SPECT. *No.* 447, *No.* 586; GUARD. *No.* 130, *and* Notes.

every houſe, would quickly put an end to that univerſal depravation of manners. by which the preſent age is ſo much diſtinguiſhed; and which it is more eaſy to lament than to reform.

☞*

No. CLXVI. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

——Aliquiſque malo fuit uſus in illo.

OVID. MET. 1. 2. v. 332.

Some comfort from the mighty miſchief roſe.

ADDISON.

'CHARITY is a virtue of the heart, and 'not of the hands,' ſays an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expreſſions, not the eſſence of this virtue. A man may beſtow great ſums on the poor and indigent without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to beſtow any thing. Charity is therefore a habit of good-will, or benevolence, in the ſoul, which diſpoſes us to the love, aſſiſtance, and relief of mankind, eſpecially of thoſe who ſtand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind, is no leſs entitled to the reward of this virtue than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable to an extravagance this way. I never ſaw an indigent perſon in my life without reaching out to him ſome of this imaginary relief. I cannot but ſympathize with every one I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wiſhes, there ſhould be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To give my reader a right notion of myſelf in this particular, I ſhall preſent him with the ſecret hiſtory of one of the moſt remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in ſearch of the philoſophers ſtone †. It is frequently obſerved of men who have been buſied in this purſuit, that though they have failed in their principal deſign, they have however made ſuch diſcoveries in their way to it, as have ſufficiently recompenſed their enquiries. In the ſame manner, though I cannot boaſt of my ſucceſs in that affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it, becauſe it produced in my mind ſuch an habitual exerciſe of charity, as made it much better than perhaps it would have been, had I never been loſt in ſo pleaſing a deluſion.

As I did nor queſtion but I ſhould ſoon have a new Indies in my poſſeſſion, I was perpetually taken up in conſidering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it, I employed a whole day in walking about this great city, to find out proper places for the erection of hoſpitals. I had likewiſe entertained that project, which has ſince ſucceeded in another place, of building churches at the court-end of the town; with this only difference, that inſtead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have ſeen them all finiſhed in leſs than one year.

I had with great pains and application got together a liſt of all the French Proteſtants; and by the beſt accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all thoſe eſtates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the ſake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return ſome of them the double of what they had loſt.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and uſed to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a ſprain in his leg, that h had met with over againſt St. Clement's church. This ſo affected me, that, as a ſtanding mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compaſſion to the reſt of my fellow-citizens, I reſolved to new-pave every ſtreet within the liberties, and entered a memorandum in my pocket-book accordingly. About the ſame time I entertained ſome thoughts of mending all the highways on this ſide the Tweed, and of making all the rivers in England navigable.

But the project I had moſt at heart was the ſettling upon every man in Great Britain three

* *Marked with a* Hand, *and re-printed in* ADDISON'S "*Work's*, 4*to*. *Vol. W*. 279.

† *See Tat. No.* 7, *Note on* STEELE'S *Study of Chemiſtry*; *and* GUARDIAN, *No.* 107, Note *on* STEELE'S *Projects*.

pounds a year, (in which ſum may be compriſed, according to Sir William Petit's obſervations, all the neceſſities of life) leaving to them whatever elſe they could get by their own induſtry to lay out on ſuperfluities.

I was above a week debating in myſelf what I ſhould do in the matter of impropriations; but at length came to a reſolution to buy them all up, and reſtore them to the church.

As I was one day walking near St. Paul's, I took ſome time to ſurvey that ſtructure; and not being entirely ſatisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had ſome thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own expence.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach, and ſix, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time that public matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burdens that were laid upon them: this made me reſolve to ſet aſide one morning, to conſider ſeriouſly the ſtate of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, becauſe I was obliged, whether I would or no, to ſit at home in my morning-gown, having, after a moſt incredible expence, pawned a new ſuit of cloaths, and a full-bottomed wig, for a ſum of money, which my operator aſſured me was the laſt he ſhould want to bring all our matters to bear. After having conſidered many projects, I at length reſolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a ſcheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year, had things ſucceeded to my wiſhes. As I was in this golden dream, ſomebody knocked at my door. I opened it, and found it was a meſſenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked ſo miſerably poor, that I was reſolved to make his fortune before he delivered his meſſage: but ſeeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honour, as much as a prince is to give a reward to one that brings him the firſt news of a victory. I knew this was the long-expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for with great impatience, above half a year before. In ſhort, I broke open my letter in a tranſport of joy, and found it as follows:

SIR,

AFTER having got out of you every thing you can conveniently ſpare, I ſcorn to treſpaſs upon your generous nature, and therefore muſt ingenuouſly confeſs to you, that I know no more of the philoſophers-ſtone than you do. I ſhall only tell you, for your comfort, that I could never yet bubble a blockhead out of his money. They muſt be men of wit and parts who are for my purpoſe. This made me apply myſelf to a perſon of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have ſucceeded, you yourſelf can beſt tell.

Your humble ſervant to command.

THOMAS WHITE.

I have locked up the laboratory, and laid the key under the door.

I was very much ſhocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my diſappointment, though not ſo much for what I myſelf, as what the public ſuffered by it. I think, however, I ought to let the world know what I deſigned for them, and hope that ſuch of my readers who find they had a ſhare in my good intentions, will accept of the will for the deed *.

* *This Paper, though it wants the diſtinguiſhing ſignature of* ADDISON'S *Papers, is re-printed by Mr. Tickell, in his edit. of* ADDISON'S "*Works*," 4*to. Vol. IV. p.* 281. *It may be,* ADDISON *indulged here his* jocularity *at the expence of his friend; but neither is it unlikely that* STEELE *played a little on himſelf, for he had a laboratory at* Poplar, *now converted into a garden-houſe, where he probably cultivated* General CHEMISTRY, *perhaps at greater expence than his fortune could bear. See* TAT. *cr.* 8*vo. No.* 7, Notes *and* SPECT. 8*vo. No.* 445.

No. CLXVII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

Fata viam invenient———

VIRG. ÆN. 3. v. 395.

———*Fate the way will find.*

DRYDEN.

THE following ſtory is lately tranſlated out of an Arabian manuſcript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale; and as it has never before been printed, I queſtion not but it will be highly acceptable to my reader.

The name of Helim is ſtill famous through all the eaſtern parts of the world. He is called among the Perſians, even to this day, Helim the great phyſician. He was acquainted with all the powers of ſimples, underſtood all the influences of the ſtars, and knew the ſecrets that were engraved on the ſeal of Solomon the ſon of David. Helim was alſo governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the phyſicians to Alnareſchin, the great King of Perſia.

Alnareſchin was the moſt dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, ſuſpicious, and cruel nature, having put to death, upon very ſlight jealouſies and ſurmiſes, five and thirty of his queens, and above twenty ſons whom he ſuſpected to have conſpired againſt his life. Being at length wearied with the exerciſe of ſo many cruelties in his own family, and fearing leſt the whole race of Caliphs ſhould be entirely loſt, he one day ſent for Helim, and ſpoke to him after this manner: 'Helim,' ſaid he, 'I have long admired thy great 'wiſdom, and retired way of living. I ſhall 'now ſhew the entire confidence which I place 'in thee. I have only two ſons remaining, 'who are as yet but infants. It is my deſign 'that thou take them home with thee, and 'educate them as thy own. Train them up 'in the humble unambitious purſuits of know-'ledge. By this means ſhall the line of Ca-'liphs be preſerved, and my children ſucceed 'after me, without aſpiring to my throne whilſt 'I am yet alive.'—'The words of my lord the 'king ſhall be obeyed,' ſaid Helim. After which he bowed, and went out of the king's preſence. He then received his children into his own houſe, and from that time bred them up with him in the ſtudies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and reſpected Helim as their father, and made ſuch improvements under him, that by the age of one and twenty they were inſtructed in all the learning of the eaſt. The name of the eldeſt was Ibrahim, and of the youngeſt Abdallah. They lived together in ſuch a perfect friendſhip, that to this day it is ſaid of intimate friends, that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a girl of a fine ſoul, and a moſt beautiful perſon. Her father omitted nothing in her education that might make her the moſt accompliſhed woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the reſt of the world, they frequently converſed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the ſame courſe of knowledge and of virtue. Abdallah, whoſe mind was of a ſofter turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees ſo enamoured of her converſation, that he did not think he lived, when he was not in company with his beloved Balſora, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was ſo great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who pretending to viſit the young princes his ſons, demanded of Helim the ſight of Balſora, his fair daughter. The king was ſo enflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he ſent for Helim the next morning, and told him it was now his deſign to recompenſe him for all his faithful ſervices; and that, in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Perſia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all thoſe unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the ſecret love which Abdallah bore his daughter—'Far be it,' ſays he, 'from the King of Perſia 'to contaminate the blood of the Caliphs, and 'join himſelf in marriage with the daughter 'of his phyſician.' The king, however, was ſo impatient for ſuch a bride, that, without hearing any excuſes, he immediately ordered Balſora to be ſent for into his preſence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her ſenſible of the honour which he deſigned her.

Balſora, who was too modeſt and humble to think her beauty had made ſuch an impreſſion on the king, was a few moments after brought into his preſence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eye as one of the virgins of paradiſe. But upon hearing the honour which he intended her, ſhe fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which ſhe was fallen, repreſented to the king, that ſo unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleaſed, he would himſelf prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and diſmiſſed him. Balſora was conveyed again to her father's houſe, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment, inſomuch that at length ſhe fell into a raging fever. The king was informed of her condition by thoſe that ſaw her. Helim, finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties ſhe was in, after having compoſed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a certain potion, which he knew would lay her aſleep for many hours; and afterwards, in all the ſeeming diſtreſs of a diſconſolate father, informed the king ſhe was dead. The king, who never let any ſentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himſelf about the matter; however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that ſince it was known through the empire that Balſora died at a time when he deſigned her for his bride, it was his intention that ſhe ſhould be honoured as ſuch after her death, that her body ſhould be laid in the Black Palace, among thoſe of his deceaſed queens.

In the mean time, Abdallah, who had heard of the king's deſign, was not leſs afflicted than his beloved Balſora. As for the ſeveral circumſtances of his diſtreſs, as alſo how the king was informed of an irrecoverable diſtemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the hiſtory of Helim. It ſhall ſuffice to acquaint the reader, that Helim, ſome days after the ſuppoſed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the ſame nature with that which had laid aſleep Balſora.

It is the cuſtom among the Perſians to convey in a private manner the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace; which is the repoſitory of all who are deſcended from the Caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief phyſician is always governor of the Black Palace; it being his office to embalm and preſerve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black Palace is ſo called from the colour of the building, which is all of the fineſt poliſhed black marble. There are always burning in it five thouſand everlaſting lamps. It has alſo a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by a hudred negroes, who are to take care that nobody enters beſides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repoſitory, and at the appointed time received her out of the ſleep into which ſhe was fallen, took care ſome time after to bring that of Abdallah into the ſame place. Balſora watched over him till ſuch time as the doſe he had taken loſt its effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's deſign when he gave him this ſleepy potion. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the ſurprize, the joy, the tranſport, he was in at his firſt awaking. He fancied himſelf in the retirements of the bleſt, and that the ſpirit of his dear Balſora who he thought was juſt gone before him, was the firſt who came to congratulate his arrival. She ſoon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithſtanding all its horrors, appeared to him more ſweet than the bower of Mahomet in the company of his Balſora.

Helim, who was ſuppoſed to be taken up in embalming of the bodies, viſited the place very frequently. His greateſt perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in ſuch a manner as I have before related. This conſideration did not a little diſturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himſelf, that the firſt day of the full moon of the month Tipza was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the Perſians, that the ſouls of thoſe of the royal family who are in a ſtate of bliſs, do on the firſt full moon after their deceaſe, paſs through the eaſtern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the Gate of Paradiſe, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim, therefore, having made due preparation for this night, dreſſed each of the lovers in a robe of azure ſilk, wrought in the fineſt looms of Perſia, with a long train of linen whiter than ſnow,

that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he fixed a wreath of the greeneſt myrtle, and on Balſora's a garland of the freſheſt roſes. Their garments were ſcented with the richeſt perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no ſooner up, and ſhining in all its brightneſs, *but* * he privately opened the gate of paradiſe, and ſhut it after the ſame manner as ſoon as they had paſſed through it. The band of negroes, who were poſted at a little diſtance from the gate, ſeeing two ſuch beautiful apparitions, that ſhewed themſelves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being raviſhed with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghoſts of the two perſons lately deceaſed. They fell upon their faces as they paſſed through the midſt of them, and continued proſtrate on the earth until ſuch time as they were out of ſight. They reported the next day what they had ſeen; but this was looked upon by the king himſelf, and moſt others, as the compliment that was uſually paid to any of the deceaſed of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's diſtance from the Black Temple, on the ſpot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houſes, which was ſituated on Mount Khacan. The air of this mountain was ſo very healthful, that Helim had formerly tranſported the king thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of ſickneſs; which ſucceeded ſo well that the king made him a preſent of the whole mountain, with a beautiful houſe and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balſora. They were both ſo fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and poſſeſſed with ſo conſtant and mutual a paſſion for each other, that their ſolitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himſelf to thoſe arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the ſituation of the place; inſomuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or ſpots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleaſant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place the old king died, and was ſucceeded by his ſon Ibrahim, who, upon the ſuppoſed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Perſian empire. Though he was ſome years inconſolable for the death of his brother, Helim durſt not truſt him with the ſecret, which he knew would have fatal conſequences, ſhould it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no ſooner mounted to the throne, but Helim ſought after a proper opportunity of making a diſcovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to ſo good-natured and generous a prince. It ſo happened, that before Helim found ſuch an opportunity as he deſired, the new King Ibrahim, having been ſeparated from his company in a chace, and almoſt fainting with heat and thirſt, ſaw himſelf at the foot of Mount Khacan. He immediately aſcended the hill; and, coming to Helim's houſe, demanded ſome refreſhments. Helim was very luckily there at that time; and after having ſet before the king the choiceſt of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleaſed with ſo ſeaſonable a treat, told him that the beſt part of his entertainment was to come. Upon which he opened to him the whole hiſtory of what had paſſed. The king was at once aſtoniſhed and tranſported at ſo ſtrange a relation, and ſeeing his brother enter the room with Balſora in his hand, he leaped off the ſofa on which he ſat, and cried out —'It is he! it is my Abdallah!' having ſaid this, he fell upon his neck, and wept. The whole company for ſome time, remained ſilent, and ſhedding tears of joy. The king at length, having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him ſo long of ſuch a brother, embraced Balſora with the greateſt tenderneſs, and told her that ſhe ſhould now be a queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother king of all the conquered nations on the other ſide the Tigris. He eaſily diſcovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that inſtead of being tranſported with the offer, they preferred their preſent retirement to empire. At their requeſt therefore he changed his intentions, and made them

* Than. *See Biſhop* LOWTH's "*Introd. to Engliſh Grammar*," *2d Edit.* 1763, *p.* 166.

a preſent of all the open country as far as they could ſee from the top of Mount Khacan. Abdallah continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole proſpect with groves and fountains, gardens and ſeats of pleaſure, until it became the moſt delicious ſpot of ground within the empire, and is therefore called the Garden of Perſia. This Caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was ſucceeded by Abdallah, a ſon of Abdallah and Balſora. This was that King Abdallah who afterwards fixed the imperial reſidence upon Mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Perſian empire. ☞ *

No. CLXVIII. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

——Loca jam recitata revolvimus——

HOR. EP. I. L. 2. V. 223.

The ſame ſubjects we repeat.

SIR,

I Obſerve that many of your late papers have repreſented to us the characters of accompliſhed women; but among all of them I do not find a quotation which I expected to have ſeen in your works: I mean the character of the miſtreſs of a family as it is drawn out at length in the Book of Proverbs. For my part, conſidering it only as a human compoſition, I do not think that there is any character in Theophraſtus which has ſo many beautiful particulars in it, and which is drawn with ſuch elegance of thought and phraſe. I wonder that is is not written in letters of gold in the great hall of every country gentleman.

'Who can find a virtuous woman? for her 'price is far above rubies.

'The heart of her huſband doth ſafely truſt 'in her, ſo that he ſhall have no need of ſpoil.

'She will do him good and not evil all the 'days of her life.

'She ſeeketh wool and flax, and worketh 'willingly with her hands.

'She is like the merchant ſhips, ſhe bring-'eth her food from afar.

'She riſeth alſo while it is yet night, and 'giveth meat to her houſhold, and a portion 'to her maidens.

'She conſidereth a field, and buyeth it; with 'the fruit of her hands ſhe planteth a vineyard.

'She girdeth her loins with ſtrength, and 'ſtrengtheneth her arms.

'She perceiveth that her merchandiſe is 'good; her candle goeth not out by night.

'She layeth her hands to the ſpindle, and 'her hands hold the diſtaff.

'She ſtretcheth out her hand to the poor; 'yea, ſhe reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

'She is not afraid of the ſnow for her houſ-'hold, for all her houſhold are chothed with 'ſcarlet.

'She maketh herſelf coverings of tapeſtry, 'her clothing is ſilk and purple.

'Her huſband is known in the gates, when 'he ſitteth among the elders of the land.

'She maketh fine linen, and ſelleth it, and 'delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

'Strength and honour are her clothing, and 'ſhe ſhall rejoice in time to come.

'She openeth her mouth with wiſdom, and 'her tongue is the law of kindneſs.

'She looketh well to the ways of her houſ-'hold, and eateth not the bread of idleneſs.

'Her children ariſe up, and call her bleſſ-'ed; her huſband alſo, and he praiſeth her.

'Many daughters have done virtuouſly, but 'thou excelleſt them all.

'Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; 'but a woman that feareth the Lord, ſhe 'ſhall be praiſed.

'Give her of the fruit of her hands, and 'let her own works praiſe her in the gates.'

Your humble ſervant.

SIR,

I Ventured to your Lion with the following lines, upon an aſſurance, that if you thought them not proper food for your beaſt, you would at leaſt permit him to tear them.

* *This Paper, No.* 167, *is marked with a* Hand, *and re-printed in* ADDISON'S "*Works*," *4to. vol. IV. p.* 284.

FROM ANACREON.

Ἄγε ζωγράφων ἄριστε, &c.

BEST and happieſt artiſan,
Beſt of painters, if you can
With your many-coloured art
Paint the miſtreſs of my heart:
Deſcribe the charms you hear from me,
(Her charms you could not paint and ſee)
And make the abſent nymph appear,
As if her lovely ſelf was here.
Firſt draw her eaſy flowing hair,
As ſoft and black as ſhe is fair;
And if your art can riſe ſo high,
Let breathing odours round her fly:
Beneath the ſhade of flowing jet
The iv'ry forehead ſmoothly ſet.
With care the ſable brows extend,
And in two arches nicely bend;
That the fair ſpace, which lies between
The melting ſhade, may ſcarce be ſeen.
The eye muſt be uncommon fire;
Sparkle, languiſh, and deſire:
The flames unſeen muſt yet be felt;
Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.
The roſy cheeks, muſt ſeem to glow
Amidſt the white of new fall'n ſnow.
Let her lips perſuaſion wear,
In ſilence elegantly fair;
As if the bluſhing rivals ſtrove,
Breathing and inviting love.
Below her chin be ſure to deck
With ev'ry grace her poliſh'd neck;
While all that's pretty, ſoft, and ſweet,
In the ſwelling boſom meet.
The reſt in purple garments veil;
Her body, not her ſhape, conceal.
Enough——the lovely work is done,
The breathing paint will ſpeak anon.

I am, Sir,
Your humble ſervant.

MR. IRONSIDE,

THE letter which I ſent you ſome time ago and was ſubſcribed Engliſh Tory *, has made, as you muſt have obſerved, a very great buſtle in town. There are come out againſt me two Pamphlets and two Examiners, but there are printed on my ſide a letter to the Guardian about Dunkirk, and a pamphlet called Dunkirk or Dover. I am no proper judge who has the better of the argument, the Examiner or myſelf: but I am ſure my ſeconds are better than his. I have addreſſed a defence againſt the ill treatment I have received for my letter, (which ought to have made every man in England my friend) to the bailiff of Stockbridge, becauſe, as the world goes, I am to think myſelf very much obliged to that honeſt man, and eſteem him my patron, who allowed that fifty was a greater number than one and twenty, and returned me accordingly to ſerve for that borough.

There are very many ſcurrilous things ſaid againſt me; but I have turned them to my advantage, by quoting them at large, and by that means ſwelling the volume to one ſhilling price. If I may be ſo free with myſelf, I might put you in mind upon this occaſion of one of thoſe animals which are famous for their love of mankind, that when a bone is thrown at them, fall to eating it, inſtead of flying at the perſon who threw it. Pleaſe to read the account of the channel, by the map at Will's, and you will find what I repreſent concerning the importance of Dunkirk, as to its ſituation, very juſt. I am, Sir, very often your great admirer,

RICHARD STEELE. *_*

* *See No.* 128, *No.* 131, *and No.* 160, *Paragraph* 1. *All this is now of no conſequence.*

_ *My Bookſeller having informed me, that notwithſtanding my Paper daily increaſes in the ſale, and that there is ſold double the number of* GUARDIANS *more than what are ſold of ſome other papers which are crowded with* Advertiſements; *in order to oblige my countrymen, as well as to help myſelf ſomething in the filling up of this my Paper, I do hereby, at the deſire and with the advice of my ſaid Bookſeller, give notice that for the future advertiſements will be printed in this Paper at* Two Shillings and Sixpence *each, including the Duty of* One Shilling, *which is no more than the uſual price paid for an Advertiſement before this duty was laid.* GUARDIAN *in folio, No.* 268.

No. CLXIX. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24*.

——Coelumque tueri
Juſſit— OVID. MET. 1. 1. v. 85.
And bade him lift to heav'n his wond'ring eyes.

IN fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of ſpirits which reſults from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful proſpect of nature, I regard myſelf as one placed by the hand of God in the midſt of an ample theatre, in which the ſun, moon, and ſtars, the fruits alſo, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their poſitions, or their aſpects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the underſtanding, as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre. And the ſable hemiſphere ſtudded with ſpangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious glidings and rich colours in the horizon, I look on as ſo many ſucceſſive ſcenes.

When I conſider things in this light, methinks it is a ſort of impiety to have no attention to the courſe of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardleſs of thoſe phænomena that are placed within our view, on purpoſe to entertain our faculties, and diſplay the wiſdom and power of their Creator, is an affront to Providence of the ſame kind, (I hope it is not impious to make ſuch a ſimile) as it would be to a good poet, to fit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it.

And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial ſtructure, and thoſe admirable machines, whereby the paſſions of a philoſopher are gratefully agitated, and his ſoul affected with the ſweet emotions of joy and ſurpriſe?

How many fox-hunters and rural ſquires are to be found in Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have all this while lived on a planet; that the ſun is ſeveral thouſand times bigger than the earth; and that there are other worlds within our view greater and more glorious than our own? 'Ay,' but ſays ſome illiterate fellow, 'I enjoy the world, and leave others to contemplate it.' Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it, that is you enjoy it as a brute; but to enjoy it as a rational being, is to know it, to be ſenſible of its greatneſs and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by theſe reflections to obtain juſt ſentiments of the Almighty Mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarraſſed with vulgar cares, leiſurely attends to the flux of things in heaven, and things on earth, and obſerves the laws by which they are governed, hath ſecured to himſelf an eaſy and convenient ſeat, where he beholds with pleaſure all that paſſes on the ſtage of nature; while thoſe about him are, ſome faſt aſleep, and others ſtruggling for the higheſt places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at puſh-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profuſion of good things that diſtinguiſh the ſeaſons, yield a proſpect which annihilates all human grandeur. But when we have ſeen frequent returns of the ſame things, when we have often viewed the heaven and the earth in all their various array, our attention flags, and our admiration ceaſes. All the art and magnificence in nature could not make us pleaſed with the ſame entertainment, preſented a hundred years † ſucceſſively to our view.

I am led into this way of thinking by a queſtion ſtarted the other night, viz. Whether it were poſſible that a man ſhould be weary of a fortunate and healthy courſe of life? My opinion was, that the bare repetition of the ſame objects, abſtracted from all other inconveniencies, was ſufficient to create in our minds a diſtaſte of the world; and that the abhorrence old men have of death, proceeds rather from a diſtruſt of what may follow, than from the proſpect of loſing any preſent enjoyments. For (as an ancient author ſomewhere expreſſes it)

* *See No.* 10 *and No.* 11, *final* Notes.

† *Surely Adam, Methuſalah, and the Antedeluvians, were no more tired than we.* A.

when a man has ſeen the viciſſitudes of night and day, winter and ſummer, ſpring and autumn, the returning faces of the ſeveral parts of nature, what is there further to detain his fancy here below?

The ſpectacle indeed is glorious, and may bear viewing ſeveral times. But in a very few ſcenes of revolving years, we feel a ſatiety of the ſame images; the mind grows impatient to ſee the curtain drawn, and behold new ſcenes diſcloſed; and the imagination is in this life filled with a confuſed idea of the next.

Death, conſidered in this light, is no more than paſſing from one entertainment to another. If the preſent objects are grown tireſome and diſtaſteful, it is in order to prepare our minds for a more exquiſite reliſh of thoſe which are freſh and new. If the good things we have hitherto enjoyed are tranſient, they will be ſucceeded by thoſe which the inexhauſtible power of the Deity will ſupply to eternal ages. If the pleaſures of our preſent ſtate are blended with pain and uneaſineſs, our future will conſiſt of ſincere unmixed delights. Bleſſed hope! the thought whereof turns the very imperfections of our nature into occaſions of comfort and joy.

But what conſolation is left to the man who hath no hope or proſpect of theſe things? View him in that part of life when the natural decay of his faculties concurs with the frequency of the ſame objects to make him weary of this world, when like a man who hangs upon a precipice, his preſent ſituation is uneaſy, and the moment that he quits his hold, he is ſure of ſinking into hell or annihilation.

There is not any character ſo hateful as his who invents racks and tortures for mankind. The Free-thinkers make it their buſineſs to introduce doubts, perplexities and deſpair into the minds of men, and according to the poet's rule, are moſt juſtly puniſhed by their own ſchemes.

No. CLXX. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

——Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes,

VIRG. ÆN. 2. V. 49.

I fear your Greeks, with preſents in their hands.

London, Sept. 22.

MOST VENERABLE NESTOR,

THE plan laid down in your firſt paper gives me a title and authority to apply to you, in behalf of the trading world. According to the general ſcheme you propoſed in your ſaid firſt paper, you have not profeſſed only to entertain men of wit and polite taſte, but alſo to be uſeful to the trader and the artificer *. You cannot do your country greater ſervice than by informing all ranks of men amongſt us, that the greateſt benefactor to them all is the merchant. The merchant advances the gentleman's rent, gives the artificer food, and ſupplies the courtier's luxury. But give me leave to ſay, that neither you, nor all your clan of wits, can put together ſo uſeful and commodious a treatiſe for the welfare of your fellow-ſubjects as that which an eminent merchant of the city has lately written. It is called 'General Maxims of 'Trade, particularly applied to the commerce 'between Great Britain and France.' I have made an extract of it, ſo as to bring it within the compaſs of your paper; which take as follows.

I. That trade which exports manufactures made of the product of the country, is undoubtedly good; ſuch is the ſending abroad our Yorkſhire cloth, Colcheſter bays, Exeter ſerges, Norwich ſtuffs, &c. which being made purely of Britiſh wool, as much as thoſe exports amount to, ſo much is the clear gain of the nation.

II. That trade which helps off the conſumption of our ſuperfluities, is alſo viſibly advantageous; as the exporting of allum, copperas, leather, tin, lead, coals, &c. So much as the exported ſuperfluities amount unto, ſo much alſo is the clear national profit.

III. The importing of foreign materials, to be manufactured at home, eſpecially when the goods, after they are manufactured, are moſtly ſent abroad, is alſo without diſpute very beneficial; as for inſtance, Spaniſh wool, which for that reaſon is exempted from paying any duties.

IV. The importation of foreign materials, to be manufactured here, although the manufactured goods are chiefly conſumed by us, may be alſo beneficial; eſpecially when the ſaid mate-

* *See* SPECT. *No.* 428, *and No.* 442.

rials are procured in exchange for our commodities; as raw-ſilk, grogram, yarn, and other goods, brought from Turkey.

v. Foreign materials wrought up here into ſuch goods as would otherwiſe be imported ready manufactured, is a means of ſaving money to the nation: ſuch is the importation of hemp, flax, and raw-ſilk; it is therefore to be wondered at, that theſe commodities are not exempt from all duties, as well as Spaniſh wool.

vi. A trade may be called good which exchanges manufactures for manufactures, and commodities for commodities. Germany takes as much in value of our woollen and other goods, as we do of their linen: by this means numbers of people are employed on both ſides, to their mutual advantage.

vii. An importation of commodities, brought partly for money and partly for goods, may be of national advantage; if the greateſt part of the commodities thus imported are again exported, as in the caſe of Eaſt India goods: and generally all imports of goods which are re-exported, are beneficial to a nation.

viii. The carrying of goods from one foreign country to another, is a profitable article in trade: our ſhips are often thus employed between Portugal, Italy, and the Levant, and ſometimes in the Eaſt Indies.

ix. When there is a neceſſity to import goods which a nation cannot be without, although ſuch goods are chiefly purchaſed with money, it cannot be accounted a bad trade, as our trade to Norway and other parts, from whence are imported naval ſtores and materials for building.

But a trade is diſadvantageous to a nation—

1. Which brings in things of mere luxury and pleaſure, which are entirely, or for the moſt part, conſumed among us; and ſuch I reckon the wine trade to be, eſpecially when the wine is purchaſed with money, and not in exchange for our commodities.

2. Much worſe is that trade which brings in a commodity that is not only conſumed amongſt us, but hinders the conſumption of the like quantity of ours. As is the importation of brandy, which hinders the ſpreading of our extracts of malt and molaſſes; therefore very prudently charged with exceſſive duties.

3. That trade is eminently bad, which ſupplies the ſame goods as we manufacture ourſelves, eſpecially if we can make enough for our conſumption: and I take this to be the caſe of the ſilk manufacture, which, with great labour and induſtry, is brought to perfection in London, Canterbury, and other places.

4. The importation upon eaſy terms of ſuch manufactures as are already introduced in a country, muſt be of bad conſequence, and check their progreſs; as it would undoubtedly be the caſe of the linen and paper manufactures in Great Britain, (which are of late very much improved) if thoſe commodities were ſuffered to be brought in without paying very high duties.

Let us now judge of our trade with France by the foregoing maxims.

1. The exportation of our woollen goods to France is ſo well barred againſt, that there is not the leaſt hope of reaping any benefit by this article. They have their work done for half the price we pay for ours. And ſince they ſend great quantities of woollen goods to Italy, Spain, Portugal, Turkey, the Rhine, and other places, although they pay a duty upon exportation, it is a demonſtration that they have more than is ſufficient for their own wear, and conſequently no great occaſion for any of ours. The French cannot but be ſo ſenſible of the advantage they have over us in point of cheapneſs, that I do not doubt they will give us leave to import into France not only woollen goods, but all other commodities whatſoever * upon very eaſy duties, provided we permit them to import into Great Britain wines, brandies, ſilk, linen, and paper, upon paying the ſame duties as others do. And when that is done, you will ſend little more to France than now you do, and they will import into Great Britain ten times more than now they can.

11. As to our ſuperfluities it muſt be owned the French have occaſion for ſome of them, as lead, tin, leather, copperas, coals, allum, and ſeveral other things of ſmall value, as alſo ſome few of our plantation commodities: but theſe goods they will have whether we take any of theirs or no, becauſe they want them. All theſe commodities together, that the French want from us, may amount to about 200,000l. yearly.

* *This is remarkable; as being the very offer made by M. Vergennes. Even the produce of their lands, wines, and brandies, would vaſtly exceed every thing we could offer.* A.

III. As to materials, I do not know of any one ſort uſeful to us that ever was imported from France into England. They have indeed hemp, flax, and wool* in abundance, and ſome raw ſilk; but they are too wiſe to let us have any, eſpecially as long as they entertain any hopes we ſhall be ſo ſelf-denying as to take thoſe materials from them after they are manufactured.

IV. Exchanging commodities for commodities, (if for the like value on both ſides) might be beneficial; but it is far from being the caſe between us and France; our ſhips went conſtantly in ballaſt (except now and then ſome lead) to St. Malo, Morlaix, Nantz, Rochelle, Bourdeaux, Bayonne, &c. and ever came back full of linen, wines, brandy, and paper: and if it was ſo before the Revolution, when one of our pounds ſterling coſt the French but thirteen livres, what are they like to take from us, (except what they of neceſſity want) now that for each pound ſterling they muſt pay us twenty livres, which enhances the price of all Britiſh commodities to the French above fifty per cent.

V. Goods imported to be re-exported, is certainly a national advantage; but few or no French goods are ever exported from Great Britain, except to our plantations, but all are conſumed at home; therefore no benefit can be reaped this way by the French trade.

VI. Letting ſhips to freight cannot but be of ſome profit to a nation; but it is very rare if the French ever make uſe of any other ſhips than their own: they victual and man cheaper than we, therefore nothing is to be got from them by this article.

VII. Things that are of abſolute neceſſity cannot be reckoned prejudicial to a nation; but France produces nothing that is neceſſary, or even convenient, or but which we had better be without, except claret.

VIII. If the importation of commodities of mere luxury, to be conſumed amongſt us, be a ſenſible diſadvantage, the French trade, in this particular, might be highly pernicious to this nation; for if the duties on French wines be lowered to a conſiderable degree, the leaſt we can ſuppoſe would be imported into England and Scotland is 18000 tons a year, which being moſt clarets, at a moderate computation would coſt in France 450,000l.

IX. As to brandy, ſince we have laid high duties upon it, the diſtilling of ſpirits from malt and molaſſes is much improved and increaſed, by means of which a good ſum of money is yearly ſaved to the nation; for very little brandy hath been imported either from Italy, Portugal or Spain, by reaſon that our Engliſh ſpirits are near as good as thoſe countries brandies. But as French brandy is eſteemed, and is indeed very good, if the extraordinary duty on that liquor be taken off, there is no doubt but great quantities will be imported. We will ſuppoſe only 3000 tons a year, which will coſt Great Britain about 70,000l. yearly, and prejudice beſides the extracts of our own malt ſpirits.

X. Linen is an article of more conſequence than many people are aware of. Ireland, Scotland, and ſeveral counties in England, have made large ſteps towards the improvement of that uſeful manufacture, both in quantity and quality; and with good encouragement would doubtleſs, in a few years, bring it to perfection, and perhaps make ſufficient for our own conſumption; which beſides employing great numbers of people, and improving many acres of land, would ſave us a good ſum of money, which is yearly laid out abroad in that commodity. As the caſe ſtands at preſent, it improves daily; but if the duties on French linen be reduced, it is to be feared it will come over ſo cheap, that our looms muſt be laid aſide, and 6 or 700,000l. a year be ſent over to France for that commodity.

XI. The manufacture of paper is very near akin to that of linen. Since the high duties laid on foreign paper, and that none hath been imported from France, where it is cheapeſt, the making of it is increaſed to ſuch a degree in England, that we import none of the lower ſorts from abroad, and make them all ourſelves: but if the French duties be taken off, undoubtedly moſt of the mills which are employed in the making of white paper muſt leave off their work, and 30 or 40,000l. a year be remitted over to France for that commodity.

XII. The laſt article concerns the ſilk manufacture. Since the late French wars, it is in-

* *If therefore they want our wool, it muſt be owing to the vaſt increaſe of their woollen manufacture.* A.

creaſed to a mighty degree. Spitalfields alone manufactures to the value of two millions a year, and were daily improving, till the late fears about lowering the French duties. What pity that ſo noble a manufacture, ſo extenſive, and ſo beneficial to an infinite number of people, ſhould run the hazard of being ruined! It is however to be feared, that if the French can import their wrought ſilks upon eaſy terms, they outdo us ſo much in cheapneſs of labour, and they have Italian and Levant raw ſilk upon ſo much eaſier terms than we, beſides great quantities of their own in Provence, Languedoc, and other provinces, that in all probability half the looms in Spitalfields would be laid down, and our ladies be again clothed in French ſilks. The loſs that would accrue to the nation by ſo great a miſchief, cannot be valued at leſs than 500,000l. a year.

To ſum up all, if we pay to France yearly,

For their wines - - -	450000
For their brandies - - -	70000
For their linen - - -	600000
For their paper - - -	30000
For their ſilks - - -	500000
	1650000

And they take from us in lead, tin, leather, allum, copperas, coals, horn, plates, &c, and plantation goods, to the value of - - - 200000

Great Britain loſes by the balance of that trade yearly - - - 1450000.

All which is humbly ſubmitted to your conſideration by, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

GENEROSITY THRIFT.

ADVERTISEMENT,

FOR THE PROTECTION OF HONOUR, TRUTH, VIRTUE, AND INNOCENCE.

MR. Ironſide has ordered his amanuenſis to prepare for his peruſal whatever he may have gathered, from his table-talk or otherwiſe, a volume to be printed in twelves, called 'The 'Art of Defamation diſcovered.' This piece is to conſiſt of the true characters of all perſons calumniated by the Examiner; and after ſuch characters, the true and only method of ſullying them ſet forth in examples from the ingenious and artificial author, the ſaid Examiner.

N. B. To this will be added the true characters of perſons he has commended, with obſervations to ſhew that panegyric is not that author's talent *.

No. CLXXI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26.

Fuit iſta quondam in hâc republicâ virtus, ut viri fortes acrioribus ſuppliciis civem perniciosum, quàm acerbiſſimum hoſtem coercerent.

CICER. IN CATILIN.

'There was once that virtue in this commonwealth, that a bad fellow-citizen was thought to 'deſerve a ſeverer correction than the bittereſt enemy.'

I Have received letters of congratulation and thanks from ſeveral of the moſt eminent chocolate-houſes and coffee-houſes, upon my late gallantry and ſucceſs in oppoſing myſelf to the long ſwords†. One tells me, that whereas his rooms were too little before, now his cuſtomers can ſaunter up and down from corner to corner, and table to table, without any let or moleſtation. I find I have likewiſe cleared a great many alleys and bye-lanes, made the public walks about town more ſpacious, and all the paſſages about Court and the Exchange more free and open. Several of my female wards have ſent me the kindeſt billets upon this occaſion, in which they tell me, that I have ſaved them ſome pounds in the year, by freeing their furbelows, flounces, and hoops, from the annoyance both of hilt and point. A ſcout whom I ſent abroad to obſerve the poſture, and to pry into the intentions of the enemy, brings me word that the Terrible Club is quite blown up, and that I have totally routed the men that

* *See final Notes to No.* 10 *and No.* 11.

† *No.* 143, *and No.* 145.

ſeemed to delight in arms. My lion, whoſe jaws are at all hours open to intelligence, informs me, that there are a few enormous weapons ſtill in being; but that they are to be met with only in gaming-houſes, and ſome of the obſcure retreats of lovers in and about Drury Lane and Covent Garden. I am highly delighted with an adventure that befel my witty antagoniſt Tom Swagger, captain of the band of long ſwords. He had the misfortune three days ago to fall into company with a maſter of the noble ſcience of defence, who taking Mr. Swagger, by his habit, and the airs he gave himſelf, to be one of the profeſſion, gave him a fair invitation to Marybone, to exerciſe at the uſual weapons. The captain thought this ſo foul a diſgrace to a gentleman, that he ſlunk away in the greateſt confuſion, and has never been ſeen ſince at the Tilt-yard Coffee-houſe, nor in any of his uſual haunts.

As there is nothing made in vain, and as every plant and every animal, though never ſo noiſome, has its uſe in the creation; ſo theſe men of terror may be diſpoſed of, ſo as to make a figure in the polite world. It was in this view that I received a viſit laſt night from a perſon who pretends to be employed here from ſeveral foreign princes in negociating matters of leſs importance. He tells me, that the continual wars in Europe have, in a manner, quite drained the Cantons of Swiſſerland of their ſupernumerary ſubjects, and that he foreſees there will be a great ſcarcity of them to ſerve at the entrance of courts, and the palaces of great men. He is of opinion this want may very ſeaſonably be ſupplied out of the great numbers of ſuch gentlemen as I have given notice of in my paper of the 25th paſt, and that his deſign is in a few weeks, when the town fills, to put out public advertiſements to this effect, not queſtioning but it may turn to a good account:— That if any perſon of good ſtature and fierce demeanor, as well members of the Terrible Club, as others of the like exterior ferocity, whoſe ambition is to cock and look big, without expoſing themſelves to any bodily danger, will repair to his lodgings, they ſhall (provided they bring their ſwords with them) be furniſhed with ſhoulder-belts, broad hats, red feathers, and halberts, and be tranſported without farther trouble into ſeveral courts and families of diſtinction, where they may eat and drink, and ſtrut at free coſt.—As this project was not communicated to me for a ſecret, I thought it might be for the ſervice of the aboveſaid perſons to divulge it with all convenient ſpeed; that thoſe who are diſpoſed to employ their talents to the beſt advantage, and to ſhine in the ſtation of life for which they ſeem to be born, may have time to adorn their upper lip, by raiſing a quick-ſet beard there in the form of whiſkers, that they may paſs to all intents and purpoſes for true Swiſſers.

INDEFATIGABLE NESTOR,

GIVE me leave to thank you, in behalf of myſelf and my whole family, for the daily diverſion and improvements we receive from your labours. At the ſame time I muſt acquaint you, that we have all of us taken a mighty liking to your lion. His roarings are the joy of my heart; and I have a little boy, not three years old, that talks of nothing elſe, and who, I hope, will be more afraid of him as he grows up. That your animal may be kept in good plight, and not roar for want of prey; I ſhall, out of my eſteem and affection for you, contribute what I can towards his ſuſtenance; 'Love me, love my lion,' ſays the proverb. I will not pretend, at any time, to furniſh out a full meal for him; but I ſhall now and then ſend him a ſavoury morſel, a tid-bit. You muſt know, I am but a kind of holiday writer, and never could find in my heart to ſet my pen to a work of above five or ſix periods long. My friends tell me my performances are little and pretty. As they have no manner of connexion one with the other, I write them upon looſe pieces of paper, and throw them into a drawer by themſelves; this drawer I call the Lion's Pantry. I give you my word, I put nothing into it but what is clean and wholeſome nouriture. Therefore remember me to the lion, and let him know, that I ſhall always pick and cull the pantry for him; and there are morſels in it, I can aſſure you, will make his chaps to water.

I am, with the greateſt reſpect, Sir,
Your moſt obedient ſervant,
And moſt aſſiduous reader.

I muſt aſk pardon of Mrs. Dorothy Care, that I have ſuffered her billet to lie by me theſe three weeks without taking the leaſt notice of it. But I believe the kind warning in it, to our ſex, will not be now too late.

GOOD MR. IRONSIDE,

I Have waited with impatience for that ſame Unicorn you promiſed ſhould be erected for the fair-ſex. My buſineſs is, before winter comes on, to deſire you would precaution your own ſex againſt being Adamites, by expoſing their bare breaſts to the rigour of the ſeaſon. It was this practice amongſt the fellows which at firſt encouraged our ſex to ſhew ſo much of their necks. The downy dock-leaves you ſpeak of would make good ſtomachers for the beaus. In a word, good Neſtor ſo long as the men take a pride in ſhewing their hairy ſkins, we may with a much better grace ſet out our ſnowy cheſts to view. We are, we own, the weaker, but, at the ſame time, you muſt own, much the more beautiful ſex. I am, Sir, your humble reader,

DOROTHY CARE *.

No. CLXXII. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.

——*Vitam excoluere per artes.* VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 663.

They grac'd their age with new invented arts.

DRYDEN.

ONSIDE,

I Have been a long time in expectation of ſomething from you on the ſubject of ſpeech and letters. I believe the world might be as agreeably entertained on that ſubject, as with any thing that ever came into the Lion's mouth. For this end I ſend you the following ſketch; and am, yours, PHILOGRAM.

UPON taking a view of the ſeveral ſpecies of living creatures our earth is ſtocked with, we may eaſily obſerve, that the lower orders of them, ſuch as inſects † and fiſhes, are wholly without a power of making known their wants and calamities; others, which are converſant with man, have ſome few ways of expreſſing the pleaſure and pain they undergo by certain ſounds and geſtures; but man has articulate ſounds whereby to make known his inward ſentiments and affections, though his organs of ſpeech are no other than what he has in common with many other leſs perfect animals. But the uſe of letters, as ſignificative of theſe ſounds, is ſuch an additional improvement to them, that I know not whether we ought not to attribute the invention of them to the aſſiſtance of a power more than human.

There is this great difficulty which could not but attend the firſt invention of letters, to wit, that all the world muſt conſpire in affixing ſteadily the ſame ſigns to their ſounds; which affixing was at firſt as arbitrary as poſſible, there being no more connexion between the letters and the ſounds they are expreſſive of, than there is between thoſe ſounds and the ideas of the mind they immediately ſtand for: notwithſtanding which difficulty, and the variety of languages, the *powers* of the letters in each are very nearly the ſame, being in all places about twenty-four.

But be the difficulty of the invention as great as it will, the uſe of it is manifeſt, particularly in the advantage it has above the method of conveying our thoughts by words or ſounds, becauſe this way we are confined to narrow limits of place and time: whereas we may have occaſion to correſpond with a friend at a diſtance; or deſire, upon a particular occaſion, to take the opinion of an honeſt gentleman who has been dead this ‡ thouſand years. Both which defects are ſupplied by the noble invention of letters. By this means § we materialize our ideas, and make them as laſting as the ink and paper, their vehicles. This making our thoughts by *art* viſible to the eye, which *nature* had made intelligible only by the ear, is next to the adding a ſixth ſenſe, as it is a ſupply in caſe of the defect of one of the five *nature* gave us, namely, hearing, by making the voice become viſible.

* *See final* Notes *to No* 10, *and No.* 11.

† *See the Papers on* ANTS, *No.* 156, *No.* 157, *&c.*

‡ Theſe *thouſand years.*

§ Theſe means, *or* this mean.

Have any of the ſchool of painters gotten themſelves an immortal name by drawing a face or painting a landſcape; by laying down on a piece of canvas an imitation only of what nature had given them originals? What applauſes will he merit, who firſt made his ideas fit to his pencil, and drew to his eye the picture of his mind! Painting repreſents the outward man, or the ſhell; but cannot reach the inhabitant within, or the very organ by which the inhabitant is revealed: this art may reach to repreſent a face, but cannot paint a voice. Kneller can draw the majeſty of the queen's perſon; Kneller can draw her ſublime air, and paint her beſtowing hand as fair as the lily; but the hiſtorian muſt inform poſterity, that ſhe has one peculiar excellence above all other mortals, that her ordinary ſpeech is more charming than ſong.

But to drop the compariſon of this art with any other, let us ſee the benefit of it in itſelf. By it the Engliſh trader may hold commerce with the inhabitants of the Eaſt or Weſt Indies, without the trouble of a journey. Aſtronomers ſeated at a diſtance of the earth's diameter aſunder, may confer; what is ſpoken and thought at one pole, may be heard and underſtood at the other. The philoſopher who wiſhed he had a window in his breaſt to lay open his heart to all the world, might as eaſily have revealed the ſecrets of it this way, and as eaſily left them to the world, as wiſhed it. This ſilent art of ſpeaking by letters, remedies the inconvenience ariſing from diſtance of time, as well as place; and is much beyond that of the Egyptians, who could preſerve their mummies for ten centuries*. This preſerves the works of the immortal part of men, ſo as to make the dead ſtill uſeful to the living. To this we are beholden for the works of Demoſthenes and Cicero, of Seneca and Plato: without it the Iliad of Homer, and Æneid of Virgil, had died with their authors; but by this art thoſe excellent men ſtill ſpeak to us.

I ſhall be glad if what I have ſaid on this art gives you any new hints for the more uſeful or agreeable application of it. I am, Sir, &c.

I ſhall conclude this paper with an extract from a poem in praiſe of the invention of writing, 'Written by a Lady.' I am glad of ſuch a quotation, which is not only another inſtance how much the world is obliged to this art, but alſo a ſhining example of what I have heretofore aſſerted, that the fair-ſex are as capable as men of the liberal ſciences; and indeed there is no very good argument againſt the frequent inſtruction of females of condition this way, but that they are but too powerful without that advantage. The verſes of the charming author are as follow:

Bleſt be the man! his memory at leaſt,
Who found the art thus to unfold his breaſt;
And taught ſucceeding times an eaſy way
Their ſecret thoughts by letters to convey;
To baffle abſence, and ſecure delight,
Which, till that time, was limited to ſight.
The parting farewell ſpoke the laſt adieu,
The leſs'ning diſtance paſt, then loſs of view,
The friend was gone which ſome kind moments gave,
And abſence ſeparated, like the grave.
When for a wife the youthful Patriarch ſent,
The camels, jewels, and the ſteward went,
And wealthy equipage, tho' grave and ſlow;
But not a line, that might the lover ſhow.
The ring and bracelets woo'd her hands and arms,
But had ſhe known of melting words and charms,
That under ſecret ſeals in ambuſh lie
To catch the ſoul, when drawn into the eye;
The fair Aſſyrian had not *took* his guide,
Nor her ſoft heart in chains of pearl been ty'd.

* *Mummies have laſted for certain, above twenty centuries. A.*

† Q. by whom?

‡ *See final Notes on No.* 10, *and No.* 11.

No. CLXXIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

Nec ſera comantem
Narciſſum aut flexi tacuiſſem vimen acanthi,
Pallenteſque hederas, et amantes littora myrtos.

VIRG. GEOR. 4. V. 122.

The late Narciſſus and the winding trail
Of bears-foot, myrtle green, and ivy pale.

DRYDEN.

I Lately took a particular friend of mine to my houſe in the country, not without ſome apprehenſion that it could afford little entertainment to a man of his polite taſte, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had ſo long been converſant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleaſant ſurprize to me to hear him often declare, he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the moſt celebrated ſeats, or, if you will, villas of the nation. This he deſcribed to me in thoſe verſes with which Martial begins one of his epigrams:

Baiana noſtri villa, Baſſe, Fauſtini,
Non otioſis ordinata myrtetis,
Viduaque platano, tonſilique buxeto,
Ingrata lati ſpatia detinet campi;
Sed rure vero barbaroque lætatur.

EP. 58. L. 3.

Our friend Fauſtinus' country ſeat I've ſeen:
No myrtles, plac'd in rows, and idly green;
No widow'd platane, nor clip'd box-tree, there,
The uſeleſs ſoil unprofitably ſhare;
But ſimple Nature's hand, with nobler grace,
Diffuſes artleſs beauties o'er the place.

There is certainly ſomething in the amiable ſimplicity of unadorned nature, that ſpreads over the mind a more noble ſort of tranquillity, and a loftier ſenſation of pleaſure, than can be raiſed from the nicer ſcenes of art.

This was the taſte of the ancients in their gardens, as we may diſcover from the deſcription extant of them. The two moſt celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a garden; wherein thoſe great maſters being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleaſure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they eſteemed moſt excellent in this way. Theſe, one may obſerve, conſiſt entirely in the uſeful part of horticulture, fruit-trees, herbs, water, &c. The pieces I am ſpeaking of are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous. The firſt of theſe is already known to the Engliſh reader, by the excellent verſions of Mr. Dryden and Mr. Addiſon. The other having never been attempted in our language, with any elegance, and being the moſt beautiful plan of this ſort that can be imagined, I ſhall here preſent the reader with a tranſlation of it.

THE GARDEN OF ALCINOUS, FROM HOMER'S ODYSS. 7.

CLOSE to the gates a ſpacious garden lies,
From ſtorms defended and inclement ſkies:
Four acres was the allotted ſpace of ground,
Fenc'd with a green incloſure all around.
Tall thriving trees confeſt the fruitful mold;
The redd'ning apple ripens here to gold:
Here the blue fig with luſcious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows:
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flouriſh round the year.
The balmy ſpirit of the weſtern gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear ſupplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs ariſe;
The ſame mild ſeaſon gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden and the fruits to grow.
Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labour of the year.
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the black'ning cluſters in the ſun.
Others to tread the liquid harveſt join.
The groaning preſſes foam with floods of wine.

Here are the vines in early flow'r deſcry'd,
Here grapes diſcolour'd on the ſunny ſide,
And there in Autumn's richeſt purple dy'd.
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the ſcene.
Two plenteous fountains the whole proſpect crown'd;
This thro' the gardens leads its ſtreams around,
Viſits each plant and waters all the ground:
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town beſtows;
To various uſe their various ſtreams they bring,
The people one, and one ſupplies the king.

Sir William Temple has remarked, that this deſcription contains all the juſteſt rules and proviſions which can go toward compoſing the beſt gardens. Its extent was four acres, which in thoſe times of ſimplicity was looked upon as a large one, even for a prince: it was incloſed all round for defence; and, for conveniency, joined cloſe to the gates of the palace.

He mentions next the trees which were ſtandards, and ſuffered to grow to their full height. The fine deſcription of the fruits that never failed, and the eternal zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expreſſing the continual ſucceſſion of one fruit after another throughout the year.

The vineyard ſeems to have been a plantation diſtinct from the garden; as alſo the beds of greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the incloſure, in the nature and uſual place of our kitchen gardens.

The two fountains are diſpoſed very remarkably. They roſe within the incloſure, and were brought by conduits, or ducts; one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the palace into the town for the ſervice of the public.

How contrary to this ſimplicity is the modern practice of gardening? We ſeem to make it our ſtudy to recede from nature, not only in the various tonſure of greens into the moſt regular and formal ſhapes, but even in monſtrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itſelf. We run into ſculpture; and are yet better pleaſed to have our trees in the moſt aukward figures of men and animals, than in the moſt regular of their own.

Hinc et nexilibus vineas è frondibus hortos,
Implexos latè muros, et mœnia circùm
Porrigere et latas, è ramis ſurgere turres;
Deflexam et myrtum in puppes, atque ærea roſtra;
In buxiſque undare fretum, atque è rore rudentes.
Parte aliâ frondere ſuis tentoria caſtris;
Scutaque ſpiculaque et jaculantia citria vallos.

Here interwoven branches form a wall,
And from the living fence green turrets riſe:
There ſhips of myrtle ſail in ſeas of box;
A green encampment yonder meets the eye,
And loaded citrons bearing ſhields and ſpears.

I believe it is no wrong obſervation, that perſons of genius, and thoſe who are moſt capable of art, are always moſt fond of nature; as ſuch are chiefly ſenſible, that all art conſiſts in the imitation and ſtudy of nature. On the contrary, people of the common level of underſtanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantaſtical operations of art, and conſtantly think that *fineſt* which is leaſt natural. A citizen is no ſooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants, like thoſe of Guildhall. I know an eminent cook, who beautified his country-ſeat with a coronation dinner in greens; where you ſee the champion flouriſhing on horſeback at one end of the table, and the queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taſte, I ſhall here publiſh a catalogue of greens to be diſpoſed of by an eminent town-gardener, who has lately applied to me upon this head *. He repreſents, that for the advancement of a politer ſort of ornament in the villas and gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to diſtinguiſh thoſe places from the mere barbarous countries of groſs nature, the world ſtands much in need of a virtuoſo gardener who has a turn to ſculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients of his profeſſion in the imagery of evergreens. My correſpondent is arrived to ſuch perfection, that he cuts family pieces of men, women, or children. Any ladies that pleaſe may have their own effigies in myrtle, or their huſbands in horn-beam. He is a puritan wag, and never fails, when he ſhows his garden, to repeat that paſſage in the Pſalms, 'Thy wife 'ſhall be as the fruitful vine, and thy children

* *See No.* 42. *Let. ſigned* EVER-GREEN.

'as olive branches round thy table.' I ſhall proceed to his catalogue, as he ſent it for my recommendation.

Adam and Eve in yew; Adam a little ſhattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great ſtorm: Eve and the ſerpent very flouriſhing.

The tower of Babel, not yet finiſhed.

St. George in box; his arm ſcarce long enough, but will be in a condition to ſtick the dragon by next April.

A green dragon of the ſame, with a tail of ground-ivy for the preſent.

N. B. Theſe two not to be ſold ſeparately.

Edward the Black Prince in cypreſs.

A lauruſtine bear in bloſſom, with a juniper hunter in berries.

A pair of giants, ſtunted, to be ſold cheap.

A Queen Elizabeth in phylyræa, a little inclining to the green ſickneſs, but of full growth.

Another Queen Elizabeth in myrtle, which was very forward, but miſcarried by being too near a ſavine.

An old maid of honour in worm-wood.

A topping Ben Johnſon in laurel.

Divers eminent modern poets in bays, ſomewhat blighted, to be diſpoſed of, a penny-worth.

A quickſet hog ſhot up into a porcupine, by its being forgot a week in rainy weather.

A lavender pig with ſage growing in his belly.

Noah's ark in holly, ſtanding on the mount, the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

A pair of maidenheads in fir, in great forwardneſs *.

No. CLXXIV. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30.

Salve Pæoniæ largitor nobilis undæ,
Salve Dardanii gloria magna ſoli:
Publica morborum requies, commune medentum
Auxilum, præſens numen, inempta ſalus.

CLAUD.

Hail, greateſt good Dardanian fields beſtow,
At whoſe command Pæonian waters flow,
Unpurchas'd health! that doſt thy aid impart,
Both to the patient, and the doctor's art!

IN public aſſemblies there are generally ſome envious ſplenetic people, who having no merit to procure reſpect, are ever finding fault with thoſe who diſtinguiſh themſelves. This happens more frequently at thoſe places where this ſeaſon of the year calls perſons of both ſexes together for their health. I have had reams of letters from Bath, Epſom, Tunbridge, and St. Wenefrede's Well; wherein I could obſerve that a concern for honour and virtue proceeded from the want of health, beauty, or fine petticoats. A lady who ſubſcribes herſelf Eudoſia, writes a bitter invective againſt Chloe the celebrated dancer; but I have learned, that ſhe herſelf is lame of the rheumatiſm. Another, who hath been a prude ever ſince ſhe had the ſmall-pox, is very bitter againſt the coquettes and their indecent airs; and a ſharp wit hath ſent me a keen epigram againſt the gameſters; but I took notice that it was not written upon gilt paper.

Having had ſeveral ſtrange pieces of intelligence from the Bath; as, that more conſtitutions were weakened there than repaired; that the phyſicians were not more buſy in deſtroying old bodies, than the young fellows in producing new ones; with ſeveral other commonplace ſtrokes of raillery; I reſolved to look upon the company there, as I returned lately out of the country. It was a great jeſt to ſee ſuch a grave ancient perſon as I am, in an embroidered cap and brocade night-gown. But, beſides the neceſſity of complying with the cuſtom, by theſe means I paſſed undiſcovered, and had a pleaſure I much covet, of being alone in a crowd. It was no little ſatisfaction to me, to view the mixt maſs of all ages and dignities upon a level, partaking of the ſame benefits of nature, and mingling in the ſame diverſions. I ſometimes entertained myſelf by obſerving what a large quantity of ground was hid under ſpreading petticoats; and what little patches

* *This Paper, No.* 173, *is aſſigned to* POPE, *on the authority of* STEELE. *See* "*The Publiſher to the Reader.*"

of earth were covered by creatures with wigs and hats, in compariſon to thoſe ſpaces that were diſtinguiſhed by flounces, fringes, and furbelows. From the earth, my fancy was diverted to the water, where the diſtinctions of ſex and condition are concealed; and where the mixture of men and women hath given occaſion to ſome perſons of light imaginations, to compare the bath to the fountain of Salmacis, which had the virtue of joining the two ſexes into one perſon; or to the ſtream wherein Diana waſhed herſelf, when ſhe beſtowed horns on Acteon: but by one of a ſerious turn, theſe healthful ſprings may rather be likened to the Stygian waters, which made the body invulnerable; or to the river of Lethe, one draught of which waſhed away all pain and anguiſh in a moment.

As I have taken upon me a name which ought to abound in humanity. I ſhall make it my buſineſs, in this paper, to cool and aſſuage thoſe malignant humours of ſcandal which run throughout the body of men and women there aſſembled; and, after the manner of thoſe famous waters, I will endeavour to wipe away all foul aſperſions, to reſtore a bloom and vigour to decayed reputations, and ſet injured characters upon their legs again. I ſhall herein regulate myſelf by the example of that good man, who uſed to talk with charity of the greateſt villains; nor was ever heard to ſpeak with rigour of any one, until he affirmed with ſeverity that Nero was a wag.

Having thus prepared thee, gentle reader, I ſhall not ſcruple to entertain thee with a panegyric upon the gameſters. I have indeed ſpoken incautiouſly heretofore of that claſs of men *; but I ſhould forfeit all title to modeſty, ſhould I any longer oppoſe the common ſenſe of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom. Were we to treat all thoſe with contempt who are the favourites of blind chance, few levees would be crouded. It is not the height of ſphere in which a man moves, but the manner in which he acts, that makes him truly valuable. When therefore I ſee a gentleman loſe his money with ſerenity, I recognize in him all the great qualities of a philoſopher. If he ſtorms, and invokes the gods, I lament that he is not placed at the head of a regiment. The great gravity of the countenances round Harriſon's table, puts me in mind of a council-board; and the indefatigable application of the ſeveral combatants, furniſhes me with an unanſwerable reply to thoſe gloomy mortals who cenſure this as an idle life. In ſhort, I cannot ſee any reaſon why gentlemen ſhould be hindered from raiſing a fortune by thoſe means, which at the ſame time enlarge their minds. Nor ſhall I ſpeak diſhonourably of ſome little artifice and fineſſe uſed upon theſe occaſions; ſince the world is ſo juſt to any man who is become a poſſeſſor of wealth, as not to reſpect him the leſs for the methods he took to come by it.

Upon conſiderations like theſe the ladies ſhare in theſe diverſions. I muſt own, that I receive great pleaſure in ſeeing my pretty countrywomen engaged in an amuſement which puts them upon producing ſo many virtues. Hereby they acquire ſuch a boldneſs, as raiſes them near the lordly creature man. Here they are taught ſuch contempt of wealth, as may dilate their minds, and prevent many curtain-lectures. Their natural tenderneſs is a weakneſs here eaſily unlearned; and I find my ſoul exalted, when I ſee a lady ſacrifice the fortune of her children with as little concern as a Spartan or a Roman dame. In ſuch a place as the Bath I might urge, that the caſting of a dye is indeed the propereſt exerciſe for a fair creature to aſſiſt the waters; not to mention the opportunity it gives to diſplay the well-turned arm, and to ſcatter to advantage the rays of the diamond. But I am ſatisfied that the gameſter-ladies have ſurmounted the little vanities of ſhewing their beauty, which they ſo far neglect, as to throw their features into violent diſtortions, and wear away their lilies and roſes in tedious watching, and reſtleſs lucubrations. I ſhould rather obſerve, that their chief paſſion is an emulation of manhood; which I am the more inclined to believe, becauſe in ſpite of all ſlanders, their confidence in their virtue keeps them up all night, with the moſt dangerous creatures of our ſex. It is to me an undoubted argument of their eaſe of conſcience, that they go directly from church to the gaming-table; and ſo highly reverence play, as to make it a great part of their exerciſe on Sundays.

* *In the* TATLER paſſim.

The *Water Poets* are an innocent tribe, and deſerve all the encouragement I can give them. It would be barbarous to treat thoſe authors with bitterneſs, who never write out of the ſeaſon, and whoſe works are uſeful with the waters. ¶I made it my care therefore to ſweeten ſome four critics who were ſharp upon a few ſonnets, which, to ſpeak in the language of the Bath, were mere alkalies. I took particular notice of a lenitive electuary, which was wrapped up in ſome of theſe gentle compoſitions; and am perſuaded that the pretty one who took it was as much relieved by the cover as the medicine. There are a hundred general topicks put into metre every year, viz. 'The lover is enflamed in the water;' or, 'he finds his death where he ſought his 'cure;' or, 'the nymph feels her own pain, 'without regarding her lover's torment.' Theſe being for ever repeated, have at preſent a very good effect; and a phyſician aſſures me, that laudanum is almoſt out of doors at the Bath.

The phyſicians here are very numerous, but very good-natured. To theſe charitable gentlemen I owe, that I was cured, in a week's time, of more diſtempers than I ever had in my life. They had almoſt killed me with their humanity. A learned fellow-lodger preſcribed me a *little ſomething*, at my firſt coming, to keep up my ſpirits; and the next morning I was ſo much enlivened by another, as to have an order to bleed for my fever. I was proffered a cure for the ſcurvy by a third, and had a recipe for the dropſy gratis before night. In vain did I modeſtly decline theſe favours; for I was awakened early in the morning by an apothecary, who brought me a doſe from one of my well-wiſhers. I paid him, but withal told him ſeverely, that I never took phyſic. My landlord hereupon took me for an Italian merchant that ſuſpected poiſon; but the apothecary, with more ſagacity, gueſſed that I was certainly a phyſician myſelf.

The oppreſſion of civilities which I underwent from the ſage gentlemen of the faculty, frightened me from making ſuch enquiries into the nature of theſe ſprings, as would have furniſhed out a nobler entertainment upon the Bath than the looſe hints I have now thrown together. Every man who hath received any benefit there, ought, in proportion to his abilities, to improve, adorn, or recommend it. A prince ſhould found hoſpitals, and the noble and rich may diffuſe their ample charities. Mr. Tompion gave a clock to the Bath, and I Neſtor Ironſide have dedicated a Guardian *.

No. CLXXV. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1*.

Quique ſui memores alios fecere merendo.

VIRG. ÆN. 6. v. 664.

Who rais'd by merit an immortal name.

THE noble genius of Virgil would have been exalted ſtill higher, had he had the advantage of Chriſtianity. According to our ſcheme of thoughts, if the word *Memores* in the front of this paper were changed into *Similes*, it would have very much heightened the motive to virtue in the reader. To do good and great actions merely to gain reputation, and tranſmit a name to poſterity, is a vicious appetite, and will certainly enſnare the perſon who is moved by it, on ſome occaſions, into a falſe delicacy for fear of reproach; and, at others, into artifices which taint his mind, though they may enlarge his fame. The endeavour to make men like you, rather than mindful of you, is not ſubject to ſuch ill conſequences, but moves with its reward in its own hand; or, to ſpeak more in the language of the world, a man with this aim is as happy as a man in an office, that is paid out of money under his own direction. There have been very worthy examples of this ſelf-denying virtue among us in this nation; but I do not know of a nobler example in this taſte, than that of the late Mr. Boyle †, who founded a lecture for the 'Proof of the Chriſtian

* *See final Notes on No.* 10 *and No.* 11.

† *See* SPECT. *No.* 531. *A quotation from a Sermon preached at the funeral of the Hon. Robert Boyle; and* SPECT. *No.* 554, *An* encomium *on Mr. Boyle.*

'Religion againſt Atheiſts, and other noto-'rious infidels.' The reward of perpetual memory amongſt men, which might poſſibly have ſome ſhare in this ſublime charity, was certainly conſidered but in a ſecond degree; and Mr. Boyle had it in his thoughts to make men imitate him as well as ſpeak of him, when he was gone off our ſtage.

The world has received much good from this inſtitution, and the noble emulation of great men on the inexhauſtible ſubject of the eſſence, praiſe, and attributes of the Deity, has had the natural effect, which always attends this kind of contemplation; to wit, that he who writes upon it with a ſincere heart, very eminently excels whatever he has produced on any other occaſion. It eminently appears from this obſervation, that a particular bleſſing has been beſtowed on this lecture. This great philoſopher provided for us, after his death, an employment not only ſuitable to our condition, but to his own at the ſame time. It is a ſight fit for angels, to behold the benefactor and the perſons obliged, not only in different places, but under different beings, employed in the ſame work.

This worthy man ſtudied Nature, and traced all her ways to thoſe of her unſearchable Author. When he had found him, he gave this bounty for the praiſe and contemplation of him: to one who has not run through regular courſes of philoſophical enquiries, (the other learned labourers in this vineyard will forgive me) I cannot but principally recommend the book entitled, 'Phyſico-Theology: 'Printed for William Innys in St. Paul's 'Church Yard.'

It is written by Mr. Derham, rector of Upminſter in Eſſex. I do not know what Upminſter is worth; but I am ſure, had I the beſt living in England to give, I ſhould not think the addition of it ſufficient acknowledgment of his merit; eſpecially ſince I am informed that the ſimplicity of his life is agreeable to his uſeful knowledge and learning.

The praiſe of this author ſeems to me to be the great perſpicuity and method which render his work intelligible and pleaſing to people who are ſtrangers to ſuch enquiries, as well as to the learned. It is a very deſirable entertainment to find occaſions of pleaſure and ſatisfaction in thoſe objects and occurrences which we have all our lives, perhaps, overlooked; or beheld without exciting any reflections that made us wiſer or happier. The plain good man does, as with a wand, ſhew us the wonders and ſpectacles in all nature, and the particular capacities with which all living creatures are endowed for their ſeveral ways of life; how the organs of creatures are made according to the different paths in which they are to move and provide for themſelves and families; whether they are to creep, to leap, to ſwim, to fly, to walk; whether they are to inhabit the bowels of the earth, the covers of the wood, the muddy or clear ſtreams; to howl in foreſts, or converſe in cities. All life, from that of a worm to that of a man, is explained; and, as I may ſo ſpeak, the wondrous works of the creation, by the obſervations of this author, lie before us as objects that create love and admiration; which, without ſuch explications, ſtrike us only with confuſion and amazement.

The man who, before he had this book, dreſſed and went out to loiter and gather up ſomething to entertain a mind too vacant, no longer needs news to give himſelf amuſement; the very air he breathes ſuggeſts abundant matter for his thoughts. He will conſider that he has begun another day of life, to breathe with all other creatures in the ſame maſs of air, vapours, and clouds, which ſurround our globe; and of all the numberleſs animals that live by receiving momentary life, or rather momentary and new reprieves from death, at their noſtrils, he only ſtands erect, conſcious, and contemplative of the benefaction.

A man who is not capable of philoſophical reflections from his own education, will be as much pleaſed as with any other good news which he has not before heard. The agitations of the wind, and the falling of the rains, are what are abſolutely neceſſary for his welfare and accommodation. This kind of reader will behold the light with a new joy, and a ſort of reaſonable rapture. He will be led, from the appendages which attend and ſurround our globe to the contemplation of the globe itſelf, the diſtribution of the earth and waters, the variety and quantity of all things provided for the uſes of our world: then will his contemplation, which was too diffuſed and general, be let down to particulars, to different ſoils and moulds, to the beds of minerals and ſtones,

into caverns and volcanos, and then again to the tops of mountains, and then again to the fields and valleys.

When the author has acquainted his reader with the place of his abode, he informs him of his capacity to make himſelf eaſy and happy in it by the gift of ſenſes, by their ready organs: by ſhewing him the ſtructure of thoſe organs, the diſpoſition of the ear for the receipt of ſounds, of the noſtril for ſmell, the tongue for taſte, the nerves to avoid harms by our feeling, and the eye by our ſight.

The whole work is concluded (as it is the ſum of fifteen ſermons in proof of the exiſtence of the Deity) with reflections which apply each diſtinct part of it to an end, for which the author may hope to be rewarded with an immortality much more to be deſired than that of remaining in eternal honour among all the ſons of men*.

CLXXVI. Three LETTERS, by Mr. JOHN HUGHES; deſigned for the GUARDIAN †.

SIR,

THERE are few men but are capable, at ſome time or other, of making a right judgment of themſelves; therefore, having, as I think, caught myſelf in one of theſe wiſe fits, I am reſolved to make uſe of it while it laſts, and lay my caſe before you. I was bred a Mercer. I need not tell you that moſt of our profeſſion are Orators. I have, with ſome pains, attained to a great volubility of tongue, and am a perfect maſter in the art of ſhop rhetoric, which, with the help of a fair wig, a plauſible bow, a gentle inclination of the head, in proper parts of my diſcourſe, and an eaſy motion of the hand, ſets off all that I utter, and has helped me to thrive in the world very comfortably. By this means, Mr. IRONSIDE, as I owe my proſperity to noiſe, I am grown an utter enemy to ſilence, and when I go among my plain honeſt neighbours, who are not of any of the talking profeſſions, I cannot help aſſuming a ſuperiority over them, which, I find, has been a little reſented. I have often reſolved to confine my Oratory to the verge of my ſhop, and to employ it only in ſetting off my ſilks and brocades, but long habits are not eaſily overcome, and the muſical ſound of my own voice has tempted me, as often, to break that reſolution. Many of my acquaintance, I know, would take it kindly if I talked leſs, and if you would put me in a way to do it, I ſhould be very glad to oblige them. You muſt know that am ſometimes chairman of a Club, where ſome of them complain that they have not their ſhare of the diſcourſe, and others (in raillery, I ſuppoſe) call me the *fine Speaker*. I have offered to pay double for my Club, but that will not

* "*I do not doubt but you know, by this time, that Mr.* STEELE *has abruptly dropped the* "GUARDIAN. *He has this day publiſhed a Paper called the* ENGLISHMAN, *which begins with* "*an anſwer to the* EXAMINER, *written with great boldneſs and ſpirit, and ſhews that his* "*thoughts are at preſent on politics. Some of his friends are in pain about him, and are concerned* "*that a Paper ſhould be diſcontinued, which might have been generally entertaining without engag-*"*ing in party-matters.*" *Mr.* HUGHES *to Mr.* ADDISON, *Oct.* 6, 1713.

"*The true reaſon that* STEELE *laid down this Paper was a quarrel between him and* J. TON-"SON. *He ſtood engaged to his bookſeller in articles of penalty for all the* GUARDIANS; *and by* "*deſiſting* two days, *and altering the title of the Paper to that of* The ENGLISHMAN, *was quit of* "*the obligation, theſe Papers being printed for* Buckley." POPE *to* ADDISON.

† *Firſt printed in Mr. Duncombe's Collection of Letters by ſeveral eminent perſons deceaſed*, 1772.

ſatisfy them. Beſides, Mr. GUARDIAN, I have heard that you moraliſts ſay, it is difficult for a man to talk much without offending againſt truth, innocence, or good manners; and how do I know, now I am ſerious, whether this unhappy talent may not, at ſome time or other, have miſled me into falſhood, uncharitableneſs, or ſcandal? It is poſſible that the ſuperfluity of my diſcourſe may have fallen upon the reputation of ſome honeſt man, and have done him an irreparable injury. I may, in the torrent of my loquacity, have leſſened real merit, or magnified little failings, beyond the allowances of charity, or humanity. I may have raiſed an unjuſt jealouſy by a flower of ſpeech, practiſed upon credulity by a ſmooth ſentence, and, in the heat of an argument, I may have called a man knave by a ſhake of the head and a ſhrug of the ſhoulders. To be plain, I have ſearched my heart, and find there is a great deal of vanity at the bottom of it. Therefore, Mr. GUARDIAN, now I am in a proper diſpoſition, if you will be pleaſed to give me a lecture on this ſubject, and be ſo kind as to convince me that I am a coxcomb, you will do a very particular ſervice to, Sir,

Your very humble Servant.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Eſq.
Or, in his abſence, to the keeper of the Lion, at Button's Coffee-houſe, Covent garden.

OLD IRONSIDE, *Sept.* 1713.

If your Lion had not leſs breeding than a bear, he would not have opened his throat againſt ſo genteel a diverſion as Maſquerading †, which has ever been looked upon, in all polite countries, as tending to no other end than to promote a better underſtanding between the ſexes. But I ſhall take another opportunity, MR. IRONSIDE, to talk with you on this ſubject. My preſent buſineſs is with the Lion; and ſince this ſavage has behaved himſelf ſo rudely, I do by theſe preſents, challenge him to meet me at the next Maſquerade, and deſire you will give orders to Mr. BUTTON to bring him thither, in all his terrors, where, in defence of the innocence of theſe midnight amuſements, I intend to appear againſt him, in the habit of Signior Nicolini, to try the merits of this cauſe by ſingle combat. I am yours,

INCOGNITO.

Honeſt NESTOR,

PR'YTHEE, ſtop your Lion's mouth a little on the chapter of Maſquerading. I have purſued a dear creature ſeveral of theſe gay nights through three or four as odd changes as any in "OVID'S *Metamorphoſes*," and ſhe has promiſed, at the next, in the habit of a Gypſey, to tell me finally my fortune. Be dumb till then, and afterwards ſay what you pleaſe.

Your humble ſervant,

TIM. FROLICK *.

† *See the* GUARDIAN, *Vol. II. No.* 142 *and No.* 154.

* *The laſt No. of the* GUARDIAN, *No.* 175, *is dated Oct.* 1, 1713; *and the firſt No. of the* ENGLISHMAN *is dated Oct.* 6, 1713, *which verifies the* Note *at the cloſe of the preceding Paper, p.* 351. *See* Additions *to* POPE'S "*Works*," *cr.* 8*vo.* Baldwin, *Vol. II. p.* 84 *and* 85.

*** *A NEW and very valuable Edition of the* GUARDIAN, *in two Volumes* 8vo. *printed in* London *by* J. Nichols, *having come to our Hands after we had put this Work to Preſs, and when about half of it was printed, we availed ourſelves of the Remarks and Notes it contained, and inſerted them in their proper Places.—The following are the Additions and Notes in* Nichols's *Edition that precede the Sheets where the Notes in this Edition begin. We have diſtinguiſhed the Pages to which they reſpectively belong.*

The Reader will be pleaſed to obſerve, that the Table of Contents, *that mentions the Subject of each Eſſay, was expreſſly drawn up for this Edition, and is to be found in no other.*

Page 7. The GUARDIAN, with its ſequel "The ENGLISHMAN," originally came out in half ſheets, during the ſpace of time that intervened between the publication of the ſeventh and eighth volumes of the SPECTATOR. STEELE was the editor, and often the author of theſe Papers; and ADDISON gave great aſſiſtance, "whether occaſionally or by previous engagement," (ſays Dr. Johnſon) "is not known." It will be ſeen from the notes on this edition, that the GUARDIAN found many contributors. It was a continuation of the SPECTATOR with the ſame elegance and the ſame variety. The papers of Addiſon in the SPECTATOR were marked at their firſt publication *in folio*, by one or other of the letters in the name CLIO, and perhaps merely becauſe the initials of the place from which they were dated happened to compoſe that word. In the GUARDIAN as it firſt appeared in half ſheets, ADDISON'S papers were not diſtinguiſhed by any ſignature, but STEELE marked them by *a hand*, in the firſt edition of the GUARDIAN in 8vo. in which he likewiſe pointed out Mr. E. Budgell's papers by *a ſtar*. "Many of theſe Papers (of Addiſon in the "*Spectator* and *Guardian*) were written" (ſays Dr. Johnſon) "with powers truly comic, with "nice diſcrimination of character, and accurate obſervation of natural or accidental deviations "from propriety." The ſame may be ſaid with equal truth and propriety of many of STEELE'S own Papers. To the title of this work, the Doctor ſtarts the following objection, which ſeems to have originated in the captious head of Mr. DENNIS: "The character of GUARDIAN was "too narrow and too ſerious: it might properly enough admit both the duties and decencies of "life, but ſeemed not to include literary ſpeculations, and was in ſome degree violated by mer-"riment and burleſque. What had the GUARDIAN of the Lizards to do with clubs of tall or of "little men, with neſts of ants, or with Strada's Proluſions?" GUARD. No. 115, No. 119, No. 122, No. 108, No. 153, 156, 157, and 160.

The GUARDIAN'S own account of his character, of his nomination to his office, and of what was expected from him as attached to a collegiate life, ſeems to ſuggeſt a ſatisfactory anſwer to this ſlight objection, and to juſtify the propriety of literary ſpeculations, and even the introduction of politics, which the Doctor brands as *factious*. See "Lives of Engliſh Poets. vol. II. p. 435, ed. 8vo. 1781. 4 vols. Mr. Ironſide on his entrance into the family of the LIZARDS appears to have been veſted with powers ſufficiently ample and uncircumſcribed. In a real ſituation not very diſſimilar to the imaginary one in which STEELE here repreſents himſelf, the Doctor in the family of the THRALES, took upon him at a greater rate; and the character of Guardian as he managed it, was *not* too narrow, or too ſerious. STEELE, it ſeems, thought himſelf not at liberty to pay his addreſſes to lady LIZARD, after the death of her huſband his conſtituent. See GUARDIAN, No. 1, No. 2, No. 5, &c. and "Letters to and from Dr. Johnſon," 8vo. 3 vols. 1788, *paſſim*.

P. 7. *Line* 10. *Mr. Airs, that excellent penman*—] For an account of Mr. Airs, ſee Tatler, with Notes, No. 261.

Ibid. 2d. Column, Line 6. *The Author whom I hint at*—] The Perſon here alluded to was the famous Dr. Sacheverel, who was highly honoured in the way mentioned by the Author, being placed in effigy on handkerchiefs, fans, urinals, &c.

P. 8. *L.* 24. *2d. Column. Bat Pigeon the hair-cutter*—] Bat Pigeon was one of the moſt noted men in his profeſſion. A ſhop was kept under his name, till very lately, almoſt oppoſite Arundel-ſtreet.

P. 9. *L.* 2. *Mr. Tonſon's in the Strand.*] "The true reaſon that STEELE laid down the "Paper *(The Guardian)*, was a quarrel between him and Jacob Tonſon. He ſtood engaged to "his bookſeller in articles of penalty for all the *Guardians*; and by deſiſting two days, and al-"tering the title of the Paper to that of 'The Engliſhman,' was quit of his obligation; theſe "Papers being printed by BUCKLEY." From a Letter of POPE to ADDISON. See Addition to POPE's Works, &c. cr. 8vo. 2 vols. vol. II. p. 84 and 85. ed. *Baldwin.*

*** "Did I tell you that STEELE has begun a new daily Paper, called 'The Guardian?' They "ſay good for nothing. I have not ſeen it." SWIFT in a Letter to Mrs. Dingley, dated April 1, 1713. See SWIFT's Works, vol. XIX, p. 273. ed. cr. 8vo. 1768. It is no great compliment to STEELE, to believe that this daily Paper, ſaid to be good for nothing, has done much more good than all Dr. SWIFT's voluminous writings.

Mr. DENNIS, in a Letter to * * * *, Eſq. upon the firſt publiſhing The GUARDIANS, writes as follows. "As ſoon as you left me yeſterday I ſent for all the GUARDIANS which are pub-"liſhed. As I have the honour to be acquainted with him [STEELE whom he nicknames *Teague*], "I am about to write a learned letter to him, in which I deſign to reproach him a little for his too "conſtant gravity in his new production, and to let him know that Squire Ironſide is too grave "and too ſerious an offſpring of his ludicrous anceſtors [Iſaac Bickerſtaff and the Spectator] and "that the reader complains that he meets with nothing at all to divert him in it.—You muſt know, "Sir, that this arduous undertaking is not carried on by *Teague* alone, but by a triple league. "I ſhall give you an account of the two other confederates by the firſt opportunity." Original Letters, Familiar and Moral, by Mr. Dennis, 2 vols. 8vo. 1721, p. 284. It does not appear, from the Letters here quoted, that Mr. Dennis performed his promiſe to * * * *, Eſq. The two confederates alluded to might probably be ADDISON and POPE, or perhaps POPE and Biſhop BERKELEY; for Mr. D. it ſeems, had not yet ſeen any of the humorous diverting Papers to which Dr. Johnſon unreaſonably objected, excepting perhaps POPE's Paper on *Dedications.*

P. 10. *L.* 23. A Banker was called a Goldſmith in 1713, when theſe Papers were written.

P. 14. *L.* 29. *So when the Authoreſs, &c.*] Mrs. Manley, authoreſs of the "Memoirs from "the new Atlantis."

P. 19. *L.* 1. *2d. Column of No. VII. Mrs. Jane.*] The calling of young unmarried ladies *Mrs.* as is done here, and in many of the ſubſequent Eſſays, may appear very odd to ſuch as do not conſider that the term *Miſs* was not come into general uſe in 1713, when the GUARDIAN was written.

P. 21. *L.* 12. The account of CARDAN given here cannot be reconciled to the truth of his character, which was from the moſt authentic accounts of it a very bad one. He was doubtleſs a man of ſome genius and great erudition, but there was a ſingular oddity and wildneſs in the general caſt of his thoughts and conduct, very nearly allied to madneſs. The ten years calamity here alluded to, he aſcribed to the malignant influences of the conſtellation which preſided at his birth. There is a curious account of this extraordinary man in the fourth volume of the Gene-"ral Dictionary;" he wrote his own life, to which the GUARDIAN here refers. CARDANUS "De vitâ propriâ," cap. ii. p. 8. ed. Paris, 1644, 8vo. His credulity with reſpect to things clearly falſe and imaginary was inconceivable, whilſt he denied and diſputed the moſt inconteſtible truths of religion. His works were printed in 1663, in *ten* volumes *in folio.* See TAT. with Notes, 6 vols. vol. V. No. 214. *Note.*

P. 23. *L.* 5. *of No. IX.* The perſon here alluded to under the name of Mr. Charwell, is ſaid to have been the charitable Edward Colſton of Briſtol, member of Parliament for that city, who died unmarried in October 1721, about the cloſe of his 85th year, "without decay in his under-"ſtanding, without labour or ſorrow." See a particular account of this good man and his charities, taken from his funeral ſermon, by James Harcourt, D. D. Vicar of All Saints, and

Prebendary of Briſtol, Lond. 8vo. 1721, in a book entituled, "Memorials, &c. of Eminent "and Worthy Perſons." Printed for J. Wilford *in folio*, an. 1741, p. 222. See GUARDIAN, No. 52.

P. 24. *L.* 19. *Plenty of Coals.*] The ſcene is ill-choſen, for the country yields none: in Northamptonſhire the inhabitants are ſupplied with coals from other counties.

P. 25. *laſt Line. Miſatheus.*] Bp. Berkeley was certainly the author of GUARDIAN No. 3, to which *Miſatheus* refers: which ſeems to give ſome countenance to a conjecture, that the Biſhop was likewiſe the writer of this ſhort Letter, which ſuggeſts a new argument on the ſame ſubject. No mention is made of this Letter in the liſt of the Biſhop's Papers, communicated, for the uſe of this work, by his ſon, the Rev. George Berkeley, formerly ſtudent of Chriſt-Church, and Vicar of Bray in Oxfordſhire. It reſts on indubitable authority, that Biſhop Berkeley had a guinea and a dinner with STEELE for every paper that he furniſhed.

P. 27. *laſt Paragraph.* The Berdaſh was a kind of neckcloth; whence ſuch as ſold them were called Haberdaſhers.

Ibid. Simon Sleek.] In this edition all Papers are aſcribed to STEELE that could not upon good authority be aſſigned to any other writer. The Annotator nevertheleſs ſuſpects that No. 10, and many more attributed here to STEELE, were written by other hands.

P. 28. *No. XI.* The letter addreſſed to the GUARDIAN in this Number, is aſcribed to Mr. Pope, and reprinted as his, in the fourth Vol. of Warburton's edition of Pope's Works, p. 234. 12mo. 6 vols. 1770. But it is aſſigned to Mr. John Gay, upon Steele's own authority. See "The Publiſher to the Reader," prefixed to this edition of the Guardian, and Vol. II. No. 149.— It might indeed have been the joint production of Pope and Gay, communicated in Gay's hand-writing, with which it can hardly be ſuppoſed that Steele was unacquainted.

P. 35. *Note, to aſcertain the Author of the ſecond Letter in No. XIV.* "The Publiſher to the "Reader," coming from STEELE himſelf, is almoſt the only authentic ſource of information concerning the writers of the GUARDIAN. It appears on the face of it to leave us at a loſs to diſtinguiſh the particular Papers of moſt of the authors there mentioned. Nevertheleſs by a judicious attention to it, an examiner of penetration and ſagacity, reading carefully with that view, may make ſhrewd gueſſes, and be able to aſſign each Paper to its writer, with great probability. The Annotator noted his own conjectures, preſuming that as they ſprang from the combination of a variety of little circumſtances that can hardly occur in one view to a common reader, they might not be altogether unworthy of notice, and farther conſideration. They originated from warily ſifting the conjectures of others, or reſt on little things ſeparately taken of little conſequence, and only conſiderable when taken collectively. After all as they authenticate nothing ſufficiently to make what was dubious certain, and at beſt bear ſome ſimilitude to the pretty card-buildings of children, I purpoſe for the future to keep them ſolely for my own amuſement, and to leave what I once conceived to be a rightful part of my province, entirely free and open to every reader. I only take the liberty to ſay here, that from all I know, I hardly pretend to determine for myſelf, whether this Paper was written by Mr. John Hughes or Mr. Ince, though various circumſtances too minute to mention, incline me to think the right of aſſignment lies between them. Some ſurviving friend of Mr. Ince may be able to ſpeak more deciſively, and this is ſaid, in order to elicit ſuch information.

P. 36. *laſt Paragraph of No. XV.—kind of eaſy writing.*] "Blockheads [ſaid CONGREVE] "ſuppoſe *Eaſy Writing* to be what any man can eaſily write." See GUARDIAN, No. 12.

See No. 22, No. 23, No. 28, No. 30, No. 32, and No. 40. It is ſuppoſed, and appears very credible, that Mr. Tickell was the author of this Number, and of the following Papers on "Paſ-"toral Poetry," excepting No. 40. Mr. A. Philips is likewiſe ſuppoſed to have written this Paper, and ſome of the numbers here referred to. They are mentioned together by STEELE; and perhaps theſe Papers might be their joint productions; and ADDISON, with whom they both lived familiarly, might have had ſome ſhare in them all. See "The Publiſher to the Reader," and No. 10, *Note, ad finem.*

P. 37. *The Second Song.* This ſong, in Mr. Aikin's Collection, is aſcribed to Mr. Philips, but no authority is given for the aſſignment. If it be juſt, probably Mr. Philips was the author of this Paper.

P. 38. *Note concerning the Author of No. XVI.* The reader will be pleaſed to obſerve, that wherever a Paper is not aſcribed ſimply to Steele, but with the addition of *ſee* No. 10, *and Note*, or a reference to No. 14, the Annotator at the time doubted the ſtrict propriety of the aſſignment, though he could not then poſitively give any other on ſufficient authority. The moſt faſtidious reader can hardly be more weary of conjectures, or more ſcrupulous about authorities, than the Annotator.

P. 41. *L.* 8.—*mangled by this iniquity.*] Both theſe hoſpitals were originally founded for lepers; and being appendages to the city hoſpitals were afterwards applied to the relief of patients of the deſcription above alluded to. Though the foundation in 1747 of a larger hoſpital near Hyde Park Corner, for the expreſs purpoſes to which theſe had been appropriated, with the increaſed conveniences and revenues of the city hoſpitals, having rendered the continuance of the ſmaller ones unneceſſary; it becomes our province to ſay that both of them have been rebuilt ſince the publication of this paper. That in Kent-ſtreet, a ſmall neat edifice, with a row of trees before, a garden behind, and a wall next the ſtreet, is ſtill in uſe; and has at its South end the original chapel-wall, built at the beginning of the laſt century. The houſe at Kingſland, which has long been applied to other purpoſes, is a large brick building, well adapted to the uſes for which it was intended, and adjoins the ſmall old chapel of eaſe belonging to Iſlington pariſh, where the patients had an opportunity of attending the ſervice of the church without being themſelves ſeen. At the end of the building was a dial with this motto, "Poſt voluptatem miſericordia." N.

P. 44. *laſt Line from bottom, Col.* 1. *A Chriſtian and a Gentleman*—] See the admirable Papers on DUELLING in the TATLER, No. 25, 26. 29. 31. 38, 39. SPECT. No. 84. 97. 99. GUARD. No. 129. 133. 161. THEATRE, No. 19. 26. and "The Conſcious Lovers," *paſſim.*

P. 49. *laſt Line. Delight in their Elyſium.*] This and the following Papers on Paſtoral Poetry, excepting No. 40, are attributed to STEELE, for the want of good authority to aſcribe them to any other writer or writers. They have been aſcribed to Mr. *Thomas* TICKELL, and it does not appear that there is much to be ſaid for or againſt this aſſignment. It is conjectured that Mr. Ambroſe Philips was concerned in them, and that he was the author of this Paper in particular. Philips is ſuppoſed to have lived in the ſame houſe with *Addiſon* about this time, and the Papers on Paſtoral Poetry were probably among the earlieſt joint contributions of ADDISON, and the two gentlemen above mentioned to STEELE's new Paper, to which it may well be ſuppoſed that ADDISON was the warmeſt well-wiſher, and if not the firſt at leaſt among the earlieſt contributors. Nevertheleſs, No. 29. is the firſt Paper in the GUARDIAN ſo much in ADDISON's manner throughout, as to engage the Annotator in a fruitleſs ſearch of ſome deciſive authority to aſcribe it to him. See "Johnſon's Lives, &c." vol. II. p. 399. 8vo. 1781; and GUARDIAN, No. 40.

P. 52. *L.* 26.—*from a very great author.*] B. Gratian. See "*L' Homme de Cour*," or, "The Courtier," Maxim 43; SPECT. No. 397, and Note, *ibidem.*

P. 51. *L.* 16. *of No. XXIV. Col.* 2.—*accidentally burnt her fingers as ſhe was lighting the lamp for her tea-pot.*] Silver tea-pots with lamps under them are ſtill preſerved among the college-plate.

P. 55. *L.* 9.—*a kind of mattacina of human fortune.*] A mattacina is a frolickſome dance. A broach, mentioned in the next line, is a ſpit.

P. 59. *laſt Paragraph.* The ingenious Foreigner, mentioned here, was M. Deſlandes, who came about this time from France with the Duke D'Aumont, was a *Freethinker*, and had publiſhed an hiſtorical liſt of all who died laughing. He had the ſmall-pox here in England, of which he recovered. See GUARDIAN, No. 39.

P. 60. *No. XXVIII.* See Nos. 15, 22, 23, and notes *ad fines.* This Paper, and the Numbers here referred to, are aſcribed to STEELE; but they were all written, it is ſaid, by Mr. T. Tickell; though no deciſive authority appears to ſupport this aſſignment, which ſeems indeed to be the moſt unexceptionable, on a ſuppoſition of their being all written by one hand, of which the

reader muſt judge for himſelf. It has alſo been ſaid with equal uncertainty, that No. 9, attributed likewiſe to STEELE, was the compoſition of Mr. H. MARTYN. See No. 32. No. 40. and SPECT. No. 555.

P. 61. *No. XXIX.*—This Paper is much in ADDISON's manner, but there appears to be no other authority to aſcribe it to him.

P. 73. *No. XXXV.*—Aſcribed to Biſhop Berkeley, on the authority of his ſon the Rev. George Berkeley, formerly Student of Chriſt-Church and Vicar of Bray in Oxfordſhire. His father's Papers are in all ten; viz. No. 3. No 27. No. 35. No. 39. No. 49. No. 55. No. 62. No. 70. No. 77. and No. 126.

P. 74. The double Pun in the motto of No. XXXVI. is well adapted to the ſubject it treats of. The aſſignment of the Paper to Dr. Thomas Birch, reſts upon the authority of Dr. Zachary Pearce, late Biſhop of Rocheſter.

P. 83, *No. XL.* This Paper was written in ridicule of the Obſervations on Paſtoral Poetry in the preceding Papers. The apparent preference given in it to Mr. A. Phillips, as ſuperior not only to POPE, but even to Virgil and Theocritus; and the ſeeming air of ſincerity with which it eſpouſes and defends the GUARDIAN's ſentiments, impoſed upon STEELE, who had very much of the *humana incuria*, and inconſiderately publiſhed it in the Guardian, as his own performance, no doubt at the inſidious requeſt of the Author.

P. 90. *laſt Paragraph of No. XLII.* The Biſhop of Bangor was at a Whig-feaſt, where John Sly of facetious memory, being mellow, came into the room on his knees, with a frothing quart tankard in his hand, which he drank off "to the immortal memory," and retired in like manner. Hoadly was obſerving that with great gravity, when the author of this Paper, No. 42, who ſat next his Lordſhip, whiſpered him in the ear, "Laugh, my good Lord; it is HUMANITY "to laugh."

This anecdote of STEELE is given on the written authority of the Biſhop's ſon, Dr. JOHN HOADLY.

P. 103. *laſt Paragraph of XLVIII.* See "*Lettres et Memoires de M. de Maintenon.*" 12 *tomes* 12mo. and a book entitled, "*Entretiens de Louis XIV. et de M. Maintenon ſur leur Mar-* "*riages.*" Marſeille 1701. 12mo. At the age of 50 *M. Maintenon* was privately married to the king aged 48, by Harlai archbiſhop of Paris, in the year 1685. "It is ſad miſery," ſaid ſhe to her niece ſoon after her marriage, "to be obliged to amuſe a man who was no longer *amuſable*; "I can endure it no longer— I wiſh I were in heaven!" "Are you engaged then," ſaid her brother, C. *d'Aubigné*, "to marry GOD the Father?"—At the king's death in 1710, ſhe retired entirely to St. Cyr, where ſhe lived in an exemplary manner, and died in 1719, at the age of 84, much regretted.

P. 107. *No. LI.* This Paper is aſcribed to STEELE, but probably it was written by E. YOUNG, D. D. There appears however no authority for this aſſignment, but what the Paper itſelf furniſhes, of which the reader muſt ultimately judge for himſelf.

P. 115. *L.* 7. *Col.* 2. For *un*able to bear, read *able* to bear.

Ibid. P. S. This relates to a Letter publiſhed in the Examiner, Vol. III. No. 48, *in folio*, to which the reader is referred for the farther gratification of his curioſity: it is concerning the affair of Lady C. Fynch, and introduced into that paper, apparently with a ſingular inſtance of what SWIFT calls a *refinement*, in which his writings abound, eſpecially his papers in the Examiner, and thoſe in which he *had no hand*, though he *dictated* them, or *gave hints* for them. See TAT. No. 191. No. 193. No. 219. and No. 229, and SWIFT's "Works," Vol. XXII. p. 260. 264. and 284. Ed. *ut ſupra.*

P. 127. *L.* 12. *Col.* 2. *A. B.* Theſe initials have been ſuppoſed to mean Aaron Baker. He was M. A. of Wadham College, October 23, 1704.

P. 128. *L.* 25. *Col.* 2. *Mr. Crab the librarian.* Though Oxford is mentioned in the text, this ſeems to be an *oblique ſtroke* at Dr. Bentley; and induces a ſuſpicion that ADDISON was concerned in this Paper; the date of which permits the preceding ſuppoſition.

P. 134. 2*d. Paragraph of the Letter in No. LXIII.* By the perſon for whom the Letter-writer has a value, we are to underſtand Dr. Swift. As to the exaſperated miſtreſs, Mrs. Manley is meant, the authoreſs of Memoirs from the new Atlantis. STEELE makes the following apology for this alluſion. "He who will take upon him to adviſe or reprove, muſt look to it that "he himſelf be unblameable; there is an unanſwerable objection againſt *my* being a man of "gallantry, which is the caſe of Mrs. Manley. I had the impatience to write ſomething like "ſatire, in return to the liberties that ingenious lady took with me in certain of her writings. The "anger of a woman, according to all rules of chivalry, is never to be returned, but abated by "perſuaſion and ſubmiſſion. I look upon the ſecret effeminate malice, that men without names "now practiſe againſt *me*, as a juſt judgment on my unmanly conduct in contending with a wo-"man." &c. See THEATRE, No. 26; TAT. No. 210, No. 229; and the Paper to which this refers, No. 53.

P. 135. 1*ſt. Paragraph of the Letter to Mr. Ironſide.* Richard Lucas, D. D. vicar of St. Stephen's Coleman-ſtreet, lecturer of St. Olave's Southwark, and prebendary of Weſtminſter, at the date of this Paper was totally blind. He was born in Radnorſhire about 1648, and died in 1715. The book here recommended was not then a new one; for it was firſt publiſhed in 1678, and a ſecond edition of it appeared in 1681. Dr. Lucas was the author of many excellent writings, ſome of which were after his death publiſhed by his ſon, who was of the ſame name, bred at Sidney College Cambridge, A. M. and probably the communicator of this Paper, No. 63.

P. 136. *L.* 2. of No. LXIV. The Author has uſed the word *Ward* for *Wardſhip*.

P. 138. *L.* 15. The A. B. ſubſcribed to this Letter probably mean Alexander Bayne. See HUGHES's "Correſpondence," *paſſim*. RUFFHEAD'S "Life of Pope," 8vo. 1769. p. 140, &c. and Dr. JOHNSON'S "Lives of Engliſh Poets," vol. II. p. 369, *et ſeqq*. Edit. 8vo. 1781.

P. 139. *L.* 4. *This obſcene ſight.*] *Indecent* would have been a better word.

Ibid. Col. 2. *ſecond Line from bottom. Unguarded air.*] *Unregarded* would have been more proper.

P. 142. *No. LXVII.* This Paper is aſcribed to ADDISON, as being the firſt marked with a hand, on the authority of STEELE himſelf; ſee "The Publiſher to the Reader." It is reprinted in Mr. Tickell's edition of ADDISON'S Works, 4to. vol. IV. P. 129.

P. 143. *L.* 30. *For the benefit of the author.*] Mr. D'Urfey was never in very affluent circumſtances. The amount of this *benefit* does not appear; but, joined to the profits of a large ſubſcription to an edition of his works, in ſix volumes, it was probably ſufficient to make him eaſy, as he continued to write with the ſame humour, to the time of his death, which happened on the 26th of February, 1723. See No. 82. Some account of "The Plotting Siſters; and the final *Note*.

P. 148. *L.* 20.—*that this Fly was a Free-thinker.*] This poetical thought is probably the original of THOMSON'S *Critic*-Fly. "SUMMER," line 321. *et ſeqq*.

'Shall little haughty *Ignorance* pronounce
'His Works unwiſe, of which the ſmalleſt part
'Exceeds the narrow viſion of her mind?
'As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
'On ſwelling columns heav'd the pride of art!
'A *Critic*-Fly, whoſe feeble ray ſcarce ſpreads
'An inch around, with blind preſumption bold
'Should dare to tax the ſtructure of the whole.'

P. 304. *laſt Paragraph.* This Paper, No. 153, is diſtinguiſhed by a *Hand*, as one of ADDISON'S Papers, and re-printed by Mr. T. Tickell, in his edition of ADDISON'S "Works," 4to. vol. IV. p. 240.

"See a true and exact Narrative of ſeveral Events that happened in a War between two Na-"tions of EMMETS;" and "An account of the *Revolution* in an EMMET'S *Neſt*," by Joſeph Spence, M. A. in a book of his, intituled, "Moralities, or Eſſays, Letters, Fables, and Tranſ-"lations, by Sir Harry Beaumont," Lond. 8vo. 1753, p. 74, *et ſeqq*. Firſt printed in the

"Muſeum," 3vol. 8vo. Mr. Spence, under the ſame fictitious name, publiſhed CRITO," or a Dialogue on Beauty; re-printed in DODSLEY'S "Fugitive Pieces," 2 vols. cr. 8vo. See GUARDIAN, No. 156, p. 442, *et ſeqq.*

P. 306. *Col.* 2. *ſeventh Line from Bottom—the firſt of theſe entertainments.*] The date of this diverſion is here aſcertained pretty nearly, and fixed at a few months antecedent to Sept. 7, 1713.

P. 307. *12th. Line from Bottom, Col.* 1. *The Plurality of Worlds.*] In this ſingular work, M. FONTENELLE has preſented that part of Philoſophy in a gay and pleaſing dreſs; for which purpoſe he has introduced a lady, and drawn up the whole in a moſt agreeable as well as inſtructive dialogue.

P. 308. *laſt Paragraph of No.* CLV. *Theodoſius*, ſtung with jealouſy by *Eudoſia's* kindneſs to *learned* men, particularly to *Paulinus*, put her favourite to death, diſmiſſed her attendants, and reduced her to her original private ſtation. She ſpent the remainder of her life at Jeruſalem, in the profeſſion of Chriſtianity, and in literary purſuits, and died in 460, denying with her laſt breath, the criminality of which her huſband ſuſpected her. She tranſlated into hexameter verſe the firſt eight books of Scripture, and a *Cento* from Homer is aſcribed to her, which is a life of Jeſus Chriſt, compoſed of verſes taken from that Father of Greek poetry.

A GENERAL INDEX

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